

For the TRUE WITNESS.

INSCRUTABLE.

I saw a child whose life's bright morn...

I saw a child whose youth ne'er knew...

And while I thought, perplexed and sad...

For the TRUE WITNESS.

TO THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Come with a smile, when come thou must...

Long in those awful eyes I gazed...

Only two still and steady rays...

Come with a smile, auspicious friend...

And let me know my soul akin...

Come when the way grows dark and chill...

Come with a smile that dims the sun...

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH.

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

CHAPTER XL.

MR. TEMPLEMORE'S sister-in-law wanted to speak to him...

"You will soon come back?" he asked...

"How is he?" she angrily echoed...

"Give me!" she cried; "forgive me, I could not help it!"

He returned the caress, and again he said: "What is it—trust in me!"

"Did I not, though?" who made Florence jealous? "Twas I, Mr. Templemore."

"I am innocent," she said again. "I am innocent," she said again.

"Richard," she said, coming back to him, and her tears flowing...

"You little hypocrite!" she cried, starting to her feet...

"Believe that you could abet this miserable woman?" he replied...

"And so I am to bear the burden of the sin, and you are to reap the benefit!"

"Of course not," answered Mrs. Luan, with much scorn...

"Dora," she said—"Dora joining in a plot so shameful!"

"And did you, or did your mother, ask me how I was to make you Mr. Templemore's wife?"

"Mrs. Templemore again looked at his wife. She could not bear that look; her eyes sank before him."

"The words were like dew from heaven. She threw her arms around his neck...

And had been her tacit accomplice. An innocent though, the woman had been driven into the madness of jealousy...

"Madam, speak!" he said impetuously and imperiously...

"Innocent!" said her aunt; "yes, you never questioned—yet you did not want to know—yet let me do it, and now, like a coward, want to escape the blame."

"I am innocent," she said again. "I am innocent," she said again.

"Let me go; you hurt me. Why do you put it all upon me?"

"You want me to be silent!" she cried. "I will not—I will not, Mr. Templemore."

"Do as you please. You will find my wife guarded by something to which the world, skeptical though it may be, ever adds faith—the respect of her husband."

"She is not innocent!" cried Mrs. Logan, breaking out from sarcasm into impetuous accusation...

"Of course not before," ironically replied Mr. Templemore...

"Then you are not angry with Dora?" she said. "Oh! not at all," replied Mr. Templemore.

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"Dear Mr. Templemore, how old you do look!" ironically said Florence.

"I can't help it," she said despondently. "You might as well tell a bird not to be caught as tell me not to be deceived."

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frailty. That room, those pictures, those familiar objects, all seemed to upbraid him with infidelity.

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grave paths, she bade herself be calm—and calmly would not come at his bidding.

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