JEAN INGELOW'S BEST POEM. An empty sky, a world of heather, Purple of foxglove, yellow of bloom; We two among them wading together, Shaking out perfume, treading perfume.

Crowds of bees are giddy with clover, Crowds of grasshoppers skip at our feet; Crowds of larks at their matins hang over, Thanking the Lord for a life so sweet.

We two walk till the purple dieth, And short dry grass underneath is brown; But one little streak at a distance lieth, Green like a ribbon to prank the down.

Over the grass we stepped unto it, And God, He knoweth how blithe we were! Never a voice to bid us eschew it; Hey the green ribbon that showed so fair!

Hey the green ribbon! we kneeled beside it
We parted the grasses dewy and sheen;
Drop over drop there flitted and slided
A tiny green beck that trickled between.

Hand in hand, while the sun peeped over, We happed the grass on that youngling spring, Swept back its rushes, smoothed its clover, And said: "Let us follow its westering."

Sing on! we sing in the glorlous weather Till one steps over the tiny strand, So narrow, in sooth, that still together, On either brink we go hand in hand.

The beck grows wider, the hands must sever,

On either margin, our songs all done; We must move apart, while she singeth ever, Taking the course of the stooping sun. He prays—"Come over"—I may not follow; I cry "Return"—but he cannot come; We speak, we laugh, but with voices hollow: Our hands are hanging, our hearts are numb.

A little pain when the beck grows wider. "Cross to me now"—for her wavelets swell "I may not cross"—and the voice beside her Faintly reacheth, though heeded well.

No backward path; ah! no returning— No second crossing that ripple's flow; "Come to me now, for the west is burning; Come ere it darkens;"—"Ah, no! ah, no!"

Then eries of pain and arms outsiretching—
The beek grows wider, and swift, and deep;
Passionate words, as of one beseeching—
The load beek drowns them; we walk and

A heavierswell, a swifter sliding; The river hasteth, her banks recede; Wing-like tails on her bosom gliding Bear down the lily and drown the reed.

While, O my heart las white sails shiver,
And crowds are passing, and banks stretch
wide
How hard to follow, with lips that quiver,
That moving speck on the far-off side.

Farther, farther—I see it—I know it—
My eyes brim over, it melts away;
Only my heart to my heart will show it
As I walk desolate day by day.

And yet I know, past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim;
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly—
Yea, better—e'en better than I love him.

And as I walk by the vast calm river, The awful river so dread to see. I say:—"Thy breadth and thy depth forever Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me.

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of ' Nathalie." Adele,' ' Queen Mab,,' &c

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"What a pity Doctor Richard is not a friend of ours," she sometimes thought, "it used to do me good when he came. His fancies are rather wild sometimes, and one does not exactly know when he is in jest or in earnest; but he used to set me thinking, and I feel the want of it now that he is gone. It is wonderful all I learned from him when he came and stood behind my chair and advised me. Some of his criticisms were so many rays of light I know I want a critic, and mamma and aunt admire all 1 de-"

But requisite though his presence was to Dora, Doctor Richard came not. Then she did her best to remember all that this judicious critic had said. And memory brought it all back to Dora. Looks, words, the very intonation with which they had been spoken, returned so vividly that it sometimes seemed Doctor Richard himself stood by. And she never asked herself why she thus brought this stranger in her life, when he had evidently sought another path than that which she trod -why she compelled him to be thus with her in spirit, when his will kept him so fu away in body. Some of the ancient philosophers thought

that a man could be struck with a thunderbolt and neither know nor feel it. Perhaps they came to this strange conclusion from their knowledge of what happens in the mysterious world of a human heart. There, indeed, the thunderbolt may fall, and leave us unaware of its presence. The great calamity, the crowning sorrow of our life, may have come to us. and we may not even suspect it so sudden and so invisible was its approach. If such a grief nad come to Dora, her ignorance of it was complete. She felt dull, and reason telling her she had no cause for such dulness, that she led a useful, active life, with many legitimate sources of interest in it, she argued against herself and resisted the enemy; but, unluckily, reason too often took Doctor Richard's voice, and spoke in his language. Dora was sitting with her mother and Mrs

Luan. It was evening-time; the lamp with its green shade gave a circle of light on the table, and left the room in a soft brown gloom, pale as a ghost." through which you caught dimoutlines of furniture, with here and there a speck of light Luan. from some bit of china or gilt frame on the wall. Mrs. Luan was engaged on her patchwork, Mrs. Courtenay was busy with a game of patience, and Dora was mending linen. They were very silent, but the wind moaned without, and now and then a gust brought a heavy pattering shower of rain against the

"How different it would all be if Doctor Richard were here!" thought Dora, and a thrill passed through her at the thought; "then instead of this heavy silence, we should hear his full, genial voice talking pleasant wisdom, or no less pleasant paradox. How he would preach me out of this dulness of mine, if he knew of it! How he did go on about ennui the last time he came! Was it the last? 'Depend upon it, Miss Courtenay,' he said, 'the great drama of ninety-three was hastened by the feeling which the French call ennui. There must have been dreadful weariness in that pompous old Versailles, with its routine, and its endless round of solemn gayeties. These long-clipped avenues, and statues, and vases, and water-works, looking all so formal in the bright hot sun, made one pine for variety. Anything for a change. So welcome Voltaire, welcome Rousseau, welcome that insolent barber Figaro, who sapped so gayly the foundations of the old regime. Welcome, above all, the Encyclopedie. There is a Welcome, charm about impiety when all else fails. The end, to be sure, was tragic, and seas of blood had to flow ere the safe shore was reached; but then, for a few years, at least, the French nation was saved from ennui-an inestimable blessing, Miss Courtenay, for so lively a nu-

tion." Yes, thus had Doctor Richard spoken; and as she recalled his language, and wisely admonished herself with it, Dora seemed to see Doctor Richard himself sitting in yonder va- heart ! cant chair, and looking at her across the table

Dora's cheek, no emotion to her heart; but it

was pleasant, though brief. "What a pity he does not like our society as much as we like his!" she thought, honestly; every one of its ornaments was painted in but it is no great wonder. It must be dull to gaudy blue, deep violet, strong red, or pure come and sit here with us, and yet I am selfish enough to wish that he would come

As she confessed thus much to herself, her mother pushed the cards away, and exclaimed a little pettishly:

"How dull you both are! I wish Doctor

Richard would come in," she added.

Dora could not help smiling at this coin-

cidence in their wishes.

"But you are not ill, mamma," she said, gayly, " so why should he come?" "Not ill!" replied Mrs. Courtenay, looking

much injured—" and pray, how do you know that I am not ill?" "But I may hope, mamma, you are not so,"

gravely answered her daughter. " I do not feel at all well," triumphantly rejoined Mrs. Courtenay, sitting up in her chair and looking around her with a sort of exulta-

her sister-in-law-"I have the most extraordinary buzzing in my right ear." Spite this ominous symptom Dora testified no great uneasiness, and Mrs. Courtenay saw

it and looked offended. "I think you might send round for Doctor Richard," she said a little warmly; "I really think you might, Dora, seeing me so poor-

"But, mamma," argued Dora, "you were so well a while ago, that it seems a pity to disturb Doctor Richard uselessly.'

"Uselessly!" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice in mingled amazement and indignation. "Uselessly!" when I tell you I am quite poorly, and when Dr. Richard has only to cross the street to come to us.

Dora did not reply but bent her burning face over her work. She felt ashamed to send for Doctor Richard without cause, and she longed to do so, yet did not dare to indulge that longing. For suppose it should affront him to be disturbed from his reading? A while ago she had stood at the window and Loked down the street, and she had seen a light burning in Doctor Richard's easement; sure proof that he was within. What right had they to intrude on his solitude? But Mrs. Courtenay could be wilful when she chose; she now persuaded herself that she was very unwell indeed, and that it was quite unkind of Dora not to send for Doctor Richard, and what she thought she said. Thus urged, Dora hesitated, then at length yielded.

went to fetch Doctor Richard at once, whilst Dora sat in her vacant chair. She wanted to see Doctor Richard before he went up-stairs. and to make some apology for thus disturbing him. But there was no need to do so. Madame Bertrand came back alone. The house was locked up-Doctor Richard was gone. "And when he goes away," added Madame

Bertrand, "it is for days and weeks." "Then how do his patients manage?

"He has no regular patients." replied madame Bertrand. "my impression," she confidentially continued, "is, that he goes about the country bleeding, extracting teeth, and so on; and when he has made a little money, he comes back here and buys a heap of rubbish

Dora laughed at this vision of an initerant doctor, and went back to her mother, who looked much injured on hearing that Doctor Richard had probably left Rouen.

Days passed on, and he did not return. Dora asked Monsieur Merand if it was Doctor Richard's habit to forsake his patients thus

without warning. "Patients!—he has none. Besides." h tapped his forehead-"hem! you know." "Indeed I know nothing of the kind," re-

Monsieur Merand looked plarmed.

"Do not tell him I said so!" he exclaimed.

hastily: "I do not wish to injure him, poor fellow! He wants all the money he can carn. He is as poor as Job, you know.

He stared at Dora as if to see the effect his words produced upon her. To all seeming they produced none. She went away, looking rather pensive; but no other expression save that of thoughtfulness appeared on her face.

Two days later, however, Dora came home looking so bright and gay, that Mrs. Courtenay cried-

"My dear, what has happened? Are the

Redmore mines coming up?" " No; but a child was run over, and-"My goodness! is that why you look so de-lighted?"

Dora blushed, and Mrs. Luan stared at her. "monsieur Merand wants a new drawing," said Dora, apologetically, "and as I was talking to him Doctor Richard came in carrying a poor little thing that had had just been run over. I helped him to undress it; for the child has got an untidy mother, and he had pricked himself awfully with the pins. I also assisted in bandaging its poor little leg; but I did little good there, for Doctor Richard said I was no heroine after all. I know I was as

"You are not pale now," remarked Mrs.

"No, I came home so fast, mamma," she added, turning to her mother. " Doctor Richard will look in upon you this evening."
"Who wants him?" almost angrily said

Mrs. Luan.

" Aunt, why do you dislike Doctor Richard?" asked her niece. "I wish you had seen how kind and tender he was with the child; and when I got her to tell me her name and abode, and he went off with her in a cab. Monsieur Merand said to me. "Do you know why he does not send that object to the hospital ?—because he means to feed as well as cure it.'"

"What right has he to give away?" asked Mrs. Luan, still gloomy. "He is too poor to give."

"The poor give more away than the rich," rather indignantly said Dora.

Mrs. Luan's answer was to take off her cap and fling it on the sofa. " How often she does that now!" thought

Dora. "I wonder if I ought to mention it to Doctor Richard?" But another of the well-woven links of fate

was around her, for on reflection she resolved to be silent. said Mrs. Courtenay. Dora assented, and of a man of the world, for once looked thorsulky.

The evening was a warm one, and Dora

went and sat by the open window. A faint breeze came from the river up the quiet street. which seemed to sleep in gray shadow. How calm all those ancient houses looked in their decaying age!-how pathetic in its way was that bit of green up amongst the buttresses of the poor old church crumbling away in ruin, with these bright flowers and that joyous vine growing as it were, out of the same

"Poor thing!" thought Dora, with a sort with those genial brown eyes, in which he of pity, "it does its best to be beautiful to the not vanity, innocent triumph, did that beam-

The vision brought no blush to its consecration five hundred years ago, when gladness, Dora tried to laugh it off by saying it was first opened to human worship? It was bright and strong and new then. Every one of its outlines was sharply chiselled; gold. Doctor Richard, I remember, told me once we can have no idea of the revel of color in those mediaeval times. We are too apt to fancy them gray and stern as they look to us now, through the dimness of so many hundred years."

Her thoughts had gone thus far when the sound of a step up the street made her look down. She saw Doctor Richard coming slowand as his look was never once raised to the window, she could scrutinize him as closely as she pleased. He looked pale and somewhat worn.

"He has had trouble," thought Dora: "but what trouble? His carriage is not erect and free as it used to be."

"I wish Doctor Richard would come," little querulously said Mrs. Courtenay "I

confess I want my tea." "He is coming, mamma," answered Dora, leaving the window. tion at her superiority over her daughter and They soon heard him talking below to Madame Bertrand, who in a loud, plaintive voice

informed him that she had been dreadfully ill during his absence. "Such pains as she had had in all her limbs!" Then followed a separate descrip-

tion of each particular pain, after which came Doctor Richard's prescription.

"Madame Bertrand is a very good sort of woman," superciliously said Mrs. Courtenay,

"but she does take liberties. To think ofher keeping Doctor Richard in that way? Doctor Richard's entrance put an end to the

cause of her displeasure. "I am so glad to see you, Doctor Richard! she cried warmly: "I was so sorry you were away and, goodness me! where have you

been all this time?" She looked at him with the most innocent curiosity beaming in her face.

"I have been in the country with one of my putients," he replied quietly.

"Then he has patients," thought Dora.

"Is it pretty about there?" asked Mrs.

Courtenay-"I mean the landscape, you Doctor Richard smiled.

"Yes." he said, " it is pretty according to the present day's idea of beauty; for I need to scrutinize too closely, and scan our own scarcely tell you, Mrs. Courtenay, that the springs of feeling and action as they rise with beauty of a landscape is as much subject to the laws of fashion as a lady's dress." "Dear me!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, amazed I never knew that !"

Madame Bertrand was much amazed at Mrs. | It is a fact, I assure you," he gravely re-Courtenay's sudden illness; but obligingly plied: "Switzerland and the Highlands are went to fetch Deuter Biological at a same you." going down, like Byron's poetry. The fast generation which is coming on will probably call Mont Blanc an old impostor-I use a mild word-and scorn the Trosachs."

"I cannot say that I admire them much myself," confidentially said Mrs. Courtenaynot that I ever saw them, I coniess," she fankly added.

"To see is by no means necessary for admiration or dislike," returned Doctor Richard, with unmoved gravity, "since either is a mat-ter of fashion. The fact is, the sublime will soon be pronounced a bore. We are getting tired of it. Even the Remans got wearied of their classical landscape, and one of their latter poets complained that he knew the woods of Mars and the cave of Vulcan as well as his own house. We are in the same predicament. We know it all too well."

"Is commonplace so old, Doctor Richard!" isked Dora, with a merry laugh. "Do not laugh at it, Miss Courtenay. Com-

monplace is one of the powers that be, and will make you rue it."

Doctor Richard spoke in a tone of grave rebuke, which roused Dora's mirth anew.

"Dora has a horror of commonplace," remarked Mrs. Courtenay. "Such a charming plied Dora, gravely; "and if I thought so man as Mr. Brown was, and he admired Dora Doctor Richard should certainly not attend on so much; but she thought him common-"And was he not revenged upon Miss Cour-

tenay?" asked Doctor Richard, without noticing the blush which this indiscreet revelation brought up to Dora's cheek. "Oh! yes," innocently answered Mrs. Cour-

tenay; . he was our banker, and took all our monev." "The thief!" said Mrs. Luan. "It was her

money he wanted!" Oh! but hedid admire Dora," returned Mrs. Courtenay, a little jealously. "He said her

hair was like gold!" Dora shook her head, and a meaning, halfrneful, half-comic, passed across her expressive face,

"I am afraid the gold he admired was more substantial than that which Nature has given mey' she said. "At all events, not feeling sure of obtaining the one, he took care to secure the other.

"The thicfl" said Mrs. Luan again. Dora laughed, and her clear, ringing laugh showed how far all thought of care was from her just then.

"He has done me good service, aunt," she said; "but for him I should never have known I was a little bit of a genius in the way of drawing. Oh! Doctor Richard," she added, suddenly becoming grave, and fastening an earnest look on his face, "I do wish you would tell me the truth-I do not mean the polite truth, but the whole truth-about these drawings of mine. It seems to me at times that I must be laboring under a pleasant delusion. Here am I carning plenty of money, and all for such commonplace performances. It is

incredible. Now, neither Mrs. Courtenay nor Mrs. Luan liked this imprudent speech, and neither gave Doctor Richard time to reply.

"My dear, you draw beautifully," cried Mrs. Courtenay. "Monsieur Merand does not give you half

enough," said Mrs. Luan: "a cheat like the rest of them. I hate the French!" she heartily added. "You hate the French!" cried Mrs. Cour-

tenay.

"Mamma!" inquired Dora, Mrs. Courtenay was magnanimous, and made a sign implying that she would take no

notice of the insult. " Do tell me the truth, Doctor Richard," resumed Dora. "What are my drawings worth? You know. Do tell me how far I can rely,

for instance, on my talent as a means of support." She spoke very gravely, and leaning back in her chair, looked with rather sad carnestness at Doctor Richard. Now, Doctor Richard,

'My dear Miss Courtenay," he said, trying to rally, "the terms Monsieur Merand gives you are a test of the value of your drawings. That you draw well, very well, I have often told you, and I say so again."

He spoke so emphatically that a bright. happy blush stole over Dora's face, and made it as fresh and glowing as a young Aurora's. If Doctor Richard had been more polite than truthful, he was rewarded for his sin by so radiant a smile, and a look so bright that, whilst they lasted, they made Dorn's countenance the most bewitching he had ever seen. Joy could put no small amount of mirth and last! I wonder how it looked on the day of ing face express, till, as if ashamed of her own

"Your verdict is so favorable, Doctor Richard, that I will believe every word of it, and seek to know no more. And now, do tell us something about your little patient."

There was not much to tell, but Mrs. Courtenay uttered a little scream of horror, and little screams of relief, according as Catherine's state was described; and Dora listened and thought Doctor Richard's conversation delightful, and without saying anything about it at home, called on the injured child the next morning, on her way to the Picture-gal-

Catherine, who had a temper of her own was in a towering passion, and screaming at the pitch of her shrill voice, when, after crossing a damp court-yard, Dora entered the chill and dark room in which Catherine's mother lived. The child was kicking violently in her bed—kicking is one of the infantine protests most in use in every country; her mother vainly tried to soothe her, and Doctor Richard stood looking on helplessly with a linen bandage in his hand, when the door opened, and the bright face of Dora appeared amongst them.

"Some good angel sent you to tame this little lioness!" said Doctor Richard, gayly; Now we shall go on.

Dora smiled and looked doubtful; but mothers connot always charm their own children, and there is a sweet and natural freemasonry between youth and childhood. Dora had scarcely sat down by Catherine, and taken her hand, when the child ceased crying,

stared, and finally smiled. "You are accustomed to children," said Doctor Richard, with a keen look.

"Not at all." "A natural gift, then. Yes, children are wonderful physiognomists."

His look rested on her bright face with that complacency which such bright faces as hers ever inspire. "Am I getting vain?" thought Dora, ashamed at the glow of pleasure which overspread her countenance. "Granted that he admires me, need I be any the prouder for

Oh! if wisdom would only come at our call, or, what would often be as great a boon, if a truer and a keener knowledge of our inner self than we have were granted to us in the crisis of existence! If we could know the why and wherefore of much that we care not perhaps in us-if we could do all this, how different a lot might be ours! But there is a languid pleasure in ignorance. To see through a mist, to hear as in a dream, to be borne down the tide of life, and idly played with by its waves, instead of bravely swimming our way to shore against them-all these things are fraught with a perilous sweetness. Happy, but surely few, are they who know how to resist that seducing torpor ere it be too late to repel it. Some forewarning Dora felt, however, for after putting on the bed of the little sufferer the sweetments she had brought it, she rose to go. Doctor Richard looked injurcul.

"Will you not stay and manage her whilst I dress her leg?" he asked.
Thus adjured, Dora remained. Doctor

Richard expressed himself highly satisfied, with the state of the injured limb. "I dare say the little creature will be able

to get into mischief again," he said, gayly; "and of course she will do so, with that careless mother of hers. Pity," he thoughtfully added, "one cannot stop the growth of some children, put them in cages, and hang them up like canary birds. Look at this child, Miss Courtenay—she is lovely, with delicate, refined features, and if her great-great-ancestor had only been a baker, or a butler, or a groom in William the Conqueror's train, we should now have her portrait in a book of beauty, and be told in the letter-press how the infuntine features, etc., of the honorable Adelina Fitz-Norman, etc., were the purest models of the Anglo-Norman type so remarkable in the am not acquainted with this young lady's Scandinavian pedigree. For all we know, she may be a lineal descendant of Rollo himself. I am afraid you will think me a man of insatiable curiosity, Miss Courtenay, but lost pedigrees are one of my torments. I believe n race, in the transmission of form and feature, of mind, and of certain defects and qualities. Now, I want to know what has become, for instance, of the descendants of the Scipios, the Gracchi, the Julii, and tutti quanti of those famous old Romans who are the misery of our childhood. I want to know it for I owe them grudge, and should like to pay it out. But Barbarian tide, leaving behind it an endless Gothic sea has swept away every sure token of the past. It is impossible to doubt but that some of those renowned families still flourish-only where are they? Blood of inestimable value flows in their veins, but this rare treasure not being apprehensible by any of our senses, its possessors live and die unconscious of their own greatness. I always felt convinced that my washerwoman in Rome had been an empress—I mean in the person of one of her ancestors, for the transmigration of souls is not one of my doctrines-and that Benedetto, the facchino, was a remote cousin of Catiline's. He had the man's audacious subtlety, even as he had his features. Unlucky wretch! he had no knowledge of his illustrious ancestry! I had a great mind to enlighten him, but forbore, lest I should render him too much dissatisfied with his humble lot; for, you see, I can temper my fancies with a certain amount of prudence, Miss Courte-

Doctor Richard was sitting on the edge o the child's bed as he spoke thus, with much composure and his usual fluency. Dora, leaning back in her chair with her portfolio on

her knees, looked at him thoughtfully. 'He must have some little income," she thought, "some slender provision between him and want. The tone and substance o his remarks-and how strangely he does talk! -both tell of leisure, I believe he likes his profession; but, poor fellow, I fear it does

not like him" Spite the patient in the country, Dora did not think Doctor Richard a busy or a prosperous man. He had been with the child before she came, he stayed when she now rose to go and she had scarcely been an hour in the pic ture-gallery, when Doctor Richard stood behind her chair. He did not remain long, however; he had to go and read in the library, he

said. "I want to get the song of Rolland," he informed Dora, "I want to get back to Romance and Roncevaux, and the mighty horn and Durandal, the heroic sword, and Oliver and Ganelon, and above all, to that grand death-scene, when Archbishop Turpin blesses the dead and dying heroes, and then dies himself, leaving Roland, as was but fitting, to die last, with all these noble knights lying around

rare treasures here." Now, Dora, being but mortal, thought she could give Doctor Richard a little useful hint toward practical wisdom. "I must work, not read," she said, de-

murely. "Work," good-humoredly replied Ductor Richard, "is one of the modern mistakes. We she is an obstinate girl, Doctor Richard. Purr-

is one of the many forms of action, whatever matter of fact may say. So I keep to my

creed, and venture to blame yours. "Oh! but I do read," said Dora blushing; but I have little time and few books." "Then, as I have the command of a large

library, allow me to lend you some. You will find the catalogue at Madame Bertrand's, and can mark the volumes you prefer."

Dora looked so happy as she turned round, that Doctor Richard exclaimed gayly.

"Come, you are a reader, after all : But he gave her no time to stammer her thanks; before they were half uttered he was brings warmth with it."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE catalogue was waiting for Dora, on Madame Bertrand's table when she went home. "How kind he is!" she thought; but to her sense of that kindness succeeded surprise when on looking over the catalogue she saw how valuable and extensive a collection was thus placed at her command. Doctor Richard seemed to know no one in Rouen; this library must belong to his patient in the country. But that patient did not seem to take up much of Doctor Richard's time.

Early though it was when Dora called on Catherine the next morning, Doctor Richard was already with the child. He was alone with her too, and pulling the string of a little pasteboard pupper to amuse her. He stood with his back to the door, and did not see

"Faster!" said Catherine, who lay in her bed looking on gravely at Doctor Richard's performance—"do it faster."

"So," suggested Doctor Richard, giving the figure such a jerk, that its legs and arms both shot out in horizontal directions, wis that

"No," was Catherine's peevish reply, and she turned her head aside and shut her eyes. Dora now approached, and Doctor Richard turned round and saw her.

"Good-morning, Miss Courtenay," he said, gravely: "You find me verifying the truth of that saying, uttered by a woman of genius, that we are all born kings. This young lady, the food of his life. I can assure you, is born a queen. I offered to stay with her whilst her mother went out great pleasure in listening to Doctor Richard on some necessary errand, and all the return I have got for my kindness is that she has neither screamed, nor kicked, nor attempted to bite. In all else I have been treated with the most absolute contempt. Well, well," he added, sitting down on the edge of the bed, and looking down kindly on the little creature, who still kept her eyes shut, "this brief royalty is the compensation granted by Nature for all the future maltreatment of society And after all, Miss Courtenay, is not life full of such atonements? My belief is, that the 'Arabian Nights,' for instance, and all such haps, as ubtle, unacknowledged desired than stories of enchantment and buried treasure, were meant to charm the poor man into a more patient endurance of his barren life. It is glorious to finger diamonds and pearls, and have the wealth of an Emperor, even though it be but for a moment. But the most glorious bit of all is to be Haroun-al-Raschid—to go about the streets of Bagdad at night with Giafar and Mesrour, and set every wrong right again-to give a bastinado to this man, and a

purse of gold to t'other one, Happy Caliph!' "The 'Arabian Nights' are amongst the tenay."

The blood rushed up to her face and dyed in the blood rushed up books you so kindly offered to lend me," said Dora; "and I confess that, not having read them since I was a child, I have asked for

them." "And for Macchiavel's 'Prince?" he said, glancing over the list she handed him. "Do you really wish for that book, Miss Courte-

nay?" He looked up at her in surprise. "I do," frankly answered Dora; "Mr. Ryan the whole spot to my mind in a second; and, would never let me read it. He would not to be frank with you, I was there, not here. help to ruin my political principles, he said; for the time being."
and I contess that famous book has all the "What figure?" quickly asked Dora. charm of forbidden fruit for me."

"You shall have it. I shall play the part of serpent in this temptation, since you are so English aristocracy, etc. I am really sorry I | willing to be Eve. But you will be disappointed, for, woman-like, I dare say you will run away with your first impression. And yet, you see, this Macchiavel deserves consideration. He was one of the few pitchers who go to the well and do not come back as empty as they went. But for all that you will be

disappointed. "I am not such a girl, nor yet so ignorant a girl as Doctor Richard imagines," thought Dora, a little displeased. "I suppose he considers Macchiavel's pitcher too full for me. I require something more readable-something that will do between the last sweet crochetstitch or the new quadrille. Paul was not so. He thought nothing above or beyond his

Unconscious of offence, Doctor Richard once more devoted his attention to Catherine, who | births, marriages, and deaths, as impressive as had opened one eye, then the other, and who any homily. Orgagna's merit is that he just finally uttered an imperious "Give it to me," referring to the puppet.

Whilst he was engaged with the child, Dora ose to go.

"You leave me to my fate!" he said, reproachfully. "Yes," she answered, smiling, "I do; " and she went thinking, "Am I getting vain, that I care so much for what Doctor Richard may

care for me?" Alas? it was not vanity that stung her then. She did not know it, yet something she vaguely felt, for she went no more to see the sick child in the morning. She thus missed meeting Doctor Richard, but not hearing about him. Catherine's mother was full of his praises, especially after he had given her ten francs for an old cracked plate not worth ten sous. Dora sighed over Doctor Richard's improvidence. What wonder that he had not been a successful man when he spent his time and money thus! But she forgot his sins the very first time he came to see them, Her color deepened and her eyes lit as | that you prefer 'Eileen Aroon' to "Frameshe heard his step and voice coming up the staircase one evening. Mrs. Courtenay ut-tered a little scream of delight, and imme-

diately poured him out a cup of tea. Doctor Richard took it, though he also excused himself for calling so late, but he had met Madame Bertrand, and that lady had told him Mrs. Courtenay was not quite well. But Mrs. Courtenay was ill when she pleased, and not when it pleased other people that she cheated John, he cheated Dorn out of Mr. should be so. She looked affronted with Madame Bertrand's officiousness.

"Very foolish of her," she said, stiffly; then relaxing into her usual good-humor, she added, confidentially," I was not ill, Doctor

Richard; I was only purring.
"Purring!" he said, a little surprised. "Yes," triumphantly resumed Mrs. Courtenay. "When people get to my age they take to purring, Doctor Richard-that is to say, they like to sit and muse and think over bygones, and close it al! with a nap sometimes. And you will purr too with time, and very nice you will find it. I wanted Dora to do it him. Do you read old French, Miss Courte- the other evening when I could see she felt nay? No! what a pity. There are some dull; but young people are saucy, and so she answer d that she was a kitten, and could not purr yet."

"But kittens do purr, Miss Courtenay," argued Doctor Richard, looking with evident amusement at Dora's flushed face. "So I told her," cried Mrs. Courtenay, with

out giving Dora time to put in a word; "but are born to be as well as to act, and thinking | ing is too quiet for her, and she says she would

as soon be the painted Griselidis on her bed room curtains, as sit and purr."

"But Miss Courtenay sits long and patient. ly at the Gallery," said Doctor Richard.

How kindly he spoke. "He may be improvident," thought Dora: but he is our countryman, we meet in a foreign land, and surely we may take pleasure in his society, and deal leniently with his faults; these are but the excesses of a fine. generous nature. Ah! how delightful it would be if he would but continue to come and see us every now and then! His very presence

Thus she thought; but if there had not been a bandage over Dora's eyes, she might have seen that the cordiality with which Doctor Richard was received in their home had generated no confidence on his part, He was quite familiar with all their concerns-of his they knew literally nothing. Now, strangely enough, the first to be struck with this fact was Mrs. Luan. The perception had been coming to her for some time, everything she now heard and saw confirmed it, and with it other suspicions which she had long had She brooded over them in her usual sulky silence, however, and went on with her patch work, seemingly absorbed in it.

Doctor Richard seemed to take particular pleasure in Dora's company this evening. She elt happy, and looked as bright as sunshing The genial light in her face did Doctor Rickard good. He had been severed for some time from all pleasant society, almost as complete. ly severed as Dora herself. So no wonder that he enjoyed looking at the face and listen-ing to the voice of this radiant girl. If he liked her society, his was new to her, as, indeed, it ever was, like manna after the long fast to the Israelites. It was so pleasant to talk about something beyond the common place occurrences of daily life! Never did danger and temptation wear a subtler guise than did these. So they talked of many things. A good deal of drawing, in which Doctor Richard gave Dora some excellent advice; a good deal of music, with the theory of which he was thoroughly conversant, and more than all of books, which were evidently

Now, perhaps, because Dora took evidently was her danger so very plain this evening to Mrs. Luan. She watched him. He looked very well. He was attired, too, in a respectable suit of black, which Mrs. Luan had not given him credit for possessing. Altogether he seemed to be enjoying himself, and a Mrs. Luan saw, Dora engrossed him almeentirely. As soon as tea was over heasked to see her last drawing. She went and fet held somewhat diffidently. She had learned to think a great deal of, and, indeed, to dread haps, as ubtle, unacknowledged desire of pleasing him in everything might be at the root of that feeling. Doctor Richard looked at the drawing in silence—in silence, too, he gave it back to her; he noticed her flushed cheek and troubled look, but her nervous little hands shaking as she tied the strings of the portfolio he did not see.

"It is not good, is it?" asked Dorn, unablto bear the suspense of silence. "Far from it. It is very good, indeed; but I am accustomed to that from you, Miss Cour-

with the most beautiful rosy glow, but she bent over the portfolio, and Doctor Richard saw nothing, or, at least, he seemed to see no-

"But as I looked," he resumed, "I thought of the paintings in the Campo Santo of Essomething in one of your figures brought lak

"That of the youth. He is like one of the cavaliers in Orgagna's Triumph of Death. Dora looked pensive.

"The triumph of death!" she repeated what can that be like!

" Like life. Youths and ladies, with fdees and dogs, sit beneath orange-trees. They have been hunting and hawking, and they are tired. A troubadour and a singing-girl entertain them. Cupids are abroad, too, as they use ally are in such company—but Death is coming-Death, a terrible woman, with sharp

claws, bat's wings, and a scythe."
"An impressive picture," said Dora, slowly -it seemed to be painted for her on the thin air as she spoke, and it was painful, exquisicly painful. The thought of death was abher-

rent to her then, and chilled her very heart. "Yes, impressive enough," was his careles answer; "but so is that newspaper, Miss Courtenay. Take it up, and you will find its painted what he saw-all in his fresco is real, save the figure of Death."

"When did you see that?" asked Mr She so seldom spoke, that they all lookeds

her. Doctor Richard answered composedly: "It was some years ago." Dora rose and put away her portfolio, and, as she did so, she wondered what had taken

him to Italy. Mrs. Luan spoke again. . From what part of Ireland do you come Doctor Richard? The question was a natural one enough;

fore this evening. Yet Dora saw just a shade of annoyance cross Dr. Richard's countenance as Mrs. Luan spoke. "I come from Kerry," he briefly replied, and with less than his usual courtesy he turned at once from Mrs Luan to Dora and said quickly. "We were speaking of the Irish melodies, Miss Courtenay. Am I to conclude

the only wonder was it had not been put be

chree? · " Gramachree!" repeated Dora, not understanding at first. "Yes, that fine melody to which Moore set

his words of "The Harp that once through Tara's Hall's." Mrs. Luan was decidedly excited this evening "I hate Mr. Templemore," she said-" swindler, a cheat! He cheated Paul, he Courtenay's money !"

They all remained aghast at this unexpected outbreak. Doctor Richard looked as surprised as a well-bred man ever allows himself to look. Mrs. Courtenay spoke at length "My dear," she said. "It was not cheating."
"It was,' insisted Mrs. Luon, whose hands

shook over her patchwork. "No aunt, it was not," said Dora, quietly, then turning to Doctor Richard, she gave such explanation as this brief scene required.
"An uncle of ours left his property to that Mr. Templemore, and though he is not boblame, there are such painful recollections

connected with his name, that it is never mentioned among us." Doctor Richard bent his head in tokon o assent, and changed the subject. Painting had led to questions, music to a scene—he tried

literature. "How do you like Macchiavel's 'Prince?" he asked.

Dora gave him no direct answer, but look ing at him earnestly, she said:

(To be continued.)