

## "BOB JONES" THE AGENT.

"Bob Jones" was just the gayest boy, your eyes did ever see. He always was the ladies' joy. And intended so to be. He was "high-toned" and winning ways. Of hearts he was a wringer. He'd never sing—he knew no lays. But he'd say you on a "blinger."

Now, Bob, he like the most of us, felt under Cupid's wing. And whispered what the boast of us—A maiden full of smiles; Her heart responded to his love, She for the time did linger. That she would be for turtle dove Likewise his "Simple Slinger."

Thus both their hearts with gentle force, Bent time their love to feed. Till another cuss came of—course, An agent for "The Weed." And he "slung on" such a fearful style, That soon the heartless lady Went "back on him, you bet your pile," And for the Weed did trade.

This heartless deed poor Bob did fret, He swore he would get square. So an agent for "The Weed" did get, Who knew how to please the fair, And that vain cuss who caused Bob's tears Was weeded out somehow. He threatened that he'd "stick 'em ears" On Robert's "Simple Slinger."

Now, this is how the matter stood:—They both exchanged their pictures, And all went on just as it should. "Till a fellow with 'The Victor,' Bodecked with fashion's gayest choice, She 'tumbled' to his dulcet voice, The 'Victor' was victorious."

But into town there came one day, A man with oily tongue, sirs; Just "swashed enough to kill," they say, He washed both old and young, sirs. His collar stood six inches high, His hat-rim resting on sirs, To sell you two machines he'd try, But he'd always sell you "Wanzer."

The "Victor" found it "hot for him," This "Wanzer" he did take her; But he found she was not for him—She dropped her "Wanzer" for a "Baker." Who said "I 'Wanzer' heart now more, 'Wilson,' if I fitting prove her. But failed to keep her in the groove—She 'bounced him' for a Groover."

So each, a disappointed pair, Called for a close conversation, And there resolved to see the gal, To find out her intention. But while they held this solemn court, And to this point so "Wanzer" court, She "snipped" at the heard the dread report, Elope with a "Remington."

MORAL.  
Now, all you agents, when you come To visit strange new places, And while the houses all you "dream," Don't think your "Wanzer" comes. Can "wash" at heart at every glance—At least, don't be too certain; You may be "fly," but stand no chance With any girl at flirting.

And all you maidens, sour or sweet, Or blooming in your teens, Don't fall in love with those you meet Who sell sewing machines. Don't "tumble" 'cause their collar's high—(Their diamonds I won't mention); Be virtuous, and be happy— And give this your attention.

WILL J. MACLEA.

## DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH,

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

## CHAPTER XXXVII.—CONTINUED.

"I must say, Mr. Templemore, that it is a very barbaous fashion to take away girls so—it is like kidnapping to me. Or a taking away of the Sabines, or anything horrible."

"But Dora is willing," pleaded Mr. Templemore, good-humouredly; "so that makes a great difference. Mrs. Courtney, between me and the sons of Romulus."

Mrs. Courtney sighed again, but submitted. She even went through the trying ordeal of bidding her daughter farewell, with a fortitude for which Mr. Templemore, who was watching Dora's quivering lip with some uneasiness, was grateful to his mother-in-law. And when he pressed her hand and bade her adieu before entering the carriage where Dora was waiting he said, warmly:

"My dear Mrs. Courtney, you shall soon see your daughter again, and she shall tell you then that if I take her away from you it is to make her a very happy woman."

With these words, he too, was gone; the carriage drove away, and Mrs. Courtney burst into half-angry, half-pitiful tears.

"I never knew anything so selfish as men!" she exclaimed, addressing Mrs. Luan. "To think of Mr. Templemore taking my child from me in order to make her happy! Could not have stayed here—Mrs. Robinson would have given up the house—or taken me with them to North Wales? Why," she continued, warming with the sense of her wrongs, and rocking herself to and fro in her chair—"why must he have Dora all to himself? I say he is no better than Romulus. As to Dora being willing, I dare say those Sabine girls were willing too, or they could not have been taken away. I have always heard, indeed, that thieves are loth to attack women, because they scream so. I wonder Mr. Templemore could be so absurd!"

The consciousness of Mr. Templemore's absurdity, however, had a good result; it so far soothed Mrs. Courtney's irritated feelings, that her next remark could refer to the propriety of making a cold dinner on the remains of the wedding-breakfast. Great was her amazement, therefore, when Mrs. Luan composedly declared that she did not intend dining with her sister-in-law.

"And where, then, do you dine," asked Mrs. Courtney, sitting up, and looking confused.

Mrs. Luan answered that she meant to dine with Mrs. Smith. With this lady Mrs. Courtney had long entertained a deadly feud, and she therefore considered this declaration doubly insulting. Moreover, it was simply ridiculous, as she kindly added, "for how could Mrs. Luan want to dine with Mrs. Smith, when she had not been two hours in London?"

But Mrs. Luan, in her stolid way, replied that she had gone to Mrs. Smith's first; and she completed the list of her inquiries by adding that, as Mrs. Smith had a spare bedroom, she meant to stay with that lady. Mrs. Courtney seldom got in a passion, but she felt fairly enraged at such usage, and she expressed her resentment with a warmth which might have led to a final breach between the two ladies, if Mrs. Luan had been a sensitive person, which she luckily was not. Unmoved by her sister-in-law's reproaches and tears, she put on her bonnet and left her.

Mrs. Smith used to live at Highgate, but she had probably changed her quarters, for Mrs. Luan took the Tottenham-Court Road omnibus, and having reached Bedford Square, knocked at the door of one of its many lodging-houses, was admitted by an untidy servant, and entering the front parlor, found John Luan, reading the *Lancet*.

"Why, little mother, where have you been all this time?" he asked, good-humouredly. "I came in early just to spend an hour with you, and lo, and behold you, the bird was flown!"

"I went to take a walk," replied Mrs. Luan, sitting down—"why, you are pale, John," she abruptly added.

"Pale!" he echoed, with a hearty laugh, which showed at least the soundness of his lungs—"pale, little mother!—why, surely you do not call me pale?" he added, walking up to a low looking-glass above the mantel-piece, and surveying therein his stolid, handsome face, with that candid admiration which most handsome young men feel for their own good looks.

"Perhaps seeing him so gay and happy smote her—perhaps the knowledge of the wrong she had helped to do him was too much for her; at all events, Mrs. Luan could not bear to think of Dora, Mr. Templemore's happy wife, and to think of her son, whom that day had robbed forever of his dear young mistress. She flung herself on the sofa, and burst into sobs and tears. Now, indeed, John Luan was pale—pale as death.

"You have had a letter?" he said—"news—bad news?" And he bent over her with an eager, questioning gaze, that seemed as if it would have snatched and devoured the very words from her lips.

"No," sulkily replied Mrs. Luan, recovering her self-possession, and sitting up.

"Then, in Heaven's name, what is it?" asked John, still anxious.

"I saw a child run over," she stolidly answered.

John Luan looked profoundly indifferent.

"That," he said, coolly, "is an every-day matter in London. I thought you had better nerves, little mother. I wonder Dora does not write," he added, a little impatiently; "you have been here three days, and I think she might have written."

Mrs. Luan replied that Dora had no time—Eva took all her leisure.

"Well, well," good-humouredly rejoined John, "I trust she will not long be a governess—I am almost sure of that appointment, and—ah! I'll marry Dora as soon as I get it."

He looked at his mother rather doubtfully. He knew, though a word on that subject had never passed between them, that since the loss of Dora's fortune, she was no longer a daughter-in-law after Mrs. Luan's own heart. But this was a matter in which John was quite resolved on having his own way, and he thought the present opportunity as good a one as any to announce his determination.

"You can't marry," eagerly said Mrs. Luan; "you are first cousins."

"Come, come, little mother, kings and queens marry their first cousins, and why should not doctors have the same privilege?"

"You can't afford it," urged Mrs. Luan, shaking with emotion; "you can't, John."

"Yes, I can," he wilfully replied; "I tell you, I am almost sure of that appointment. The place is pretty, and the cottage simply delightful. You and Mrs. Courtney shall have two such nice rooms, little mother. And Dora and I another, not so good as yours, but quite good enough for young people. Then the parlours are so cheerful, and the garden is one mass of flowers; and do you think that being rent free, and having a hundred a year salary, besides such practice as I shall be sure to come into—do you think, I say, that I, a man of twenty-six, cannot support wife, mother, ay, and child too, if need be?"

He added, with a secure smile, though something in the bright vision he thus called up made his blue eye grow dim as he spoke.

Dream away, John Luan! See that cottage with its low, pleasant rooms, and its blooming garden, and put Dora there, whilst the dream is on you. Never, save in that dream, shall her feet cross that lowly threshold; never shall child of yours rest on her bosom, save in the fancy of this moment. Even now, and whilst you are speaking, her hand is clasped in Mr. Templemore's hand, and her happy face looks up to his. These two are now taking together that journey of love to end in a happy home, for which you have saved twenty pounds. "Yes, we can do it upon that," thinks John Luan; and he does not know that the rich man has robbed him, and that the woman who sits by his side and looks at him with so scared a face, has more than abetted the despoiler. But for her his prize would have remained untouched, and not be now another man's darling; but for her he would have had his chance and won, perhaps from sad weariness, what that other happier man owes to love.

"So you see," resumed John Luan, following along the train of his reverie, and still thinking of the twenty-pound note up-stairs, so safely locked in his desk—"so you see, little mother, that I have plenty of money. Dear Dora, I know, will never grumble at our poverty."

A light seemed to break on Mrs. Luan's mind. She seized it eagerly. She did not repent, she felt no remorse, but it would be a relief if Dora had been faithless and perjured herself.

"Then she promised?" she exclaimed, clinching her hands; "she did promise?"

"Promise to marry me!" repeated John; "what if she did?"

"How dare she!—how dare she!" cried Mrs. Luan, working herself up to a sort of frenzy; "how dare she do it?"

"Come, mother," resolutely said John; "you must not talk so. Dora and I have a right to please ourselves in this. Your only objection is her poverty—well, then, I say I can support a wife."

"But how dare she promise?" continued Mrs. Luan, stamping her foot in her rage; "how dare she?"

John had a mind to say the truth—that Dora had not promised. "But if I tell her that," he thought, "it will be all to begin over again another time, better she should make up her mind to it now."

If Mrs. Luan's anger had not been too great for utterance, she would in her wrath have told John Luan that Dora had that very morning become Mr. Templemore's wife; but by the time that her rage no longer impeded her speech, she remembered that if she spoke she must account for her own treacherous silence—and she was mute.

She looked sullen and conquered. John felt rather uncomfortable, but putting on a cheerful look, he kissed her, said briskly it was time for him to go, and humming a tune to show how unconcerned he felt, he walked out of the house, and thought when he got out into the square, "She took it better than I expected."

The door had no sooner closed on her son, than Mrs. Luan's frenzy broke forth anew.

"She promised—she dared to promise!" she said, rocking herself to and fro on the sofa. And every fond word and look of John Luan's, every happy blush and smile of Dora's that morning, every sign of love she had read on Mr. Templemore's face, came back to her then, and exasperated her. She had wanted to save her son, but Dora had betrayed and Mr. Templemore had plundered him. She thought of his jealousy and grief if he had known that this was their wedding-day, and the thought appalled her, and filled her with wrath for their happiness and his despair. How dare they be blessed that would wring her son's heart within him? "Let them take care, that's all!" thought Mrs. Luan, as she sullenly calmed down. "They are happy to-day; but let them take care, that's all!" she added, nodding grimly.

She did not question John when he came in to dinner. She did not ask to know how and when Dora's promise had been given. Mrs.

Luan wanted to know nothing; she had moved the intolerable burden of guilt from her own shoulders to that of another, and perhaps she dreaded whatever could enlighten her.

John, who was an ardent domestic coward, felt much relieved at his mother's silence, and like most cowards of his sex, on such occasions, he took some glory in it.

"There is nothing like pluck," he thought complacently; "women like it, and they need the strong hand, the best of them. Your health, little mother," he added gayly, lifting up his glass and drinking to her.

Mrs. Luan said nothing, but turned sallow, and looked at him coldly: it was as if, gifted with second sight, she had seen Mr. Templemore that very same moment raising his glass to Dora with the same act, and saying with mingled pride and fondness, "Your health, Mrs. Templemore."

"My little mother has not got over it yet," thought John; and he prudently walked out into the square to smoke a cigar. "But she will," he continued in his mental soliloquy, "because she must. I say it again, the best of them need it—their nature requires subjection. Even my little Dora, good as she is, has a saucy tongue at times, and needs control!"

And then, as he walked slowly in the dusty square, and looked dreamily at the stars that came out in the dull London sky, he again went to the cottage, and there indulged himself in a conjugal quarrel with Dora, which ended happily with a reconciling kiss, and of course with the assertion of John Luan's unfitness, and Mrs. Luan's little subjection.

Alas, poor John, your little Dora has already found her master!

## CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THERE is a cruel superstition among sailors. If one of the crew should fall overboard and be drowned at the beginning of the voyage, it is a pity, to be sure, but then it is also a sure token that the weather will be fair, and the journey prosperous. That ship can never be wrecked which has witnessed such a catastrophe.

Even so it seemed to be with Mr. Templemore and his wife. Death had taken her brother, and a stormy wave removed his betrothed from their ken, whilst John Luan went adrift all unconsciously; and now their twoarks could sail side by side on smooth seas, beneath a serene sky, with the gentlest winds to speed them.

Did they think of this as they entered Deenah together? Oh! for the mutability of the human heart! The woman for whom Mr. Templemore had prepared that home was now forgotten, and as he had given every passionate emotion of his heart to that bright-haired girl by his side, so had she surrendered her whole love to the happy rival of her own adored brother. Yes, spite all the wrecks and ruins of the past, spite its sorrows, and a lonely grave they were blest. Dora felt it as they walked through the grounds, and she saw the sky, the mountains, the woodlands, all in a flame with the burning radiance from the west, whilst the whole house glittered afar like a fairy palace, in the hazy glow of the setting sun. She felt it as they passed beneath aged trees, through the waving grass, and the blackbird and the thrush sang so sweetly above them. She felt it as they entered the house together, and she stood in a large, bright room, with pictures, and flowers, and books, a luxurious room, but also a genial one, made to live in, and which seemed to echo her husband's welcome.

Mr. Templemore watched Dora's eyes as they scanned this room, half shyly, half freely. He saw her look wander from a large view of Venice on the walls, to a glowing sketch of the Eastern desert, and thence again to the exotic flowers blooming in one of the windows, beyond which spread a grand view of heathy mountains.

"Well!" he said, gently drawing her towards him.

"Well," she replied, looking up at him with proud humility. "King Copetuch has married the beggar-maid."

"I hope she had brown hair and blue eyes," he replied, with tender admiration.

She shook her bright head, and the eyes which her husband praised, and which were indeed very fine eyes, took a tender and wistful look as she replied demurely:

"Of know nothing about that; but this I surely know—that beggar-maid was a very happy woman!"

Yes, she was a happy woman, and as wedded bliss rarely vanes during the first week of the honeymoon, it is no great wonder that Dora's little planet of love and happiness was still in the ascendant a fortnight after her marriage.

Mr. Templemore was out, though it was early, and Dora was alone. The morning was bright, and she felt as bright and as gay as the morning. With a sweet clear voice she sang aloud to herself as she went through the sunlit rooms of Deenah. She sang an old Irish song, full of sorrow, but her heart was light. Suddenly she was mute. She had heedlessly entered a room where dark clouds shut out the light, where the air felt chill, and her heart failed her as she recognized Mr. Courtney's collection.

Dora had visited this apartment since her arrival in Deenah, but she had seen it with her husband; alone she had not ventured within it, and now that she had crossed its threshold, she knew not how to retreat or advance. Her heart beat, her head swam; a chair was near her, she sank down upon it, and looked around her. Every country and every civilization, Christian and heathen, had contributed to Mr. Courtney's collection; the history of mankind was in all that Dora saw, but she only read in it the story of her brother. Her eye wandered from one end of the room to the other. Specimens of Palissy, Majolica, Etruscan, Mediæval, and Antique, were there before her, some perched aloft on marble columns, others more precious in black cabinets, with glass fronts and brass locks. Here and there a gold or silver cup shone, or a piece of carved ivory gleamed faintly; and Dora, looking at these things, saw herself a girl again in her old home near Dublin. She saw herself sitting up for Paul, and preparing a meal for his return. And she saw him too! She heard his voice, she saw at his feet and looked up in his face, on which the firelight shone, but the bitterness of these recollections was too much for her.

Dora buried her face in her hands and wept. When, by a strong effort, she at length compelled her tears to cease, and looked up, she saw Mr. Templemore standing before her with a letter in his hand, and eyeing her thoughtfully.

She reddened as she rose, and went up to him with such embarrassment.

"I could not help it," she said, deprecatingly, "I could not, indeed. I entered this room unexpectedly, and everything I saw was too much for me."

Her quivering lip showed him that her emotion was not over.

"How much you loved your brother!" he said, gently.

"Much!—oh! Richard, the word is cold; he was everything to me."

"Are you sure you have quite forgiven me, Dora?" he gravely asked.

She looked at him in some wonder.

"Forgiven you, Richard!—if I had Paul's death to forgive you, it would have been easier for me to do than to enter this house as you did. Forgive that!" she impetuously added. "I fear I never forgave Mr. Courtney, who lured my brother, and Florence Gale, who urged him on, till he died of the anxiety, the labor, the suspense and, last of all, the disappointment these two inflicted upon him. She would have been his wife if he had won the day, but he had scarcely lost it when she married another. Perhaps you did not know this," she continued, seeing the look of surprise that passed across Mr. Templemore's face, "and perhaps I should not have told you; but it is true. She was faithful to him, and though, if I am your wife, it is her doing, not mine, I cannot help feeling that I am Paul Courtney's sister, and that all unconsciously and unwillingly I have avenged him. I have striven against the feeling again and again, and again it has come back, and been too strong for me."

She was very pale, and she shook from head to foot as she uttered this painful confession; but Mr. Templemore only kissed her soothingly, and smiled as he led her out of the room, and locked the door behind him. He could read Dora's heart better than she read it herself, and he saw there more jealous fondness of a living husband than angry memory of a dead brother's wrongs. The greatest sin of Florence Gale was ever to have been loved by him. This Dora never could forgive, and never could she cease triumphing in her heart over her defeated rival. She might, being a generous woman, strive against the feeling; but whilst she loved her husband, jealousy would be too much for her, and she would strive in vain. It is not in a man's nature to be severe against such sins, and Mr. Templemore felt wonderfully lenient on hearing Dora confess her triumph over Mrs. Logan.

He was not so vain, moreover, as to consider that lady plunged in irremediable grief for his sake, and he could not help thinking that, as he had had predecessors in her heart, so might he have a successor there too. But as he needed no protestations from Dora to convince him that he was her first love, so he required no vows to feel certain that no other image would replace his in her heart.

He had known in his boyhood a white-haired woman, bright, gay, and cheerful, who had been three weeks a bride and fifty years a widow. She was witty and lovely, and was admired even to the brink of age; but none of her lovers—and they were many—could ever win her. Her young love had outlived both grief and youth. And as Mr. Templemore looked at his wife's pale face—as he heard her boast with involuntary frankness of her triumph over Florence—as he took her away with a smile from the dark room which had evoked all this, down to the cheerful room below, he thought: "Dora is such another woman as my great-uncle; if I were to die to-morrow, and she to live till three-score, I should still, dead or living, be her husband." And we need not wonder that, if Mr. Templemore was not so inexperienced or so exacting as to expect this exclusive affection, which is not, indeed, a very common sort of thing, yet he was not either so careless or so cold as not to feel mingled joy and pride in having inspired it. Never, therefore, could his wife have read more kindness in his looks than she could have read then—never could she have found more boundless indulgence for her imperfections than such as he was now willing to extend to her for this venial sin of loving him too fondly.

"I have had a letter from Eva this morning," he said, as they sat down on the sofa; "she mentions Mrs. Courtney's safe arrival in Les Roches, with Mrs. Luan, I believe, and here is, I suppose, Mrs. Courtney's own letter."

He handed it to her, but she gave it back to him.

"Read it to me," she said; "you will not be vexed if mamma says you took me away from her, like one of the Sabine maidens?"

Mr. Templemore smiled and obeyed.

"My dear child," began Mrs. Courtney; "I really wish you would soon come back. Ever since your wedding-day, as I already told you, Mrs. Luan is unbearable. I cannot manage her! I must say I think it hard that Mr. Templemore compelled you to leave me in that cruel fashion. I cannot imagine why he thought me in the way. I wonder how he will like it when some man comes and whisks off Eva from him!"

"I shall not like it at all," candidly remarked Mr. Templemore, "but I shall have to bear with it."

"Eva was very glad to see me," resumed Mrs. Courtney's epistle; "but is longing to have you and her father back. Miss Moore is so very kind and so very good."

Dora rather regretted having told Mr. Templemore to read her mother's letter, but took comfort on seeing his smile. "However," kindly resumed Mrs. Courtney, "I attribute that just now to the fact that there is a host of horrible childish diseases about Les Roches. Croup, measles, and scarlatina, says Miss Moore."

Mr. Templemore read no more. His very lips had turned white with emotion. "I must go—go at once, and take Eva away," he said, scarcely able to command his voice.

"We must go, eagerly said Dora.

"No—no—I cannot make you travel so fast," he said, speaking more calmly; "you must stay here!"

"Stay! have you so soon forgotten your promise?" asked Dora, with a reproachful frown.

Yes, two days before she had extracted from him a fond pledge that he would never ask or expect to leave her. "I do not say," she said, "I shall never let you stir without me," had said Dora; "but I must have the right of going with you." If Mr. Templemore's honeymoon had been over, he might have demurred, but having been only thirteen days wedded, he knew not how to resist this charming threat, and he yielded all the more willingly that in the intoxication of his new passion it seemed impossible to him ever to cease to wish for the society of one so dear. So he promised, and now he was pledged to his word.

"And I shall not see you free," now said Dora, with a bright, fond smile; "I will be as exacting as any sorcerer with any knight of romance. So let us go at once, and find Eva sound and well at the end of our journey."

"And yet I shall prevail," she thought, rousing herself from this passing despondency; "I shall prevail. Eva loves me so dearly, that he cannot divide us in his affection; and I am too fond of her to be jealous. She is mine now—mine as well as his, and he loves her gives her he also gives me. Les Roches is not so beautiful as Deenah, but surely my lot is altered since I beheld it first. Those trees, those alleys, that old house, are mine now—mine at least whilst they are his. And in Les Roches, because I have suffered so keenly, must Fate alone, and I shall be fully blest."

There was a triumphant gladness in the thought that conquered fear, but not regret, for it was sweet to love. When they left Deenah that afternoon, Mr. Templemore saw the fond, wistful look his wife cast backward at the house, and as he happened to share her feelings, he said with a smile:

"I shall take Eva and Miss Moore to some safe spot, and then we shall come back here for the summer."

"Will you—will you?" cried Dora, with sparkling eyes; for she thought, "I have a whole summer before me!"

They travelled fast, and reached Les Roches toward noon on a warm day in June. Dora's heart ached for Mr. Templemore, as she saw the agitation he could not repress when the chateau came within view. But as her glance wandered along the road, she uttered a sudden and joyful—

"Look—look!"

For there, walking with Miss Moore in the shade was Eva herself, and Fido behind her. In a minute they were down, Eva sprang toward them with a joyful cry, and it would have been hard to say which of the two, Mr. Templemore or his wife, looked the happier, or kissed the child more fondly. For as she felt Eva's little arms clasp her neck so fondly, and heard her half sobbing, "Oh! Dora—Cousin Dora!" Dora thought with a beating heart—

"Yes, you love me, Eva—but can you ever love me as I love you—you who, though you do not know it, have given Cousin Dora the great, the perfect happiness of her life? Poor Fido, you gave me nothing save your little honest heart—but I love you, too, so do not whine. Oh! that the whole world, that every creature, could be as blest as I am now!"

She looked so bright, so joyous, so like the poet's "phantom of delight," as these thoughts passed through her, that Mr. Templemore, looking at her with charmed eyes, exclaimed, in very unpoetic fashion, however—

"Dora! I am a lucky fellow."

Dora had no time to answer; Miss Moore now came up to them.

"It is such a comfort to have you here, Mr. Templemore," she said with a sigh, meant to express her satisfaction on his return, "we had such a dreadful day yesterday."

"My mother is surely not ill!" cried Dora, with a sudden alarm.

"Oh! dear, no, but that poor young man is raving. He got a sunstroke on the way, I believe, and he was raving before night. He is very bad to-day."

Dora grew white.

"What young man?" she asked.

"Doctor Luan," composedly replied Miss Moore; "he arrived yesterday afternoon, looking very odd, and flushed with that sunstroke—gentlemen ought to have parasols, in my opinion—and when he asked after you, and Mrs. Courtney told him you were on your bridal tour, the surprise was too much for him. I never saw any one look so bad. I assure you, Mrs. Templemore, it made me feel quite concerned for him, poor young gentleman. Well, before half an hour was over, he was violent, but he is not so now—only quite delicious."

Mr. Templemore looked at his wife. She seemed overwhelmed with confusion and grief, and could not bear her husband's fixed gaze. He withdrew it, and they walked in silence toward the house, Mr. Templemore thinking:

"This John Luan loved her—but surely Dora never cared for him, and yet how white she is!"

Some men are flattered to be the cause of infidelity, but Mr. Templemore was more jealous than vain, but the thought of a rival, even of one whom he had supplanted, was hateful to him. Was it possible that his wife had given to another those looks, the smiles, the shy fondness which were his now? He did not believe it, but the mere suspicion made him tremble with jealous resentment.

"Oh! what calamity brought John here?" thought Dora; "and how is it his mother never told me? But I know what he thinks, and he must not—oh! he must not!"

"Let Miss Moore and Eva go in without us," she said in a low voice to her husband, "I have something to say to you."

Mr. Templemore's colour changed, but he complied with her request, and instead of entering the chateau, they stayed out in the flower-garden. Dora's heart felt very full. John, her cousin and her friend, was dying, perhaps, and Mr. Templemore suspected her of having jilted him. She forgave him, but she would not enter his house and cross his threshold with that suspicion upon her.

"I have something to say to you," she said again.

Mr. Templemore winced, and prepared himself for indulgence and forgiveness, but his wife asked nothing from him.

"Richard," she said, "you told me that you married me for love, not for honour; let me tell you that if I, too, had not liked you, I could never have become your wife. I am content to be your last love; but it may be right you should know you are my first."