

For the Poor. GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Little Wilfred sat on the nursery floor watching the light creep up the wall...

"Grandma, a tell me, was he a King? Who looks down at me with such eyes?"

There was a beautiful lady fair, with blue eyes and black hair...

To soul and body she did great deeds, and thrived like wheat on her head...

She reared great churches to the Lord with towers towering to the sky...

She sent wise messengers abroad to buy good books and supple scrolls...

O, child, there never was a time that fairer bright golden age...

It chanced that near the Princess' Isle, with twenty leagues of sea between...

And! the favors of the brave ingratitude will turn to hate...

Behold! the giant, fat and strong, thanks to the Princess' gentle care...

A hero, young and brave and bold, who loved the Princess well and true...

I saw him mount the gallows high, his face was shaded with deep pain...

Aye, look, my child, upon that face, long faded from the heartless world...

DORA.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.—CONTINUED.

It was plain, though he did not say so, that Mr. Templemore did not expect Eva's dislike of his bride to be conquered at once...

"Where are you?" cried Eva's voice at a little distance. "I cannot see you—and—"

"To-morrow," he replied, hastily. "Well, Eva, did you find the Epionis?"

They entered the school-room, where a lamp was burning with a mild radiance...

All this Dora thought and felt, whilst Mr. Templemore, happy man, went on talking of Providence, with the calmness of conscious rectitude...

of Providence, with the calmness of conscious rectitude, and some of the insolence of long impunity.

What she did, or rather what she resolved to do, as she sat thus alone that evening brooding over the future...

Accordingly, Eva, instead of going to bed at once, was summoned to her governess's room, and unwonted familiarity, taken on her knee...

CHAPTER XXV. Mrs. Logan arrived whilst Dora was in the garden with Eva and Fido.

"The only woman whom I could endure to see in my dear lost sister's place," emphatically said Miss Moore...

"Eva," began Dora, "I have something to tell you. I have news—good news," she added, with a sigh...

Eva looked very sulky. "She is coming," continued Dora, ignoring that look and its meaning...

Eva made no promise, and Dora asked for none. She could not in her heart blame Eva for her dislike of Mrs. Logan...

"I suppose there are plenty of women in my case," she thought, with a sigh, "only they do as I do—they keep their secret, and they bear with their fate."

"Dear Dora," she said, with that warmth which she could always put in her voice and in her manner...

And she pressed Dora's hand very cordially. As Dora stood with her hand clasped in that of Mr. Templemore's future wife...

"What?" asked Dora, doubtfully. "Is he going to marry her?"—that silly black-eyed child—

"I will not be unjust," she thought, with a swelling heart. "I will not be ungenerous or mean."

"But though her greeting was friendly, it was not cheerful. This Mrs. Logan did not perceive. She was not more clear-sighted than she had ever been.

"Dear aunt!" she said, soothingly, "what is it to us whom her name is? Our position here is not changed. She is his cousin, and they have been long attached..."

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if pleading for forgiveness: then Dora stooped and kissed her, and they walked on.

"Now, that's too bad of Dora!" said this lady, looking injured. She spoke in a pretty, childish way; and as gently as if he were addressing a child...

Mrs. Logan pouted, but persisted in her declaration that it was too bad. But even as she said it her rosy face broke into smiles...

Yes, she was as usual talking nonsense; but as usual, too, she looked lovely whilst the silly and unmeaning words fell from her lips.

When she chose to be silent, she had a pensive grace, almost verging on poetry. Her gravity, even though it was in reality no more than a mask, seemed to have a meaning in it.

"I know Mrs. Logan, and have known her for years," composedly said Dora. If she had declared that she was on terms of intimacy with a Royal Highness...

Eva still looked unconscious—perhaps she had not minded her aunt's discourse; perhaps she wished to forget all about Mrs. Logan.

"The very child feels it," thought Dora, with a sigh, "there is a wild sort of pleasure in independence, even though it should lead us to danger."

In the meanwhile Eva trotted on demurely, acting her little part, but the wolf came sooner than she and Dora expected.

"Do tell me what you think of that tree, Miss Courtenay, and what its slender trunk and drooping boughs suggest?"

"No, Mr. Templemore," she gravely replied: "but you are mistaken about that tree. It is a tree, and has a tree's life, and a tree's hopes and fears."

"I am not alone," sobbed Eva; "Fido is with me!" "Why did you not come to me in the garden?"

"You were with Mrs. Logan!" was Eva's broken and reproachful reply. Dora sighed. She could not tell the child that she need not be jealous of her affection...

"That girl is not happy," thought Mr. Templemore; "but what can all her—is it that John Luan?"

"The contest between two such opposite feelings ended, of course, in favor of kindness and good feeling; but for once her mother's pleasant little voice, blending so gayly with Miss Moore's, and Mr. Templemore's and Florence's merry laughter, grated on Dora's ear."

"And is it thus with the dead?" she said to her own sad heart; "they have fought bravely, generously, but others reap the sweet rewards of victory—and who thinks of them?"

"Alas! is it not always so? When peace comes after distress, how many are there who, amidst the joy of its advent, remember the slain?"

"There ought to be, you know. Perhaps they were in the school-room?" Mrs. Logan tapped her foot, and looked at Mrs. Luan with profound contempt.

"The school-room is behind us, and they are in front—pray don't talk nonsense, Mrs. Luan," she said, very superciliously.

"I don't mind it—let it be the summer-house or the school-room, I can trust Dora with Mr. Templemore, you know," said Mrs. Luan, buzzing on stolidly; "I did not like it at first, because one must always mistrust widowers or single men—but not Mr. Templemore, you know."

"Really, Mrs. Luan, you amaze me!" exclaimed Mrs. Logan, turning crimson. Mr. Templemore and I have been engaged for the last year!"

"He did not tell us so, you know: and, on the whole I think widowers are worse than single men. Paul always said so."

"Dear me, I should not have thought a widower like Mr. Templemore so objectionable. Suppose he married Dora?"

"Oh! we should all have liked that very much, of course," replied Mrs. Luan, with perfect candor; "and he admires Dora so much, for he told me so; but would he have married her, you know?"

Mrs. Logan had no time to answer or question, for Mr. Templemore and Dora were now too near, but she felt both indignant and confounded.

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"What a siren!" exclaimed Mrs. Logan. "Eva, you must go," whispered Dora.

"I can't," moaned Eva. "I can't," meant "I won't," but Dora felt very lenient, so she raised her voice and said: "Eva is here, Mr. Templemore, but she is feverish, and I think she had better not go out to you."

"Very well—I shall go to her," said Mr. Templemore, cheerily. He went to the open window by which Dora was sitting, and standing outside, he said: "I hope you are not sleepy, Eva, for Fanny is going to bring a light, and I shall let you see those old letters, as you call them, which you were so inquisitive about yesterday."

So Fanny came with a lamp, which she placed on the table, and Mr. Templemore sitting on the window-ledge, smilingly opened a roll of papers before Eva's view.

"Only Darius!" he had carelessly replied, Mr. Templemore knew better than to talk to his betrothed of the great rock of Belshazzar, not merely because she was ignorant of its existence, but because her frivolous little mind could take no sort of interest in Darius, or the god Ormuz and his dwelling-place.

"Only Darius!" she repeated with a little laugh. "What an old bore that Darius must be!"

Pretty women are still pretty women when the make silly speeches—and Mr. Templemore looked fondly at the sinner. Unluckily she now left Miss Moore, and overheard him talking of this same inscription to Dora.

"He talks to her!" thought Mrs. Logan. She stood in the garden a little behind Mr. Templemore, who did not see her. But how well and how vividly Florence saw the picture framed by the window of the school-room!

"I must hear that, too," thought Dora. "Well, he forgave her, and so must I."

"What a blessing that you have undertaken that little monkey!" resumed Mrs. Logan. "What should I have done but for that?" she asked, shaking her head from right to left, and from left to right, in amazement at her own predicament.

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