For the Post.

GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

Little Winifred sat on the nursery floor Watching the light creep up the walk, Till it reached a portrait, seen before, But never beneath the sunset full, Twas a noble face, and long she gazed, At the folded arms and dauntless mien, Till, by the strong light, somewhat dazed, She turned from the vision of gold and green.

33. "Grandma, a tell me, was he a King Who looks down at me with such eyes?"
"No monarch, child, but a nobler thing, As high over kings as yonder skies; Sit down, my darling, I'll tell the tale But, look once more on the winsome face, so long the pride of the gallant Gae!
So long the tyrant's foul disgrace!

There was a beautiful lady fair,
With blue, blue eyes and sloe-black hair
Whose face was like the angels there,
Chanting their carols in theair,
The Christmas alght when Christ was born.
She was a Princess, by the right,
Of Heaven-born deeds, and none might scorn
The lovely demed, day or night! The lovely damsel, day or night!

To soul and body she did great deeds, And blessings, like dew, fell on her head; I' the morning, walking thro' flowery meads, Bright angels spake with her, 'twas said. She fed the hungry,—the naked clad— The thirsty gave to drink alway— She helped the good—she chid the bad— And blessings scattered day by day!

With turrets towering to the sky,
That all might hear the holy Word
Which teaches men to live and die.
She gave brond acres to good men
Who built wide monasteries there—
Likewise to holy maidens when
Their hearts went forth to lives of prayer.

She sent wise messengers abroad To buy good books and supient scrolls, And ignorance fied, with terror awed Before the enlightened power of souls. She spake to nations far and wide, And myriads came to taste those springs, she smiled on all, and they, with pride, Praised high this daughter of great kings.

O, child, there never was a time Like that far-off, bright golden age, When the sweet Princess lived sublime, All human hearts her keritage! Prosperity all labor crowned, With happy days in cot and grange; But ab! that brow with laurels bound was soon to see an awful change. Was soon to see an awful change.

It chanced that near the Princess' Isle, With twenty leagues of sen between, There lived a giant full of guile Whose flag was red, while hers was green. The Princess was so fuir so see—So great the triumphs of her smile—So rich, so prosperous and free—The giant envious grew the while.

IX.

Alas! the favors of the brave Ingratitude will turn to hate; The giant brute had been a slave, The Princess saved him from the fate. She sought him in his filthy caves, Where roots and acorns were his food, She fed and taught his wolfish knaves, Who roamed, like tigers, in the wood.

Behold! the giant, fat and strong, Thanks to the Princess' gentle care; He swore he'd never do her wrong,— His promises were thin as air. He made a club and laid in wait,— He struck the lovely Princess down,— He drowned in blood her prosperous state, And robbed her of her golden crown. X1.

A hero, young and brave and bold, Who loved the Princess well and true; Arrayed himself in green and gold And swore he'd make the giant rue. A traitor sold him to the foc (Be it remembered to his cost!) Before the hero struck a blow, The Princess! holy cause was lost!

I saw him mount the gallows high, His face was shaded with deep pain, And yet, a something in his eye. Showed, though he died, 'twas not in vain. His brave young brow no wrinkle bore—No mean regret for He's short span—He stood unmoved on Denth's dark shore, A MAN who felt he died for man!

Aye, look, my child, upon that face, Long facted from the heartless world; Look on those lips so full of grace Which on his fees such foul scorn hurled. He lives in every honest heart, No stain shall ever touch his fame. In men's best love he has a part, For EMMET was the hero's maine, FR. GRAHAM.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVENAGH,

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

CHAPTER XXIV .- CONTINCED.

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. But Dora did not think of that. She thought that erness, and given her mother a home, he had I say he shall never marry her!" never contemplated that these two strangers should intrude on his family circle. Eva's jealousy was the key to the mystery. With to educate her, he could marry, be happy with his young wife, and yet not feel that he had sacrificed his child entirely.

"He will visit Les Roches now and then," she thought, and see Eva, as he could never have been long attached; we have no sort of see her if she were in a school, for instance; right to object to his choice. and when other children are born to him he will care less for her jealousy, and Eva must father's house, Poor Eva! our case is pretty monstrated. Her useless passion was over. much alike!

"Where are you?" cried Eva's voice at a little distance. "I cannot see you—and—"
"I am afraid," suggested her father, going toward her.

"Allow me to put a question, Mr. Templemore," said Dora; when is Mrs. Logan com-

"To-morrow," he replied, hastily. "Well, Eva, did you find the Epiornis?"
"I did; but how can you see it?"

" By going in to look at it, of course."

They entered the school-room, where a lamp was burning with a mild radiance, and Mr. Templemore showed the print of the Epiornis to Dora, and again wished he had been born in antediluvian times; and seemed so happy and so light-hearted, that Dora would have been very blind indeed if she had not known it was because Mrs. Logan was coming the next day. She was not jealous, she had no right to be jealous, and some natures are too proud to be jealous, but she suffered keenly. If it had been any woman but that one—the false light mistress of her lost brother! But it was she, and Dora must a second time see manly love bestowed on that little bit of pretty flesh and blood, so brainless and so heartless. She must see it. Shecould not fly from her torment. It would meet her daily and hourly, till they left to get married, and Les Roches returned once more to its dulness and to its All this Dora thought and felt, whilst Mr.

the Epiornis, and indulging in flights of fancy, which made Eva laugh till she was tired. " Poor Eva!" thought Dora, as she listened

to her-"Your trouble is yet to come." She felt for the child, and when Mr. Templemore left them at length, she resolved to tell her the news.

"She will sleep upon it," she thought, "and waken with her grief half spent to-morrow; whereas if I tell her in the morning she will fret or sulk all day."

Accordingly, Eva, instead of going to bed at once, was summoned to her governess's room, and, unwonted familiarity, taken on her knee, and pressed to her breast in a tender, though silent embrace. Eva, far from guessing that these were tokens of coming calamity, felt delighted-not, to be quite frank, at the unusual fondness she received, but at a longcoveted and long-denied privilege-the entrance of Cousin Dora's room. How beautiful looked that rather austere apartment to her childish eyes! The lofty, square bed, the old carved prie-dien, the Spanish pictures of devotion, all dimly visible by the light of a lamp Through the open window the court, with other windows with light in them, was partly

visible, and in the stillness of the evening the little gurgling voice of the fountain, which household noises covered all day, could be distinctly heard. "Eva," began Dora, "I have something to

tell you. I have news—good news." she added, with a sigh—" Mrs. Logan is coming to-morrow.

Eva looked very sulky. "She is coming," continued Dora, ignoring that look and its meaning, " and Mr. Temple-more told me this evening that he was going to marry her. I hope you are glad, Eva, for of course this will add to his happiness."

Eva showed neither grief nor gladness at the tidings, but she looked more sulky than ever. At length the truth came out with an impetuous burst oftears.

"I hate Mrs. Logan!" "Hush!" said Dora, severely-"let me never hear such words again.

Eva stood in great awe of her governess. She did not dare to persist in her declaration of hatred toward Mrs. Logan, but threw her-

self back upon weeping,
"There, there, that will do—I am not so very angry," remarked poor Dora with a sigh; "but you must be good, you know, and I shall expect you to behave unexceptionably to Mrs Logan to-morrow."

Eva made no promise, and Dora asked for none. She could not in her heart blame Eva for her dislike of Mrs. Logan; moreover, she knew her power over her pupil, and that she could insure external obedience at least to any reasonable command; perhaps she scarcely cared to ask for more. This matter being over much more quickly than Dora had expected, she rang for Fanny, gave Eva to her care, and remained alone.

"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."

She sat, as Eva had left her, leaning back in her chair, and listening to the murmur of the fountain below. She felt languid and listless, rather than very wretched; for, after all, we must endure our sorrows, and fight our battles. We cannot desert that grim captain, Grief, and enlist under other colors. Dora's present mood dealt not so much with Mr. remplemore as with that past which he had so darkly influenced. She thought of Paul, and his lost love, and his early death; she by. She went over that sad story, and again!" brought to life that buried past, and something between bitterness and sorrow filled her heart as this question rose within her: "Why are the prizes of life ever granted to

some, and ever denied to others?" Dora Courtenay was in one of those moods when we forget time, and take no account of whom he had been so indulgent. Her look, sadly, and very usolessly, when her door opened, and Mrs. Luan entered the room. She locked the door, came up to her niece, and stood before her speechlesss, but her sal-low face inflamed with passion.

"Dora," she at length stammered, "is it "What?" asked Dora, doubtfully.

"Is he going to marry her?-that silly black-cyed chit—is he?"

"Why, how can you know that?" asked Dora, much startled. You have told Eva-she said it to Fanny

-I heard them." Dora had sometimes thought that her sullen, silent aunt went about the house cavesdropping—she was sure of it now. She blushed with displeasure and shame, and

could not help exclaiming,
"Oh! aunt, how could you do that?—how ould you?"

"How dare he tell you?" asked Mrs. Luan stamping her feet and clinching her hands in her passion; "how dare he? He shall never marry her!" she added, taking off her cap and flinging it on Dora's bed; "never! Do you riding-Hood, stood looking on mute and think I have forgotten how she treated Paul? sulky. But if the wolf himself had been atwhen he had asked her to become Eva's gov- think I have forgotten how she treated Paul?

As idle as the wind which now rose and swept around the house sounded this threat in | self away more resolutely than she now did Dora's ear. Rut she shut the window, for her at that proffered caress. Miss Moore to watch over her health, and Dora aunt might be heard, and this was surely to be avoided, if it were possible.

is not changed, She is his cousin, and they

She spoke kindly, as if Mrs. Luan were a child who required southing; and Mrs. Luan | She looked as Dora had seen her father look bear her fate, or be forever an exile from her let her speak, and neither revolteed nor reand she was already thinking how to act. Dora easily persuaded her to go to her room, and even accompanied her to the door. Poor aunt!" she thought, as she came back to her own apartment; " even she cannot forget Paul and his wrongs. Ah! it is hard!-

very hard!" It was hard, and in her prayers that night Dora put up a petition, asking that she might not dwell on the past to the verge of sin.

While she strove and wished to forget, Mrs. Luan, who, to do her justice, had about as much religion as an atheist-not that she knew it, poor soul! but her mind was so constituted-sat in her room meditating on her plans. Oh! if Dora-if any one in that house could have known how far these plans of that sullen, silent woman extended! She had a reckless nature, made for conflict, and stopping at nothing that could insure succes. She now set herself to rob a woman of her happiness, a man of his liberty, and both of pence, as calmly as if she had been a great nation making war on a savage tribe, or annoying a neighbor. With the serenity of the just, she said to herself that here was a good, a praiseworthy, a rightful course. Was she not saving her son from a poor marriage, providing handsomely for her niece, and giving Mr. Templemore a good, amiable, and accomplished wife, a hundred-fold above that silly Florence Gale with her black eyes! True, Mr. Templemore loved the one, and not the other; but Mrs. Luan knew best what was Templemore, happy man, went on talking of good for him, and took upon herself the part

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, hundreds do daily, and with the same mental hypocrisy. Hear them when they are detected. Their motives were the loftiest and the purest. They were, or meant to be, benefactors of humanity, and especially of that portion of it which they selected for injury. Who of them confesses that greed, ambition, or revenge, was the real motive? Not one. And so, whilst Dora slept, her aunt sat and planned for her good.

CHAPTER XXV.

MRS LOGAN arrived whilst Dora was in the garden with Eva and Fido. Miss Moore came to them all breathless with the news. She had been suffering from a secret the whole winter, and her relief was commensurate with the past infliction. So whilst Eva trundled her hoop, and looked unconscious, Dora listened patiently to the praises of Florence

"The only woman whom I could endure to see in my dear lost sister's place," emplifit-cally said Miss Moore, whose regard for Eva's future stepmother was much enhanced by Eva's dislike of her, and the necessity it so pretty," she continued; "you will admire her so, Miss Courtenay."

"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, Miss Moore could scarcely have looked more amazed than she now did; but something in Dora's tone sobered her enthusiasm, for after awhile she left Eva's governess to her own thoughts.

Eva still looked unconscious-perhaps she had not minded heraunt's discourse; perhaps

she wished to forget all about Mrs. Logan. "This is a wood, you know, Cousin Dora, she said, as they entered the shady part of the grounds; "and suppose I am little Red-riding-Hood, going off to grandmamma's cottage, you know: and suppose the wolf is there before me, and you are not here, Cousin Dora, or if you are, why, you are a lady walking in a wood, and I am a little girl, and you know nothing about me. Mind you know nothing about me."

To be known nothing about, to be unguided, unwatched, ready to be devoured by the cruel wolf, was evidently exquisite enjoyment to Eva.

"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. Oh! Eva, I feel as you feel. I have a home here which ought to be a happy one, and is not. Yes, I too long for the wood and its perils. Anything, Eva, anything for liberty!

In the meanwhile Eva trotted on demurely, acting her little part, but the wolf came sooner than she and Dora expected. He came as they turned the corner of the alley, under the aspect of Mrs. Logan, sitting by Mr. Templemore's side on the old stone bench. She was prettier than ever. Dora saw it at a glance. Never had her cheeks worn a rosier bloom, never had her dark eyes had a more laughing lustre. The goddess Hebe herself could not have looked brighter or younger than Mrs. Logan looked as she rose and came toward Dora with the sunniest of smiles on her rosy

"Dear Dora," she said, with that warmth thought of the light, faithless creature who which she could always put in her voice and had urged him on to exertions beyond his in her manner, though there was so little of strength, then quietly and carelessly put him | it in her heart, "I am so glad to see you

> And she pressed Dora's hand very cordially. As Dora stood with her hand clasped in that of Mr. Templemore's future wife, she fell into a strange, sad dream. This was Florence, the Florence whom her brother had so loved., whom he had entirely forgiven, and toward and with it some of its feelings. For his sake Florence had been dear, after a sort of fashion. For his sake she had felt something like tenderness toward this light, frivolous little creature, and though he had been so cruelly wronged, for his sake still she could not look on her quite coldly.

This woman, such as she was, had been a portion, a very dear one, alas! of her brother's heart; how could Dora forget this, and feel resentfully toward her because she was in a few weeks to become Mr. Templemore's wife?

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

"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. Her utter want of sense and penetration redeemed the frivolity of her nature, or at least excused it. She was perfectly satisfied with Dora's manner, and amiably stooped to bestow a loving kiss on tempting to devour her, Eva could not have uttered a more piercing scream, or flung her-

Dora, who witnessed such a burst of femper for the first time, remained amazed. Mrs. "Dear aunt!" she said, soothingly, "what Logan looked piteous, and Mr. Templemore is it to us whom he marries? Our position here turned pale with anger.

"Eva!" he said, almost sternly, "beg Mrs.

Logan's pardon at once."
But Eva glared at Mrs. Logan, and looked wicked with mingled temper and passion. for a moment when the cheating of the Dubois was exposed, and the likeness was so strong that it brought back the day, the room, and the guilty pair, and his face all before her with the vividness of reality.

"Eya!" said Mr. Templemore again.

But Dora now interfered. She sat down on the bench, and she took Eva on her knee. From her heart she pitied the child, and something of that pity Eva read in the eyes of her young governess, for when Dora said reproachfully, but with more sadness than reproach in her tone :

"Oh! Eva, Eva! is this your promise!" Eva burst into tears, and, clinging to her, sobbed pitifully. I-I-am very sorry-but -but I was-frightened-I could not help it, Cousin Dora!" This was a very lame excuse indeed, but

Mr. Templemore, who wanted to be satisfied with it, said cheerfully: "Well, Eva, behave better another time, and do not be frightened? That is all."

Evaluing her head without answering; and to prevent a renewal of the scene, Dora took. her hand, and saying it was time for her musiclesson, she led her away, followed by Fido. "Fido, too!" plaintively exclaimed Mrs. Logan, whom the supercilious little King

Charles had never favored with his liking. "Yes, Fido, too," answered Mr. Temple-more, half amused and yet half vexed at Dora's empire. "Miss Courtenay is a Circe, whom all creatures love and obey." Some admonition, however, Dora seemed to

bestow on her pupil. Mr. Templemore saw the child look up as retorted:

if pleading for forgiveness: then Dora stooped and kissed her, and they walked on. He bit his lip, though he smiled; it was very pleasant that there should be such tenderness between Dorn and his child, but why must Flor-

ence be detested." "Now, that's too bad of Doral" said this lady, looking injured.

She spoke in a pretty, childish way; and as gently as if he were addressing a child, Mr. l'emplemore said, "Our misfortune is not Miss Courtenay's

sin." 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; and with nothing but good-humor in her

black eyes, she said merrily—

usual." Yes, she was as usual talking nonsense: but as usual, too, she looked lovely whilst the | mean about the school-room? There is nosilly and unmeaning words fell from her lips. This was her secret; and many a wiscr man than Mr. Templemore was, could not have so mingled in Mrs. Luan's rambling remarks, helped succumbing to the charm. If she that Mrs. Logan was incapable of detecting smiled, the goddess of cheerfulness herself the wheat from the chaff. Mr. Templemore could not have looked brighter than she did. 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 Eva's dislike of her, and the necessity it created of her prolonged guardianship. "And so pretty," she continued; "you will admire her so, Miss Courtenay."

"I know Mrs. Logan, and have known her a year without ascertaining some of the deficiencies of this pretty creature; but she was a pretty creature, and he was to marry her in a month, and willingly he shut his eyes and them both, and to read the signs of past or near the drawings. All these had excited the ignored what it was not quite pleasant to present flirtation in their looks. She read curiosity of Eva, and even roused that of Mrs. scrutinize too closely. He had, moreover, a method of dealing with her which Florence was too shallow to detect, but which was very convenient. Mr. Templemore seldom or never argued with Mrs. Logan; he seldom or never explained anything to her; he rarely contrdicted her. He heard her, he was amused by her, and he did his best to please her, according to her own tastes—not to his. Of course this promised him many a vacant hour for the future, but Mr. Templemore had perceived this after he had been engaged some time, and he was both too wise and too much in love to deplore it very deeply. So when Florence supposed that she had been talking nonsense, and looked exquisitely pretty as she said it, Mr. Templemore retained the latter fact and

> tender admiration as they walked away. The morning's excitement had made Eva | glee as if there were no grave in Glasnevin. feverish. So leaving her with Fanny, Dora stole out into the grounds before sunset. She wanted to commune in peace with her own wearied thoughts—away from Mr. Temple-more and Mrs. Logan. But it was not to be. She had scarcely walked ten steps before Mr. Templemore stood before her. How gay and cheerful he seemed, with how bright a smile he threw away his cigar, and coming toward her, said, with the very look and tone of Doctor Richard-

dropped the former, and looked at her with

"Do tell me what you think of that tree, Miss Courtenay, and what its slender trunk and drooping boughs suggest?" Without giving her time to answer the question, he at once resumed: "That tree is a nymph, who being pursued and overtaken by the god Faun, tive,s distress by bidding her take root and grow here. And see how the poor frightened | give! " nymph keeps ever looking round at her puris gone—gone forever, with all the pretty things of heathen fable. I wonder, Miss -can you tell?"

"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 saw it last autumn with a still. It was no nymph then, as you seem to and drawing the child toward her, whilst Fido think. It was a poor tree conscious of winter | came creeping to her feet. and frost and snow, and it stood thus, seeming, coming of the wind that was to wither its last green boughs.

Dora spoke sadly, more sadly than she knew, for looking at that tree she thought, " I | could soothe her poor little wounded heart too am rooted to my fate, and come storm, come sunshine, I must bear it and stay here. lot, and she had found no remedy to it. Necessity, that hard 'task-mistress, kept her chained to Les Roches. Means of escape, in-voices, above which rose every now and then 'That's the school-remainder. deed, were at her command; but to marry John Luan was surely a worse evil than to see very distinctly. Mrs. Luan, indeed, was Mr. Templemore with Mrs. Logan. "It will mute, but Mrs. Courtenay chatted freely and last a month—no more," she thought: "and merrily. She had at first been much affronted last a month—no more," she thought; "and before the month is out, I may have found something elsc-something which will give Mrs. Logan, and her manner to that lady had me bread, and not inflict this torment upon also been both odd and perplexed during the me."

"That girl is not happy," thought Tr. Templemore; "but what can ail her?-is it

that John Luan?" He was half vexed at the thought; he would have liked to fill the house with sunshine just then, and, lo and behold, you two evil-boding feelings ended, of course, in favor of kindness figures, little frowning Eva and her melan- and good feeling; but for once her mother's choly governess, were already marring his

coming happiness. Unconscious of the construction Mr. Templemore put on her unusual gravity, Dora was walking back slowly toward the house, and he was walking by her side. Both were silent, both walked with downcast eyes, and both, as they emerged from the grounds into the Mower-garden, saw not the group already gathered there. Miss Moore and Mrs. Courtenay sat on garden-chairs near the house. Mrs. Logan, wondering at Mr. Templemore's absence, went about the flower-garden as restless as a bird on the wing, and wherever she went Mrs. Luan went too, like a big but si-

lent blue-bottle fly.
Why, there is Mr. Templemore, with Miss Courtenay, 1 declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Logan evidently amazed.

"Yes-they have been to the summer. house, you know," stolidly said Mrs. Lunn." "Summer-house!" echoed Mrs. Logan coloring; "why, there is none here, Mrs Luan.

"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-Luan, buzzing on stolidly; I did not like it

plemore, you know.' Templemore and I have been engaged for the last vear i"

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

Paul's name silenced the angry reply which rose to Mrs. Logan's pretty lips. "She owes me a grudge for Paul's sake," she thought, giving her companion a furtive look; and she only says all this to vex me." So, with cool impertinence, and the sweetest of smiles she

"Dear me, I should not have thought a widower like Mr. Templemore so objection-

able. 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 feverish, and I think she had better not go

married her, you know?"
"Just so," replied Mrs. Logan, with a merry little laugh.

"Because he might only have flirted with her, you know," persisted Mrs. Luan, buzzing on; "and we should not have liked that at all."

Mrs. Logan had no time to answer or ques tion, for Mr. Templemore and Dora were now too near, but she felt both indignant and confounded. What had Mr. Templemore and "I suppose I am talking nonsense, as Miss Courtenay been doing out in the stual."

grounds? Not sitting in the summer-house, since there was none; but then what did it thing more dangerous than a minute of truth and falsehood, and both these elements were had seen a good deal of Dora, and he had not told her or her friends that he was engaged. How did she know that he had not flirted with

his daughter's governess? Mrs. Logan being quite capable herself of flirting, though engaged, could not help suspecting her betrothed of a similar weakness. Besides, she grudged Dora Mr. Templemore's evident admiration. She resolved to watch Rawlinson were set forth, made a goodly pile nothing there. They came toward her, unconscious of all harm, and Mrs. Logan, being all that was about?"
silly, but by no means mistrustful, thought, "Only Darius," he had carelessly replied, on seeing them both so calm and grave: "I wonder if that old worry did it to tease

me? But no, she is too great a fool?" Satisfied with this contemptuous opinion of Mrs. Luan, she laughingly discarded Mr. | could take no sort of interest in Darius or the Templemore, and passing her arm within god Ormuz and his dwelling-place. Dora's led her a few steps away, to have a confidential chat.

"Miss Moore says Eva is poorly," she said, looking piteous. "is it not provoking? There never was such a little worry! She the make silly speeches—and Mr. Temple-does it on purpose, you know. But is it not more looked fondly at the sinner. Unluckily There never was such a little worry! She nice to meet again, Dora? Do you remember the catalogue?"

Dora looked at her in indignant surprise but Mrs. Logan's black eyes were as full of "I must bear that, too," thought Dora-

Well, he forgave her, and so must I." "What a blessing that you have undertaken that little monkey!, resumed Mrs. of his race, the vastness of his empire and that Logan. "What should I have done but for Persian attribute, his hatred of falsehood; that?" she asked, shaking her head from right to left, and from left to right, in amazement at her own predicament. "She falls ill to vex me, you know. However, Mr. Templemore is tired of it, and we are to be married in a month. Is it not dreadful? It quite frightens me. Mr. Logan did just as I wished; and Mr. Templemore is very kind, but still it is dreadful, you know!"

Mr. Templemore now joined them. How happy, how genial he looked!

"He likes her so," thought Dora; and so raised her hands and implored Diana. The did Paul. Be it so, and may he never waken goddess of the silver bow relieved the fugi- and discover that he has made a mistake! May he never repent, or have cause to for-

She soon left them. They could not want suer! She has forgotten, I suppose, that he her society, and she needed solitude. She entered the school-room, to be quiet and alone there; but a little snivelilng sound proceed-Courtenay, what has become of these heathen gods and goddesses, who were so mighty once? of Eva.

"Eva," she asked kindly, "why are you here alone?

"I am not alone," sobbed Eva; "Fido is with me!" "Why did you not come to me in the few green and yellow leaves quivering on it garden?" soothingly asked Dora, sitting down,

"You-you were with Mrs. Logan!" was

that she need not be jealous of her affection. so far as Mrs. Logan was concerned; but she with more than her usual share of love and caresses. She took Eva on her lap, and whilst The whole day long she had thought over her the dog curled round on a cushion at their the silvery laugh of Florence, came to her car with Mr. Templemore for being engaged to earlier part of the day. Poor Paul's faithless mistress, and Dora's happy rival, she naturally detested; and then she must be very polite and attentive to Mr. Templemore's

future wife. The contest between two such opposite pleasant little voice, blending so gayly with ear. She thought of Paul-of Paul a second

time replaced and forgotten. " And is it thus with the dead?" she said to her own sad heart; "they have fought rewards of victory—and who thinks of understand it. In her indignation and them?"

Alas! is it not always so? When peace comes after disastreua war, how many are there who, midst the joy of its advent, remember the slain? They lie on diatant battle fields, their cold faces turned to the sky, their nerveless hands still clasping the useless sword or gun; and who thinks of the ten hours' fight which ended thus? Some have crawled away to lonely spots for a drop of water; they slumber, hidden midst grass and flowers, by sweet bubbling streams; but are more forgotten in their solitvde than the heaps of dead, which say where the fighting was hottest? And it is surely well that they all sleep so soundly. Let them never waken to tax man with his ingratitude, or feel that their blood was shed in vain; let them never know that careless Nature will yield her flowers, and verdure, and sweet waters to men more fortunate, though not more deserving,

than they were: Some such answer came to Dora as she sat house or the school-room, I can trust Dora thus with the child in her arms, and the dog with Mr. Templemore, you know," said Mrs. at her feet. It had been hard for Paul, but h had prevailed—that "had" was over, and sureat first, because one must always mistrust ly his was now a divine, an eternal present widowers or single men—but not Mr. Tem- soaring forever beyond such mortal evils. soaring forever beyond such mortal evils.

'And to you also that rest will come," said "Really, Mrs. Luan, you amaze me!" ex- a tender voice; "then fight the good fight, claimed Mrs. Logan, turning crimson. Mr. remember the reward, and grudge not the cost or the toil."

CHAPTER XXVI.-CONTINUED.

It was designedly that Mr. Templemoer had ignored Eva since the morning's scene, but he now suddenly remembered her existence, and raising his voice, he said. "Where is Eva?"

Eva did not answer, and Mrs. Courtenay said, "I dare say she is with Dora. I don't see "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

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 kope you are not sleepy, Eva, for Fanny going to bring a light, and I shall let you see those odd letters, as you call them, which

you were so inquisitive about yesterday." Eva became lively at once, as the eager question "Where are they?" testified.

"Coming," gayly answered her father, "for here is Fanny." 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. The happy leisure of wealth was not wasted upon him. He was a student, and a close one. It so happened that he had not found one poor patient in Rouen since his return, so, having time to spare, he bestowed it on the tempting but arduous pursuit of deciphering cuneiform inscriptions. Here was a puzzle after his own heart. The table in his study was covered with the copies of the strange arrowheaded characters-books in which the labors of Grotefend, Oppert, Menant, and Sir Henry

Mr. Templemore knew better than to talk to his betrothed of the great rock of Behistan, not merely because she was igdorant of its existence, but because her frivolous little mind

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

Pretty women are still pretty women when she now left Miss Moore, and overheard him talking of this same inscription to Dom. He had brought it out, indeed, to show it to Eva. but he included Eva's governess in the remarks he made on the subject. He spoke of the great rock on the frontiers of Media, of the lofty tablet inaccessible as an eagle's cyric, aud Dora, though as ignorant of this subject as Mrs. Logan, listened with attention, put a few questions, and was not answered with an Only Darius!"

"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! A pale globe and a black slate in the background; on the central table a bronze lamp with a pure white flame, burning like a captive spirit in its crystal prison, and by the window in front Dora leaning back in her chair with Eva on her lap, and looking over the child's head at the papers spread out for

them both by Mr. Templemore. "That's the school-room," said Mrs. Luan, whom Mrs. Logan thought far away, and who

stood by her elbow. Florence started. She was stung to the very heart. Yes, that was the school-room, and Mr. Templemore had chosen a governess who was both pretty and young for his child. He had chosen a girl with bright hair, and eyes so soft and bright—whose face lit with unconscious sunshine when he spoke, and with whom it was plain he liked speaking. Yes, that was the school-room—there was no summer-house, but there was a school-room! Faith and trust, so easy to the large-minded, when we forget time, and take ho account of whom he had been so muligent. Her took, as you say, to turn, it was to listen for the Eva's broken and reproachful reply.

| And especially to the large-hearted, are very sealing the properties of the sat thus, dreaming very her smile, her some of its feelings. For his sake coming of the wind that was to wither its last.

| Dora sighed. She could not tell the child hard to the narrow and the cold. Mrs. Logan was too shallow to be a mistrustful woman, and too pretty to be a jealous one; but when mistrust and jealousy unexpectedly came to her, she had no generous belief, no proud consciousness, to help her to repel either onemy. Their first attacks found her belpless, and

> Mrs. Luan plucked her sleeve. "That's the school-room," she whispered ngain; "and Dora's sitting-room is this way."
>
> Mechanically Mrs. Logan followed her. Dora's sitting-room had a glass door opening on the garden, and as this was not closed, they entered it. Even in the moonlight Mrs. Logan saw that this was a very charming apartment. She had never seen it before; it was newly furnished. Mr. Templemore had therefore prepared it for Eva's governess.

Florence could not understand this. She had never had a child, and not being one of those women in whom the parental feeling is innate, she had no just conception of the love a fond father like Mr. Templemore could bear his little daughter. That he should have a whole suite of rooms prepared for Eva and Miss Moore's, and Mr. Templemore's and her governess was incredible to her. She for-Florence's merry laughter, grated on Dora's got that he might have meant to seelude himself and his young bride from all unpleasaut contact with his jealous child, as much as to please or honor Dora; she only felt that Dora was treated "like a princess," and she could bravely, generously, but others reap the sweet not tolerate the fact—especially she could not

"I shall certainly ask Mr. Templemore the

meaning of all this!" "She's Paul's sister you know," sharply remarked Mrs. Luan.

Mrs. Logan felt sobered at once. She had written some fond, foolish letters to Paul formerly; true, he had returned them, but suppose a stray one, or that lock of her hair which he had certainly kept, or that photograph which had gone down with him to his grave (but Florence did not know this), had remained in Dora's possession, and should be produced against her to Mr. Templemore, who was so convinced that she had been forced into marrying Mr. Logan, and that he was her first love! It would not be pleasant; and some such threat Mrs. Luan must intend by again bringing up Paul's name when it had really no business to be uttered. So Mrs. Logan took the hint, and as her little secret. had been kept up to the present, she resolved to watch Dora, indeed, but to do so with silent prudence, which, alasi was the very thing that Mrs. Luan wanted.

"I wonder if Mr. Templemore has done with his Darius," she petulantly exclaimed. And she abruptly entered the school-room, but she found it dark and silent. The lamp was gone, the window was closed, and it was plain that Dora and Eva had left by the other door. Mrs. Logan went back to the garden, and found Mr. Templemore looking for her.

"Where have you been?" he asked. "Looking at Miss Courtenay's rooms," she replied, with a bitterness she could not help displaying, but which he so little expected to find in her tone, that he did not detect it

"Eva is very feverish," he said, anxiously. "I hope she is not going to be ill again.". "And I feel sure she is-just to vex me,"

Fido; they are sure to be all three together." was the short reply.

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