

THREE KISSES OF FAREWELL.

By Saxe Holme. Three—only three, my darling— Separates, solemn, slow; Not like the swift and joyous ones...

DORA.

By Julia Kavanagh. Author of "Vivante," "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..."

Paul looked grave, almost sad. "It was plain that he felt by no means sanguine. 'But how—how so?' asked Dora..."

"Why, then, you are sure of it," cried Dora, with sparkling eyes. "And pray how am I to write such a catalogue?"

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..."

"Suppose I run away," demurely suggested Dora. "Dora," he said, a little austerely, "never jest so..."

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...

These thoughts followed her in her dreams. She saw a green solitude, and a fishing lake, and a white house. She wandered in its rooms, preceded by Mr. Courtenay...

CHAPTER IV.

Paul's godfather, Mr. Ryan, had one of the largest private libraries in Dublin, and to him Dora at once applied for books. She was an especial favorite, and was graciously received...

"I am sure Paul will have Deenah!" she said, warily, "and his catalogue will be a beautiful catalogue; and I hope Mr. Ryan that you will let me read in your library for I want books, quartos perhaps, or in-folios..."

"Napping—mapping both of you!" said the intruder; "and how is that catalogue to be done, eh?" "I was napping, Florence," gently replied Dora; "I was reading."

he well just because he has that catalogue to do, and the chance of a fortune to get. 'I suppose young Templemore will have it; and I wish he may,' she added, waxing wroth; 'he is my cousin, third or fourth, and I wish he may get Deenah! I do, since Paul does not care for it, and only coddles himself up.'

"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.'

"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 map 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 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..."

"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?" How happy and confident he looked, but how sunken his eyes were, how hollow his cheeks had grown!

"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."

"I did more. I called on Mr. Gale on my way here." Dora stood still, and uttered 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 Legans there may be."

fortune, and he had said so bluntly on learning the terms on which Paul was to compete for it. Mrs. Courtenay, good soul, had wondered her brother-in-law did not at once leave the money to Paul, just giving him a few thousands to begin life with; but of herself, or even of her daughter, Dora's claims, she said nothing.

"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 dinner. I really think it will succeed."

"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."

CHAPTER V.

"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.'"

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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.

"The finest of its kind, excepting one of Milan," interrupted Dora with sparkling eyes. "Is there really an uglier one?" asked Florence. "Well, I was thinking of it, and that if I had Deenah, I should put it in the hall, and now of course I will."

"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 curtsy, she ran away, thinking."

"How savage Dora looks, and how shy she is! but have I not paid her out for it, though?" From which it need not be concluded that Miss Gale meant any particular harm, or that she had designs on penniless John Luan.

"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.

"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."

"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."

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 look yesterday while he was with me. He took lemon and soda, but I would not allow him to drink spirituous liquors."

"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 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."

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