For the TRUE WITNESS.] THE TWO LITTLE MARTYRS. A BALLAD OF THE FAMINE.

Twas the famine time in Ireland And the dusky wings of Death, Spread over fainting millions Gasping, struggling for a breath, Weird eyes and hollow cheeks were turned With streaming tears of woe That Mercy might look down upon The sufferings hearts below!

11 Gaunt, staggering forms crept in the night, Where cliffs o'erhung the sea, And a mouning rose on rock and shore—A cry of misery. And a monthing too A cry of misery. And lifeless corpses seemed to walk That three weeks had lain dead; So humanless the awful thing, Which, gasping, begged for bread.

The sun rose up and the sun sank down—A funeral torch of flame; He hid his face with clouds, to shun The crime without a name, Through country lanes—by lovely lakes—Neath inawthorns crowned with spring A hideous, white-ribbed shadow takes His way, for Death is king.

The stately halls were full of light, The stately halls were full of light,
And pleasure as of yore.
The spectre, creeping in the night,
Stole past the revellers' door.
Sweet music from parterre and lawn
Breathed on the midnight hour,
And Want and Death skulked breathless past,
For here they had no power.

But where the blank, black cabin stood, Half roofless and forlorn, Where Poverty had not one crust Where roverly had not one the For children born to mourn;
Where midnight heard the sob of tears,
And morn the dying groan—
The wail of broken hearts within,—
Without the wild wind's moan;

The spectre entered and breathed o'er The stricken ones a breath; And at his heels, with equal step, stole in the lackey, Death. Of all that lived the night before, Two little girls remain, Hardly of age to know their woe—Hardly to feel the pain.

Poor little lambs of Christ's dear flock, They kneed and tearful cry
To mother and to father dear,
And oh! why did ye die?
Why did ye leave poor Mary here,
And Bridget by her side?
There's no one left to bless us now!
O why, why, have ye died?

Have courage, little babes, there's One
Who hears your hearts' full cry—
The orphans' prayers pierce through the clouds
And ring through Heaven's sky!
And minst'ring angels watch your steps,
And lead you through the night
Unto the portals of that home
Where all is peace and light! viii.

IX. The first had said the requiem prayer—Kind hands had smoothed the sod; Once more the Irish faith had shown How men can dle for God!
Ah! "victous Russell!" as the pure. Ah! "vicious Russell!" as the I Kind Martin used to say— Epitome of Saxon hate— Thou'lt tremble "in that day!"

What!—did a law or statesman cause The dreadful Famine years? Did English hate call from the deep The time of want and tears?
Yes!—by Eternal Justice!—yes!
She forced us to the kail—
She forced us to one form of food,
And what if that should fail?

XI. While kindly hearts were swelling blg Above the patient dead— Went forth, with trembling steps, the babes To seek a bit of bread. A lordly mansion stood quite nigh Whose titled master swore, Reliefs should be for those who sold Their old faith at his door.

It was a Friday when the waits Asked for a bit of bread, "We're sick and hungry, lord," they said, "Father and mother dead." And then, the tear of fond regret, Drops from the infant eyes "We're all alone upon the earth!" The younger gently sighs.

XIII. "I'm very sorry," whispered he,
"To see you in this plight."
And then he called his wife to see
The melancholy sight.
The pions lordling spoke in psalms—
In prophesies spake she—
And, O, it was a dreadful thing
This olden Popery!

XIV. Scant was the welcome which they gave The innocents in want;
They took them to the menials' hall, And dinned their ears with cant;
They ordered beef upon the board And said: "Here, children, eat!"
They said: "Tis Friday, ma'am, and we Can never taste the meat!"

"Here, bring the bread and cheese and beer, But, first, just taste the meat;"
Then from the seat sprang Mary up,
Her eyes flashed fire and tears:
"Come, little Bridget, take my hand,
We're hungry, sick and poor;
But never shall we taste the meat,
Though Death stood at the door!"

They fied into the bitter night, Pursued by words of scorn,
But God had set their cause aright
Ere birds did greet the morn.
Clasped in each other's arms they lay—
Kind death had gently come
And called the little wanderers
Registrations to their heavenly home. Back to their heavenly home.

O Abergele! dread Abergele! What wonder, 'mid thy flames, That titled victims shrieked in death The little orphans' names? For God is slow but He is sure, And years may puss away And years may pass away, But for the tempter of the poor His arm shall find its day.

FR. GRAHAM.

SCITUATE HARBOR. BY GEORGE LUNT.

[Various instances have occurred when vessels of as much as three hundred tons burthen, under a master acquainted with the place, have escaped from a northeasterly storm by running into Scituate harbor at a favorable time of tide.]

It was off the cliffs of Scituate, It was off the cliffs of Settune,
In old Massachusetts Bay,
We took a stiff northeaster,
About the break of day;
Lord! how it howled and whistled
Through the ratifies and the shrouds!
As the icy snow dashed pelting
Through the scud of lowering clouds.

Outspoke then our bold captain—
"She fairly drifts astern;
A gainst this gale no Boston
Can the good barque make, this turn;
To beach her were but madness,
Where the wild surf runs so high—
Under our lee lies Scituate. Under our lee lies Scituate, And there we can but try."

Then "hard-up," cried the captain—
Like a bird she bore away,
The blast just struck her quarter,
And she flew across the bay;
Before us broke the dreaded bar,
And by the helmsman stood
Our captain, as the brave barque plunged
Into the foam-tossed flood.

One plunge i the strong wave lifted her—Aghast stood all the crew i
Again—she rose upon the surge—
And it brought her safely through.
Now, God bless Scituate Harbor,
And be blessed forevermore,
Who saved us from the sea's cold clasp,
By that wild, treacherous shore. -Boston Pilot.

DORA.

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

doubt slept too-and that was how they managed. They made opportunities in Eva's room upstairs, in the schoolroom below, in the study, in the garden—anywhere. She was deceived, betrayed, and wronged before marriage! Perhaps he meant to jilt her; perhaps, if he had no such intention, to supplant her was Dora's aim; or was it a mere low, vulgar flirtation, in which he risked his truth to her, and Dora her fair name? How could she know?-who would tell her? Not pid! Could it not be got out of her?

person to sleep!" "But I can both see and hear when I am

"Come, come," replied Mrs. Logan, with gentle banter, and passing her arm within Mrs. Luan's, she led her away from the house as she spoke: "you can't make me believe that, Mrs. Luan-no, no. I am not brilliant, but you can't make me believe that. You could not repeat a word they said."

"I tell you I can," persisted Mrs. Luan and looking triumphantly at Mrs. Logan, she added: " He told Dorn she was to be a mo-

face, and she bit her lip; but Mrs. Luan, who could see and hear in her sleep, did not seem to be so quick in her waking hours, for she stared before her, and looking profoundly

and I am to wait at Deenah. I am to be the lady in pink, who can be broken and trod on with impunity, and she is to be the precious lady in blue, who is to be kept in a cabinet, and whom it were death to lose-I see-I understand.'

"What a beautiful evening," she said. is making fun of her."

She looked at Mrs. Luan, and Mrs. Luan looked at her. Each wanted to deceive the other, and each, to her own wee, succeeded.

The best parts in the drama of life are not always given to the greatest or the noblest actors. The mean, the frivolous, often ascend the stage and fill it with the story of their tragic wrongs. A heavy woe lay before Florence. A cruel snare was being spread for her: she was but a weak, frivolous, and jealous little woman, incapable of a great or an heroic feeling, but she was to suffer as if she had been a high-minded heroine, and to be sacrificed as ruthlessly as any innocent Iphigenia. But the Greek princess gave herself up to the knife, and never thought of revenge; and Mrs. Logan was bent upon it, and though she was too shallow not to fall at once into the trap laid for her by her enemy, she was yet cunning enough to hide her thirst and longing for vengeance. Mrs. Luan, indeed, was not in the least deceived by Mrs. Logan's affected skepticism; but then, being only an obstinute and relentless woman, and by no means a clever or a shrewd one, she could not read Mrs. Logan's heart; and thus each fell into the toils of the other-and a jealous young beauty, as silly as she was pretty, and a selfish, narrow-minded woman, in whom the long-nursed love of self was fast turning into confirmed insanity, became

" Why do you let him treat Dora so?" sulkily asked Mrs. Luan-" why don't you inter-

means no harm." "Yes, but John would not like it-I am

for John's sake, and, thanks to that jealousy, the foolish woman could be made to betray

"What staircase?" she carclessly asked. "Why, you see, Eva is often ill; and to save time. Mr. Templemore goes up the staircase in the school-room, or Dora comes down to speak to him. It is such a round the other

way; but I say John would not like it." Mrs. Logan looked amazed, then contemp-

I don't believe it." "Oh! I dreamed it, did I?" exclaimed Mrs.

I did not see the blue lightning whilst he was with Dora?" Mrs. Logan stepped back, and looked so startled that Mrs. Luan grew calm at once. She smoothed her heavy brow—she smiled. "Why, Florence," she resumed, "you are

and-by, if there be not a staircase in the school-room," Florence could not answer at once; her throat felt parched and dry. The staircase was the confirmation of Mr. Templemore's guilt-thus he could have interviews with Dora which servants could not know of. He had but to cross the hall to go from his study to the school-room. He could watch his op-

tence of Eva's illness. "So that is it," she thought; "that is itshe wants to marry John some day, and yet

to flirt with my husband in the meantime; but I shall put a stop to the one, and let her manage the other—if she can!—if she can!" triumph; but Florence only said, with feigned

" I don't care about that staircase—he never goes up it. I am sure." "Will you watch to-night, and see him?"

asked Mrs. Luan, eagerly. Mrs. Logan dropped her a mocking curtsy.

"I should not tell-I don't want to-I only want you to put a stop to it. There's no harm, but John would not like it."

" You will not!"

and tell him the next day that he stays too much with Dorn. He'll say 'no.' Then pre-tend to believe him, and make him promise not to be so much with her, and he'll be frightened, and think you know something, and it will be all right, you know."

little garden door, and we can see them in the school-room. I'll go home with you, and he need never know." " Mrs. Luan, you might let it out; and if

Mr. Templemore thought I had been watching him, he would never forgive me."

best of it! "Don't he afraid, Flo!" she said, patroniz-

ingly; "he'll not know, unless you tell him." The fool-the idiot!" almost angrily thought Florence; "does she think I am afraid, that I will come and watch and hide, and all for John's sake. No, if I do come, and if it be so, let Mr. Templemore and Dora quake, and let John, let any man marry her after that if he will, or if he dare!"

"Well," urged Mrs. Luan, "will you come and see ?"

more, to humble Dora, and send her forth like knew not how to resist. Yet she seemed to hesitate, and it was with reluctance, with seeming terror that she said:

"Mr. Templemore will not know, will he?" right, he shall not scold you."

with a little shudder, and as if she stood in mortal dread of Mr. Templemores scolding.

But that fear, if she felt it, she hid well. face when Mr. Templemore and she mef on liquid. It was a lovely box in Eva's eyes. For ousy seemed to have left her as suddenly as its lid, and white flowers-strawberry-flowers, they had come. Mr. Templemore was grave, on its side. indeed-perhaps he could not forget at oncebut Florence was all sweet, innocent glee. He would have wished her to go in, maybe, to remonstrate, but Mrs. Logan said the evening was lovely, and asked to walk up and down in clination for the ground-floor windows of Les | contents. Roches, and especially for that of the school-

Templemore dreaded to be so near her with enemy than, giving her a gloomy look, she before her in the red sun-light arm-in-min, a happy couple, gazing at her in her nether in guilty glee.

"I have done it!" she said to Fanny—"I which love had borne them.

"And thus they will pass through life!" she thought.

it not, Mr. Templemore?"

vexed; but her quick eyes had gone over the occasionally a flash of lightning filled the school-room, and seen a door which might or court, and touched the little fountain below might not lead to a stair-case. "I must find with sudden light; then a remote peal folit out," she thought.

There are days and hours of seeming sucness of our conception. True, that success is more apparent than real, true failure were the real blessing, but we do not know that till triumph. The small ingenuity which consists in plotting Mrs. Logan had as well as Mrs. Luan. She now exercised it to her own detriment. Eva was playing in the schoolroom, where Dora sat watching her, and answering her now and then as cheerfully as she could, when the child's flippant speech broke | ing some time. "I feel it in my head so." on her thoughts.

"Cousin Dora," said Eva, "I am going to table as she spoke. give Minna a bath."

take cold."

Eva did not answer. Dora looked roundthe child was gone.

"Eva," she called, uneasily; but Eva did not reply.

bath near the waterfall," said Florence. Dora started up. In a moment she was out of the room. She did not run—she flew. Yet she was scarcely out of breath when she reached the little cascade. The grayness of evening lingered around the spot, and the little pool looked both dark and deep. Dora knelt down, and leaning both her hands on the margin, she looked in. She saw the pebbly bed, and the water flowing smoothly over it; and as she saw them, she heard Eva's

That slowness was favorable to Mrs. Logan. No sooner was Dora out of sight than she entered the school-room, opened the door, and went up the staircase. Eva's room was the first she saw. She gave it a rapid glance, then, opening another door, she stood in Fanny's room. This was not what Mrs. Logan wanted. Retracing her steps, she crossed Eva's room again, and this time en-

tered Dora's. She saw it well, spite the twilight. She saw it, but was blind, and did not read its meaning. That rather austere room, where Dora had read, and prayed, and conquered her full heart-where she had dreamed of the lost past, of her brother's grave, whence she had vailed over fond rebellious youth, told none of held some valuable articles of furniture,

"He knows that I wanted that carved pricu dieu," thought Florence, angrily, "and those old damask curtains, and he gives them to her —to her.

How could she doubt his guilt after that? She did not. Burning with resentment, she went down, and reached the garden as Mr. Templemore came back with the flowers she had asked him for, and Dora approached the house with Eva. On seeing Mrs. Logan, the child clung to her governess, and hid her face in her garments.

"How flattering!" exclaimed Mrs. Logan shortly.

sigh. These last two days had not been days of happiness to him. Eva had been ill and naughty, Florence irritable, and Dora sad and grave. What discord had thus suddenly entered his once happy home; for whilst Florence had been amiable and sweet he had found even Eva's naughtiness endurable—but now everything was a trouble and a pain. Perhaps it was not unnatural that when Mrs. Logan spoke of going, because she was sure a storm was coming on, he was not very eager to detain her. He said, indeed, that Les Roches was safe since it possessed a lightningconductor; but when Florence professed to fear lightning-conductors, he only laughed, and did not argue her out of her fear. It had formerly pleased Mrs. Logan that her lover should laugh at any foolish speech she uttered, but now she felt affronted. Besides, did She had sunk back on her little couch, and she not see he wanted her to be gone! Of her cheek lay on her pillow; her eyes were course he did, to go up that staircase to Dora closed, her breathing came regularly through But she would humor him, she would; only maybe he might repent it. He saw her leave, and as they parted at the garden gate of her villa, Mrs. Logan said tauntingly: "Good-night. Don't sit up too late with

Dora." He wanted to answer, but with another little taunting laugh she was gone. He heard the door of the villa open and shut again, and Yes, it was he who was talking on the stairbe slammed the garden gate and walked home, boiling with anger and vexation, and never once suspecting that the pretty sinner was walking leisurely behind him; but whereas he entered Les Roches by the front gate, Mrs. Logan crept round to a low side-door in the wall, where she was to find Mrs. Luan according to their agreement.

Mrs. Luan had lost no time. She had laid her plans with that superfluous cunning which is one of the attributes of diseased minds; and she carried them out with ingenuity and success. When Florence left Les Roches, Mrs. Luan went up to Eva's room. She found Fanny with the child, whom she was going to undress.

"Eva," she said, "shall I show you the shell box now?-I am going to put it up. "Oh! do," cried Eva, darting away from Fanny, "do show it to me, Mrs. Luan!" This shell box Eva had raved about for

days, so wonderful had been Mrs, Luan's de-"No-no." replied Mrs. Luan, laughing; scription of it, and so persistently had it been denied to all her longing entreaties. "Wait, Fanny, wait!" she cried; "I shall

go back directly."

And Fanny good-humoredly complied, and was willing to wait her little Mistress's pleasure. The shell box stood on Mrs. Luan's The sunniest of smiles beamed on her pretty table near a glass full of a clear and fragrant his return to Les Roches. Temper and jeal- it had a rose made of pink-colored shells on

"Oh! how beautiful!" cried Eva. "Oh!

what a box!" Now it so happened that Mrs. Luan believed in the box too, so she replied grimly: "It is a box! Worth any money!" so say front of the house. She felt a particular in- ing, she took the glass and sipped some of its

> "I am so thirsty!" hinted Eva. "You can't have this," replied Mrs. Luan They are my drops—not fit for little girls." But she put down the glas, and taking up

the box, muttered something about putting if away in the next room. Eva remained alone with Mrs. Luan's a sharp bark from a corner of the room. Mrs. drops. No more than her great mother and Logan stood still, and looked ironically at Mr. | namesake did she know how to resist tempta-

Templemore, who colored with vexation; and tion. She looked round. Mrs. Luan was not Dora, unconscious of their thoughts, looked at coming back; she took a sip, then another, them with sorrowful resignation. They stood then she almost drained the glass; and hav-

have done it!" "Done what!" naturally inquired Fanny. But Eva was not tempted to tell-she heard

Miss Courtenay in her room, and was mute. Dora sat by her open window watching for the storm which Florence had foretold. It eame at last. It was not a violent one, yet

lowed, and a low rushing shower of rain. "When that storm is over there will be calmness," thought Dora. "I wonder why it is not so with us. Why we are ever ready for turmoil and torment!"

She had not time to pursue these thoughts the door of her room opened, and Mrs. Luan Dora looked at her in some surprise.

aunt never came to her room. What had

brought her this evening? "I feel that storm," said Mrs. Luan, sitting down, evidently with the intention of remain-She took sff her cap and threw it on Dora's

"It makes your head ache, aunt?" "No, not ache; but it puzzles me so." She looked rather excited and bewildered. "You would not like to sleep, aunt?" said

Dora; "maybe it would calm you." "Sleep!-why, what is the time?"

A clock in the hall below answered the question by striking eleven. "Do you think they are all in bed?" asked

"The house is very still, aunt."

"Yes, but Mr. Templemore is in his study.

Dora did not answer this; Mr. Templemore sat up late, and she knew it-but what about it? "I am sure Eva is ill!" suddenly remarked

Mrs. Luan, staring at her niece. "She is very well, aunt."

"And I am sure she is ill with that stormill and alone, for Fanny is below." A vague uneasiness took hold of Dora. She rose, she crossed her room, she entered

found the child sitting up in her bed, with a "Eva! Eva! what ails you?" cried Dora alarmed. But Eva did not answer.

Eva's, closely followed by Mrs. Luan. They

"Go for Mr. Templemore," said her aunt "he is in his study—go down the staircase, and you will get to the study at once, you

But though Dora had no suspicion of the trap laid for Mrs. Logan, and in which she too was to fall, she would not do this. To go thus and call Mr. Templemore with alarm in her looks, seemed to her like striking the talisman in the Arab story—a deed to be delayed as long as possible.

"But the child is ill-quite ill," said Mrs. Luan, stamping her foot angrily. "Go-go at once!"

"No, aunt," replied Dora, firmly; "there is no need for that. I can see this is nothing. Eva was frightened, and had the nightmare, she is well now."

"You will not go down to the study and do it?" said Mrs. Luan, stamping her foot, and shaking her head at her niece. "You had better-mind, you had better, Dora." "Aunt, I will not." "Then I will." Mrs. Luan stepped toward

the door; but Dora forestalled her, and locking the door, took out the key. Mrs. Luan looked at her with insane fury in

Mr. Templemore could scarcely repress a rue that! I wanted to be the making of you —but you'll rue that 😲 Dorn did not heed the threat then; but how

she remembered it later! "Aunt," she said soothingly, "what ails you? I am quite willing to ring for Fanny." "Do if you dare!" angrily, exclaimed Mrs. Luan. Then she added, more gently, "What

is it to me?" "Look!" soothingly said Dora, "and see

how well Eva seems now." "Why, so she does I" exclaimed Mrs. Luan converted with suspicious facility; and do you know, Dora, I think I shall go to bed." "Do, aunt, it will do you good; "and Eva

is falling asleep." Mrs. Luan yawned, and looked very sleepy as she rose and left the room.

Eva was falling asleep, as Dora had said. her parted lips. "I suppose it was the storm frightened her," thought Dora. And lest Eva should waken again, she sat down by her and watched patiently, listening to the low rush- arm, and she tooked down in her face with a ing of the rain. And as she sat thus, Dora was startled at hearing her name uttered by Mr. Templemore's voice in the room below. read its meaning—but she did not.

She rose, she opened the door, and listened. "Conclude!" she ejaculated; "dear me,

case. "For God's sake! what is it?" he exclaimed; "Eva is ill again!" "No! no!" eagerly replied Dora, unlocking the door, and going down to meet him; "she was a little feverish, but she is fast asleep

now.

The color returned to Mr. Templemore's pale face, and he breathed a sigh of relief. "Thank Heaven!" he said: "Mrs. Luan frightened me.

Dora had come down with a light in her hand. She still held it as she stood on the last step of the staircase, and Mr. Templemore saw the troubled, startled meaning which came to her as he spoke.

"Did you not send her?" he asked. "No," she answered. But the confusion of her denial did not escape him. Without saying a word, Mr. Templemore rang. Dora thought it best to begin an explanation.

"I believe—' she said—but the words had scarcely passed her lips when the door opened abruptly.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"SHE'S very cunning, is Dora," thought Mrs. Luan, as she left Eva's room; but I am more cunning than she is, you know."

And with a low laugh of triumph at her own sagacity, she went down below and joined Mrs. Logan. That lady stood alone, and in the dark, in Dora's sitting-room, waiting impatiently for the tokens of Mr. Templemore's

"Mrs. Luan," she angrily whispered, "it must be all your invention. I have been here this hour, and Mr. Templemore is not "But he will come, and Dora will come

down to him when Eva is asleep—and I say John would not like it.' Repeated assertion is like the drop of water whose ceaseless splash wears out the stone beneath. Mrs. Logan was convinced, and though she stayed to have ampler proof, she

did not need it. Still, Mr. Templemore came not. "I wonder where he is?" whispered Mrs. Luan. "Go out in the garden and see if there be a light in his study.' Mistrust, feigned or real, held Mrs. Logar

"Mrs. Luan," she said, "if ever Mr. Templemore learns through you that I was here to-night, I'll-I'll make you repent it as long as I live!'

And she did not stir. Mrs. Luan laughed at the folly of the woman who thought that she wanted to betray her to Mr. Templemore.

"Then I'll go and see," she said, carelessly, and as if to go were not what she wanted. She went, and did not come back. At first Mrs. Logan waited patiently, then she got irritated and angry; she did not venture to cross the school-room; but opening the French window, she entered the garden. It was raining fast, but Mrs. Logan did not

mind the rain. She looked at the window of Mr. Templemore's study. A calm steady light was burning there, and showed her his bending figure. But as if an enchanter's summons had suddenly disturbed him, he rose, the study grew dark, then the school-room was lit, and Florence distinctly saw Mr. Templemore through the muslin curtains.

"He's calling Dora," said Mrs. Luan's voice in the darkness. "Do you hear him? She'll come!-she'll come!"

And even as she spoke Dora's figure was seen by these two; she had heard, and, to her sorrow, obeyed the call. "Is it not glorious!" cried Mrs. Luan. stamping in her glee, "to be thought a fool and an idiot, and to play them off so! He's

clever, and so is Dora, and yet you see!-you Florence did not answer-she could notshe felt stupid with amazement and grief. She had still doubted, but now she saw it. If she did not love Mr. Templemore with romantic affection, if Doctor Richard would have left her cold and unmoved, if she required Deenah, and Les Roches, and money, and its luxuries, to give warmth to her love, still that love existed-not deep, not disinterested, but real. That love, such as it was, now stung her to take such revenge as the present opportunity gave her,

"That will do," she whispered, "let us go now; lead the way, and mind you never tell him. "No, no," said Mrs. Luan, laughing.

Never fear, Flo, I shall never tell." She led the way as Mrs. Logan bade her and whilst she turned into the garden path Florence abruptly entered the house, and opening the door of the school-room, burst in upon Dora and Mr. Templemore. Her seemed to lie before her. If she could have clothes were dripping with rain, her face was pale as death, her eyes sparkled with jealous

"I beg your pardon," she said, with a short laugh. "I am very rude, I know but I forgot something here—a handkerchief, I believe -and so I came back for it. So sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Templemore-and you, too Miss Courtenay, but I could not help it, you

Amazement kept them both mute. Her unexpected appearance, her looks, her tones were both menacing and mysterious. "Florence, what is this?" at length asked

Mr. Templemore going up to her. Mrs. Logan laughed in his face. "Sorry to interrupt your tete-a-tete with

Miss Courtenay," she said; "but I really could not help it Mr. Templemore-beside, it was raining outside, you know." Mr. Templemore could not believe his ears.

or his eyes. Was this the gentle, playful, Florence, this pale woman whose looks of jealous fury were bent now upon him-now upon Dora? His kitten had now turned into fierce young tigress; and even in the con-

Logan's pretty face, though habitual goodhumor concealed it, was visible to him; the low brow, though so fair, the sensual mouth, though so lovely, the ungenerous countenance that could look so sweet, were all revealed to him in one moment, and they filled him with mingled anger and grief. There was resentment, there was a sort of contempt, there was ill-subdued scorn in his voice as he said:

"Florence, this is too much—this is too "So I think," replied Mrs. Logan. nodding

at him-"so I think," and she nodded at Dora. On seeing Florence enter, on hearing her first words, Dora had felt stunned, but now indignation roused her. She went up to Mrs.

Logan, and in a low, even voice, said: "Mr. Templemore came here to see his sick child; may I ask what you conclude thence? She stood before Mrs. Logan pale and somewhat inperious, but also looking as much beyond the reach of anything that could sully her honor as a regal lily on its stem. And as she spoke, she laid her hand on Mrs. Logan's glance as proud and clear, that if Florence had not been very blind indeed, she must have

Miss Courtenay, I conclude nothing; only 1 do hope that your future husband, whoever he may be, will conclude nothing either from these midnight meetings."

On hearing this insult from the woman who had helped to send her brother to an early grave, Dora drew back and smiled with utter scorn; but the smile died away on her lips as the door opened, and answering Mr. Templemore's ring, Jacques and Fanny appeared on the threshold. For on seeing them Mrs. Logan laughed aloud; now, indeed, she held her revenge!

"I promised to see you home," said Mis. Luan, grimly, and I'll keep my word. I will. —I will—are you ready?"

"No!" sharply replied Mrs. Legan and going up to Miss Moore, who was coming down the staircase, having left the drawing-

Mrs. Luan saw them enter the dining-room togetber, and stood awhile looking after them ; then with as black a face as she had ever worn, she entered the school-room. Jacques was gone, but Fanny stood by Dora, who had sat down on a chair by the table, pale as death, and leaning her forehead on her hand.

apoligize and retract. You shall have the fullest satisfaction!" But Dora did not answer, or seem to hear him. She sat with her eyes fixed, her lips

"Disgraced!" she said in a low voiceinsulted and disgraced!" "On my word, on my honor, you shall not suffer!" he insisted, with some energy. "There

is no atonement you can suggest which shall not be made to you for this! "Atonement!" she repeated; "there is none.

"Who dare suspect you?" he asked, red-

dening with indignation; "you!-you, Miss Courtenay !- it is impossible!" She did not answer-she could not argue. She was stunned with a blow so cruel and giany, powerless-her head sunk on her bosom, her

had not supported her she must have fallen. "I cannot bear it!-I cannot!" she said. drearily. "Oh! my God, did I deserve this?" Her despair touched Mr. Templemore's very heart. Every argument he could think

"Miss Courtenay," he said at length, with some vehemence, "I tell you that Mrs. Logan must apologize. She has not left the house yet; I will see her at once."

"Mrs. Logan is gone," quickly said Mrs. Luan, looking rather scared. "Gone in this storm?-she who is so mortally afraid of thunder and lightning? Im-

possible!" search of Mrs. Logan. Mrs. Luan followed him with a furtive look, then, turning almost tiercely on Fanny, she said :

"What do you stay for? Go! go!" She spoke so imperatively, that Fanny obeyed the mandate at once, and went down to the servants' room in some tremor, informing Jacques, in her broken French, that Miss Courtenay's aunt was in a dreadful way about

" Well she may," sententiously said Jacques -" well she may, Mademoiselle Fanny." Mrs. Luan, indeed, was rather stricken at the success of her plan-perhaps that success had exceeded her expectations. Dora sat as Mr. Templemore had left, with her face buried in her hands, trying to measure the abyss into which she had fallen. But her eye shrank from these dark depths of shame which seen an issue-a road to salvation-but none

appeared. Two servants had heard Mrs. Legan's insulting taunt. Would Mr. Templemore attempt to bribe them into silence?-could be do it ?-was it not too late by this ?-had not the story already been told in the kitchen? and thence would it not spread in ever-widening circles, until it encompassed her like a sea? He had promised to atone. But atonement was not in his power. He was as helpless as she was; like her, he might stand and look on at the disastrous effect a few words had wrought; but the sluices had been opened, and by no mortal power could the waters

be called back.
"Disgraced!" muttered Dora, removing her hands from her pale, distracted face-"disgraced! and forever. Aunt, aunt, I cannot bear

and stammering from the agitation with which she spoke, "if Mr. Templemore does not do you justice-if he does not marry you I—Iwill make him repent it."

ugly transformation. Even then that absence remonstrated with nor minded the threat. It of moral beauty, which was the want of Mrs. sounded like mere angry raving, and did not

CHAPTER XXVIII,-CONTINUED. Yes, she was sleeping, and the child no

Mrs. Luan; Dora was her niece. No, she would tell nothing-and yet she was so stu-"How kind of you to sleep," she said, tauntingly: "it is so convenient for the third

asleep," sharply retorted Mrs. Luan-" oh so

ther to his motherless little girl." Deadly paleness overspread Mrs. Logan's

stupid, was aware of nothing.
"Yes," bitterly said Florence, " she is to be the mother of his child-to live here like a queen in Les Roches; and, as Eva falls ill when she sees me, he is to come here alone,

These bitter and stinging remarks Mrs. Luan heard with perfect composure.

" Indeed, Mrs. Luan, you are not going to escape me thus," cried Florence, in a rage; but her wrath fell down in a moment as she saw the cunning look in Mrs. Luan's eyes. " I shall never find out anything that way," thought Florence-" never." So she laughed, and said, merrily, "That's a good joke, too, to want me to believe that Mr. Templemore cares a pin for Dora. Why, don't you see he

the arbiter of a prond and innocent girl's fate, and held in their hands the weal or woe of the master of Les Roches.

Mrs. Logan laughed. " Dora can take care of herself-besides, he

sure John would not like about that staircsse in the school-room-I don't." In a moment Mrs. Logan understood it all, or thought that she understood it. Mrs. Luan thus half accused her nicce to her because she was jealous of Mrs. Templemore

tuous. " Nonsense," she said-" you dreamed that. Luan, with sudden wrath, and shaking her head at Florence. "Did I dream that you jilted Paul, eh! I suppose, too, you will tell me there was no thunder last night, and that

not frightened, are you? But just see, by-

portunities, or make them undetected; and when Dora could not come down to him, he could go up to her under that convenient pre-

Mrs. Luan was looking at her with sullen indifference:

"Thank you-you would go and tell them, and would they not have a laugh at my expense, that's all !"

"Then let John prevent it!"

" How can I?" asked Florence. "Oh! it is quite easy," coolly said Mrs. Luan; "watch him, but don't show yourself,

"But how can I come and watch?" asked

Mrs. Logan, doubtfully.
"Oh! it is so easy. I'll let you in by the

She looked so frightened at the thought of discovery, that Mrs. Luan had something to do not to laugh aloud at her simplicity. As if she wanted her plot to be known. Oh! dear, oh! dear, to think how stupid the world was; and they all thought her stupid-that was the

There was a subtle look in her black eyes, which might have warned a wise woman; but the words " come and see," lured Florence on. "To come and see," to confound Mr. Templea new Agar, and to outwit that insolent Mrs. Luan, who only thought of her stupid John. Yes, all these were temptations which she

"I'll never tell him-never, never! All "Oh! dear, I hope not," said Mrs. Logan,

room where Dora sat with Eva. The child had been good all day, and Mr. Florence. No sooner, indeed, did Eva see her flung herself on Dora's lap, whilst Fido uttered

"I suppose I act like red on Eva!" said Mrs. Logan, moving on. "Very flattering, is She laughed, and looked more amused than

cess, when our schemes are favored to the fulit is too late, and we have paid the cost of our

"Very well, dear, but mind she does not "Oh! I shall shampoo her, you know."

"Surely she did not go and give Minna

voice talking far away with Miss Moore. With a sigh of relief she walked back slowly.

looked at the fountain in the court, and preits secrets to Florence. She only saw that it which she had secretly appropriated, and which Mr. Templemore, unconscious of the fact, had dedicated to Dora's use.

"Good-night, Mr. Templemore." she said in French; "I am sorry I interrupted your conversation with Miss Courtenay; but I am going away, so you will both have plenty of

She laughed scornfully, and left the room in a glow of vindictive triumph. Jacques and Fanny had both heard her; she had had revenge. But she started back as she crossed the threshold, for she found Mrs. Luan, who had evidently been listening, and perhaps, too, waiting for her outside the room.

room in terror of the storm which was then rolling above Les Roches, and she said litterly, "I have news for you, Miss Moore."

"Miss Courtenay," said Mr. Templemore in a tone of much emotion, "Mrs. Logan shall

blanched.

Oh! Mr. Templemore, your coming here has undone me!' But he could not believe it-he would

arms fell down by her sides, and if Mrs. Luan

of he used—every regret he could utter he now spoke. But for once he was powerless. Dorn did not even hear him.

And as Mr. Templemore uttered the words he looked up sharply at Mrs. Luan. She had spoken with a vivacity which had surprised him; but even as he looked, the startled meaning passed from her face; it became, as ever, dull, cold, and vacant. "I suppose all this has excited her," he thought; and he thought no more, but left the school room at once in

it?-I must conquer this or die!" "Dora," said her aunt, clinching her hands

When our own mood is overwrought and fusion and dismay of the moment, he had a excited, we wonder at nothing. Dora heard keen sense of horror and disgust as he saw the her aunt, and understood her, but she neither