

THE CUBAN DEAD.

One hundred thousand dead! Within the tropic soil they lie, Or bleached beneath the tropic sky...

They fought for liberty. In Freedom's sacred name they rose, Nor stopped to count their myriad foes...

SANDY ON THE SITUATION.

Aw'm clear dumbfounded, Carly, mon, An' no way to say about it. It's no because ma power is gone...

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," &c.

CHAPTER XLIII.—CONTINUED.

At that moment Mrs. Luan turned round and saw them. She immediately came toward them with a cheerful aspect.

Her manner was calm and composed. Dora looked at her, and thought bitterly: "Mad! she is not mad; but she hated me with a deadly hate, for John's sake."

She paused in her thoughts. The door was opening—she did not hear it, so softly did it move on its hinges...

A baffled cry of rage burst from the mad woman when she thus suddenly found herself in the darkness of the vast room.

But Mrs. Luan's screams had roused the house. Dora heard exclamations of alarm in the garden, on the staircase, but she also heard her aunt saying, "I shall get you! I shall get you!—you are out on the balcony!"

She heard her groping near the toilet-table—within a few paces of her—she felt the window move, and still she had self-command enough to keep in the wild scream of terror which nearly passed her lips.

With feverish eagerness she read the first letter. Mr. Templemore had written to her since their marriage. It was brief, cold, but strictly courteous.

"I have made a lady of you," she said—"I have made a lady of you, Dora." "You have," answered her niece, looking at the madwoman with a passion of grief she could not control.

CHAPTER XLIV.

With a decree a thing in the first bitterness of our resentment, and Providence may so far favor us that we shall not be able to fulfil our angry desire: but it was not so with Mr. Templemore's wife.

"People should send cards," very sensibly remarked Mrs. Courtenay. She said this by John's sick-bed, where a nurse had now taken Mrs. Luan's place.

Mrs. Courtenay's querulous complaints that Mr. Templemore did not write, had told John a sad story, which Dora's pale face now completed.

"Why did I ever come between them?" she thought; "why did I ever seek me? The sorrows of life would have saved me from love. I dare say I would have married John Luan in the end—out of very weariness, as so many girls do marry."

It is well that a man's feelings are not always spoken; it is well, too, that the thoughts and wishes which enter his heart when he has left the door open to the tempting devil...

"I envy you—I envy you, John Luan. Your cares are heavy, your sorrows are cruel, and you are alone, and yet I envy you. You can go forth and strive. You can go forth and conquer, perhaps."

"Conquer what?" he asked, moodily. "What you need, John—forgetfulness." With what passionate longing she looked down that white road which wound away to the busy city below!

But to remember, not to forgive, unfortunately, and though there was a smile on Dora's lips when she went back to her mother, there was also a settled gloom in her heart.

"I cannot get over it," she said plaintively, in answer to her daughter's question. "Poor Mrs. Luan! I miss her so, Dora. And then Mr. Templemore stays away so long."

"Why should he say anything?" composedly replied Dora; "I have no reason to believe that he misses me just now. He will come and look for me when he wants me, mamma."

She spoke so calmly, with so little appearance of resentment, that her mother was deceived. She did not, indeed, yield an immediate assent to Dora's proposal; she hesitated and demurred, but Dora's quiet arguments conquered her resistance in the end.

"I am sure of it," said Dora, still cheerful; and she went out for a lonely walk, but looking as bright as sunshine, thought Mrs. Courtenay. The evening was fair and still.

"I see your rooms are not let. Will you let me see them again? I always intended drawing the view from my room window, and I never did; I fancy that if I look at it now I can make a sketch of it."

Madame Bertrand felt delighted and flattered at the request. She always had said the view from the apartment yesterday had declared it was a trifle, and enough to give one the spleen, and had gone to live near the Rue de l'Impératrice, which was so glaring that it was enough to dazzle one's eyes out, in Madame Bertrand's opinion.

She sank on her knees on the damp earth, and laid her fevered cheek on the stone bench. She could not weep, but she felt the flood of bitter thought rise and overwhelm her; and when remembrance returned, and she left the past and its dead for the present and the living, she was shivering, and the chilliness of the spot and the hour seemed to have reached her very heart.

"I must go," he said, a little hurriedly. "Good-by, Dora." "Good-by," she replied, listlessly. She gave him her cold hand. He might go, he might stay—John felt it changed nothing in her life.

Madame Bertrand looked for the drawing; she uttered an exclamation. She wanted to see it, also to send her respectful compliments to Madame Courtenay, but Dora was gone. Swiftly though she went away, however, Madame Bertrand had seen tears glistening on her cheeks through her veil.

But what avails time, when we will not take that inestimable boon? Nine times out of ten that Fate, of whom we speak with mysterious dread, lies in our hand, and is the servant of our own will.

"We leave early to-morrow morning," she said, trying to speak calmly; "Mr. Templemore will soon return. It is not worth while sending this by post—you will give it to him when he comes back, Fanny."

"Very well, ma'am," replied Fanny. She looked as unconscious as she well could look, but she had felt the soft, limp notes through the envelope, and she knew the meaning of Dora's journey.

The long sleepless night was over. A dull gray light told of coming dawn when Dora rose and dressed. It was too early, and she knew it, but she was wearied of her own restlessness, and it seemed as if motion alone would calm the fever within her.

"Good-morning, mademoiselle—madame, I mean," she added, correcting herself; "for I have been told you are madame now, the wife of Doctor Richard!"

"I will not come in?" asked Madame Bertrand, still bright and cheerful; and as Dora nodded consent, she came and opened the door to her with a look that had a world of knowing and shrewd congratulation in it.

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and Mrs. Courtenay had only finished dressing when her daughter entered her room. "My dear, where have you been?" said Mrs. Courtenay. "Fanny told me you were out—I got quite uneasy."

"I went to order a carriage," replied Dora, calmly; then, seeing her mother's amazed look, she added: "You know how particular Mr. Templemore is about his horses. I cannot say what the coachman would do, but he had put us down at the station."

"A strange expression passed across Dora's pale face, but she sat with her back to the light, and Mrs. Courtenay's sight was not very good, so the meaning, which a person of keener mental and physical vision than she was might have read there, escaped her.

"That is Saint Owen," said Mrs. Courtenay, looking out of the carriage window. But Dora leaned back and closed her eyes. She would not see the entrance to the Gallery. She had gone through sufficient bitterness that morning, and needed no more.

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added, with sudden liveliness: "Did you bring the cards?" "If I did not we can buy some, mamma." "Buy!—why buy? Why not use our own?" But she could not follow out this train of thought.

"You want fresh air, you know," said her mother, "and that good old soul, the landlady, will stay with me. You know I like old people." Dora went, but her heart still felt heavy and sad as she walked up a green, winding path that led to the church.

"It might have been better for Dora's nature if her lot had not been so hard a one just then. We are not always the wiser for sorrow. So we do not always know how to receive that severe chastener, grief; and there was too much resentment, not against Providence, but against one of its human instruments, in the heart of Mr. Templemore's wife.

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