THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE

THREE RISSES OF FAREWELL.

2

BY SAXE HOLME. "Three-only three, my darling-Separate, solemn, slow; Not like the swift and joyous ones We used to know. When we kissed because we loved each other, Simply to taste love's sweet, And lavished our kisses as the summer Lavishes heat; But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung When hope and fear are spent, And nothing is left to give except A scrament.

"First of three, my darling, Is'sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often; We shall again,
When we plue because we miss each other, And do not understand
How written words are so much colder Than eye and hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes For our love's sake !

"The second kiss, my darling, Is full of Joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We shall reach until we feel each other Pastall of thre and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other In every place;
The earth is full of messengers Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling, for all joy Which we know l

"The last kiss, ob, my darling, My love—I cannot see Through my tears, as I remember What it may be. We may die and never see each other, Die with no time to give Any sign that our hearts are faithful To die, as live. Token of what they will not see Who see our parting breath, This one kiss, my darling, seals The seal of death ?"

DORA.

BY JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of ' Nathalic,' ' Adele,' ' Queen Mab,' &c. CHAPTER III .--- CONTINUED.

"Let him share his money between you," promptly said Dora.

" Tell him to make two halves of his body." replied her brother, smiling.

"Well, you shall have the first chance," said Mr. Courtenay. What that chance was I learned after luncheon. It was too damp for us to visit the grounds, but Mr. Courtenay -my uncle, I should say-showed me over the house. He went gliding about that great lonely place in felt slippers, like the Italian | render her little learning useful to her brother. poet's Sleep, and looking more like his own ghost than like a living man. But a very nice she was going to pay to Mr. Ryan, of the ghost Mr. Courtenay made, I must say. He works she must read, of the manner in which is small and slender, and neat beyond any one | she could turn her researches to Paul's ad-I ever knew. His motions are noiscless, quiet. | vantage.

and graceful, like your cat's, Dora. I could not help admiring the perfection of nicety has made his house like himself, a complete thing ; but money has given him the power of acquiring what nature bestows, but never sells, and thence Mr. Courtenay's house is and a white house. She wandered in its something exquisite. You have not seen my curiosities,' he said, , you must see my curi- | ing on her with his one eye, said in a whisosities.' He took me to a sort of gallery, with | perwindows on one side, and glass cases on the other. Between the cases were statues, beautiful pieces of furniture, large porcelain or marble vases, and more things than I can tell she came to the gallery, and there she wan-of. The evening was coming on, and the dered alone, for, ghost-like, he had suddenly room was rather dark. Well, Dora, on that vanished. She saw every object her brother room hangs my fate, ; through that room I am to grow rich, or to remain poor. That room and its contents will probably decide whether or not your brother shall ever marry Florence

Gnle! Paul looked grave, almost sad. It was plain that he felt by no means sanguine.

"But how-how so ?" asked Dora, shaking her bright head a little defiantly.

" Wait and you shall learn. 'This,' said Mr. Courtenay, is my hobby you know. he added, with his grave smile, "I am not the step. It is not in the Courtenay blood.". "Suppose I run away," demurely suggested

Dora. "Dora," he said, a little austerely, ', never jest so. No sister of mine could do such a thing."

"Florence Gale would run away with a lord," thought Dora ; " poor Paul, not to know

Again the sense of her brother's blindness came to Dora unpleasantly, and almost remorsefully; for was it not a sort of sin to see it? ' But then she remembered the heel of Achilles, that type of all heroic weakness, and she was partly comforted. After all, Paul was not bound to be beyond humanity.

"I say you shall marry her," she said again. "It is your right, and you shall have your right, Paul."

"To be sure," he good-humoredly replied; but it is late, suppose you go to bed. I shall stay here, and smoke awhile."

Dora saw he wished to be alone, and she let him have his way. She got up, filled his pipe, and brought it to him; then giving him a parting look on the threshold of the kitchen door, she stole upstairs with a little sigh. Paul looked very grave, not in the least like a man who has had the chance of a handsome fortune just offered to him.

"He does not expect to get it," thought Dorn, as she softly went back to her bed unheard. "Oh! if I could but write that catalogue for him! It is not in his way, and it would be in mine."

Lest this confidence should seem presumptuous in Miss Courtenay, we may as well mention that she had received a solid education, was well read in several languages, and could write very well. From her earliest years she had shared that portion of her brother's studies and pursuits which could interest her. Latin and the law excepted, she knew as much as he did, and some things she knew better than Paul. Their father, a man of rare acquirements, had spared nothing to teach them both, and Dora, he would say sometimes, was the more brilliant scholar of the two. Dora knew it, in a carcless sort of way. As a rule she forgot the depth and extent of her information: but sometimes, too, she remembered it, and she now wondered if she could not She sat up in her bed, thinking of the visit

"He must write that catalogue, and write it well." she thought "1 wish I could see Deenah there is about that insignificant old man. He and the lake, and the gallery, and that wonderful salt-cellar.

These thoughts followed her in her dreams. She saw a green solitude, and a fishing lake, rooms, preceded by Mr. Courtenay, who, look-

"Don't be afraid, my dear; I am dead, and cannot hurt you."

She followed the noiseless little old man tili had described,, and especially did she see Mr. Courtenay's specimen of Henri-deux ware. The mystery concerning this rare bit of pottery, dreamed Dora, was to be found within one of its recesses; but unluckily she scarcely

had lifted up the glass shade to peep in, when she woke up and saw the sun shining in at her window.

CHAPTER IV.

Paul's godfather, Mr. Ryan, had one of the This collection, such as it is, has been valued largest private libraries in Dublin, and to him at twenty thousand pounds. It did not cost Dora at once applied for books. She was an me twenty hundred. You see taste did not especial favorite, and was graciously received. run much this way when I traveled on the so far as books went, but on hearing of the delightfully easy. It gratified both his amia-"Paul does not know human nature," he said, "or he would never believe such a wild story as this. Let him get the five hundred a green speckled scrpent, and horrible little pounds-if he can-and I shall turn them into thousands; tell Paul so." Mr. Ryan had made a handsome fortune in sure, genuine Pallissy, at a bric-a-brac shop in the Funds, and thought himself an authority Paris, forty-five years ago? Fifty sous, sir. in all financial matters. Dora believed in him It would be cheap at fifty pounds now. And implicitly, save when he ventured to censure Paul. She did not deny his power of turning five hundred pounds into so many thousands, but she indignantly vindicated her brother's knowledge of human nature, and asserted his prospects of success. "I am sure Paul will have Deenah,!" she said, warmly, "and his catalogue will be a beautiful cutalogue; and I hope Mr. Ryan that you will let me read in your library for I want books, quartos perhaps, or in-folios, which I cannot take home. I am to write out all the extracts, you know."

her see that I loved her, dear girl, ; but she is not pledged to me. I know she could never marry me unless I got rich, and you know," be well just because he has that catalogue to pose young Templemore will have it ; and I Mrs. Courtenay, good soul, had wondered her wish he may," she added, waxing wroth ; "he brother-in-law did not at once leave the money man to clope with a rich man's daughter; be-is my cousin, third or fourth, and I wish he to Paul, just giving him a few thousands to sides, I never could tempt a girl to such a may get Deenah! I do, since Paul does not begin life with; but of herself, or even of her care for it, and only coddles himself up."

Dora looked at her in a silent indignation, which was wholly thrown away on Miss Gaie; while Mr. Ryan remarked gravely,

"Then I suppose you will marry Mr. Tem-plemore if he gets Deenah?" "Marry him I" exclaimed Florence, raising her arched eyebrows; "marry him, Mr.

Ryan !" "What! is he so objectionable? Never mind. Deenah will make him fascinating enough."

"But he has got a wife and little girls!" ejaculated Florence. "I told you so the other day-I wish you would not worry, Mr. Ryan.",

"Why, yes, it is tantalizing. The little girls would make no difference ; but the wife s an objection.

Florence laughed, and Dora, bending over her book, thought with a swelling heart " It is Deenah she wanta. Paul she does not care for. She does not even ask what ails him." But this omission Miss Gale repaired before her departure. After spending half an hour in listening to Mr. Ryan's mingled praise and quizzing-provided she got the one, she had not the least objection to the other-she suddenly discovered that she was wanted home.

"I told papa I was going to see aunt," she said, confidentially, to Dora, ; "and now I shall have to say that aunt was out. I thought to find Paul here-what ails him?"

"He knocked himself up with working too hard."

"Now, Dora, if you put that into his head, that wretched catalogue will never be done; so pray don't. Good-morning, Mr. Ryan, a

nap to you." And putting on her little hat, after waving it in mock courtesy to Mr. Ryan, Miss Gale danced out of the room without giving him time to follow her, or even ring the bell.

"The prettiest, emptiest little thing that ever was, ch, Dora ?" But, whatever Dora's thoughts might be,

she would not grant Paul's mistress to be less than perfect. "Florence is too good-natured, Mr. Ryan," she said, indignantly : "she allows you to quiz

her! I would not tolerate it !!' "Nor deserve it," politely said Mr. Ryan; "no, no, Dora-I know where the shoe

pinches. You cannot understand that Paul should be so smitten with that silly little bird, but you will not confess it. Never mind, my dear. Most young men would be no wiser than Paul is. So we will help him all the same with his catalogue, in order that he may get his pretty Florence. For unless Paul has Deenah, or something very like it, Mr. Gale will never give him his daughter, as we all

know." Dora sighed. Yes, Paul's happiness hung on that catalogue.

Mr. Courtenay was a pitiless collector. He had specimens of everything, or, to speak more correctly, he had collected in every possible direction. Paul had paid a second visit to Deenah, and come back with a list of objects to be described that would have puzzled a Benedictine monk's learning. Etruscan vases and Dutch hardware, Majolica, Indian carving, mediaval armor, old laces, illuminated manuscripts, bewildered Dora, and tried Mr, Ryan's library to the utmost. So she worked hard, and without relaxation, till it was time to go and bid Mr. Ryan adieu.

"I shall go on with that Hydria," he said, "and that antique mask as well. I shall do all the hard work for you, Dora. The rest will be child's play to Paul and you-tell him

Mr. Ryan had been "going on" with the Hydrin and the antique mask for a week. He was one of the many who mistake a kind inbility by the prospect of good to be done, and his indolence by its postponement. Dera smiled at his calmly-benevolent tone, and

daughter Dora's claims, she said nothing. Paul was as dear to her as if he had been her own son, and on this evening she was engaged in doing a patience for a wish, which wish was her step-son's success in his undertaking.

"And it is going on beautifully, Paul," she said, with a beaming face. "This is my great patience, that which Louis the Eighteenth did every evening after his hinner. I really think it will succeed."

Paul smiled kindly, and Mrs. Luan went on silently with her patchwork. She had made no comment on her brother's decision, and her silence was laid to the fact that they had quarrelled at the time of her marriage, and never been reconciled. It was hard to say what passed in her mind. She seemed as dull and as apathetic as ever. On one point she remained firm. Neither Dora's promised five hundred pounds, nor the chance which her brother's affection would certainly give her, of a handsome portion, if he inherited Mr. Courtenay's fortune, could make her see John's love for his cousin Dora with anything save detestation. She had no imagination to mislead her. Mr. Courtenay was not dead, but living, His promise could be revoked, and the fact that Dora was poor remained in all its ugly truth. It may be that this fear was enough for her, her mind not being one which could hold many ideas, or grasp many projects at the same time. At all events, it was the only thought she dwelt upon as she sat and stitched at her patchwork during the long autumn evening, whilst brother and sister toiled, and John looked on with sullen discontent. He thought it hard, and he said so, to be excluded from the competition, since there was one, Who was that Templemore, that he should step in and have a chance when he, John, had none? Why should not John have attempted a catalogue, and had his theory on the Henri-deux salt-cellar? So he grumbled, then went to bed, whilst Dora sat up with her brother, caring nothing for either labor or vigil, if they but helped him to a fortune and Florence Gale. "Dear girl!" he said fondly. "She is so

artless, she has already appropriated half the collection. She seems to take it for granted that the poor old gentleman must die off in order to make room for us." Dora looked pensive, but did not wonder

much ; there was a charm in everything Florence said.

CHAPTER V.

The catalogue proved a tedious task, and soon absorbed Paul Courtenay completely. He grew to be like a gambler watching the fate of his last stake. The law was neglected now, and he remained at home day after day "to work at the catalogue." He had acquired

is fate hung, and that passion held him fast. " There is no such collection as Mr. Courtenay's," he often said to Dora; "besides, we alone have got a Henri-deux salt-cellar, you know.' The whole family, indeed, got excited when the catalogue was mentioned. Mrs. Luan said nothing, but looked almost bright. John forgot his annoyance to wish Paul success and Mrs. Courtenay, with a little shrill raising of the voice, " was sure she was that dear Paul must win."

Dora alone was rather grave. She too felt certain of her brother's success, but then how pale, how worn he looked! Faul's mother the cost of success should prove too dear! This terrible thought came but ouce, and was how is it they win, aye, and keep men's hearts?

banished so angrily that it came no more : but though the doors were closed upon it, the he saw her face," thought Dora, with a swellbaleful presence had been there, and the uncasiness it had generated remained behind.

thirdly-" here Miss Gale looked bewildered--"I have forgotten the third," she said, " but I know there was one."

Dora heard her gravely. Paul adored Florence, but she wondered how long such adoration would last "We shall soon be going down to Deenah,"

resumed Florence, who, would talk, no matter about what. "I suppose papa! wants some shooting but I think it would be much cheaper to buy game, don't you ?" "I suppose so," replied Dora passively.

"Such a beautiful place as old Courtenay's s," continued Florence enthusiastically; "I shall like it much, Dora. I have planned all sorts of changes, you know. These mousey old things shall not have the best room. W dined with old Courtenay last year, and oh! how he did prose! He had not slept all night, and he said so, also that his nails grew fast, and did I not think it a sign of ill-health? And I was thinking all the time of his Paschal candelabrum, as he calls it."

"The finest of its kind, excepting one of Milan," interrupted Dora with sparkling eyes. England." He was furnished with room 156, if I had Decnah, I should put it in the hall, me he had taken the letters and papers proand now of course I will."

Dora did not answer. She longed for silence and peace. Relief came; the door opened, and John Luan entered the room. It so happened that this was the first time Florcottage. She gave him a half-shy, half-doubtscornfully, Dora watched what followed. Miss Gale could not do without admiration. Paul was not present. She at once took up with John. Mrs. Luan's son, so bashful with Dora, showed sudden brightness. This pretty darkhaired girl, whose face expressed vivacity and langour in a most bewitching degree, rather threw Dora into the shade. Indeed, so fas as beauty went, there could be no comparison between these two. Take away her brightness, and a pair of dark-grey eyes from Dora, and there remained little to her save youth and its and drew my attention to the fact that he was bloom. Dora was not jealous of John, but | under the bed looking for something, but he what girl likes to be eclipsed? She resented did not know what. About 10 o'clock the his faithlessness and Miss Gale's coquetry in an equal degree. Besides, how dare she triffe thus with another whilst Paul was away? So she looked at the pair with an austerity of which John was unconscious, and which filled Miss Gale with mischievous glee. But this the room, through the fan-light; I observed pretty pastime did not last. Florence started up with an exclamation of-"Oh! dear, poor Mrs. Smith will be mad

with me, she will. Good-bye, darling ! And giving Dora a warm hug, and a fond kiss, and dropping John Luan a curtsey, she ran away, thinking.

" How savage Dora looks, and how sly she is! but have I not paid her out for it, though?

From which it need not be concluded that she had designs on penniless John Luan. Only pleasure was her law, and it was very genuine passion for the curiosities on which pleasant to be looked at with such sincere admiration as that to be read in Mr. Luan's blue eves.

"What a sweet girl!" he could not help saying, and he went to the window to look after the graceful figure lightly running down the road toward the carriage of Mrs. Smith. " Such soft dark eyes, and nice eyebrows !" "Yes," apathetically said Dora, "very !"

She, too, looked after Florence, and as she looked she tried to solve a problem which puzzles many women, and the opposite of which, no doubt, perplexes many men, How is it, for instance, that girls like Florence, who have not the better and nobler part of beauty, its grand or its lovely meaning, only had died young, and Paul was very like the the white and red, or the well-shaped eye and miniature of her in his room. Oh! what if arched brow, who have little mind, and not much heart, and no more sense than wit,

WEDNESDAY, 19TH JUNE, 1878.

me to take it up. He told me that he had been drinking very heavily on the voyage from England. He told me he had been drinking heavily at Halifax. He mentioned brandy as his particular drink. He told me yesterday that he came out to this country for sport. He mentioned fishing. He appeared to be a very powerful young man. He would drink yesterday while he was with me. He took lemon and soda, but I would not allow him to drink spirituous liquors.

By the Jury-Was satisfied as to the identity of the decesed. Witness continued -He stated that he came over in the S. S. " Caspian." In conversation with him, I told him I had worked in Sunderland, in the North of England and I understood him to say that he came from the North of England, but I did not catch the name of the place, and did not ask him again for fear of exciting him.

Timothy Kenna, hotel clerk, St. Lawience Hall, deposed :---Yesterday morning, about 7 a.m., a person put up at the hotel and entered his name in the register as "Joseph D. Clegg "Is there really an uglier one?" asked Flor. He had some baggage, which is now at the ence. "Well, I was thinking of it, and that hotel. Mr. Wells, one of the other clerks, told duced, along with his watch, one ring, and other articles, from the room of deceased this morning. The only thing I know in connection with him during the day, is that Mr. Urquhart called and wanted me to describe ence saw him, for she was a rare visitor at the decoased, at the same time stating that he was under the impression that deceased was sufful look, He looked at her, too, and rather | fering from delirium tremens. I saw decrased last night, about 9.30. He asked me for the key of his room. I did not find it in the usual place, and asked him if he did not have it in his pocket; he said "no." I authorized Harrington, one of the boys, to furnish him with a duplicate key, which I learned a short time ago that Harrington did not do. The next thing I remember in connection with deceased was that Connors, also one of the boys, told me that deceased required a key as he felt nervous to sleep with his door unlocked. night watchman drew my attention to a peculiar noise in Mr. Clegg's room, saying that he thought he was using a pistol. I went up to his room alone, and found Lloyd outside. We procured a table and looked into a pistol lying on the floor, but I did not see the deceased. The gas was burning in the room. I asked Mr. Geriken's permission to

force the door; which permission he gave, and Lloyd force the door. Lloyd told me that deceased had shot himself, and I then left, and sent a back for a doctor. About five minutes afterwards I saw deceased in his own room. He was bleeding very much. He was lying on the floor with his feet on the bed and Lloyd was holding him ; he seemed to in Miss Gale meant any particular harm, or that kicking. Drs. Fenwick and Brown were called in, and the body was removed to the hospital in the charge of Lloyd. I then ascertained that he had cut his throat. I saw a razor in Lloyd's hand, I identify the body lying here

is that of the said Joseph D. Clegg. John Lloyd, night watchman St. Lawrence Hall, deposed-I went on my duty last night about 8 o'clock. While I was in the office, about 10 o'clock, the boy Connors came down and told me there was a gentleman out of his mind in a room upstairs. I ran quickly to the room to see what was the matter, and knocked at the door, and asked him to let me in. He said, "How many are you there?" I returned to the office and reported it. I was sent back again by the clerk, as it was though that he might jump through the window. I went up again, procured a table and looked over the fan-light. The first time I went to the door I heard the click of a pistol, as though it was revolving as he was loading it. I heard it click four or five times. I saw a re-"Paul has never been the same to me since volver lying on the floor, a short distance e saw her face," thought Dora, with a swell- from him. He was lying against the door, ing heart; "and it is well for me I do not care | with one of his feet against the bed. I tried for John, for he swears by her already. How does she do it?"

room, but found that the door was both lock-

ed and barred. I then forced the door

open with my foot and an ice-pick. De-

Continent forty-five years ago. Look at this | catalogue Mr. Ryan laughed derisively. saucer-' he opened one of the glass cases. and took out one of the most hideous objects you ever saw, Dora-a large round fish, with lizards filling the centre. ' Do you know, sir,' he continued, 'now much I paid for this treait is unique-unique! No other Palissy that I know of has that kind of scrpent.' I cannot tell you, Dora, how he looked as he spoke. The man was transfigured. His one eye shone, his pale check was flushed, his very voice quivered. He took me over all his treasures, and explained them to me, one by one, in the same mood. And when we came to a low glass shade, he stopped with a sort of awe. 'That,' he whispered, ' is my Henri-deux ware -look ? I saw a little onle salt-cellar, with a very line pattern upon it, a thing for which I would scarcely have given threepence, Dora; well, it seems it is worth hundreds. And there is a mystery about its manufacture, and I am to find out the mystery, though it has puzzled

and still puzzles the learned." * Well, but what about the fortune ?" asked Dora.

"Why, this-that if I can write a good descriptive account, a first rate catalogue of Mr. Courtenay's collection, both collection and fortune are mine."

"Why, then, you are sure of it," cried Dora. with sparkling eyes.

"And pray how am I to write such a catalogue? It would take half a lifetime to acquire the knowledge needed for the task, and Mr. Courtenay would detect the least flaw in my erudition. I shall make the attempt, and respond to his kindness in giving me what he calls the first chance, but I do not reekon on success.'

"But you must succeed, Paul. Mr. Courtenay means you to succeed."

"Mr. Courtenay is a true Courtenay, Dora, honorable and conscientious, and not knowing how to decide between this young Templemore's claims and mine, he has hit on this scheme ; but being a true Courtenay, he will abide by the law of his own laying down." " Dora looked thoughtfully at the decaying

fire. "Has John any chance ?" she asked.

" None." " Can I help you with the catalogue?"

"Very little, unless in the way of taking extracts in Mr. Ryan's library ; but I am not sanguine Dora. I feel I shall not succeed, and I feel, too, I shall not marry Florence 'Gale.'

Paul spoke despondently; he was liable to finely penciled cycbrows than those of Florsuch fits of depression, and they saved him, perhaps, from the ridicule which might have attached to the quiet but obstinate good opin- rosy cheeks were full of the most fascinating ion of himself, and all pertaining to himself, which was his only foible. But the humility of his tone, as he thus gave up all hopes of fortune and Florence, vexed his ambitious little sister. Moreover, by thus placing Florence | poor Paul?" she asked, coaxingly of Paul's as a prize beyond his reach, Paul decidedly proved himself mortal.

"You must succeed, and you shall marry her l" she cried, almost impatiently ; she must wait for you, Paul."

How many years, Dora? We are not engaged, you know. I could not help letting |

"Yes, yes! you poor little innocent," kindly said Mr. Ryan, patting her on the head, " have your way.'

Thus it came to pass that Dora was very busy in Mr. Ryan's library, one bright morning, a week after Paul's visit to Deenah, and that Mr. Ryan was reading with her and gently nodding over his book. Mr. Ryan was a happy man and sleep came easily to him, as most things did, and rather oftener than was needed. It came now insidious and stealthy The book was dull, the room rather close, and Mr. Ryan's luncheon had been comfortable. Sleep was having it all his own way, and would have prdvailed entirely, if the library door had not opened gently, and a very pretty girlish face peeped in with a merry laugh Dora looked up, and Mr. Ryan awoke with a start.

"Napping-napping both of you!" said the intruder; "and how is that catalogue to be done, ch?"

"I was not napping, Florence," gently replied Dora; "I was reading."

"Was Mr. Ryan reading too?" shrewdly asked Miss Gale.

Mr. Ryan laughed, and looked admiringly at the pretty creature before him. Paul's mistress was neither short nor tall, neither plump nor thin. Her figure had every charm which nature can give to youth, nothing too much and nothing too little. She stood before Mr. Ryan dangling her hat in her hand, and smiling down at him in conscious beauty. She was always pretty, but these smiles of hers, which were neither few nor far between, made her enchanting, and she knew it. Seducing is the word that describes her best. Never did softer black eyes beam from beneath more

ence. Her dark hair was glossy and abundant; her teeth were two rows of pearls; her dimples and though she was by several years Dora's elder, she looked the younger and the more childish of the two.

""Why were you not reading and helping godfather; "and why is not Paul here?" she added, turning to Dora, and speaking rather pettishly.

"Paul is not well, Florence." Miss Gale threw herself into the nearest

arm-chair, and exclaimed, petulantly.

then went her way. Mr. Ryan's house-and a handsome pleassant house it was-stood near Phoenix Park. There Dora was to find her brother, who wished to escort her home. He was true to his appointment, but as he walked towards her Dora was struck with his pale face and exclaimed, anxiously-

" Paul, you have been working!"

"I could not help it. Do you know, I think that if it was Mr. Courtenay's object to give me a taste for his curiosities by making me write that catalogue, he has been successful. I could not help looking over my notes, and once I had looked I should write."

Dora looked at him with growing uncasiness. Paul was very pale, but his dark even burned with a feverish light. Surely he was not ill? surely it was only fatigue that ailed him?

"You know I told you that Mr Courtenay has a salt-cellar of Henri-deux ware?" resumed Paul, "and that, though he does not expect me to solve the great mystery, he nevertheloss wishes mo to have a thory on the subject. Well, Dora, I do believe I am on the track-yes, and I think, too, my theory is the right one."

Dora looked at him in graat admiration. Of course, if Paul had a theory, it must be the right one, and of course a right theory on Mr. Courtenay's salt-cellar of Henri-deux ware must triumph. She said so with sparkling eyes. Paul laughed and shook his head. "I don't know," he said. "I promised Florence to work hard, and I will."

"When did you see her?"

"This afternoon. Dear girl! she came to ell me her father wants her to marry a Mr. Logan whom she hates. She was all in tears. out I so promised to work, and be successful. that she was bright again when she left us." Dora sighed. What availed it that she did all she could to spare Paul, if Florence came and urged him on? But with that menace of a rival it was useless to try and check him. Silly though she was, Florence had an art in which even silly woman are expert. She knew how to rule the man who loved her, and Dora was too wise to contend against her influence.

"And so," exclaimed Paul, "I worked hard. did more. I called on Mr. Gale on my way iere,¹

Dora stood still, and utterred a breathless 'Well!"

" Well, I got a diplomatic reply. Mr. Gale praised my candor but, of course, pledged himself to nothing. Only I know and feel this : if I succeed, I am sure of Florence, spite all the Logans there may be."

He seemed so hopeful, that it made Dora happy to look at him. They spont the evening in working together. and making use of her notes. They sat in the cottage parlor, with the rest of the family around them. Paul's mind required neither silence nor solitude for its exertions. He read and wrote. and Dora either helped her brother, or was wrapped up in him. Though she had no spare time or speech to bestow on John, Mrs, At length the catalogue was finished, and

Paul, who could not trust the post with it, took it down himself to Deenah. He was full of hope, especially concerning his theory on the Henri-deux ware.

"There is a G on our salt-cellar," he said to Dora; "who can doubt that it was put there for Girolamo della Robbia, the great Italian ?" cheeks had grown! The thought haunted from the station and passed through the garden to the house, looking at his last autumn | alone waiting for Paul. flowers. A few pale and drooping chrysanthemums still braved the night and morning chill, and held on their languid life, ready to

perish with the first sharp breath of coming winter. To Dora, in the fulness of her strength and youth, these flowers were ungenial. She looked at them with a sort of pity, but without love. "Poor things!" she thought, as she passed

on-"poor things! I wish for their sakes there were a perpetual spring. But would they really like it? They were born to bloom in autumn and to suffer."

With this thought came another that passed through her like a quick sharp pang. Why was Paul so sad looking? Was he, too Why meant to live in sorrow, and die early? She ebelled at the thought. She would not submit to it. Paul was her hero and her king,

endowed with the heroic gift of perpetual youth and every kingly attribute. He should live, he should be strong and happy. He should prevail and be rich, aye, and have Florence Gale too, since he wished for her. "It is a folly," thought Dora, looking down

at it from the height of her superior wisdom. "I dare say he thinks he cannot help it, as if one could not always help these things! Poor

Florence, It is no fault of hers, if she is so much beneath dear Paul." As she came to this charitable conclusion,

Dora entered the cottage and found Florence there. The young lady flew at her and gave her a warm hug. "Now, darling!" she cried, "do tell me.

Is it a good catalogue ?"

"Yes, a very good one, Florence." "And do you think Panl will get Deenah?" "Mr. Courtenay is still living, Florence.." "Ohl but he is sure to die. He looks so

in. F " So does Paul." Florence pouted, and said a little sulkily,

"That is for me, Dora." Dora sighed, and said more gently-

"I do wish you had spared him a little more : but what is done is done. Let us only hope he will be successful." Florence laughed.

"He must be successful if he means to have off to Deenah? I came to see him, and he is gone! Why did he not manage to see me?" "He is under a pledge to your father !"

"Pledge fiddlesticks !" interrupted Flor-ace. "Why does he keep it ?" ence. 4 "Because Paul cannot break a promise,"

was the grave reply. "Oh ! dear," ruefully said Miss Gale ; " why

I had to tell such a set of fibs to get here. Firstly, that Mrs. Smith wanted me to take a Luan's son did not miss his cousin's teasing. drive with her-that was to papa ; secondly, and at Halfax. He thought it hard to be excluded from his to Mrs. Smith, that I wanted to see Mrs.

Vexed question. How often the man of sense and sterling merit has tried to solve it, when he has seen himself put by for a coarse or a shallow fool! But Dora only thought of her own case, and she thought of it as if with a foreshadowing of what the future was to bring forth. She was not surprised, when How happy and confident he looked, but John left the window, to find that it was to how sunken his eyes were, how hollow his talk of Florence Gale; but the subject rather wearied her. She was glad when her aunt her, as, after seeing him off, she came home entered the room, and still better pleased when the evening was over, and she sat up

She looked at the fire, and tried to see Deenah in it. Then she checked herself, What was Deenah to her, or any place where Florence must reign !

"You are beautiful, Deenah," she said to herself; "but I must not think of you. Well, no matter, so dear Paul has you and is happy

And as dear Paul himself was even then knocking at the door, she rose with joyous eagerness to let him in.

"Well," she said, breathlessly. "Well, all right !"

He looked radiant, and so did Dora. " Did he promise ?" she asked.

"No, no. Men like him never promise. But he paid me some handsome compliments on my industry."

"And what about Mr. Templemore ?" "Not a word. I never did think that Templemore had the least chance. I suspect it was some promise to his wife. How cold it

" And now, what will you have ?" "Nothing, my dear. I shall just take the cold out of my bones and go to bed;"

(To be continued).

INQUEST.

The Coroner's jury empanelled to inquire into the circumstances connected with the death of the late Joseph D. Clegg, met on Friday last, at 4 p.m. at the General Hospital, with Mr. Alexander Watson as foreman.

The first witness called was Dr. Burland, of the General Hospital, who deposed-Last night, about eleven o'clock, this patient, whose body you have seen in the dead-house, was brought here by Dr. Fenwick and several other gentlemen. He was admitted to the ward, where the wound from which he was suffering was immediately dressed. This wound was large in size, and in the front of the neck fully six-and-a-half inches long, at the left end of which were several smaller gashes. There had evidently been considerable hemorrhage or bleeding. The patient seemed very low me," she said saucily. " But why did he go | and weak, and very little information could be got from him, as he was very restless. In fact, it was necessary for a policeman to take charge of him. Everything was done to recover him from the shock from which he was suffering, and his pulse regained in strength somewhat. He died, however, about 4 a.m. to-day. He was very restless during the night, but rational up to 1.30 a.m.

Richard Urquhart, P. R. conductor, testified to strange conduct of deceased on the train

By the Coroner-He mentioned where he "I do think Paul does it on purpose, and to chance, as he called it, of Mr. Courtenay's Courtenay about a charitable concern; and came from, but he spoke too indistinctly for fell. His recovery is improbable.

ceased was lying on the floor, bleeding. 1 at first thought he was shot. He was lying with his right shoulder against the door of his room, and, as I entered, he turned over and looked at me. I then saw that his throat was cut, and that an open razor was about three feet from him. He rose up on one knee and said, "Give me that razor until I finish mysolf." I snid, "All right, Sir, I will give it to you." He said, "The razor is as strong as ever." Of course I did not give him the razor. One of the guests at the hotel came into the room and asked what he did that for and he replied, "What?" He then turned round a couple of times on his shoulder, and became violent and kicked. The razor and revolver I wrapped in a towel and gave them to the book-keeper. Deceased afterwards placed his hand inside the wound and endeavoured to tear it open. I tied his hands and to prevent him him from moving him. and stopped there till Dr. Fenwick arrived, when, by his orders, I accommanied deceased to the hospital in a carriage. He struggled vigorously all the way and I had some difficulty in holding him. On the way to the Hospital he asked me for a glass of whiskey, and I said, "All right, I will give you one." I had no further conversation with him. Witness identified the body as that of the said J. D. Clegg.

Dr. W. H. Burland next gave evidence as to the nature of the injuries that had caused death, and Dr. Fenwick, as to the state of the deceased when he was called to visit him at the St. Lawrence Hall.

Letters to his sister in England, and private business memoranda, were found on the person of the deceased, which threw a misty but melancholy light on his history, and, altegether, it is one of the saddest snicides the press has had to chronicle for some time.

VERDICT.

"That the deceased, Josoph D. Clegg, came to his death by his own hand, while laboring under temporary delirium.'

We are given to understand that the deceased was an officer in a regiment stationed here a few years ago; that he visited Montreal in October last, as agent for a Lancashire house, and that he then staved at the St. Lawrence Hall.

"Ingoldsby," a fair, frail young man from the Flint River district, sends us a beautiful poem of which we can only afford space for one line, "I would fly to the woods, like the whip-poor-will." He can't fly, there's no use talking or thinking about it; he might go in a balloon, but he never can fly like the whipnoor-will, if he tries all summer. However, if he writes any more poetry like that, we will see that he gets to the woods if we have to ourry him there. The woods is the place for that kind of poetry.

A rope walker collected \$7 from a crowd that had gathered in Catasauqua, Pa., to see him perform. He spent the money in a barroom, and was drunk when the time came for his feat. The rope was stretched across a street from the roofs of two houses. He started unstandily, reached the centre, and then