

SONGS OF A YOUNG MAN'S LIFE.

DORA.

I dreamed that youth returned, the unre-
turning
I saw the cottage on the high hill stand ;
And by broad waters in the sunset burning
I walked once more with Dora hand in hand.

What subtle charm is in the tiny figure,
Her keen grey eyes how fairy-like they
shine,
She stands, each light limb full of grace
and vigour
A shape where strength and beauty most
combine.

Once more the south wind fresh from heath
and aloe
Of that fair land I left so long ago,
Once more the sunshine, crowning like a
halo
The golden ringlets with a saint like glow.

It is not love upon my senses stealing
But something reason, thought, could not
command ;
No passion blends with the intenser feeling
As tremblingly I kneel and kiss her hand.

Enchantment streamed once more on hill
and heather,
And then I spoke, my thoughts flowed wild
and free ;
This day is ours and let us go together,
That I once more may pure and happy be.

She answered free, as one my love par-
taking,
She gave me from her hair the flower she
wore,
But o'er Canadian snows the dawn came
breaking,
And what she said I could recall no more.

P. M.

WHICH OF THE TWO ?

CHAPTER I.

A STRANGE LADY.

The last rays of the setting sun were gilding the wall of the old town of Cordova.

That light, misty atmosphere, so peculiar to the province of Andalusia, and, in fact, all Southern Spain, was veiling the distant Sierra Morenas—stretching far away to the northward like one continuous mass of gray and purple clouds—now lighted up by the final rays of the dying sunlight.

A solitary horseman was riding leisurely toward the bridge, which spans the Guadalquivir, occasionally seen, sparkling like a silvery sheen in the distance. He seemed a man of medium height. The white collar that clasped his throat was slightly soiled and presented an agreeable contrast to the dark green jacket over which it hung, almost entirely hidden by the long Andalusian cloak which in its turn concealed his white breeches and the tops of his Castilian riding boots.

The cloak was of a coarse material and worn in that careless manner which only a Spaniard can assume.

The rider was looking eagerly toward the gate of the town, which appeared far away to the south, across the river, at least a league distant.

An expression of anxiety was depicted on every feature, showing plainly that he awaited some one.