POETRY vs. PROSE. For the TRUE WITNESS.

- "My friend, how lovely is the scene, See where the land and water meet, The rolling hills, the fields so green— "Ah! werry good for raisin' wheat."
- 11. "Look where the plains mix with the sky, Where silvery mists in shadows ereep, "Tis far away, yet looks so nigh-" "Yes, jist the place for grazin' sheep."
- "Oh! would that Scott were here to paint
 This lovely vale, or even Dickens;
 Fit home for hermit or for saint
 "A fust rate spot to raise spring chickens. m.
- 1V. "Here might grave wisdom, wrinkle-browed, Your Socrates, your noble Platos, In verdant cell, with health endowed—" "Good soil to cultivate potatoes."
- "The pretty violets slyly peep,
 From mossy dells with blue eyes merry;
 At Beauty's feet, like Graces sleep—"
 "One might raise 'ere most any berry."
- yı. " Hear how the birds with tuneful chant, Make concert sweet in shady bowers: With melody their bosoms pant—" "Twould be the thing for cauliflowers."
- "This seems fair Nature's chosen home, Here war nor pestilence ne'er ravage: Here love might rest, no more to roam—" "A feller here might grow foine cabbage."
- VIII. "Those mingled tints of autumn leaves, Just peeping through the golden fogs, Which show how summer samile deceiv Them acorns would be good for hogs."
- IX. "An! sad, that twilight, falling fast, Should may the magic of such scenes! Thus, ere enjoyed, our pleasures past—" "That hedge would answer for string beans."
- "Confound you, prosy son of earth, What poet soul can dross endure? Here rustle lovellness had birth—" "Twould be the better for manure." FR. GRAHAM.

DORA.

By JULIA KAVANAGH Author of Nathalic, Adele. Queen Mab,' &c

CHAPTER XXXIV.—Continued.

"Why should you fail?" asked Mrs. Luan; but her tone was sobering, and her look, her voice, her manner were getting all confused again. "Why should you fail?" Of course a pretty girl like you can easily get hold of her husband; for I have always noticed," she added in the tone of a person who enounces a doubtful proposition, 6 that men like pretty women, and that Mrs Logan is not so very Now, you are fair, and being dark, pretty. he must like you—indeed, I suppose he liked you all along, only he did not find it out; but I am sure he did this evening-any one could see he was quite smitten, though you were so pale. So when you are married you have only to get your color back and to manage. and he will dote upon you; and I have no doubt he will do anything you like for John Luan."

She spoke with her old incoherence, and yet her words fell like balm on Dora's heart. The good-night she uttered when her aunt left her had a tenderness in it which said much. Illusion or not, she felt she must believe Mrs. Mrs. Luan, or perish in her despair, Yes, she must believe that she was already dear to Mr. Templemore, and that she would grow far dearer still, or she could never face

duty and my right to charm my husband. I order, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed must not iret, I must not be pale and look letter lying on the table, he understood all in heart-sick—I must be young, handsome, and a moment.

Green, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed friend in this. How can I direct a letter to Miss Courtenay, London?"

Green, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed letter to Miss Courtenay, London?"

Green, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed letter to Miss Courtenay, London?"

Green, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed letter to Miss Courtenay, London?"

Green, Mrs. Luan sitting alone, and a sealed letter to Miss Courtenay, London?" happy, and," she added, glancing at the mirror, before which she now stood undoing her long, bright hair, "I will!"

Easy resolve to accomplish when the brow is fair, and the eyes are bright; when the cheek is young and blushing, and, above all, when there is a girl's strong though modest love in the heart.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A DREAM, in which Mrs. Courtenay saw Dora presented with a pair of diamond earrings by her fond husband, was rather abruptly disturbed by Dora herself the next morning. Mrs. Courtenay sat up and stared ather daughter, who stoood by her side dressed, and

with her bonnet on.
"Why, Dora, what time is it?" she asked, "that you are already going out?"

"I am not going out-I have been out, and I have just come in," said Dora, who looked rather sad and pale. "Mamma, I have a great deal to say to you—will you hear me?" "Surely," replied Mrs. Courtenay, whose

mind was all running on the trousseau- "of course you have a great deal to see to-I could scarcely sleep for thinking of it—but there is an excellent shop in the Rue Imperiale, and-'

"You misunderstand me," Dora interrupted, with an expression of great pain; "what I have to say is this: I cannot become Mr. Templemore's wife."

"But my dear, you have promised!" cried

Mrs. Courtenay.
"True; and the breaking of that promise, which has cost me a sleepless night, will not cost him a sleepless hour," replied Dora, very sadly. "Mamma, Mr. Templemore marries me from honor, and I cannot, I will not be married so. I said 'yes' last night because I was mad; and I dare say I should say 'yes again if he were to urge the point-therefore I must go. I have been out this morning and made every needful inquiry. If we leave Rouen by twelve, we can be in London to-

morrow. Mrs. Courtenay was confounded. Here was a fall, indeed, from the diamond ear-rings of her dream to the departure of reality. When she recovered from her amazement, it was to argue against so sudden a resolve. Especially did she urge Dora not to go without seeing Mr. Templemore. "It will affront him

so," she said pitifully.

Dora hung her head. Yes, it would affront him; but it would not pain him. The sting could go no deeper than pride; even her childish, innocent mother, who saw so little,

could see that. "I cannot see him," she said, looking up; a I cannot say to him all I say to you, mamma. It would look like calling forth protestations which I do not wish to hear. He would have to tell me again that I am young, pretty, and amiable, and that of course he admires me, and must love me in the end. No, I cannot Bay all that, and hear him over again. Besides, he might not understand me. For, after all, I do not want my husband to adore me-I do not deserve or expect extravagant affection from any man; only no man shall marry me from honor-none !- none !" she added, her eyes flashing and her voige ringing as she

Mrs. Courtenay argued again; but her Whoever heard the like?"

daughter, though she listened to her patiently was not moved by her arguments.

"I" cannot do it," she said, despondently "I do believe that if the feeling I have now should come to me at the altar when we both stood before the priest, and he had his book open, I do believe, I should say no even

then."
"My dear," innocently said her mother of a nlways thought you liked Mr. Templemore?" always thought you liked Mr. Templemores?"

Dora's pale check flushed; but she gave has Courtenay no direct answer."

Mrs. Templemore's rather scornfully echoed Mrs. Luan "Seen it, when you rather marry John Luan than become Mr. Templemore's wife on these terms."

Mrs. Templemore's wife on these terms." Dora's pale cheek flushed; but she gave rather marry John Luan than become Mr.

Templemore's wife on these terms." And do you think of John Luan, then!

doubtfully asked Mrs. Courtenay. "Think of him! think of any man with this burden of disgrace upon me!" cried Dora, with a sudden agony of grief. "Why, who would have me? No-not John Luan himself, though he has liked me years, and though I need only say, 'I am guiltless,' for him to believe me. He told me so last night: I can marry but one man."

"Well, then, marry him," promptly said her mother.

Dora shook her head. "Time is passing," she said, with a sigh, "and-oh! how I long

to be gone—gone, and at peace!"
"But, my dear, Mr. Templemore will probably follow us, and—'

"Follow us?" interrupted Dora; "no mamma, there is no fear of that; he will be affronted, as you said-besides, he need not know where we are going."

It was hard to give up so bright a vision as that which had not merely given Dora a pair of diamond ear-rings, but had seen her throned at Les Roches, and made her mistress of Deenah; it was hard, but it had to be done; and Mrs. Courtenay got up and prepared for the approaching journey.

Mrs. Luan, on learning Dora's determination, stamped her foot, and stammdered forth an angry remonstrance of " Idiot! idiot! you shall not, you must not!" but had to grow calm again before Dora's resoive. For she was resolute indeed. Pride, duty had been with her in the night, and both had forbidden her to become Mr. Templemore's wife. Mrs. Luan stared, then said sulkily, acknowledging herself conquered:

"You may go-I will not-why should I? -lohn is not in London-I shall stay here." "I hope you will join us later," replied Dora: " but it is better that you should not come with us now.'

"And what will Mr. Templemore say?" asked Mrs. Luan.

"Not much," answered Dora, "for he will not care much aunt. I shall write a few lines. which you will give him when he comes, and he will be angry at first-then forget it.

Mrs. Luan muttered something to herself, then was silent. No more, indeed, was said on the subject, and nothing occurred to delay and impede Dora's departure. As twelve struck, the tidal train left the Rouen station, and leaning back in the carriage, where she sat by the side of her amazed and dismayed mother, Dora could say to herself, with a bitter sigh, "It is all over!"

But when is anything over in life? The very step Dora had taken to escape her fate only precipitated its course, and made its ac-

complishment more certain. It was barely two when Mrs. Luan, who sat plemore coming up the staircase. He came write to her, and surely you will help me to to spend an hour with Dora. He came in the knowledge, without which I can do more sober mood than he had left her the neither." night before, seeing the plain facts of his marriage more as they were than as they had seemed in that moment of seduction and fer- all." vor; but he came also as a lover to woo his to warn him of what had occurred when he

"Where is Miss Courtenay?" he asked,

sharply.

·· Gone ? He took the letter, broke its seal, read it, | ton, which is it?' then crushed it angrily, and looking at Mrs. Luan, he exclaimed impetuously-

" How dare Miss Courtenay use me so?" Alas! Dora was right-his first feeling was not one of pain, but of wrath and offended pride. How dare she, the poor girl whom he had honored with his regard, jilt him. Richard

Templemore, the master of Deenah? "What has occurred since last night to justify so extraordinary a proceeding?" asked, after a pause, and, though still angry,

speaking more calmly.

"They tell me nothing," replied Mrs. Luan, sulkily: "I don't know anything. I would not go-why should I? John is not in Lon-

A light seemed to break on Mr. Templemore's mind. Had Dora repented and recalled her promise, because that John Luan, her cousin, her early friend, was secretly dear to her? He was amazed at himself never to have thought of this.

"Mrs. Luan," he said, looking hard at her. "I believe I can guess Miss Courtenay's reason for acting as she has acted. I forgive her freely: but why was she not open with me? Could you not have told her how willing I was to do everything-and I can do much-that would forward her happiness? Why did she not tell me all last night? he asked, a little indignantly. "Was it honorable, was it fair, to pledge herself to one man, when in her heart, she liked another "

The words roused Mrs. Luan "Who?-what?" she asked, with sudden

animation. "Who is it Dora likes?" Mr. Templemore remembered her old op position to the scheme he had framed for her

son and Dora, and he hesitated to reply. "I know nothing," he said at length, "I can only conjecture. If any one knows the truth of this, surely you do, Mrs. Luan; and surely, seeing how strangely I am treated," enlighten me, that, once for all, I may know

how to act." Mrs. Luan rose and-confronted him.

"You want to know?" she said. he had been betrayed and sacrificed for a

"And you will not tell Dorn?" "No," he impatiently answered, "Why should I?"

"Well, then," deliberately cried Mrs. Luan, she likes you."

Mr. Templemore looked on Mrs. Luan, as after uttering these words, she sat down again, with amazement, on which followed incredulity.
"Nonsense," he said, with something like

know you do not want your niece and your son to marry; but you need not say that, Mrs. Luan." "You do not believe me?" she stammered angrily.

contempt for the attempted imposition. "I

"I cannot-no, I cannot!" he answered, with slight hesitation, "Like me, and run away from me because I want to marry her!

manuscript and an increase of the graph of particular particular and an area of the sale o

"You do not believe me? said Mrs. Luan again. "Then why did you ask? Why did you want to know? Why did you make me

tell vou?" She shook with anger. Mr. Templemore looked at her, and felt strangely troubled. What if this sallow, heavy woman had spoken the truth What if Dora Courtenay loved him, and had fled because she loved him?

had fallen so easily into the snares she had laid for him, that she could not help despising him for his blindness, and, in the insolence of her success taunting him with it. Mr. Templemore turned sharply upon her. For a before, and fled that morning, loved him-and that the low-browed woman, who spoke to him with such strange insolence, was his betrayer, he saw by rapid intuition. But either one vision chased the other; either the intoxicating consciousness of his triumph over one proud woman's heart hid from him all trace of his humiliating defeat at the hands of another woman, or that integrity and ingenuproof, helped his undoing by telling him not to heed an angry woman's words.

"Mrs. Luan, I did not wish to offend you, he said, with a smile; "but your tale is so strange that I may well doubtit. Can you give me any token, any proof of what you

say?" "No," she said, sullenly. "Would Dora put it down in pen and ink, I like Doctor Rich-I may never see John again if it be not true?

The words "Doctor Richard" did more to There was strange magic in the name, and in each was eloquent, and had its own tale to tell. Many a blush, many a sudden paleness, looks both proud and shy, the happy glow which overspread her face when he entered the room, its seriousness when he rose to go, were now remembered, and for the first time understood. Had she, then, liked that poor careless Doctor Richard, of whom she knew nothing, save that he was poor? Had she liked him without thinking of the owner of Deenah, or the master of Les Roches? Mr. Templemore walked up and down the room with irresolute steps, almost convinced, and desolation into joy. She would never tell him—never but surely blind though Mrs. Luan yet still doubting.

" May I trouble you for Miss Courtenay's

or, at least, write." He uttered the last words slowly, like one whose mind is not yet made up. When he said that he must write, Mrs. Luan's face fell. Had she remained in Rouen—had she be-trayed Dora's secret for this? Write!—was Dora the girl to change her purpose for a letter?

"They tell me nothing," she said sulkily. "I don't know where they are." " But Mrs. Luan," he argued, a little impatiently, bit cannot end thus between Miss alone moody and defeated, heard Mr. Tern- Courtenay and me. I must either see her or

> "They tell me nothing," again said Mrs. Luan, stolidly; "they are in London-that's

With a mixture of pity and contempt for mistress, if not with fear and doubt of her her obstinate stupidity, Mr. Templemore sat had but to take a cab and drive through well-favor on his mind, at least with sufficient tendown by her side, and conceiving that he had remembered streets, now wearing a strange derness for her in his heart. Madame Ber- offended this foolish and sulky woman, he did trand was not below, and there was nothing his best to coax her back into a good-humor. "Come, my dear Mrs. Luan," he said, with "Aunt is right," she thought: "it is my entered the sitting-room, and seeing its dis- his most persuasive smile, "you must be my

> "But even Kensington will not do. I cannot, at least, trust to the chance of an unexceptionably clever postman in so important a

matter as this. There are streets in Kensing-"It is not a street-it's a terrace," sharply corrected Mrs. Luan.

"Come, we are getting on," good-humoredly rejoined Mr. Templemore. -Just tell

me what terrace, and I shall not ask for the number." " Number 5," said Mrs. Luan. "But what terrace?" asked Mr. Temple-

more, in his most coaxing tones. Mrs Luan turned up her eyes, and seemed to try and remember, then shook her head, in oken of denial.

"I have forgotten," she said, " but the postman will be sure to know."

"Sure to know, when I dare say there are a hundred terraces!" said Mr. Templemore, in a vexed tone. "Come, Mrs. Luan, you must really try and remember."

But he might as well have tried to move a stone wall as to move Mrs. Luan. She said was Number 5, and a terrace, and beyond this she could not be got. Vexed and wearied. Mr. Templemore left her at the end of a quarter of an hour, muttering, as he went downstairs, "There never was such a fool as that woman."

CHAPTER XXXVI.

And now that Mrs. Luan's cross-examination was over, Mr. Templemore had leisure to think. Never in all his life had he felt so strangely perplexed and troubled as he did then. Should be write to Dora, or should be follow her?-or, in plainer speech, should he marry her or not? Even a man in love has been known to pause before so formidable an alternative as this. When his duty, as he conceived it-when his honor had made him offer his hand to the girl whose devotion to his child had in some sort caused her ruin Mr. Templemore had not felt the hesitation he added with some bitterness, "you might he felt now. Then every generous impulse of his nature had urged him on, and given strange sweetness to the sacrifice of his liberty. But Dora had released him-she had released him in language so proud and so "I do," he replied, turning red with anger cold, that, unless it was the veil of a strong as he foresaw her reply, and felt certain that and secret love, it was offensive to his pride as a man. He was free-free in honor as well as in fact, since no man is bound to press himself on a woman to importunity. He was free, and Mrs. Luan might have deceived him, or been herself mistaken. It was quite possible that, though she felt no positive aversion against him, Dora recoiled from wedded life with him just as he now hesitated to venture upon with her. All this Mr. Templemore felt and knew, for the sweet visions of the preceding evening had rather paled with the morning sun; but something else, too, he could not help feeling. What if that idiotic Mrs. Luan, as he mentally called her, had spoken divine truths, like the ancient sibyls, who gave forth oracles, and strewed them to the winds of heaven, not knowing their worth? What if poor Doctor Richard had been fondly loved by one of the brightest and most accomplished girls he had ever met? What if the very sincerity of her feelings made her opposition. She sat down by the window,

heart? Here was a temptation, indeed!here was a strange unexpected triumph, made to intoxicate even a wiser man than Mr. Tem-

plemore. There was fever in the thought, and all the seduction of her paleness, of her sad looks, and low voice came back with it. Read by that light, these tokens had a dangerous meaning—dangerous, at least, to Mr. Templemore's freedom. As he walked through the streets of the old city he again seemed to see Dora Courtenay, In vain liberty beckoned on one side, and bade him beware how he lost her on the other there appeared a fairer vision by

far, and infinitely more alluring. "I am young," she said, "and attractive, a tender yet proud woman. Your marriage was the folly of a boy; your second choice did not prove the wisdom of your manhood; but what moment he had a double revelation: that the girl who had pledged herself to him the night could never have had with the other, I can could never have had with the other, I can give you. For I am youth and I am love, and I come but once in a man's life when I do come, and he whom I visit, and yet who why should I?" fails to keep me, was never worthy to have

me. A colder man than Mr. Templemore was, might surely be forgiven, if he listened to this temptress. He paused, he hesitated; should he write and trust to that anonymous terrace, ousness, which forbid us to suspect without and the number rive, for the safety of his letter; or should he seek and find the fugitive, and read, as he could surely read, with this followed her thus far in hot pursuit, had he clew to guide him, the truth in her face! He pleaded his cause for the last half hour with could not resist this desire. He could not resist the secret hope that the truth had been told to him that day. Above all, he could not resist the longing he felt to secure Dora Courtenay, and call her his. She was to him in more than by the eye: and if he had never this feverish hour as many an exquisite relic ard?' No, I can give you no proof, but I wish of ancient art had been for the last year-a wish to be gratified, no matter how extravagant the cost might be.

"I dare say it were better for me that I had convince Mr. Templemore than the impreca- never seen her," he thought, still pausing irtion which followed it. Doctor Richard! resolute on the threshold of his fate; "better for me that I had never gone to her house. the recollections it called up. Signs which and brought her to mine; but now it is too he had not heeded at the time came back, and late to think of this. She has lost all for me. Peace, fair name, the world's esteem, the chance of honorable marriage, everything pershed in one hour for my sake; but am I so selfish, and so cold that I cannot atone-that I cannot repay her tenfold, and turn her wrong into unexpected happiness?

There is something splendid in the power of giving; it is a glorious privilege, and makes us kings and sovereigns for the hour, as with the stroke of an enchanter's wand. Mr. Templemore could not help smiling to himself as he thought how he could change Dora's thought him, he could see it. He looked at address?" he said at length. "I must see her, his watch. It was not four yet. If he took the evening train he could be with her tomorrow.

"And why should I not?" he asked himself; "if she really likes me, ought I not marry a woman who has suffered so severely for my sake? And if she does not-ought I not know it, and be free in conscience and honor, as I am in fact?"

Mr. Templemore was no less prompt to act on his resolve, than Dora had been to follow up hers. He left that night, and was the

next day in London. Dora's first act, on returning to Madame Bertrand's rooms, had been to write to a widowed lady in reduced circumstances, and ask whether she would receive her. The reply had come that Mrs. Robinson no longer took in lodgers, but that she would accommodate Mrs. and Miss Courtenay for a time. Thus, on arriving at the station the two ladies look, after the absence of a year, to that quiet terrace with a garden wall in front, and nodding trees, where Mrs. Robinson resided. Mrs. Courtenay had been very ill at sea, and she retired to her room almost at once. Dora sat She had placed it as she thought, beyond the

reach of her own will, and she blest Heaven that she had had strength to do so. The day was now nearly worn, the gray English twilight was setting in, and she was looking at the trees before her, seeing them not-seeing in their stead a gray old church, with lilies growing midst its buttresses, and all in a dame with the red light of a rich sunset, when a tap at the door roused her. A demure parlor-maid looked in, and merely saying, "Please, Miss, Mr. Templemore wishes to speak to you," she showed him in, as a mat-

ter of course, and closed the door behind him. The cab that had brought him had put him down at the corner of the terrace; he had not knocked at the door, but rung, that she might have no warning; but now he stood before her, as if called up by that vision in which

she had been indulging. She rose and faced him, pale and trembling. It is dreadful to be forever struggling. Strength and courage may well fail us; well may we quail when the battle is perpetual. and never won. With a sort of despair, Dora the postman would be sure to know that it felt her heart going away from her, rushing back to its old servitude. She rebelled, she tried to brave this cruel subjection-one of the most humbling a proud woman can feel, and in that first moment, at least, she was powerless. The joy of hearing his voice, of seeing his face again, was stronger than

either will or pride. "Am I again going to be conquered?" thought Dora, with secret anguish. "Am I again going to do the very thing I condemn? -and has he but to appear in order to prevail

against me?" She could not bear the thought. Pity them whose conscience is ever striving against inclinations; pity them, if they succumb, condemn them not lightly. It is something to have striven; and the defeat which tells of a contest can never be all ignominious. Nevertheless, that habit of self-command which is at the root of a woman's nature came to Dora's help in this hour of need.

"Mr. Templemore," she asked, calmly though sadly, "is this well?" "Miss Courtenay," he replied gravely, "allow me to reciprocate your question: Is this well? Do you use me well?

"Perhaps not," she said, with some emotion: "but I wished to have it all over. It seemed

composure, which his unexpected appearance had somewhat disturbed, and she spoke very quietly. He felt disappointed and perplexed. Had Mrs. Luan deceived him? Surely he would soon know.

"Your letter told me nothing," he said; "I come to know your reasons. You cannot have changed your mind so suddenly without a reason."

"I have no new reason," replied Dora. "But you have some old reason," he persisted; "some old reason, which you had not told me."

"No-none." There was a sad passiveness in her tone, that told him nothing save that the subject was painful to her. He still felt perplexed, and more irritated perhaps than perplexed. He asked her to hear him, and Dora raised no shrink from a union in which she could and he sat facing her, watching every motion.

scarcely hope to have her husband's whole of her features as he spoke. He urged over again every argument for their marriage, and against her refusal, which he had already used but vainly. Dora leaned back in her chair with her hands clasped, on her lap, and her eyes downcast or fixed on vacant space, and with a face as pale and as changeless as marble. She heard him, she'did not contradict him much, but she said despondently, "No, Mr. Templemore it cannot be."

"Then I see what it is!" he exclaimed, red-

dening as he spoke, and speaking with more warmth than he was conscious of using-" you have a previous attachment, and will not tellme!".

Dora reddened too, but whether with resentment, shame, or any other feeling, it was impossible for Mr. Templemore to tell.

You are mistaken," she answered; "if I had any such feeling, I should not be ashamed

of it, and I would tell you at once." "Then you dislike me!" he said with some impetuosity.

Dora smiled, but simply answered: "No,

Mr. Templemore was confounded. He was stung too. All his fond visions had melted away, and he only saw a calm, proud woman, who did not seem to care much for him; and whom, spite her indifference-alas! perhaps on account of that indifference-he could not help wishing to win. Had he hesitated whether he should marry her or not, had he every subtle and varied argument, to be balked in the end? Mr. Templemore was not a handsome man, and he knew it; but he knew too that woman is won by the ear far guessed that Dora loved him, he had always seen that she liked him. Again and again he had prevailed with her, made her yield her will to his, and not quarrel with her subjec-

tion. And now, when he laid himself out to charm, he failed. When he offered her position, wealth, and what he justly thought most of, himself, he feiled. He was offended, he was hurt, but he was allured too, and that unexpected resistance was the last crowning seduction which rendered Dora irresistible, and made him resolve not to leave the room till he had conquered.

"And so," he said, with a mixture of pathos and anger in his voice, which moved Dora's heart-so that is your unalterable resolve, Miss Courtenay? We might be happy together-we must be wretched apart. Think of it well! You condemn me to solitude. You know I cannot. I will not in honor marry another woman whilst you live, I say it

again-you condemn me to solitude! He had risen and was pacing the room in some agitation; but he came back to her as he uttered the last words, and standing before her, seemed to appeal, more in sorrow than in wrath, against so hard a sentence. Dora felt much disturbed, but she tried to say comi posedly:

"I do not, Mr. Templemore. I trust.

Then you do want to marry!" he ex-

hope you will marry as to that, so may I !"

claimed, jealously: "you do want to marry?"
"Why not, Mr. Templemore?" she asked, lifting up her head proudly, for both tone and question offended her. "Then why not marry me?" he argued an-

grily; "you say you have no previous attachment, why not marry me?" "Because I will never marry a man who marries me from honor," replied Dora, with some energy. "I have said it, Mr. Temple-more, and nothing shall make me gainsay

Mr. Templemore looked amazed. "Honor!" he said, impatiently; speak of honor, Miss Courtenay?"

Dora felt troubled. He had not indeed, urged that argument. "You said you could not marry any other woman in honor, Mr. Templemore," she re-

plied at length. "Nor can I-but did I say that I wished to in the front parlor, sad, but calm, because her narry you from honor? On my word Miss fate, as she considered it, was now irrevocable. Courtenay," he added, with sudden emotion, "it is not honor, it is not the wish to right von that brought me here this evening. I know all you can urge. That a few days ago I was to marry another woman-I grant it: but I also know this, that I am here, and that, as I said before, it it is not honor that brings me. It is the wish-the irresistible wish

that you should be my wife."

Involuntary tenderness softened his voice and look as he uttered the word "wife;" and no lover's protestation could have moved Dora's heart as that word thus uttered by one so dear. It comprised all-every eloquence, every promise, every fond hope, every pledge, every bond. Without a word of doubt or resistance, with her whole soul in the act, she placed her hand in his.

"And this time," said Mr. Templemore radiant and triumphant, "I shall keep you to your promise!"

"You need not, Mr. Templemore," she said with the brightest smile he had over seen on her bright face; "nothing shall make me "Her aunt spoke the truth," thought Mr.

a strange, perverse creature to give me all that trouble?" Perverse or not, he loved her. Perverse or not, he grudged not the trouble she had cost him-he regretted not the strange turns of fate which had given him this prize. She was to him just then that something exquisite and rare, which in certain moods the best and the wisest man will purchase, no matter at what cost, ay, even though the price should be life-

Templemore as he looked at her; "but what

long liberty. When Mrs. Courtenay, much recruited by a long nap, thought she should like a cup of ten, and came down for that purpose, she found the tea-things on the parlor table, two candles burning brightly, and by their light she saw Mr. Templemore looking perfectly happy, and her daughter as gay as a lark on a summer morning.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Nothing occurred to delay the fate which one woman's folly and another woman's treachery had brought down on these two. Mr. Templemore wished for a speedy marriage, and he had his way. The morning on which Dorn was to become his wife was fixed. and in the meanwhile he came daily to see her. He came early and stayed late, and un-He looked at her. She had recovered her less when he was with her, he felt restless and unhappy. He did not know himself what ailed him. He seemed to be bewitched. It was as if he had never seen before that this girl was worth winning. He did remember having admired her, but he could not now be lieve in his past admiration-it seemed so cold, so dead. Sometimes he had gleams of reason, and wondered at himself; but they were gleams, and no more. They passed athwart his mind troubling it, and when they had departed, he only felt more strongly impelled to rush on this fate before him. He was like the fisherman in the ballad. The already done so twice; and, aunt," she added, very waters that were to devour him allured him irresistibly. Perhaps he could not help as happy as I am!"
it. Perhaps this sudden and vehement pas-

Dora's pride and won her consent. The feel. ing that turned his sacrifice into sweetness had vanquished all her scruples, and changed their bitterness to strange joy.

For, after all, she could not be blind, If Mrs. Logan had been loved, she was loved ten times more. If Florence had been dear, Dora was far dearer. He made no professions perhaps remembering his involuntary infidelity he was silenced; but there is another eloquence besides that of language, and a hundred signs betrayed him.

And Mr. Templemore was not more blind than his mistress. He kept his promise to Mrs. Luan. He told Dora nothing; he put

no questions, but before two days were over he knew more than Dora's aunt had betrayed. Mr. Templemore was too imaginative to be a clear-sighted man. He often remained blind to the plainest things, because he could not compel himself to see them under their real aspects; but once his penetration was awakened, it became quick and searching as lightning, and his very imagination coming to his aid, it left no recess unexplored. A sudden paleness which passed across her face as he recalled the past, and inflicted upon her the sting of a retrospective pain-who said that love was merciful? The glow which surrounded it when reminded of the time during which he came to her as plain Doctor Richard, and other signs as subtle, but as plain, convinced him that the poor struggling medical man had been as tenderly loved as the affluent gentleman, and that either had been infinitely dear to Dora's heart.

No man could remain indifferent to such a discovery, least of all a man who had a generour nature, and who was himself very much smitten. Passion softened into tenderness as he remembered all that this new happy looking girl had endured for his sake, and with silent fervor he vowed to atone for the sufferings of the past by the love and devotion of the whole future. Alas! how easy it was to Mr. Templemore to keep that yow! How swift, how invading, how all-absorbing was this new love which had conquered the old. and buried it fathoms deep! How is it that even fine and noble natures are subject to this lamentable inconstancy? We see it daily, but who shall venture to read a riddle soperplexing! Of voluntarily forsaking the woman to whom he had been pledged so long. for any other woman, Mr. Templemore was incapable; but honor is not love, and when he found how willing he was to take Florence at her word, and how eager he felt to do Dora justice, he did not dare to question his own heart. Had his affection for the one grown cool since he had known the other? that irresistible attraction which had drawn him to Dora day ofter day, made him bring her to his house, and delight in her society, been the guilty dawn of his present lawful fondness? It might be so: but another explanation as plausible, and more soothing to his conscience and his pride than this, was

also nossible. Mr. Templemore's nature was one of strong passions—as, indeed, his countenance expressed plainly; but though he was past thirty, though he had been married to one woman, and pledged to another, Passion had never had her day, nor even her hour. Now amongst the legends of science is one of historical truth. Every eighty or ninety years for the last three centuries a volcanic isle has risen in the Mediterranean, near San Miguel of the Azores. Flames and earthquakes mark its birth. As it rises a burning stream dows down its sterile peaks into the sea. When it has reached its full height it remains motionless for a while, burning like a beacon, which ships can see miles away; then it slowly sinks back again into the deep waters, and a faint wreath of smoke shows the spot where it has vanished.

Such cycles of passion and fever there are n most human lives. The feeling may take the name of love, of ambition, nay of devotion itself-it matters not, forth it must come. Midst catastrophe and bitter throes it must rise from beneath those calm waters where it lay so falsely sleeping. This might have been Mr. Templemore's fate. He might have been destined to love a woman passion atcertain time of his life, and for good or for evil, as the future would show, that woman proved to be not Florence, but Dora. The suddenness of this new fooling carried with it a sort of intoxication, which was both sweet and dangerous, and against which it was very difficult to guard. Mr. Templemore did not seek to do so: he gave himself up to the love which there was no law human or divine, to forbid, and which the woman who inspired it shared in all its fulness.

And thus the brief days of the courtship went by, and ended in a marriage morning that made Dora Courtenay Mr. Templemore's

When Dora alighted from the carriage that brought her home, she felt as if she were reading upon air; and Mr. Templemore, as he led her in, looked as happy as a man who resolves to marry a woman from honor, but who has the good fortune to fall desperately in love with her, can well look. That their marriage was hurried, private, and contracted under the ominous cloud of disgrace, with no kind friends gathering round them to wish them joy, neither heeded in that hour. They were happy, and happiness, we fear, is rather a selfish feeling. Still Dora had one keen pang. Her aunt had promised to come and stay with Mrs. Courtenay, but she had not kept her word. Her mother must remain alone, for Mr. Templemore would have hishoneymoon to himself, and only smiled when Mrs. Courtenay grew querulous, and Dora looked imploring. He promised they should not long be divided, but separated it was plain

they must be. To Dora's great joy, therefore, though somewhat to her surprise, Mrs. Luan was found sitting in the bedroom up-stairs when the bride

entered in to change her dress. "Oh aunt, that is kind!" cried Dora-"But why did you not come earlier-why did

you not come to see me married!" Mrs. Luan looked at her; never did bride look brighter or happier than Dora, as she stood before her aunt, resting her two hands on Mrs. Luan's shoulder and gazing down

with the most radiant smile in her face. "I began to think you did not care about me," saucily continued Dora, putting on a

frown. "Are you married?" asked Mrs, Luan.

Dora laughed gayly.
Why, aunt, this is not my every-day dress-is it?" she asked. "You never saw me in white with orange flowers before to-day -did you?"

"Well, but are you really married?" insisted Mrs. Luan.

Dora took off her glove and showed the

wedding-ring on her left hand. "Now do you believe it?" she asked goodhumoredly; " besides, Mr. Templemore is below, and if you will but come down you will in the fulness of her joy, "I do believe he is

Everything in her betrayed joy and happision, following on a long quiet love for ness, not unmixed with triumph. She could another woman, was the only thing that could not help it. Some brides are pale and tearful, save him from the abhorrence of marrying a some are dignified, and some are simply girl his heart had not chosen; even as but for cheerful. Dora was glad, and her gladness, that passion, he could never have conquered which she never thought of concoaling from