THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

2

" My sister'll be down in a minute, and says My sister in be down in a minute, you're to wait, if you please.
 And says I might stay till she came, if I'd promised her never to tease,
 Nor speak till you spoke to me first; but that's winnonsense, for how would you know
 What she told me to say if I didn't—don't you really and truly think so?

"And then you'd feel strange here alone, and you wouldn't know just where to sit," For that chair isn't strong on its legs, and we never use it a blt. We keep it to match with the sofa. But, Jack says it would be like you To flop yourself right down upon it, and knock out the very last screw.

"S'pose you try? I won't tell. You're afraid

Oh ! you're afraid they would think it was mean ! Weil, then, there's the album—that's pretty, if you're sure that your fingers are clean : For sister sayssometimes I daub it ; but she only says that when she's cross. There's her picture. You know it. It'slike her; she ain't good-looking, of course.

"This is me—it's the best of 'em all. Now, tell me, you'd never have thought. That once I was little as that? It's the only one

that could be bought; For that was the message to pa from the photo-graph man where I sat— That he wouldn't print off any more till he first got his money for that.

"What? Maybe you're tired of waiting? Wh,y often she's longer than this; There's all her back-hair to do up, and all of her front curis to friz. Bat it's nice to be sitting here talking like grown people-just you and me. Do you think you'll be coming here often? Oh do. But don't come like Tom Lee.

Tom Lee! Her last beau. Why, my goodness, he used to be here day and night.
Till the folks thought that he'd bo her husband, and Jack says that gave him a fright.
You won't run away, then, as he did? For you're not a rich man, they say;
Pa says you are poor us a church-mouse. Now, are you? And how poor are they?

"Ain't you glad that you met me? Well, I am, for I know now you're hair isn't red; But what there is left of it's mousy, and not what

But what here is lett of it's mousy, and not what that naughty Jack said. But, there, I must go; sister's coming. But I wish I could walt, just to see If she ran up to you and kissed you in the way that she used to kiss Lee."

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH,

Author of ' Nathalie." Adele,' ' Queen Mab.,' &c

CHAPTER XI .-- CONTINUED.

"Come have it," urged Monsieur Merand. " Not on those terms. Did I not tell you was a ruined man ?"

"Come, Doctor Richard, those mines did not take all your money."

" They plucked some good feathers from my wing, I can tell you."

"Mines! has he lost in mines?" thought Dora. "Not our mines, I hope," For the slender provision remaining to her mother and aunt was invested in tin-mines in the west of England.

Some more arguing ensued between the dealer and his customer, but the latter proving obdurate, Monsieur Merand put away the engraving, and Doctor Richard walked out of the shop without seeming to see Dora. She looked after him with a vague fear at her heart. How she would have questioned him concerning his losses if she had dared! Monsieur Merand saw her look, and he tapped his forehead.

"A good gentleman," he said, " a very good, humane gentleman-attends on half the poor in Rouen for nothing-but not right there, you know."

"He has had losses," remarked Dora. "Yes, the news came this afternoon. I am sorry for him, poor fellow !"

Dora was untying the strings of her portfolio. Her hands shook a little. "Pray where are these mines?" she asked,

trying to speak carelessly. Monsieur Merand thrust his hands into his

pockets raised his eyebrows, and shook his head. His answer was a doubtful one. The mines were in England, then in Wales, then in Cornwall. Dora, who had breathed a relieved sigh, felt faint and sick again.

She was standing on the place, with the me good, for poor though I am, it showed me massive gloom of Notre Dame hanging over I was not powerless. And now, must I bid her. She entered the grand old church. She wanted to be calm ere she faced them at home; the dim light, the cool atmosphere, the faint breath of incense, the vastness, yet the seclusion of this Christian home of souls, lulled the brief storm of her soul to rest. After all, she could work, she could carn; she was young, and had energy. She was thrown on Providence, and Providence was thereby bound to take care of her, and those who were dear to her. She was now like one of those birds of the air whose fleetness and freedom she had so often envied. There was nothing in store for her ; like them she was to live in boundless trust, neither hoping nor despair-

dials .

inc Dora's heart beat as she came to this conclusion. She was a brave girl, and now that the first shock was over, she could meet her new lot, and look it in the face. Besides. there was consolation in all its bitterness. Her eyes sought the gravestone with its Requiescat. It was too dark to read it; but she knew it was there, and her heart was full as

Rest in Glasnevin, away from all these troubles, which would have bowed him down so heavily. He need fear no care, no burden now. Toil is over for him. He has got his wages. That is the meaning of the old Latin word Requiescat! May he rest! Is life such a trouble and a toil, that repose must needs be man's dearest wish to the dead? And now I must go in and tell them, poor things, and

see tears, and hear lamentations." She left the church and went home, and never, if the truth must be confessed, never had she felt so arrant a coward as when she went up the staircase. She heard them talking within. Mrs. Courtenay's tones had their usual airy cheerfulness, and even Mrs. Luan's husky voice told Dora, by its briskness, that her aunt was in good hamor. • I dare say they have had a letter from

John," thought Dora, with a sigh ; and, feelnight. ing like a culprit, she entered the room. She

did not delay one second-she could not. "I have had such strange news," she said,

looking at them wistfully ; " not good news, I confess, but I hope you will take it well, and remember that I am young and can work, and that Monsieur Merand means to go on employ-

ing me." "News!---what news?" asked Mrs. Courtenay, amazed.

"Our shares in the Redmore Mines are worthless." answered Dora, in a low voice; and she gave them the few particulars of the catastrophe which she knew.

Dora had been prepared for her mother's grief and her aunt's consternation, but she had not expected to find them both incredulous. Yet so they were. Mrs. Laun said, with

some excitement : "It is not true-the mines are good !! And

she took up and put down her putchwork in evident emotion. Mrs. Courtenay was still more positive.

"My dear," she said, good-humoredly, "if this were true, we should know it as well as that Doctor Dick-"

" Doctor Richard," interrupted Dora.

"Doctor Richard," placidly reasoned Mrs. Courtenay, "can scarcely have means of in-formation denied to us. Besides, I dare say, he was entertaining himself at your expense child.

Dora looked very carnestly at her mother. " If you had seen him and heard him speak mamma," she said, "you could scarcely connect the idea of a foolish jest with that man; still less would you think it likely that he should or could be mistaken about a thing he

asserts so positively as this." Mrs. Courtenay looked slightly disturbed.

"Why, what is he like?" she asked. A gentleman-a [real gentleman. I mcan.

Yes, truly a real gentleman; though almost shabbily dressed." "I don't believe him-he is a liar!" excit-

dly said Mrs. Luan.

I was not powerless. And now, must I bid you be careful and sparing of your poor rush fused to eat, and when she at length went to light, or, saddest of all, give up my little bounty because I can afford it no longer!" bed, it was not to sleep, but to fret and moan. Dora became uneasy, and that uneasiness rose These were not cheerful thoughts, and Dora to alarm when, on entering her mother's room felt depressed as she sat on the edge of her to see if she was sleeping, she found Mrs. Courtenay sitting up in her bed, talking aloud bed, and looked at the story of the patient

A. LAC POST PORTS ON

and at random.

earth-dear, happy peace!

Madame Bertrand stared.

lodger's pleasure.

want a doctor."

where.'

doctor ?"

sion.

niace.

Madame Bertrand was not very fast asleep-

only dozing, as she said when on awakening

good-humoredly asked to know her young

"My mother is ill," replied Dora, " and I

"III!" she exclaimed, amazed. "Then we

nust have the English Doctor-Dr. Richard."

Dora could not help giving a little start.

She did not want Doctor Richard ; she herself

"Then let us go for some one else," hur-riedly said Dora; "I must lose no time."

"I shall go with you to Doctor Richard's,"

Madame Bertrand good-naturedly proposed;

"and if he is not within, we can only go to

Doctor Merson-but I have up great faith in

And she asked if he lived far away,

"This is the house," answered Madame Ber-

Dora knew that house well. It stood

trand, stopping before a low and very old man-

next to that in which Nanette lived. She

nimity.

It had not seemed to Dora before this that

ments might be dangerous, But now the con-

viction that it could be so rushed to her mind

with terrible force, and conquered her equa-

"Aunt!" she cried, going back to Mrs. Luan

Griselidis on the faded curtains. "She worked for her living, to be sure," grief in one of her mother's excitable temperathought Dora, as she examined the prim figure standing with its spindle and distaff by the cottage door, "but did she ever know the cruel doubt and fear which are upon ime now She had always wool to spin, I suppose, that patient Griselidis. Was there a time when

she thought of sitting empty handed, with in their little sitting-room, "stay with mam-ma; I must go for a doctor." nothing to do, and therefore nothing to carn? God help us! If those shares are really lost, are we three to be dependent on my drawings, and on Monsieur Merand? John will do her chair snoring comfortably, whilst the gray something for his mother, poor fellow !-- but what can he do? Oh! how weak and ungrateful I was all this time, complaining that I led a dull life, forsooth, and not appreciating the inestimable blessing of security and independence, mean and humble though both asleep. It was but a little Dutch picture of were! I fear no labor, no drudgery; but what if these should fail me, and with them the lonely room, with the brown old furniture honest livelihood! If I had been sinking at sea, or shut in by flames from all help, that and the ancient clock ticking behind the door Doctor Richard could scarcely have looked more compassionate than he did. He scemed struck with pity. I dare say my face told him and the sweetest of human blessings, a blessit was ruin! ruin-cruel ruin!-irrevocable

ruin! God help me! what shall we do?" Once more a sort of despair filled her heart, but it soon passed away. Hope and a natu-rally brave spirit chased the cowardly feeling, she saw Dora standing before her; and she

and bade it begone. "I will be brave—I will be strong !" thought Dora, proudly, " and, with God's help, we shall have the needful."

She went to bed and slept-slept soundly even. But Mrs. Courtenay's slumbers were agitated and broken, and Mrs. Luan's eyes did not close once through the whole of that long

CHAPTER XII.

fully-" a very good one, I mean ?" The two elder ladies were anxiously waiting for post-time. Dora was calm. She needed no confirmation to her knowledge of the worst. "We must bear it," she thought, reducing into practice the lessons of Epictetus • The rest matters little."

That "rest," which she thus dismissed, was much to the two elder women. They denied its existence, yet waited for its coming with foar and trembling. What if those Redmore Mines should indeed prove as treacherous as Dora's four hundred a year ! We all know that sorrows come not singly. These dark sisters are in a league against man, and when one has done with him, she calls another to fill her vacant place by the stricken hearth. him," she added, with an ominous shake of the head. Well may people in trouble be gloomy. They know that, though one misfortune is gone, the other is surely coming. But it is hard to feel a butt for fate, so against that knowledge Mrs. Courtenay and Mrs. Luan both rebelled. and helped to calm her.

"I am sure the postman has gone by," triumphantly said Mrs. Courtenay.

She had been looking out of the window for the postman during the last hour. She now looked again, and to her dismay saw him turning the corner of the street, At once she drew in her frightened fsce, and sat down, pale and expectant. Mrs. Luan looked scared, and turned rather yellpw. Dora put down her sewing, and waited patiently. A ring was heard at the door below. "It is the baker," murmured Mrs. Cour-

tenay. A step came up the stairs-a discreet tap at

their door followed. "Come in," faintly said Mrs. Courtenay.

The door opened, and Madame Bertrand entered the room, with a blue foolscap letter, an English letter, in her hand. She came in smiling and nodding. English letters were always welcome to her lodgers.

"Here it is," she said, still nodding "'How leased the ladies will bc,' I said to the post-

over which Dora found that she was powerhour or so, and then I shall know better how less. Mrs. Courtenay cried the whole day, re-10 act."

Dora followed him out of the room. "There is no cause for alarm, sir, is there ?" she arked, detaining him at the head of the

staircase. taircase. "Not that I know of; but, to tell you the

truth, I do not know what is the matter with this lady, and I do not wish to prescribe until I have such moviedge. I shall call round in an hour or so."

"But my mother cannot be very ill !" urged Dora. "she wat so well this morning;"

"I do not think she is very ill," he answered, quietly; "but it is to feel sure of it that I shall come again," He left her, and Dora, much relieved, re-

turned to her mother's room. But the relief She hastily put on her bonnet and ran downwas only momentary. As she sat and listenstairs to Madame Bertrand. She found her in ed to Mrs. Courtenay's gentle wanderings, and looked at her flushed face, a subtle but sicken-Angola cat, gathered up in a demure attitude ing fear crept to her heart. What if the blow had been too severe? What if the terror of poverty had irremediably shaken a mind of on the table by her mistress was purring in unison. The lamp burned unused, for though no great strength? For it was a cruel-a Madame Bertrand's spectacles were on her nose, and a half-mended stocking was on her very cruel blow. She need only look at Mrs. Luan's dull, heavy face, at her vacant eyes, and hands vidly clasped on her lap, and see left hand, the good lady was, as we said, fast domestic comfort ; yet that homely woman in how that blow had told on her. She tried to rouse her a little.

"Do not look so, aunt," she said, going to her chair and bending over it, "take your gave Dora a brief, sharp pang. Oh! to be so once more, with health and humble comfort, patchwork and cheer up. Mamma will get well, and John will help us, and I shall draw for Mons. Merand, and all will be right again. ing, indeed, which is more of Heaven than of "We shall give a party next week," here

said Mrs. Courtenay, "and your aunt shall wear a yellow dress, Dora." Mrs. Luan smiled grimly.

"She thinks me foolish !" she said, " does she? Eh?"

She was evidently triumphing in her supcrior wisdom. Dora's eyes grew dim as she looked toward the bed.

"Some people look wise and are silly," continued Mrs. Luan, with a nod. "Oh! dear, how hot my head is !"

She took off her cap as she spoke, and flung it to the other end of the room. There was no comfort to receive there, no

could not have said why. "Is he a good doctor?" she asked doubtcomfort, either, to administer. Dora returned to her mother's bedside. "Good!" screamed Madame Bertrand;

why, did he not save Madame Bernard's "It is a party, a beautiful party," resumed Mrs. Courtenay: "only where is Paul? You child that was black in the face 1 And when must dance with Paul, Dora. Pity you are brother and sister—I should have liked you poor Monsieur Legrand had that brain fever, did he not get him through-only is he within now? He would be the greatest doctor in to marry Paul. So accomplished-such a gentleman !" Rouen if he were not always nobody knows

"Do listen to her!" scornfully said Mrs Luan, still seeming to triumph in her superi ority. Then she gave a start, and added abruptly, " That's the death-watch !" Dora felt almost angry.

"That is Madame Bertrand's great clock ticking," she replied, warmly. "I wonder at you, aunt!"

Mrs Luan stared at her without replying. Then she rose, picked up her cap, put it on They went out together. The night was fine, but cool. The chill air did Dora good, after shaking it, and, to Dora's relief, went to her own room. She remained alone with her mother, looking at her, listening to her in troubled silence. The evening, the house, "I dare say it is only a little natural excitement." she thought, already rallying from her fears, "still, I shall be glad to have ad-vice. I hope that Doctor Richard is a good the street, all seemed preternaturnally still, but Madame Bertrand's clock was awfully distinct.

"How cruel of aunt to say that !" thought Dora ; " but, poor thing, she knows no better. Why do Ilisten to that foolish old clock? It is a hundred years old, at least and is in its dotage-why, then, do I mind it ?" Why is superstition, latent in the human

knew that gray facade. that low arched door. heart, ready to start forth at the first call of Once she had seen the door open, and caught sorrow? Oh! what a relief it was when a ring a glimpse of a green court with mildewed walls, an old shattered fountain, and a heap of was heard below, when the street-door opened, and Dr. Richard's step came up the stairsculptured rubbish; but Doctor Richard, or case! A relief, yet Dora's heart beat so with indeed any one, she had never seen about the sudden fear, that she could scarcely rise to "He is within," said Madame Bertrand ; she receive him when he entered the room. Withlooked up at the first-floor windows as she out speaking he went and took the chair she had left vacant. He sat down again, and he spoke-they were curtainless. Dora saw a light passing from room to room, but she looked at Mrs. Courtenay with the closest

ould not see who carried it. 'Does Doctor Richard live here?" she in-looking at him with an intent gaze. Years get through." Little girl-"Oh, dear, no; quired, as her companion rang the bell, which afterward she could have drawn his face from mamma said I was not to sit down; it would gave a loud dismal peal in the empty rooms memory as she saw it on this evening, so keen spoil my dress."

anything like coldness. With all this his was

a prep exing countenance, perhaps, because it

was one of many contrasts, and, therefore, not

easily read. Intellect it expressed and power

tempered with good humour; but with these

attractive gifts there were others which quali-

fied them. Dr. Richard looked like a man of

strong passions, and especially like one with

whom anger is both quick and vehement.

He might be, and probably he was, warm-

Dora looked, not to observe all this, though

"I am just as much puzzled as before."

He spoke with a candor rare in medical

men. They cannot afford it. Their patients expect them to be endowed with Godlike in-

fallibility, and wee be to them if by word or

"Certainly; but it is robhing you of

He took a book out of his pocket as he

spoke, and was soon intent upon its contents

and Mrs. Luan came forth; but Doctor Richard

only turned a page without looking around

Mrs. Luan sat down not far from him, and

still Doctor Richard was, or seemed to be, un-

night's sleep, sir." "Not it. I can read, you know."

say.

than it felt then. How hard, how cold how heartless it all seemed! she compelled her-self to read, indeed, but half the time she found no meaning in the words before her. Ever and anon her eyes wandered from the page to Doctor Richard, and every time they did so, they found, on their way, the face of Mrs. Luan, sitting in the gloomy part of the room, and staring at the stranger with that fixed stare which one sometimes sees in animals when a guest toward whom they feel but half friendly is present. That look, of which Doctor Richard was, or chose to seem, uncenscious, added to. Dora's nervousness. She could read no more-her anxiety was too great; and still time passed, and still Doctor Richard read on.

WEDNESDAY, 17TH JULY, 1878.

and showed no inclination to go. Suddenly a church clock struck the hour_ two of the morning; than a few minutes later another clock took up the tale, and another again-for a whole quarter of an hour it was two. Dora sat no longer reading, but, with her check resting on the palm of her hand, and her elbow on the table. "Will he never go? --will he never speak?" she thought; and she look toward him almost entreatingly.

(To be continued)

ROBERT EMMET-A REAL GHOST STORY

The family scat of the Emmets is situate on the eastern side of the Dundrum road, and midway between the villages of Miltown and Windy Arbour. The house was built by the Emmets, and, as if with the consciousness that a day might come when necessity for concealment should arise, trapdoors and secret chambers were made beneath the flooring of the basement story. When the attempted insurrection of 1803 totally failed, the unfortunate Robert fled hither. The house was then in the occupation of Mr. Glibborn, who was greatly puzzled to account for the noises which disturbed the slumbers of himself and his family for several nights. The nurse was sure the place was haunted, and declared she saw a ghost. An evening or two passed, and the noises still continuing, Mr. Mr Glibborn determined on remaining up and, if possible. solving the secret. He had not long to wait for the same night, at about the hour when churchyards are said to yawn and the graves to give up their dead, a dull thud was heard as if a person had leaved from a window to the ground. A material presence was indicated by the fall, and the form of a man was seen to disappear in the darkness. Seizing a pistol, Mr. Glibborn followed and fired after the fugitive. A little terrier came on the track and gave chase, his master following. The dog led him to a heap of straw at the end of the garden, beneath which a figure lay con-cealed. Mr. Glibborn approached, the figure rose up, and, worn by watching, fevered by anxiety, dispirited by disappointment and heart-crushed by the extinguishmont of his most cherished hopes, Robert Emmet stood before him. "Sir," said he, "you see before you a ruined man; you have already attempted my life—take it. I have no desire to prolong it—I possess nothing worth living for now." Mr. Glibborn replied that he had no wish to injure him, but that the illness of a member of his family rendered it impossible to permit his continuing about the house. "It is enough," said Emmet, and under the protection of the night he fled to his humble lodgings at Mrs. Palmer's, in Harold's Cross, where he was shortly after arrested. It is rather a singular coincidence that the family seat of the Emmets should have been crected close by the towers of Clonskeegh Castle, at that time the residence of Mr. Jackson, one of the founders of the Society of United Irishmen, and an active promoter of the rebellion

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fashion's folly .--- Old gentleman :---- Sit

"I hope-I trust they are not those of which my mother holds some shares" she said.

Some, alast she might have said all that Mrs. Courtenay possessed was thus invested. The anxiety and distress on her countenance struck Monsieur Merand.

"Shall I ask Doctor Richard ?' he said.

"Yes, Monsieur Merand, do, pray. It will oblige me. It is very foolish of me to think anything of the kind ; but we have had losses already, and that makes me timorous."

"I shall be sure to see him this evening, or to-morrow at the latest," continued Monsieur Merand, "and then-why, here he is!" he added, breaking off as Doctor Richard reentered the shop.

Something in their two faces showed Doctor Richard that they were talking of him. He bent his full black eyes on either alternately, and his countenance assumed a sudden look of mistrust, not unmingled with defiance, Monsieur Merand stood on ceremony with no one. In a few words he exposed Miss Courtenay's anxiety, and her purpose in inquiring. No kind and courteous periphrasis marked Doctor Richard's answer. He was a quick and sure surgeon, and did not prolong Dora's agony.

"The Redmore Mines," was bis brief reply. Dora turned pale; but uttered not one word at first, They both looked at her anxiously and gravely.

"These are the mines," she said at length. After a while she added, looking at Doctor Richard, "Will there be nothing left?"

"Scarcely a sixpence in the pound, I be lieve; but no one can tell yet." It was ruin. A second ruin, deeper, fuller

than the first. "God's will be done," said Dora, after another pause. "Here is your drawing, Monsieur Merand !'

She gave it to him as she spoke.

"I shall want another soon." he said, quickly.

She nodded assent, bowed to Doctor Rich ard, and left the shop without uttering another word. She could not speak, her heart was full, and her brain as yet felt too dizzy for thought.

There is a terrible kind of poverty; the poverty of the millions, who, being used to it from their birth, luckily do not see it in all its horrors; the poverty which the narrowest plank, which the frailest barrier divides from the deep, dark gulf of want. That poverty Dora had never known. She had been reared on a slender income ; but she ever felt safe in her little cage, and had no conception of the life led by such as have to shift in the wilderness, and are not sure, when they go to bed at night, that there shall be bread for them on the morrow. To lose the nine-tenths of her, income was nothing, whilst the tenth, which was strictly sufficient, remained unto her. But to lose that, to have to face a second poverty, grim and bare as the first, and far more pitiless than it had ever been, filled her with a sort of horror-not for her bwn sake merely, but for that of the beings

"My poor mother! My poor aunt!" she thought when she could think.

an' cu

"He looks one straight in the face, aunt." "But, my dear, you know nothing about him," urged her mother. "I have seen him, mamma, and both his

appearance and manner are remarkable." " Is he handsome?" "Not at all. Indeed, he is dark and rather

plain. I feel pretty sure that he comes from the south."

"Then he is an Irishman !" "Yes-at least I think so."

"I don't believe it," again put in Mrs. Luan ; "Richard is not an Irish name-he is a liar!"

But Dora noticed that her hand shook so that she could not thread her needle.

"I am not sure he is Irish," she resumed but his countenance makes me think he is. Whatever his country may be, his face is that of a generous, warm-hearted man, and, I will add, of an upright one."

Mrs Courtenay said innocently :

"My dear, how you must have looked a him to see all that is in his face!"

"I did indeed look at him," replied Dora gravely. "When he uttered this terrible news, I looked at him as I seldom look at pcople, mamma. But you see it was Destiny, our Fate, that was speaking. He seemed sorry, very sorry for me, but he softened and mitigated nothing. I do not think he could do so even if he wished-the truth is too strong for him."

They both looked at her with some surprise. She was pale, but grave and collected. The blow had fallen on her, but it had not crushed her; and though she felt it still, she was already rallying from it effects. The exchanged alarmed looks. Was it, could it, be true?

"But if the money is lost, what shall we do?" exclaimed Mrs. Courtenay, raising her voice, and clasping her hands in terror.

"Monsieur Merand asks me for another drawing," said Dora; "besides, I shall try and get some teaching."

"I shall write to Mr. Derring at once!" cried Mrs. Courtenay, much agitated. " A(my solicitor, he must know the truth."

"It is too late for the post to-day, mamma dare say we shall know the truth to-morrow."

Butit was very plain that concerning that truth Dora herself felt no doubt. The dreary certainty had entered her soul in Monsieur Merand's shop, and could leave it no more.

They spent a melancholy evening. Mrs Courtenay took out her cards, and tried the favorite patience of His Majesty Louis Dixhuit, but she changed color ere she had gone half through it. She had placed an omen upon it, and whether the cards would not come right, or whether-what was just as likely-Mrs. Courtenay's disturbed mind would not let her take advantage of the chances of the game, it was plain that the result would have been a cruel "no" to her secret hopes. So she would not trust fate, but mixed up the cards hurriedly, and put them away with a frightened look that went to Dora's heart. It was a relief to her when she retired to her room for the night. As she closed her window, which had remained open, she looked up to Nanetie's, where a light was burning. "" My poor little fairy," she thought, " that

light of yours has often cheered me, and done | ing a year threw her into a sort of distraction

man; they have not had one for such a time,' Well, then,' he replied, they will not mind paying the extra postage; it is written on thick paper, and overweight, you see." So I paid him the twenty-four sous," continued

Madame Bertrand. Dora put her hand in her pocket, paid the money, and took the letter. Madame Bertrand withdrew, unconscious of the desolation she had left behind her.

"Read it, Dora-I cannot," said poor Mrs. Courtenay.

Dora obeyed and read. They heard her in death-like silence. Their little all was gone, their little hoard had been swallowed in the great wreck ; they were left, two white-haired helpless women, dependent on a girl. Dora's tears flowed at the sight of their silent grief. "Dear mamma, dear aunt," she said, look-

ing from one to the other; "I am young, and I can work. It is Providence that sent me to Monsieur Merand's shop.' And I like drawing-I did it for pleasure as much as for money; if he will but continue and take my sketches, we can live on my earnings. Besides, can I not teach English or music. or do a hundred things? As to that, can I not sew ?'

But age has not the elasticity of youth. Ruin was before Mrs. Courtenay and her sister-in law, and they could see nothing else. Dora's voice fell on their ear without a note of hope or comfort in it. It sounded idle, far away and dull, and left the bitter truth in all its bitterness. In vain she tried to console them-she failed, and each rejected her wellmeant efforts after her own fashion. Mrs Luan by a silent, moody motion of her hand, and heavy, averted looks; Mrs. Courtenay by pitiful lamentations, ending in sobs and tears. There is something very grievous in the despair of age. Childood and youth have their passionate griefs, but we know that the Siren Hope keeps many a sweet lure in store for either. The old she deserts without pity; let them suffer, their troubles at the best will be brief, and there is a cure for all sorrows beneath the green sod. Rest is there, and silence, and with both a balm to every earthly grief; is it worth while for that bright, fairhaired Hope to take thought of them? To Dora she was prodigal of promises in this sad hour. A national gallery would scarcely have held all the drawings she held up to her view. Bags full of silver five-franc pieces, rouleaux of gold, blue bank-notes, this gay young goddess held in either of her white hands. Dora's courage was but the fast belief in future good rising out of this present woe. Of work and money she felt sure; but she vainly tried to impart her certainty to her mother.

"No, no," despondingly said Mrs. Courtenay; "I dare say Monsieur Merand will be like the Redmore Mines, and we shall all starve !--all starve!" she added, rocking herself to and fro in her chair.

Dora thought at first that as her mother's grief was loud, it would be soon over-sooner, perhaps, than that of Mrs. Luan, who satsilent and moody, like a yellow statue of despair; but it was not so. Mrs. Luan rallied a little, and grew less torpid as the day passed ! whilst Mrs. Courtenay became more and more ex-citable. She had borne, with great resignation, with a sort of cheerfalness, iudeed, the loss of Dera's four hundred a year, but noth-

within.

could not see who carried it.

"Not always; but, poor gentleman! he spends all his money in buying old things, and he stowe them away here, you see.

The light vanished from the window above, step was heard coming down the staircase. and presently the door opened, and Dora saw Doctor Richard with his hat on and a light in his hand. She saw him, but he did not see her. He only saw Madame Bernard, behind whom she stood, in the darkness of the street. "Well!" he said, with good-humored as-

perity. "Who is ill? Who is dying now, just to vex me and keep me in Rouen tonight?"

"No one is dying, I hope, Monsieur Richard," replied Madame Bertrand, curtsying; but Mademoiselle's mamma is very poorly so we came for you."

hearted but he was certainly very warm-tem-Doctor Richard moved his light till it fell on Dora's face; his look showed that he recogpered. nized her, but he betrayed no other token of many a time later she remembered and conprevious acquaintance. He extinguished the candle, put it away on the last step of the strued every one of these signs, but to read in that dark, expressive face the fate of her sick mother. Doctor Richard remained long staircase, then walked out, locking the door behind him. It was plain he lived alone in silent. When he spoke at length, it was to that dreary old mansion.

"How strange and sharp he looks," thought Dora, to whom the night aspect of Doctor Richard's dark face gave a very different impression from that which she had received in Monsieur Merand's shop! "I hope he is a good doctor. I fear he is a wilful one."

At first Doctor Richard walked up the street before them. Then suddenly slackening his pace, he stayed by Dora's side, and began questioning her. How long had her mother been ill, and what were the sympsional skill. For without giving Dora time to reply, he continued, "I cannot tell yet. Will you let me sit an hour here and wait!" toms?

"She got bad news this morning," replied Dora; news which agitated her, and she is slightly delirious now. It is this that frightensme."

"There is probably no cause for alarm," he composedly replied, "though there may be some for care.

He spoke no more, and when they reached the house he followed her up-stairs to her mother's room, without uttering a word.

conscious of her presence. Thus all three sat "Mamma, I have brought Doctor Richard in painful silence, whilst Mrs. Courtenay utto see you," said Dora, going up to her mother. "My dear, we cannot afford doctors now,"

answered Mrs. Courtenay, excitedly. "They are expensive, you know. Besides, that is not Doctor Richard !"

"Yes, it is!" he good humoredly replied in Huglish, and at the same time sitting down by her, and taking her hand to feel her pulse. "I am not merely Doctor Richard, but your close neighbour, don't you know that ?"

The sick lady gave him a puzzled look, and then, with a wearied sigh, she let her uprais-

ed head sink back on her pillow. Doctor Richard looked at her very attentively : he leaned back in his chair at the foot of the bed and scanned her features with the closest scrutiny, seeming in no hurry to speak or to move. Mrs. Luan stared at him amazed. whilst Dora watched him with breathless sus-

pense. At length he rose and looked for his hat. "Is there nothing to be done, sir?" asked Dora.

"Not yet," he replied, "but you may as

In San Francisco, a Chinaman became the so watchful was the look she bent upon him then. Doctor Richard was not very young, father of an American-born son, and as he and he was not at all handsome. He was still danced about, swinging his pig-tail, he said : "Me Melican man, all samee old Grantee. Me heap Washington. Me lightning rod agent. in the prime and strength of life, but he was plain and dark. He had a broad, massive Go 'way. Whoopee." forehead, strongly marked eyebrows, and fine but very piercing eyes, Some sternness there The clear glass tube is now discolored by was in the upper portion of his face, but a handsome, genial mouth redeemed it from

of 1798.

the cool lemonade with a sliver in it, and through its fagile tube the icy drops go hurtling down the throat, invigorating the heated system and preventing any of the beverage from "slopping over" and taking the starch out of a white vest.

What to him was love or hope? What to him was joy or care? He stepped on a plug of greasy soap the girl had left on the topmost stair, and his feet flew out like wild, fierce things, and he struck each stair with a sound like a drum; and the girl below with her scrubbing things laughed like a fiend to see him come.

A book agent, who has retired from active labor upon the hard earned accumulations of a life of industrious cheek, say that the great scoret of his success was what when he went to a house where the female head of the family presented herself, he always opened by saying ;- " I beg your pardon, miss; but it was your mother I wanted to see." That always used to get 'em. They not only subscribed for my books themselves, but they told me where I could find more customers.

look they disappoint the preposterous expec-A lady had lost her husband, but she had tation! But Doctor Richard did not seem to left off her mourning and went to parties. care much for the reputation of his profes-Being asked by one of those gentleman who attended soirces, as mediums, who she would like to see in spirit, and having replied, "My poor James," the departed suddenly rose out of the centre of the carpet, as it were, and stood before the whole company. "Ohl James, tell me are you happy?" "Very." Are you happier now than when on earth." "Much happier." "Then, James, you must be in heaven ?" No; I'm in hell." The door of the inner room opened cre long,

The Czar of Russia is said to have awaited the approach of the twenty-first of last April with superstitious anxiety, that being his sixtieth birthday, which he feared he would not survive. No Roumanow before him ever attained the age of sixty, and it is a tradition that none ever would. A little over a year ago the Grand Duchess Helenc died shortly before completing her sixtieth year-a cir cumstance that looked, to the Czar, like the fulfilment of a prophecy and plunged him into deep despondency. Since the midnight hour of April 21 he is like a new man and displays a kindliness and gentleness that had been strange to him.

Sheridan died leaving creditors who clamored for his remains to sell for dissection. His brilliant son, Tom, died in not much better circumstances at the Cape, whither he was obliged to go to earn a livelihood in a small Govornment office when his pecuniary difficulties culminated. Yet, while Pitt, For and a host of other English celebrities have no representative to day, Sheridan's son married a heiress, became member for his country and a most respected and respectable country gentleman. One of his daughters is the second peerces of the realm and two

fered some flighty remark every now and then. "Dora," she once exclaimed, cagerly, "is everything safe ?"

"Yes, mamma, quite safe." "I mean the money. Because, you see, Mr. Brown is in the room."

She looked significantly at Doctor Richard. who raised his eyes, gave a little start of surprise, and even colored slightly. Dora blushed and explained hastily:

"Mr. Brown was our banker, and we unfortunately lost some money through him," she said : " so_"

"Mrs. Courtenay connects me with him," said Doctor Richard, without letting her go on pray do not apologize."

"Mr Brown was a rogue !" remarked Mrs. Luan, staring at Doctor Richard, who returned the look with interest.

Dora, much perplexed and confused, said nothing. Doctor Richard preserved the greatest composure, and resumed his reading. A book lay on the table-Dora took it up. It was "Epictetus." Never, alas! had her mind well sit up with her. I shall call again in an | telt less inclined to receive the steic's teaching | others became the mothers of peers."