#### O'CONNELL'S, GRAVE.

His country long in chains; her spirit gone; The dark taskmaker, sleepless, plied his w Lord, Marquis, Reverend, Sir Knight or H. In name a Christian each—at heart, a Turk

For titled gamblers at some German well— For Bishop Jocelyns noble Erin bled— Base Cyprians squandered, on their way to hell, The rents and tithes which robbed the land of

III-Earth's tyrants learnt new mysteries of hate; The Saxon lash surpassed their bloodlest doom For, what dread despot e'er decreed a fate Which made a nation one vast hecatomb?

The brightest, noblest, holiest, the best.
Their voices importune were hushed in death,
While those who lived sighed for the patriot's
rest,
Or cursed the foe with the last faltering breath.

O God! was ever people so opprest! So ground to dust—so hurried to the grave? So crushed with every bloody, fiery test— So long, long suffering, yet so firm and brave?

Sometimes, the tyrants' agents, forced to weep, Stayed for awhile the persecutor's hand; But, weary Erin, moaning in her sleep, Touched generous hearts in ev'ry Christian land

Alas! that head, which never knew relief, Pillowed upon some bosom true as steel, That last dear refuge of the soul in grief, True as the North-Star to each mute appeal.

What holier thing has this cold world to give When tears are in the heart and sorrows rend,—When hard to die, and harder still to live—Than the kind sympathy of one faithful friend

With hands and eyes upraised—on bended knee— Sad, suff-aing Erin prayed with nightly tears; God heard her voice in His eternity And io! O'Connell, born to lead, appears!

Imperial Julius, with his legions strong,
Sweeping o'er Gaul with clattering horse and
spear,
Hath he one tear e'er dried — destroyed one
wrong?
The sword is only great when cowards fear.

Without the sword, the tyrant saw a power, Strong with a nation's woes, and, seeing, feared, Standing undaunted, like some grey round tower In the dim dawn of peoples deathless reared.

XII. Not Achilles' great sword in ancient time,
When Rome was not, and glorious Greece was
young,
E'er forced from fate a vict'ry so sublime.
As wrenched from foes O'Connell's magic
tongue.

XIII. As fall the monarchs of the forest down, Before the North wind's fierce, resistless blast; So fell the laws to hideous monsters grown, When our great champion's breath of vengeance passed.

XIV. As, when a lily bent down by the rain, Seeing the rosy dawn, doth raise its head, So, Erin stood, a nation once again, The storm of centuries forever fied.

Like Hope's bright rainbow, o'er the sullen storm,
He rose the harbinger of peace and light;
He came, a mighty heart and glant form,
Out of the chaos of three centuries' night.

His soul was full of sweet humanity, And, like a harp touched by the passing wind, It answered every sigh with sympathy. Nor left one heart uncomforted behind.

With sudden life his native land awoke From her deep lethargy, so numb and cold; With hope revived her manacles she broke, And found "Be free!" means simply this: "Be "bold!"

XVIII. Peace to the noble dead; full well he sleeps Among the people whom he loved so well; Each day some grey-haired watcher stands and

Beside that tomb where Truth and Honor dwell.

# DORA.

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

# CHAPTER XXVI .- CONTINUED.

Mrs. Logan was silent, and so disconcerted at this accident, that she no longer opposed Miss Moore's good-natured attempt to pick up the fallen portrait.

"Oh! dear," said Miss Moore, "the poor lady in pink is quite spoiled; but I declare, the lady in blue has not a scratch!" "Oh! all right, then," cheerfully cried Mr

Templemore; "I can get another pink lady any day at a sale, but my blue lady altra Mrs. Logan's breath was gone to hear this,

and she rolled her black eyes in utter bewilderment. Mr. Templemore, unconscious of the construction she put on his words, looked at the two portraits very attentively, shook his head over the lady in pink, and smiling complacently at the lady in blue, went and put them both away in the cabinet, locking the drawer and taking out the key—not quite so hysterical burst of tears, and the declaration useless a precaution as he fancied it to be. that she, Mrs. Legan, was perfectly miser-Mrs. Luan was utterly confounded. Her sble. mind could not very well conceive feelings she was incapable of entertaining. She could not believe that the only value Mr. Templemore really set on his enamels was an artistic value, having not the faintest reference to the

regard he felt for the persons they happened to resemble. She did not understand that if the lady in blue had been like Mrs. Luan herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and herathelia would have been as precious in Deenah, and Eva, and Miss Moore, and the Miss Moore, and Miss in his eyes as it now was, bearing this strong governess stay in Les Roches." likeness to Dora. All this was incomprehensible to her, and was not even made apparent by what would have proved it to another woman; Mr. Templemore's unnecessary frankness. No, this was rather an aggravation of his offence than any attenuation. Mrs. Logan was silly, and she knew, but did not mind it. She was accustomed to be treated like a pretty, childish foolish thing by Mr. Templemore, and she liked, it, for she had sense enough fo know that, manlike, he loved her more the worse for it. She was so pretty, that she could be anything she chose, and yet charm him and every one else besides. But it now occurred to her that Mr. Templemore might consider her so silly as to think he could do or say anything in her presence with impunity. "He thinks I can't see through him, that is it," was Mrs. Logan's in-dignant conclusion. "I am not so stupid though as you fancy, Mr. Templemore.

Wait a little-wait a little." Unconscious of the storm which was brooding in Mrs. Logan's heart, Mr. Templemore turned back to her with a smile, and had just sat down by her side, when the door of the drawing-room opened, and Dora appeared on the threshold, rather pale and grave.

"Mr. Templemore," she said, a little hesitatingly, "will you come-Eva is really very

He started and turned pale.

the indignant one:

"Dora is about the most artful and audacious girl I ever knew!" How little we do know of each other, after all, in this bright, clear world, where every

bound him.

"I shall remember it again and again," she had said to herself in stoic self-subjection. children. Yes, it was all right, after all; and I shall not forget, or shun the inevitable."

again," exclaimed Miss Moore, looking much concerned. "Yes, she is, just to vex me," resignedly

said Mrs. Logan. "But if the marriage is put off again," she significently added, "it shall be for good, you know, Miss Moore."

"Oh! but Mr. Templemore will not have "I shall be sure to send early to know about Eva," she said, airily. "Good-night," and she skipped into the house, and closed the door behind her.

Mr. Templemore walked through the nar-

shall be the seventh of May, or it shall not be thought of hiding her indifference! She at all. I don't care, you know." She spoke with as much seeming indifference as if the seventh of May had been the day fixed for a pic-nic or a dinner-party, and not

for the most important event in her life. Again Miss Moore attempted to mend matters by declaring that Mr. Templemore would certainly go distracted if the seventh of May did not make him the happiest man. "Yes, yes, I know," said Mrs. Logan, a little superciliously, for she was now bent on

seeming shrewd, and not silly; but I must have facts, not words, you know, Miss Moore. I suppose Eva gets ill every now and then, and Miss Courtenay comes for Mr. Templemore, who sits up and goes distracted, eh ?" This speech was so unlike Mrs. Logan's

usual discourse, that Miss Moore stared at her in silent amazement. "No," she answered, at length, "Eva has had very good health since Miss Courtenay has

been with us." Mrs. Logan smiled incredulously, closed her eyes, pursed up her lips, and altogether looked so significant, that Miss Moore felt not merely amazed, but bewildered.

"Is he going to remain long away?" resumed Mrs. Logan, raising her voice, and looking haughty. "Because I am going, Miss Moore."

"No, pray don't!" entreated Miss Moore. "Eva will get well,"—to Eva's ill-health she attributed Mrs. Logan's evident displeasure—and it will be all right again you know, dear."

She spoke as soothingly as if she were addressing a child. It was the tone most people adopted with Mrs. Logan, when they were at all intimate with her. But Mrs. Logan, who if she was silly, was by no means so childish Mrs. Logan left, Eva would probably get well as she chose to appear, now resented Miss Moore's manner as a deadly affront, and turn-ing upon her with sparkling eyes, said, in a tone which had nothing of the child in it save its temper and naughtiness:

"You had better not, Miss Moore. I am not quite so silly as some people think. My eyes are quite open. I assure you I am wide awake, Miss Moore."

And she opened wide and rolled her black eyes in a manner which fairly confounded Eva's aunt. Indeed, she was quite awestruck on hearing Mrs. Logan hold so formidable a threat as that implied by the statement that she was not silly, and that she was wide awake. For when foolish people set about being clever and people of dull perceptions have made up their minds to be particularly clear-sighted, there is searcely any amount of mischief which may not be expected. This Miss Moore, though not very bright herself, was clear-headed enough to guess. She felt that danger was at hand though she was too much taken by surprise to know from what quarter it sprang. She still considered Eva's unlucky illness to be the cause of Mrs. Logan's wrath, and would probably have made some other exasperating reference to the subject, if Florence had not forestalled

her by declaring that she was not going to wait Mr. Templemore's pleasure any longer. The haughty words were scarcely uttered when Mr, Templemore entered the room. With a face full of concern he said:

"Eva is ill. I am anxious about her. I am going for Doctor Leroux." "Now!" exclaimed Mrs. Logan.

"Yes, even if he cannot come, I shall be

glad to speak with him." He looked so anxious that Mrs. Logan forgot her suspicions, her displeasure, and even her resolve of keeping hereyes open. But so many unusual emotions had brought on a neryous mood, which now betrayed itself by an hysterical burst of tears, and the declaration

"My dear Florence," kindly said Mr. Templemore, taking her hand, "you are not to blame. The poor child alone is guilty, but is excusable, because she is a child. We are innocent, and suffer for her sin even more than

"Much the best plan "put in Miss Moore, rather eagerly. "Eva will grow out of it, you

"I hope so," replied Mr. Templemore; but never was hope uttered in a more despondent tone than this.

"I think I must go," moaned Mrs. Logan, pressing her hand to her brow; my head aches so. And yet I should have liked to wait till you came back with that Dr. Petit." "Petit!" cried Mr. Templemore with a start—"God forbid that man should ever

come near Eva!" "How can you be so prejudiced?" pettishly said Mrs. Logan ; "you know he did me a world of good. And as for the other man, I hate him!-he has such a nose, and such a

long, scraggy neck. I wonder you can have any confidence in him."

Mr. Templemore looked half amazed and

half indignant. "I know," be said, "that when Petit luckily fell ill, you got well. I know, too, that when you are my wife, that man, of whom I have a perfect horror, shall never attend you. As to the required promise, and on that assurance Leroux's neck and nose, you must be mis- he'left her. taken; they cannot be so bad as you imagine, else how could be have got his diploma, you know ?"

Mrs. Logan was very much affronted at Mr. Templemore's banter. "I know-I understand," she said indig-

raised her arched eyebrows. Did Mr. Templemore want to get her out of the way! bending over it, she looked long at Mr. Templemore want to get her out of the way! bending over it, she looked long at Mr. Templemore's child.

"He has all but given you to me," she walking down the road that led to Rouen, with thought; "but if I were Florence he should

thing looks so open, and is so secret and mys- conscious of the force the turmoil in Mrs. terious! If Dora had come herself to call Logan's little mind gave them, lulled to rest Mr. Templemore, if she had undergone the the tempest Mrs. Luan had first wakened needless pain of seeing him seated by the there. Besides, it was a really delightful arside of Florence, it was because she would not rangement, if they were to live in Deenah, side of Florence, it was because she would have and Eva and Dora—the governess, he had bound him. would not care much about Eva, if they had as Mrs. Logan's nature was not merely light, "I hope poor Eva is not going to be ill but buoyant, she bade her lover a very cheerful good-night as they parted at the door of

her villa.

"I shall be sure to send early to know

the wedding-day putoff again," exclaimed Miss
Moore, eagerly. "I know it; he has said so
again and again."

"Oh! it is a matter of perfect indifference to
me!" said Mrs. Logan, leaning back in her
chair, and folding her hands on her lap. "It
shall be the seventh of May or it shall not be
thought of hiding her indifference! She would sleep very soundly that night. It was natural, but it was hard. Hard, too, in some respects, was the fate that lay before him.

"She is a sweet, childish little creature," he thought; "I must prize her as I would a beautiful flower, and not exact from her the brilliant or enduring qualities of a gem. But -but I might have chosen more wisely. And Mr. Templemore sighed, as many a man has sighed before the marriage-day.

### CHAPTER XXVII.

DOCTOR LEROUX was not within, so MI Templemore had to come back without him. He went up at once to Eva's room. Dora sat by the bed of the child, half bending over her, and telling her little stories to send her to

sleep. "And so"-Mr. Templemore heard her saying, as he opened the door-"the poor prince was wounded by the giant, and-'

"No, he was not," impetuously interrupted Eva; "he shan't be wounded. Don't let him be wounded, Cousin Dora!"

"Well, my dear, shall it be the giant?" "Yes, I hate him. Kill him, Cousin Dora!"

"I don't mind if I do. And now suppose he is dead and buried—and suppose a little girl I know goos to sleep."

# I can't," mouned Eva. "Tell me another story."

But as Dofa was going to comply, Mr. Tem-plemore came forward. He found no change in Eva. Her flushed cheeks and dilated black eyes still told him the same story that had sent him forth. Strong mental excitement had put her into that state. When he and again; but till then she would probably be subject to attacks, both dangerous and wasting with so susceptible a child.

"It is a hard case," he could not help saying to Dora. "I have every blessing life can give, save one. And I am powerless; a ing it across the room."

"What a storm there was last night!" said Mrs. Luan, taking off her night-cap and fling-ing it across the room. child's unreasonable feelings are too strong for me."

His clouded brow and troubled look struck could not have lowed of no remedy. both Mrs. Logan and his child, and Eva must be sacrificed.

"Poor Eva!" thought Dom, looking down at the little flushed face on its white pillow. He saw the kind look, but did not read its

" Dear Miss Courtenay," he said, anxiously "it is late; you must not stay sitting up with asleep.
Eva. Where is Fanny?"

"I sent her away.' "But you may want assistance. Better have

Miss Moore. "She is not quite well, and aunt will stay up with me."

He looked, and in a remote part of the room he saw Mrs. Luan nodding in an armchair. Still he was not satisfied. "You cannot stay np," he said-"it really

will fatigue you." "I think Eva will soon fall asleep," quietly replied Dora—" Will you not Eva?" She gently touched the child's hot cheek

with her hand, and at once Eva seized that cool hand, and laying her head upon it looked up at her young governess with something in her dark eyes of the silent, faithful love of a dog for his master.

"She is falling asleep," whispered Dora. "Her eyelids look heavy."

She would not stir for fear of rousing the child, but sat patiently with Eva's cheek resting on the hand which the two little childish hands also fondly clasped. Mr. Templemore stood at the foot of the bed, looking at them both with a sort of pain. Why did not his child love the women he was going to marry as she loved her governess? Why could not that good-natured Florence, whom he loved, be the mother of his little daughter as well as this Dora Courtenay, whom, alas! he did not

"You have bewitched my little Eva," he said to Dora. "I wonder if she would allow you to draw away your hand just now?

Dora made the attempt, but a fond jealous murmur from the child, who was only half asleep, bade her desist. Mr. Templemore smiled, and stooping, kissed Eva. If he had not feared offending Dora, he would not have minded to kiss as well the pretty hand on which his child's head rested so trustingly. But he had a warm, generous heart-too generous not to feel grateful, and too warm not to

express it. " Dear Miss Courtenay," he said looking at her carnestly, "God bless you for all your goodness to this poor motherless little girl, who, I fear, will never have any mother save you. Miss Moore leves her, but she is not judicious."

Dora looked at him silently.
"Yes," she thought, "Florence has got the

father, but I have got the child." "I have a favor to ask," he continued, in low tone; "I trust nothing will happen to-night, but if that feverishness should come on again, pray promise me that you will call me I shall sit up late in the study.

"I feel sure there will no need to do so, confidently replied Dora; but she gave him Eva was very fast asleep indeed when Dom

drew her hand away, and left her. Sha went up to her aunt, gently touched her shoulder, and as Mrs. Luan awoke with a bewildered stare, Dora raised her finger in token of si-lence, nodded toward the bed, to imply that "It is nothing—nothing!" he exclaimed; nantly; "but as I have got no faith in your all was well there, then pointed to the door; broom!" indignantly thought Mrs. Courte- and free, be content.

her arm resting on Mr. Templemore's. The give you to none. If I were Florence is smould way was short, but the night was fair and mild, and love is a great enchanter. A few lind words which Mr. Templemore said, un- Oh! if I were Florence you should love me,

she was not Florence—that happy careless Florence, who had fulleu asleep over a novel, whilst Paul's sister,—Cousin Dora the governess—sat up with Mr. Templemore's child. Yet she, too, slept. The gentle comforter came to her in the deep chair where she had seated herself to watch Eva's slumbers; he came and never ceased shaking his dewy poppies over these two, Dora and the child, till bright dawn had left the sky, and a sunbeam stole in upon them through the muslin curtains of the window. Dora woke first; but scarcely had she really awakened, and really come back from the torpor of sleep to the quick sense of life, when she met the look of Eva's black eyes. She nodded gayly to her.
"Well, young lady," she said, "how are
you this morning? Quite well, it seems to

me!" "You did not finish that story about the prince and the giant," was Eva's answer.

want to know how it ended." "It shall end as you please, Eva," answered Dora, with an easy compliance rare in authors; "the giant shall kill the prince—no—well, then, the prince shall kill the giant." "And marry the princess," suggested Eva.
"And marry the princess," kindly replied

"And so you did really sit up with Eva-after all, Miss Courtenay!" reproachfully said

Mr. Templemore's voice. Dora looked round and saw him standing behind her chair, and behind him again Mrs.

Luan in her night-cap.
"I slept-I did not watch," deprecatingly replied Dora; "and I think Eva is well, Mr. Templemore."

Yes. He went and sat by her; he took her hand, he looked, he questioned, and his conclusion was that Eva was well again. This

had been but a slight attack.

"And who knows," he added hopefully—
"who knows, Miss Courtenay, but it may be the last." He looked down so fondly at Eva, it was so

plain that no lover's happiness would fill the void left by her absence, that for his sake and from her heart Dora wished it might be as he hoped. "But when that day comes," she thought,
"you and I part, Eva. When your little
childish love goes, as is but right it should go,
to your father's wife, you shall see your last of

Cousin Dora." As if answering her thought, Mr. Templemore said gravely, "I dare not expect so happy a result just yet, and I think that in

the meanwhile we must be very cautious." He looked at Dora, and Dora guessed his meaning. Eva was to see as little as possible of Mrs. Logan. She nodded assent, and, after a while Mr. Templemore left the room.

ing it across the room. "A storm!" exclaimed Dorn, amazed.

"Yes, how it rolled and rolled, and rattled and rattled!" said Mrs. Luan, shaking her and forgetting her headache. Dora. He too was unhappy, and his sorrow head as if it still ached with the noise; "there

never was such a storm, I thin "Aunt, you must be mistaken. True, I slept, but I also woke now and then, and the

moon shone, and the sky had not a cloud." "Why, I came and looked at you; I was here the best part of the night, and I tell you the blue lightning dicknothing but play about Eva and you. Of course, you were both

Dora went up to her.

"I detest her!" cried like her exp likes her must not talk so. These was no stoom. Put "And Fide likes her,"

on your cap-it was all a dream ! Mrs. Luan looked at her sullenly, but she did put on her cap, as Bora bade ber; and, after a while, she said stalkily: "Yes, I suppose so-it was all a dream-

all a dream!" and, to Dora's relief she left the room. As soon as she had left Eva in Fanny's care, Dora went to her mother's room. She

found Mrs. Courtenay up and dressed, and very cross. "There was never such an old fidget as your armt," she said-Mrs. Luan was two years her junior-" she did not sleep all night, I suppose, and she wou'd not let me sleep either. She came in and out of my room, talking of the thunder and the lightning till she almost

drove me wild." Dom was much concerned. "I wish she were with John," she saidindeed, I am anxious about her; and I came to ask you, mamma, to stay with her as rauch as you can, and cheer her—also you could no-

tice if these strange fancies continue."
"My dear child, your aunt had strange fancies before you were born, and your aunt will have strange fancies till she is in her grave. Her fancy just now seems to run on thunder and lightning, but I remember how it was cheese for seven months. Everything, she declared, tasted of cheese, or was cheese; when that passed away she raved about cats, and had five of them in the house. We were run over with kittens for I don't know how long. They were very pretty, but great thieves, and I think that cured your aunt of them. However, I shall try and cheer her a bit, poor thing! I fancy she is vexed at Mr. Templemore's marrying this little flirt; and it is provoking when we had made up our minds that it should be you, you know!"

"Mamma, pray do not," entreated Dora, looking quite mortified and pained.

" Very well," resignedly said Mrs. Courtenay; "of course, if you don't like it, or didn't ike him, there is nothing to be said or done; but, as I said, I shall cheer Mrs. Luan."

Mrs. Courtenay evidently considered the task of cheering Mrs. Luan a charitable sort of bore, but also one which lay within her. power. Howsoever right the former conclusion might be, the latter one rested on a great and tacitly declined it. In vain her kind lit-tle-sister-in-law followed her about, "cheer-ing" her; Mrs. Luan gave her a wary look out of the corner of her sullen eye, and dropped her when Mrs. Courtenay was least on her guard, or could not follow her. This she did several times, till Mrs. Courtenay perceiving her object, got affronted, and gave up cheering her ungracious, thankless relative.

"She runs away from me as fast as if she

tenacity, which is always dangerous, was the more formidable in her, that no strong moral law controlled it. She had but a weak sense of right and wrong, and she had done nothing. conscious of the force the turmoil in Mrs. Logan's little mind gave them, luiled to rest the tempest Mrs. Luan had first wakened there. Besides, it was a really delightful arrangement, if they were to live in Deepah as there often is even in the insane—not indeed, when they are actually insane, but because their sin has helped their insanity. All the right one, could not come to his mind. or moral evil is a want of reason, since there can | move one fibre of his heart. be no evil where there is perfect reason; but unless that want be total—and it is rarely so there is guilt. So says the law, and with it and no more, and it soon vanished in darkthe common-sense of every country. Her ness. Had he really received a telegram, or will, her interest, had been Mrs. Luan's rule of life. and she now reaped the fruit of this selfish doctrine. When a strong and criminal temptation came to her, she could not resist it, or, at least, her power to do so was very restricted. She was accustomed to be reckless in small things, and she knew not how to be careful or timorous, even though the stakes were heavy. The end in view was all she saw, or cared to see—the abyss between her and that end she both ignored and con- went off to Les Roches. temned. It was nothing to her, she was not to be the victim. In that dark pit she would throw Mr. Templemore, Florence, Dora even, show Mrs. Logan in. But that lady would if it were needed-and Mrs. Luan did not care, provided she prevailed. She did not, indeed, put the matter in that light, there was no need to be so tragic about it; and as Mrs. Luan had no imagination, she could not exaggerate to herself the consequences of her actions, nor perhaps conceive them in all their bearings. She saw but one thing, and thought of but one thing: "Dora shall not marry John," and its corollary, "Mr. Templemore shall marry Dora!"

In that mood, and with that thought, she watched and waited for Mrs. Logan.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

No inquiry concerning Eva was sent in by Mrs. Logan the next day. Mrs. Logan's head ached, and she lay moaning on the sofa, and forgot all about Eva. Nay, she thought herself ill-used because Mr. Templemore did not come and ask what ailed her; and when he appeared at length, she burst forth into reproachful lamentations, and was silent con-

cerning his child. "She has not much reason to love her," thought Mr. Templemore; but he thought, the flowers in the parterres, stirred by a pleasant too, that for his sake, at least she might have

remembered the little sinner. "You might, at least, have sent round to know how I was, since you were too much engaged with Darius to come!" said Mrs. Logan. She looked sulkily around her, and walked at random, like a foolish, gan, very tartly. "Fanny, or Miss Courtenay

-any one!" This was said with considerable impertiience, and Mr. Templemore colored deeply: but he looked at some flowers in a stand, and counted their petals, before he trusted himself

Mrs. Logan was reclining on the sofa in her pretty sitting-room; but though the shut ters were closed and the room was darkened, Mr. Templemore could see her color rise as he spoke thus, very gravely.
"I believe you have a great regard for

"Florence, that is not right."

Miss Courtenay I' she exclaimed, sitting up, "Very great," he replied, gravely.

"I believe you admire her as well. " Very much." Mrs. Logan's dark eyes flashed.

think I am going to allow that?" "And pray why should you not?" spoke with irritating calmness. "I thought," he continued, "that you and Miss Courtenay were old friends." "I detest her!" cried Mrs. Logan-"you

"Mr. Templemore," she said, "do you

"And Fide likes her," he suggested, with a smile.
"Who would not admire so perfect

creature?" asked Mrs. Logan, enraged at his composure; "only, if your feelings are so strong on the subject, Mr. Templemore, why don't you marry her? Just tell me that? Why don't you marry her?"

He rose and looked at her. "Florence!" he said—" Florence!" was angry—deeply angry; and this, joined to a quick sense of her own impredence, brought Mrs. Logan to her senses. Not knowing what to do, she burst into tears, and as it was the first time she had ever done so, she was at once forgiven. "But never do it again," he you know?"

said, wiping her tears away—"never do it, my dear child. Mrs. Logan liked being called "my dear child," and being treated like a silly little thing, so she smiled, shook her head, and

"Well, you know, I like Done very well, only

she is awfully clever. She overpowers me." "Not with speech, surely?" "Oh! she is silent with me; but she talks to vou.' Mr. Templemore bit his lip. So he must have a jealous Florence as well as a jealous

and prudently rose to go. "You are in a mighty hurry," Florence said, ironically.
"I received a telegram from my solicitor

Eva? But he would not resent this speech,

shall come again after dinner, to see if your headache is better." Again Florence was pacified. A telegram from Mr. Templemore's solicitor could only refer to marriage settlements. She smiled one of those sweet, bright smiles which none

who saw could help loving, and sinking back

on the sofa, she said, coaxingly,

" Mind you come early." "Very early," replied Mr. Templemore, and he too smiled; but as the door closed upon him, and he walked through the little garden to the road, and thence on to Les Roches, he thought with some bitterness: "She is a child and she has a child's want of reason, as well as a child's artlessness, so I must make up my mind to that." It was easy to say it—easier than to act upon it. The thoughts that came mistake. Mrs. Luan did not want being to Mr. Templemore's mind just then, whether cheered, for the more Mrs. Courtenay forced he liked it or not, were not pleasant visitors her company upon her, the more she shunned They were importunate, and though he bade them begone, they would not be denied "You have been hasty," they said, "and now it is too late to repent, and you feel it. The child of seven may outgrow her folly, but the child of twenty-seven will never be wiser than she is to-day. You must expect no ripening of reason, no sweet maturity of thought, none of the wise and tender graces which come to women instead of beauty and its bloom. This, indeed, you have in its fulness. Then remem-

"but Lam going. Provexcuse me, Florence. Miss Courtenay, I am going with you."

And with that lasty excuse he was gone the drawing-room doogelosed on them both the had gone at her bidding, and she had come for him like a fair and evil enchanties, to lure him away from his liege love. But, no, to do her justice, Florence indulged in no such postic fancies; she had not aparticle of imagination, never thought of spirits good or of prose. Her only conclusion, therefore, was the indignant one:

Leroux, you will not wonder that I do not but Mrs. Luan had been so fast as leep, that she had no conception of her nieces meaning, and sife equived a whispered explanation to longer the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan was badded with it. We had gone at her bidding, and she hind to make her understand at last that Dora no longer the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed with it. We learn she imaginated to be Mrs. Lian was conception of her nieces meaning, and sife equived a whispered explanation to longer the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan was bedder the understand at last that Dora no longer the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed with it. We long the make her nieces meaning, and stife equived a whispered explanation to longer the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed with it. We long the make her nieces meaning, and the comparison two says in the indight of experience, not to she had not experience, not once the bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed, buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed with it. We long the make her nieces meaning, and the required a whispered explanation to longer the blue bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed with it. We long the make her nieces meaning, and the required a whispered explanation to longer the blue bottle buzzing in Mrs. Logan keedless ear. They, had classed the long in the make her nieces meaning, and the required a whispered explanation to longer the blue bottle soon to be a wife, and whose faults and im-perfections Mr. Templemore was inclined to view with a tender and lenient eye. Happy Florence, if she had known it. Her hold was strong and deep. Her whims, her jealousy, her little selfishness, even, could not shake it. She might make imprudent suggestions, and waken dangerous comparisons, with perfect impunity. It was in vain that Mr. Temple-more both liked and admired Dora; the thought that this girl, and not Florence, was

Florence had a glimpse of that truth when Mr. Templemoreleft her, but it was a glimpse was this an excuse to leave her and go back to Dora, and talk about cuneiform inscriptions with her? Then why had he said that he would come in the evening? Probably to keep her within, and prevent her from seeing what went on at Les Roches. No sooner had this fancy taken hold of Mrs. Logan's mind than her headache was gone. She sat up, found out that she was quite well, ate a hasty dinner, that also she was quite equal to, and

not be shown in; her head ached again, and the air would do her good. Where was Miss Courtenay.? In the school-room? No, Miss Courtenay and Eva dined with Mr. Temple-more and Miss Moore to-day.

"Because I was not here!" thought Florence, turning away with an angry blush. She felt peevish and frettul, too, because Mr. Templemore did not come out to her at once; and she walked up and down the garden thinking, "He does it on purpose," or, "He is staying to talk with Dora;" whilst Mr. Templemore, who was ignorant of her presence, was on his way to her house. But even if she had known this, would Florence have been satisfied? She was in the mood when nothing pleases, and when everything irritates. She walked, for the sake of shade, near the old tateau; its massive walls looked both cool and strong, and its long black shadow stretched over the ground, with the conical roofs of its turrets and the tall chimney-stacks of its high roof cut out in clear black lines, that faded away as they reached the green ring of trees that enclosed the flower-garden. But this way was both bright and beautiful—though breeze, danced gayly in the light of the de-clining sun, all these sweet and delightful depurposeless little fly, whilst the spider watched her opportunity, and spread her web in the background.

"I suppose they will never have done dinner " thought Mrs. Logan, in high displea-sure at the slowness of Mr. Templemore and his family. "It is so pleasant to talk to Dora!"

In this mood she turned back to the house; is she approached it she saw Mrs. Luan sit-

ting on a garden-chair.

So dinner is over?" said Mrs. Legan.

No, but it makes my head ache. They

talk so !" The eyes of Florence flashed.

"About what?" she asked. "Oh! Darius, you know." From the spot where she stood Florence could see into Mr. Templemore's study. His table was covered with books. She looked at them resentfully. Her jealousy was roused, and it applied to things as well as to persons It displeased her that within a few weeks of his marriage, and on a day when her hard ached, Mr. Templemore should have time for Darius and cunciform inscriptions. A generous woman, however much she may be ber husband's inferior, cannot feel so. She may pine to be like him—she can never long to bring him down to her own level. But Mrs. Logan was not a generous woman, and she now querulously wondered at Mr. Templemore's strange tastes. Was she to be bored with books and Eastern inscriptions after her marriage? Mr. Logan had been a great nuisance with boating, and a new fancy of his-

hunting; but really Mrs. Legan preferred either taste to learning. "I shall be sick of my life with Darius! she thought, a little sullenly. "And what do

they say about Darins? she asked. "I don't know," slowly replied Mrs. Luan. They say Darins, but do they mean Darius,

Florence stared, then turned crimson. Of course that was it! Darius and cuneiform inscriptions were the cloak these two used to converse freely in the presence of witnesses, For jealousy, not the fitful, capricious dawn, but the full and burning reality of the passion, suddenly invaded her as Mrs. Luan spoke, and with it came the blindness, the want of reason,

and yet the perfidious subtlety of that pitiless facling. "So they talk of Darius!" she said laughing. "In the study, I suppose?"

"No, but they did last night, you know-

when he came up to Eva's room after you were gone." Mrs. Logan shook from head to foot with anger. She had a violent temper, though few this morning, and I must answer it; but I even of those who knew her best suspected it,

> dom was the wicked spirit roused from the dark corner where he could lie sleeping for weeks and months undetected. "And they were alone!" she at length

> so well was it hidden under the veil of frive-

lous gayety and pretty childish ways-so sel-

"Oh! no," replied Mrs. Luan, not seemin to perceive her emotion, "I was asleep in a (To be continued).

The statue of Titian, which was to have been raised this month in his native village of Pieve de Cador, will have to be recast, on ac-

count of defects. The captive balloon, which is one of the attractions of the Paris Exposition, is said to cost nearly \$150,000, and the proprietors pay a ground rent of \$3,000. The price for a twenty minutes ascension is \$4, a head. Miss Sarah Bernhardt, the famous actress, makes three ascensions duily. It is reported that, after the close of the Exposition, the balloen

is to be brought to this country. "A crown will not cure a headache, nor a golden slipper the gout." Very true; but a crowned head when it aches doesn't have to keep right on devising ways and means to procure bread and butter; not does a gold-shod

chair.'

were a spider, and I the housemaid with the broom! indignantly thought Mrs. Courte- and free, be content.