

MISS EDITH HELPS THINGS ALONG.

"My sister'll be down in a minute, and says you're to wait, if you please. And says I might stay till she came, but I'd promised her never to leave. Now speak till you speak to me first, but that's nonsense, for how would you know what she told me to say if I didn't don't you really and truly think so?"

DORA

By JULIA KAVANAGH, Author of "Nathalie," "Adele," "Queen Mab," &c

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

"Come here," urged Monsieur Merand. "Not on those terms. Did I not tell you I was a ruined man?" "Come, Doctor Richard, those mines did not take all your money."

She was standing on the place, with the massive gloom of Notre Dame hanging over 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.

"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 employing me."

me good, for poor though I am, it showed me I was not powerless. And now, must I bid you be careful and sparing of your poor rush light, or saddest of all, give up my little bounty because I can afford it no longer?"

The two elder ladies were anxiously waiting for post-lime. 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.

CHAPTER XII.

over which Dora found that she was powerless. Mrs. Courtenay cried the whole day, refused to eat, and when she at length went to bed, it was not to sleep, but to fret and moan.

"I am just as much puzzled as before," she spoke with a candid rare in medical men. They cannot afford it. Their patients expect them to be endowed with Godlike infallibility, and we be to them if by word or look they disappoint the preposterous expectation!

hour or so, and then I shall know better how to act." Dora followed him out of the room. "There is no cause for alarm, sir, is there?" she asked, detaining him at the head of the staircase.

"Dora," she once exclaimed, eagerly, "is everything safe?" "Yes, mamma, quite safe." "I mean the money. Because, you see, Mr. Brown is in the room."

than it felt then. How hard, how cold, how heartless it all seemed! she compelled herself 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 who are guests toward whom they feel but half friendly is present.

ROBERT EMMET—A REAL GHOST STORY. The family seat of the Emmets is situated on the eastern side of the Dundrum road, and midway between the villages of Milltown 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.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fashion's folly.—Old gentlemen—sit down, my dear; you'll be so tired before you get through." Little girl—"Oh, dear, no; mamma said I was not to sit down; it would spoil my dress."