HIS FIRST LOVE.

- I remember
 Meeting you
 In September
 Sixty-two.
 We were eating,
 Both of us;
 And the meeting
 Happened thus:
 Accidental,
 On the road,
 (Sortimental)

(Sentimental

- (Sentimental Episode.) I was gushing, You were sny; You were bushing— So was I¹. I was smitten, So were you; (All that's written
- Here is true.)
 Any money?
 Not a bit
- Rather funny, Wasn't it? Vows we plighted—
- Yows we plighted
 Happy pair!
 How delighted
 People were!
 But your father—
 To be sure—
 Thought it rather
 Premature;
 And your mother—
 Strange to save—
- Strange to say— Was another
- In the way.
 What a heaven
 Vanished then (You were seven, I was ten.)

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

CHAPTER XII .- CONTINUED.

statue, his gaze could not have been a more

look, she thought, could have but one mean-

"Well," he replied, "I know all about it

opiate, which I did not dare to give her. I

as I fear, mental uneasiness be at the root of

her disease, pray do all you can to compose,

Poor Dora! this threw her back on her al-most forgotten trouble. Doctor Richard saw

her eyes grow dim, and her lips quiver. But

he could do or say nothing, and he merely

bade her a good-night.
"Good-night, sir," said Dora, following him

down; "I thank you much, very much-will

"Of course I shall," he said-" there, do not

But Dora would follow him to the street

door, and even hold the light for him down

the street. He walked away a few steps, then

" You need not sit up with Mrs. Courtenay,"

He held out his hand. Dora gave him hers

he said. "I feel quite sure of her now. Good-

and thanked him again. He pressed her hand, and that with so cordial, so friendly a grasp

that as he walked away and Dora closed the

door upon him, she thought, with some emo-

tion, "I am sure Doctor Richard is a friend."

And so he was—a fast, true friend to her. Such a friend as life grants to few.

CHAPTER XIII.

When Dora softly entered her mother's

room the next morning, she found Mrs. Courtenay still sleeping. Her head lay on her pil-

low, her hands were clasped, and in the sub-

dued light, which stole in horizontal rays

zions vanished as by enchantment. Her face

was radiant when she went forth into the lit-

tle sitting-room, and there found Madame Ber-

trand, who brought the intimation that Mon-

"Ask him to come up," whispered Dora,

Presently Mensieur Merand came up on his

In her distress at the unexpected catas-

trophe of the Redmore Mines, Dora had left

her portfolio behind her. This Monsieur Me-

rand now brought back, but not without hav-

ing, as he confessed, first inspected its con-tents. His own drawing he had found, also

Dora's copy of Keyser's music-lesson, and

concerning this he now ventured to speak.

With an air of diffident yet injured candor, he

asked to know if Dora had been working for

any other dealer. Her freedom to do so Mon-

sieur Merand never questioned, but then he could assure her that she would find him as

"Now," with regard to that drawing of

Keyser's, he added, in his most insinuating

tone, "I should like it much if it were not

the fulness of her heart she was going to add

that Monsieur Merand was welcome to it, when the door opened and Doctor Richard entered

the room. Dora forgot the dealer and the

"Mamma is sleeping," she said, eagerly-

"I believe, however, she will soon waken."

He took a chair and put down his hat. He

evidently did not think that Dora's business

with Monsieur Merand could be of a private

nature. The portfolio lay open on the table, the drawing was displayed to Doctor Richard's

"What a fine drawing!" he exclaimed—"is

"It is," she replied, blushing a little, "and Monsieur Merand wants to purchase it from

ciliously at the drawing, put forth his nether

lip, and said, curtly:
"Yes, I want a drawing that size; but this is not one of your best efforts, mademoi-Dora changed color. Was Monsieur Me-

But either Doctor Richard's entrance, or his

"is that a good sign, Dector Richard?"

"A very good sign," he answered, smiling.

"Then I shall wait till she does."

that yours, Miss Courtenay?"

"It is not," honestly replied Dora, and in

liberal as any other member of the trade. .

" but tell him my mother has been ill and that

sieur Merand was below.

we must speak low."

errand.

secured."

drawing in a moment.

see it better.

come down any further, I can let myself out;

He seemed surprised at the suggestion.

"How is she ?-What is it ?" whispered

fixed one than it was.

on the landing.

you come again ?"

came back.

be night air is keen."

her."

" And I will engage, by sending that draw-That was many ing to a house I know in London, to get her, if not four hundred francs for it, at least three hundred and fifty."

no more.

wistful look.

asked after a while.

sieur Merand, cavalierly.

Dora hesitated.

Doctor Richard spoke confidently, Monsieur Merand looked blank.

tor Richard "that is a first-rate drawing,"

wistful look.

Monsieur Merand looked at the drawing

again, and grumbled something about being in

a hurry, and not being able to help himself. Dora felt mortified, but necessity is a hard

mistress, and this was not the time to revolt against Monsieur Merand's criticism, however

harsh and unpleasant it might be.
"And what do you expect for this?" he

"Say two hundred francs," suggested Mon-

Before Dora could answer, Doctor Richard

said, very coolly.
"Doctor Richard," hotly answered Monsieur

Merand, "do I meddle in your business?—do

your prescriptions?" was the amused reply.

"My dear sir, would my patients follow

"Well, then, I decline to submit to your

interference, Doctor Richard! I will give

mademoiselle two hundred francs-that and

I go and prescribe for your patients?"

"I cannot help myself," he said at length, and speaking very silently. "I will give mademoisable the three hundred and firy francs. I do not gain a franc by the transac Author of ' Nathalie." Adele,' ' Queen Mab,,' &c ioz-not one," he added with an injured look. poctor Richard chuckled, and seemed excessively amused. This time Doctor Richard saw hen He had half closed his book on his hard, and bending a little furward, he was looking at her keenly and intently. If she had been a picture or a status his are could not be a

declare it is better than a play to hear you!" he said good humoredly. "Only to think of your wanting to pass off these tricks upon me, Monsieur Merand!"

Monsieur Merand looked as if he did not know whether to be entertained or angry at the cool tone in which his customer addressed Dora, rising, and going up to him, for such a him. He took the wisest course, however, and not deigning to answer him, he turned to Dora, to whom he said very civilly-"When

Mrs. Courtenay had fallen into a gentle may I have the drawing, mademoiselle?"
"I should like to give it a few last touches; sleep. Dora's expressive eyes asked: "Is this good?" And Doctor Richard nodded and and if my mother is so far well that I can smiled, put his book in his pocket, and rose to leave her, I shall work at it to-day, Monsieur go. He was silent, and Dora, taking the hint, Merand."

let him out without speaking.

a Well, sir?" she said eagerly, as soon as "Then I hope she will be well," he said, a little crossly. "Good-morning;" and with the look of a conquered man, he left the the door was closed upon them, and they stood

Dora turned toward Doctor Richard. Her now, and Mrs. Courtenay sleeps without an beaming face expressed her thanks before they He gave her no time to utter were spoken. believe she will be well in a few days; but if,

a word. "Do not," he said, quickly. "You would not have had me stand by and see you robbed? Why, your drawing is worth more than

the sum I have stated." "I cannot understand it," replied Dora, looking perplexed; "I never knew I was so clever; but however that may be, I do cor-dially thank you. Money is invaluable to me

just now, Doctor Richard." He nodded gravely, as much as to say, "Ah! yes, I know—the Redmore Mines;" and as he heard Mrs. Courtenay talking to Mrs. Luan within, he asked if he could not see her. Dora went in before him, then came

back and signed him to follow her. Mrs. Courtenay was sitting up in her bed. She looked calm and collected; and, indeed, was so far recovered, that Doctor Richard's

presence startled and surprised her. At once she looked to her daughter for explanation. 'You have been quite unwell, mamma,' said Dors, smiling, "and Doctor Richard, who is our neighbor, called in to see you. And what do you think mamma, Monsieur Merand came a quarter of an hour ago to ask me for a

lery. And he is in a desperate hurry for it. So do make haste and get well."

"And the Redmore Mines," said Mrs. Courteday, plaintively; "I did not dream that, did I, Dora?"

"No, indeed, you did not. But the Red more Mines are here now," she added, gayly, showing her little right hand. "You must know, mamma that I am quite clever. Doctor Richard has been lookidg at my lastdrawing whilst you slept, and he thinks that Monsieur Merand scarcely pays me enough. He through the closed shutters, she looked so calm, so peaceful, that Dora's last apprehenadvises me to raise my terms, and," con-tinued Dora, suddenly dropping the present for the past tense, "I have done it; for he spoke opposite Monsieur Merand himself, who could not deny it, and gave me nearly a hundred per cent. more at once. So what do you think of all that?"

Mrs. Courtenay, scarcely able to think at all, looked both confused and happy. She also looked grateful, and her mild blue eyes were raised to Doctor Richard's face, with an extip-toe, and with many whispered apologies for troubling mademoiselle, he told his pression he could not mistake. He smiled kindly, and sitting down by her bedside, entered into conversation with her. He attacked the Redmore mines at once, and put the matter in a cheerful and airy point of view, which happened to be particularly suited to Mrs. Courtenay's turn of mind.

"Such catastrophes," said Doctor Richard, " are like the milway accidents and steamboat collsions, the only variety of modern life. The ups and downs formerly were of another nature. Beautiful ladies were not safe for a moment, especially when they were wealthy, but were the lawful prey of the king, his favorites, and his powerful subjects. As to ment the strong hand was the right sortlof hand then. Themis had not merely her eyes bandaged, but fast closed in sleep. Every man had to be his own policeman, and, as a natural consequence, his own judge and jury. This variety of occupations must, to say the least of it, have made a gentlemen irritable, and accounts for many little peculiarities of those days which would otherwise be inexplicable to our modern ideas. And now, you see, all that is done, for lovers do not kidnap heiresses, but companies wheedle them out of their gold. Robin Hood or Claude Duval neither put bishops to ransom, nor dance minutes with fine ladies on the highway; but for all that, money flies out of our pockets by a magical process called high interest. Sad, very sad, Mrs. Courtenay, only, you know, we are not born with pockets."

"Dear me, to be sure not!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, much struck with the fact, which view, and he unceremoniously bent forward to had never occurred to her before; that is a very original remark, Doctor Richard."

"It is none of mine," he answered, smiling; "but it is full of philosophy. So let us bear with this catastrophe, which we cannot mend, and let us bless our stars that it is not the destruction of life or limb, as it might be if it occurred through a railway or a steamer. Loss praise of Dora's performance, had changed of money is, after all, the least of the three Monsieur Merand's mood, for he looked super- modern evils."

"Nonsense, Monsieur Merand," put in Doc-Not in my opinion," dryly said Monsieur Merand, thrusting his hands into his pockets, and looking rather defiantly at his customer. I cannot do better," said Dora, with a

is, mamma. Twice he came to you yesterday evening and he sat up here till past two rather than prescribe an oplate, which, it seems, might have injured you. Monsieur Merand looked so angry! I am sorry to lose my good opinion of him, but I am afraid he has almost cheated me. How kind, though, of Doctor, Richard not to mind exposing him!"

"Yes, very kind," murmured Mrs. Courte-

nay. "And when are you to get the money,

"To-day, if I can finish my drawing," eagerly replied her daughter. "Indeed, I had better go at once," she added, rising; "Monsieur Merand is in a hurry for it, and I am in a hurry for Monsieur Merand's five franc

"I snppose you mean four hundred," he "Yes, I wish you had the money," rather querulously said Mrs. Courtenay.

Dora saw she could trust her mother to Mrs.

Luan's care, and that it would be better for her to go and calm the poor lady's mind by the prospect of gain, the only prospect which then seemed to have any charm in it for Mrs. Courtenay. So with a cheerfulness half real, half put on-alas! how many things are so put on by brave hearts, heroism, patience, and the rest-Dora took her portfolio and went forth. On her way she thought, "Since I am selling the drawing, I no longer want the frame; and since it is not ready, had I not better go and tell that poor Dubois not to make it? Poor fellow! I hope he will not be

too much disappointed !" Dora found the door of the Duboises ajar, and she pushed it open besitatingly; but she was not prepared for the sight that met her view. Her frame bright as gilding could make it, stood before her, held by Monsieur Dubois, whose hand had got miraculously well during the night, and no less a person than Doctor Richard stood with his back to her. He turned round, and seemed surprised to see her, whilst consternation appeared on Madame Dubois' face, and Monsieur Dubois turned pale as a ghost.

"Doctor Richard," said Dora, reddening was that man's hand unwell?"

"Unwell! no. Has he been imposing on you, Miss Courtenay? I suppose he was out of work—a child ill, eh?"

"Yes," replied Dora, "that is it. Was it not true?"

Doctor Richard laughed heartily, and seemed much amused. "The old story!" he said. " My dear

young lady," he added, "why did you not look at the man's low, mean face, and read him? His story is this. I have kept him in work for the last six weeks, and during that time neither he, nor his wife, nor his children, nor even the white hen has had a moment's ailment!" Dora was mortified. She had been cheated

and deceived, and Doctor Richard only laughed at her simplicity.

"He is a low vagabond," resumed Doctor Richard, still speaking English, but shaking his forefinger good-humoredly at the culprit who looked extremely uneasy, "but clever, Miss Courtenay, a self-taught genius; and though it is abominable that he should thus impose upon you, I cannot afford to be angry with him. Look at that frame I have just bought. There is fancy and invention for you! Look at that foliage !"

"Excuse me, Doctor Richard," said Dora, gently touching his arm, and looking both amused and puzzled, "but this frame was made for me."

" Have they sold you my frame?" " Dr. Richard, I ordered it."

"So did I, Miss Courtenay." They exchanged looks-then Doctor Rich-

ard burst out laughing. "The vagabond!-the low vagabond!" he said again. "He wanted, perhaps, to sell the same frame twice over. Now, Miss Courtedrawing from one of the pictures in the Gal-lery. And he is in a desperate hurry for it. easily imposed upon. But what a pity the rascal should be so clever! Look at that design, how correct and how graceful, and those I have at home are better still. I must forgive him, Miss Courtenay, for the sake of that

Dora blushed and laughed.

"But, Doctor Richard," she stammered, the design is not his-'tis mine, I drew it." "You drew it, Miss Courtenay!"

"Yes, 1 wanted it for my drawing, and I drew several designs, but he told me this was the best-and so-"

She did not proceed. Doctor Richard was an altered man. The veins in his forehead were thick and swollen, and his full brown eyes burned with resentment so blighting that it almost frightened her. The amusement with which he had heard Dora tell of the imposition practised upon her vanished when he thus learned the fraud attempted on himself. "And so they were your drawings?" he cried at length, speaking angrily and fast, and evidently in a great rage. "Your drawings,

which the rascal passed upon me for his; and I, a gull as I ever am, believed him!" His look, as it fell on the convicted gilder. expressed the most vehement indignation, Evidently Doctor Richard found nothing hu-

morous or entertaining in being made a dupe "Is not this abhorrent and shameful?" he proceeded, addressing the gilder in French which he spoke forcibly and well. "You might have spared yourself this disgrace, and been none the poorer. Nay, the truth should

have brought you in more than that base lie." Monsieur Dubois murmured some unintelligible reply, but already Dr. Ricbard's anger had melted into scorn. His brow grew smooth again, his brown eyes resumed their serenity, and he burst into a heavy laugh at his own expense.

"To think of my addressing that low-minded wretch as if he knew the beauty of truth!" he said turning to Dora. "Whereas she never left her well, so far as he is concerned. But how are we to deal with this rascal, Miss Courtenay? Who keeps the frame? I ordered it, but then you gave the design, so that if you want it-"

I do not," replied Dora, coloring a little. "Then I shall keep it," he said, readily. "I shall call again and settle with you sir," he added, giving Monsleur Dubois a significant look; " for I can see in your face, Miss Courtenay," he continued, looking at her with a smile, as they both left the place, "that I must not be too hard on this guilty couple in your presence. You looked quite startled a

while ago." "You looked very angry, Doctor Richard."
"Did I? Well, Saint Augustine says that each man bears within himself Adam, Eve and the serpent, and I confess I find it so. Often that weak Adam, and frail Eve, and the tempting serpent are busy with me. So lest Adam should prevail against me, I now leave that sneaking impostor and his wife. I have no doubt they are quarrelling now, with the boy looking on, and the white hen cackling. Let them! Confess that you think me a fool!"

Mrs. Courtenay was chained with her med man shead. I might have known he could not ical attendant. "How hand he seems!" she he suthon of that beautiful drawing. Yet it was that which blinded me. I saw it, and forgot the man. So there is ever something is, mamma. Twice he came to vone seems! ating contession, though a true one, to say that it is my lot to be deceived. There is semething inexpressibly persuasive and convincing to me in an assertion. A child's falsehood has often prevailed over me, and yet, Miss Courtenay, I am not an idiot, T assure

you."
He spoke with a gravity which nearly disconcerted Dora-

"I can see you are much inclined to laugh," he resumed; "but you are all wrong. It is idiotic to be so easily deceived, and yet I am no idiot.-I maintain it in the face of what has just occurred. Do not protest; but just allow me to follow out my argument. You have read Don Quixote, I have no doubt; well then, has it not struck you that this unfortunate gentleman commits but one error, only it is the first; in all else he is shrewd, clever, sensible, well-informed. This is my case. Ninety-nine things I see clearly; but the hundredth which escapes me is just the keystone of the edifice. If that Dubois had assured me that he was benevolent, humane, a kind husband, a faithful friend, I should have been amused at his attempting to practise on my credulity; but he said I am an untaught genius, and I became his victim!"

Doctor Richard spoke very composedly of his deficiencies, as composedly, indeed, as if they concerned him not. Dora, though she heard him in silence, drew her own own conclusions. Though his brown eyes were piercing enough, eyes that could see far and deep, they were more penetrating than shrewd. glamour of imagination could baffle the keenness of that vision, and Doctor Richard belonged to the class of men who are to be the victims of their inferiors. He knew it, but the knowledge availed him not.

"His very gifts betray him," thought Dora, and have kept him back in the race of life. Peor fellow," she continued, in her mental soliloquy, as he left her, and walked away briskly, "I am afraid he spends his money very foolishly. What could he want with all those frames, now?"

Dora shook her head at Dr. Richard's imprudence, and was still censuring him when she entered the Gallery.

CHAPTER XIV.

THERE were some last touches to be bestowed on the music-lesson, and Dora lingered over her task. For suppose Monsieur Merand should again find fault with this drawing, and utter those severe remarks which, in Dora's present position, it would be so hard to bear? Whilst she was thus engaged in the picturegallery, she heard a step behind the chair. and looking round in some surprise at the unwonted interruption, she saw Doctor Richard. "Will you allow me to make one or two

suggestions to you, Miss Courtenay?" he said, in his easy way. Dora assented with a little flush of emotion, which Doctor Richard did not seem to per-

ceive. He proceeded with his suggestions, as he called them; and keen, subtle suggestions they were, implying no small amount of theoretical and practical skill.

"He talks more like a painter than like a

doctor," thought Dora, "and, indeed, more like a professor than like either,"

"You draw, Doctor Richard?" she could not help saying.
"Yes, I do all my own illustrations," he

carelessly replied. "He is a writer upon art," thought Dora.

But memory, though questioned, remained mute, and had nothing to tell about Doctor Richard's name. "You did well to take this pretty little

music-lesson," he resumed—" here, at least, imagination is free. I am not an inquisitive man, not in the ordinary sense of the word : my neighbor's business troubles me not, but I confess to you that a little picture by one of ne minor Dutch painters once gave me many a pleasant hour. The burgher father, the matronly mother, and the daughter fair and blooming, were all primly seated before me. The room was large, rather dark, perhaps, with plenty of plate, and two blue china vases on an oaken sort of dresser. It was all so minutely painted, that the Eastern pattern of the carpet, the flowering of the brocade in the mother's dress, the fine lace cape of the daughter, were recognizable, and could have been identified. The picture was about two hundred years old. Two hundred years and their vicissitudes, battles, and generations had passed since that calm home had been somewhere in one of the old Dutch cities. I would have given anything to have had the power of going back for a while to those large oaken rooms, with their substantial furniture—to have conversed with these people, or, if that were too ambitious a desire, considering that I do not know Dutch, to have seen them in their daily life, and household occupations. Surely there must have been some chamber up-stairs in which that merchant kept his money-bags, or reckoned his tulip-bulbs? Surely, too, that good dame must have had her empire in wide store-rooms, with jars or pickles and preserves. As for the young lady, I could imagine her bower with birds, and an embroidery frame, and a looking-glass in the window. I could imagine all that, but as in a dream; for, after all, this supposed merchant may have been some hard reader, a disciple of Grotius, who stored books, and not gold, and who scorned tulips. His wife, in her way, may have set her mind above mere household comforts, and been a stern Christian, and between these two the poor young damsel probably led a dull life. I doubt if she had birds. Their singing would have disturbed her papa's studies, and her severe mamma held embroidery a profane loss of time, and condemned her to knitting and her Bible. So, you see, here are two totally different versions of the same story and having found that I could thus construct not two,

but twenty, I turned the picture with its face to the wall, and forbade it to speak to me could not tell, but stole a doubtful look at Doctor Richard, but he seemed unconscious

of her surprise. He spoke with the compos-

ure of one who is unaware of having said any-

thing unusual, and with the facility which comes from the habit of being listened to. "Is he a lecturer, an author, or both?" thought Dorn; "and yet there is something in him which belongs to none of these—something of the man of the world, who makes himself at home everywhere and with every

But if Doctor Richard had no suspicion of the conjectures in which Dora indulged concerning him, he saw very well that her pencil remained idle,

"I must not prevent you from working," he said, smiling; and renewing his promise to call on Mrs. Courtenay in the evening, he

But she admired him for all that. She admired him as the independent and the clearsighted always admire a vigorous and original mind, even though Fortune should not have favored it.

Dora left before the closing of the Gallery : and as she passed by the open library-door on her way down-stairs, she saw Doctor Richard reading within: A heavy folio lay open before him, and he was absorbed in its contents.

"Doctor Richard has not got many patients," thought Dora; "I wonder whether reads on medicine or on art? And to think of his spending so much money at Monsieur Merand's!"

To receive from and not to spend with that gentleman was now Dora's errand on her way home. She entered his shop with slight hesitation; but Monsieur Merand was an altered man. The drawing was perfect, and he had but one regret—he must pay Mademoiselle in silver five franc pieces. But with her bright smile Dora tied up the welcome though cumbersome coins in her pocket-handkerchief, and thus laden, went home.

"Here is news from the Redmore Mines," gayly said Dora, and opening her pocket-handkerchief, she scattered its contents on her mother's bed.

Mrs. Courtenay's eyes glistened as she saw the silver shower.

"It is not that I am so fond of money," she apologetically said; "but then one cannot do without it."

Mrs. Luan was mute, but Dora saw the flush on her sallow cheek, and could read its meaning. Dera felt happy, and happiness is loquacions. She told them how she had worked at her drawing, how gracious Monsieur Merand had been, and in all she said the name of Dr. Richard invariably came back. Mrs. Courtenay was too much pleased with her medical attendant to censure this frequent repetition of his name; but when, even after dinner, Dora took up the theme, Mrs. Luan, who had been almost silent since the preceding day's catastrophe, now looked up, and said sullenly— "I hate Doctor Richard!"

"Aunt!" cried Dora amazed-too much amazed to be indignant.

"I hate him!" resumed Mrs. Luan; "look at his clothes—shabby; he is no good doctor, not he! He is nothing-no ene-nobody." She was almost excited now. Dora would have answered, and perhaps with less respect and gentleness than she generally showed to Mrs. Luan-for her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled-if Doctor Richard himself had not at that precise moment been skown up by Madame Bertrand.

"A good sign when the patient is lively, he said, going to Mrs. Courtenay's bed with a pleasant smile; "but I do not mean to give up my attendance yet. You are not quite well, my dear madam."

"I do not feel quite well, Doctor, but much better-eh! so much better," she added with her little raising of the voice.

He sat down by her and felt her pulse. As Mrs. Conrtenay drew back her hand the motion disturbed the counterpane, and the fivefranc pieces which Dora had left and forgotten there, rolled on the floor with many a silver ring. Doctor Richard gave a little start of surprise, and Dora blushed.

can earn money," she said trying to laugh it its meaning was not apparent to him. He off, " for, thanks to you, Doctor Richard, Mon- saw a dull, heavy-looking lady, with a hideous sieur Merand has been liberal."

she now looked at, from the dark wrathful countenance she had seen that morning. that the women who rose and gave him a cold, That was all storm—this was all sunshine.

"I am sure he is good, thought Dora; "he looks as pleased as if that money were his." "Doctor Richard," she said aloud, "I met Madame Dubois. She begged hard to be forgiven."

"Will you forgive them, Miss Courtenay?" "Yes-will not you?"

"No; you know the Chinese saying, "If I am deceived once, the blame lies with the de- looked at her. ceiver; but if I am twice deceived, the blame lies with me?"

Doctor Richard spoke so positively, that Dora was silenced.

"Now, Miss Courtenay," he resumed, "do not think me, soft as I have proved myself, a victim to the dreadful delusion of the deserving poor. There are such, I suppose, but just as there are deserving rich, in a very moderate ratio. No, I do not ask for that wonderful bird—a virtuous man in distress. I am satisfied to take humanity such as it is, and gelieve its sufferings so far as I can, which is very little; but I have a strong hatred for moral ugliness, and so when I get such a reptile as the gilder in my path, and can see no redeeming trait in him, I leave him to shift for himself. Some people will be drowned like the man in the story, and who can prevent it? Listen to that drunken wretch now

shouting down the street. Who can save him ?" "Poor fellow!" compasionately said Mrs. Courtenay; "it is all the cider. Perhaps you drink wine, Doctor Richard, and do not know how perfidious cider is. I do. When we came here first, I actually got tipsy!" said Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice in amazement at the strangeness of the fact; "and all for one glass of cider."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Doctor Richard, much

amused. "I did," emphatically continued Mrs. Courtenay. "I came in very warm, and Madame Bertrand would make me taste her cider. I took one glass, and my head began spinning, oh! so much. 'Madame Bertrand,' I cried, he had also a beautiful voice, mellow, har-"your cider is very good, but it is very perfi-dious!" 'Not at all, Madame,' she replied; you are only a little dizzy.' Doctor Richard you may believe me, I could not get up-stairs —I had to sit down on the steps; and I must have been really tipsy, for it seems I got so affectionate, and squeezed Madame Bertrand's hand quite fondly. And I talked so—ch! how I did talk! Poor Dora came down to me a little frightened, and what do you think I nore."

Said to her, doctor? 'Dora,' I said, 'you are
a dear, good girl, but I must say it, once for all-I have never told you before, but I must tell you now. You stay too long at your prayers in the morning; and, then, Dora, you need too fastidious about your dress. It is all the picture-gallery, nor in the reading-room, very well to be pious, and to wear nice collars, but still, Dora, though I like it, I also like not to be kept so long from my breakfast, so please to mend!' Dora was quite bewildered, poor dear, at the lecture, but she helped me up-stairs, and I took a nap in my chair and woke quite well. And that is how I got tipsy on a glass of cider; and, Doctor Richard," added Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice in wonder at her own suggestion, "think what a terrible effect a good many glasses must have."

Dora had felt rather uncomfortable during this narrative, especially in that portion which referred to the length of her devotions, and mademoi- rather lose my shares of the Redmore Mines than even my left eye."

"You torget that I, too, was deceived," resistent when a mod in this mood Doctor Richard left her, promising to call again in the evening.

"In matters of which you could have little promised at the control of the redmore of the redmore of uisngured, and I would much he abruptly added, stepping on the staircase thim a little pensively.

"As he walked away, Dora's look followed at her walked away, Dora's look

familiar. His manner, which had been a little abrupt at first, was now tempered by a refine ment and a courtesy which to Dora scemed both rare and delightful. She thought she had never met with so perfect a gentleman. Did her bright open face betray her secret admiration, or was it part of Doctor Richard's plan to fascinate both mother and daughter? Even a keen observer might have failed to settle this question, but the dullest must have seen that Doctor Richard bestowed a considerable portion of his attention on Miss Courtenay. Even when he spoke to her mother, it was on Dora that his eyes rested. Few peo. ple had ever looked at this girl coolly, the light in her face compelled corresponding warmth in the gazer, and Doctor Richard obeyed the general rule. When she spoke he smiled and listened with evident pleasure to the little sallies by which she endeavored to when she was silent his gaze wandered toward her, and rested on her radiant face and light figure, with evident enjoyment. She was like a Titian or a Giorgione to him, a glorious bit of color lighting those dull rooms, and contrasting in its bright. ness with the paleness and subdued tints of age, as seen in Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan.

Now, there is a subject on which women have a quickness of perception which nothing ean baffle—it is the impression they produce Dora knew, as well as if Doctor Richard had sworn it, that he admired her. She had been accustomed to such admiration formerly, and had received it too often, to be mistaken now. What she saw, Mrs. Courtenay saw too, only she drew maternal conclusions which Dora left in abeyance—that Doctor Richard was a very fascinating man, a very kind one, too; how delightful if he were to marry Dora! Good, innocent soul! She never looked at Doctor Richard's coat, nor asked herself how he could keep a wife and rear a family! The future had, in more senses than one, ever been a sealed book to this amiable and improvident lady. Mrs. Luan, too, being a woman, saw what was going on, and conjectured. Her slow, dull mind fastened on Doctor Richard's admiration of her niece with the tenacity of a leech, and extracted all that such admiration could possibly yield.

She already disliked the man, as the bearer of woeful tidings; she now hated him as being poor, and coming to the house to rob them of their only support. In her sluggish way she had thought over their position, since the preceding morning, and she had realized the fact that Dora was now their mainstar. John would help; but Mrs. Luan could not bear to rob poor John, and she was willing to lean heavily, if need be, upon her niece.

Such being the case, why did that needy doctor come hankering after Dora? They did not want him. Let him begone, with his shabby clothes and look of decaced gentility. For that Doctor Richard's admiration might be the disinterested feeling which many men yield to a young and fascinating woman, Mrs. Luan did not admit in that moment of selfish terror. She only saw the danger; and she not merely saw it, but she magnified it tenfold

Doctor Richard was too quick and observant not to become aware of Mrs. Luan's hard, intent look. it annoyed him, yet, thanks to the "I put them there to show mamma that I | blindness of which he was uselessly conscious, piece of patchwork on her lap, and he felt She began picking up the fallen coins, and that there was something nupleusant to him, Doctor Richard assisted her. When he almost repugnant in her aspect; but he never handed her those which he had gathered he thought that this low-browed woman was the was smiling, and Dora could not help think- Nemesis of his life. He never thought as ing how different was the warm genial face affer spending an hour or more with Mrs. Courtenay and her daughter, he took his leave, that from her would spring the greatest sorrows and the greatest joys of his existence. That this being, his moral and intellectual inferior, would nevertheless rule him with a red of iron in weal and in woe, Doctor Richard never suspected.

"Poor thing! she is predestined to a brain disease," was his medical conclusion, as he

CHAPTER XV.

What subtle and mysterious chain of small events is it which we so often qualify as inevitable? Is there anything not immediately dependent on God's will to which "inevitable does really apply? Are we not free to avoid or to seek? Could we not walk on the right side of the road as well as on the left? Must we perforce take that turning instead of this? If we go on board the boat which is to perish, might we not have sailed in that which, after crossing smooth seas, will come to port safely? Inevitable, for sooth? It is the word of presumption and of weakness, the excuse for all short-sighted folly, the plea of all error, slight or fatal.
That "inevitable," as it is called, was now

busy with Dora Courtenay's destiny. Her mother got well again. Even Mrs. Luan recovered the shock of the Radmore Mines; a trifle was saved out of the wreck; poor John Luan wrote an affectionate letter, and sent twenty pounds; and Monsieur Merand ordered a series of drawings, which kept Dora in constant occupation. All this was as it should be-was, at least, as it often is in life, where the waters flow smoothly again over the greatest wrecks, but the supererogation was in the continued visits of Doctor Richard. He came to see Mrs. Courtenay, and perhaps because her complaint was mental rather than bodily, he came more as a friend than as a doctor. He wished to cheer her, and he suc-ceeded. His conversation was attractive and varied-the conversation of a well-read man; monious, and full-toned, and Mrs. Courtenay once frankly told him it was like music to hear him. His society, in short, was both genial and interesting and Dora's mother was getting accustomed to it, and required it as much as her cup of tea in the evening, when it suddenly ceased.

"I wonder why Doctor Richard comes no more?" rather plaintively said Mrs. Courte-

"Because you are quite well, mamma," replied Dora, trying not to look as disappointed

as she felt. For Doctor Richard had grown invisible. nor even at Monsieur Merand's, did Dora see him. And there now fell a restlessness upon her, of which she herself knew not the cause. She worked, she played, she read, she sewed, she was never idle a second, and yet something ailed her.

(To be continued.)

The following are the grand totals of the shooting for the Elcho Shield :- Ireland, 1,610; England, 1,560; Scotland, 1,462.

It has been agreed that the 18th, 19th and 20th of July shall be observed as the annual holiday at Abbotshall, Kirkcaldy, Pathhead,

rand going to turn critical in the hour when she most needed his admiration? if insept the object of the fact of the fa