Conquered at Last.

[Some time since, the Mobile News offered a prize for the poem which, by a Southern writer, should be judged the most meritorious, expressive of the gratitude which existed in the Southern heart toward the people of the North for the philanthropy and magnanimity so freely and nobly dis-played in the time of the dire affliction of the played in the time of the dire affliction of the South by pestilence. This offer on the part of the News called forth 77 competitive compositions from various parts of the country. The committee to whom the manuscripts were submitted decided in favor of the poem entitled "Conquered at Last," by Miss L. Eve, of Augusta, Ga., which is here

You came to us once, O brothers, in wrath, And rude desolation followed your path.

You conquered us then, but only in part, For a stubborn thing is the human heart.

So the mad wind blows in his might and main, And the forests bend to his breath like grain, Their heads in the dust and their branches broke, But how shall he soften their hearts of oak?

You swept o'er the land like the whirlwind's wing; But the human heart is a stubbborn thing. We laid down our arms, we yielded our will; But our heart of hearts was unconquered still.

"We are vanquished," we said, but our wounds mu heal; We gave you our swords but our hearts were steel. "We are conquered," we said, but our hearts were so And "Woe to the conquered" on every door,

But the spoiler came and he would not spare, The angel that walketh in darkness was there. He walked thro' the valley, walked thro' the street, And he left the print of his flery feet.

In the dead, dead, dead that were everywhere, And buried away with never a prayer,

From the desolate land-from its very heart-There went forth a cry to the uttermost part. You heard it, O brothers!—with never a measure You opened your hearts and poured out your trea

O Sister of Mercy! you gave above these! For you helped, we know, on your bended knees.

Your pity was human, but oh! it was more When you shared our cross and our burden bore. Your lives in your hands, you stood by our sides; Your lives for our lives you laid down and died.

And no greater love hath a man to give Than lay down his life that his friends may live.

You poured in our wounds the oil and the wine That you brought to us from a Hand Divine. You conquered us, brothers; our swords we gave; We yield now our hearts—they are all we have.

Our last ditch was there, and it held out long; It is yours, O friends, and you'll find it strong. Your love had a magic, diviner than art, and "Conquered by kindness" we'll write on our heart.

LITTLE DORINDA

WHO WON AND WHO LOST HER.

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M. A., F. S. A.

"Don't speak crossly to me, mamma," she said ervously. "You shouldn't. You know I am not "Indeed, she is a great child," said the faithles

From that moment Landor was resolved. The pleading, helpless, interesting, gallant little heroine!

—he would be her champion, and cast his lot with hers. He felt an enthusiasm. How engaging, how pretty she looked in that struggle with her tears!

ow appealing too!

Mr. Landor walked home with Lady Fanshaw and Dawlish in front, for the former lady felt that

e was mistress of the situation.
"Oh, I have suffered so much," Dorinda whisper . "But it will have no effect on me—never!"
"Poor child!" he said. "And why? Tell me

about it!"

"Oh, if I were to tell you; but how can I?" and she turned her lustrous eyes on him, then turned self."

"What! won't take my word? Well, you shall "What! won't take my word? well to it.

"You will come?" she replied eagerly, as if an-

swering what was in his thoughts. "Yes, I shall be alone," They must leave me alone." The following morning he arrived, and as he look

ed up on entering, saw her in the balcony watering some flowers. There was a worried look on her face, but she called up her brightest smiles to wel-So lucky!" she said. "They have gone out.

It's like a providence."

"I am so glad, too," he said; "for I wished to say something to you. If you knew—but you must have guessed before now—what I feel towards

not as well as I do you, but at all!"

She was sitting close beside him, then turned to him with a little cry long drawn out, and closed her eyes in rapture as though about to cast herself on him. you! And if I only thought that you liked me-

"Oh, do you mean it really? Little me! And

"Oh, do you mean it really? Little me! And you!—so great, so clever!"
"But you consent? Tell me?"
"Yes, yes! oh, yes!" she said with all her pretty fervour. "For ever yours!—nothing shall oppose or stand in the way, even if—they should promise me to another. You would not mind that?"
"No, no," he said, a little astonished; "if you do not promise yourself. And you like—have liked me?"

Then in a little quiet, old-fashioned way she an-

I have always had a very great regard for you from the very first "—then casting it from her impetuously—"the first day. When you were at Fanshawe, I seemed to feel that you had some strange influence and power over me. Even wher you would ask me to come out and walk, I could not resist obeying, and I felt that I was to belong to you. And now I am—I am yours."

Then, with another sudden change, she became

grave.
"Oh, but mamma! What is to be done?"

Then he gave her confidence. There will be some little trouble, I fear, but

only a little.' "A little! Oh, you know not," and she covered her face. "But I am yours now, for life and death, whatever happens!" added the romantic little maid;

and she meant it, and made the vow then and there There were now voices on the stairs. Lady Fanshawe and Dawlish entered.
"Shall we tell them now?" said he.

A little scared she turned to them. "N-no, not yet." She was not

She was not prepared to go through the scene that was impending.

Lady Fanshawe looked at him with suspicion, as

Dorinda hurriedly quitted the room.

"Good-bye, Mr. Landor, we are off to-night. I won't ask you to come and see us in town," she added significantly. "Some one has made my

won't ask you to come and see us in town," she added significantly. "Some one has made my daughter the talk of this place. I just came in time. You may come and see us off, though."

And that evening, in the darkness, while the long express from Germany, Switzerlaud, Paris, came rolling down to the pier with its freight, the party went on board, Dorinda following demurely, as she always did, in the wake of her bustling mamma. went on board, Dorinda following demurely, as she always did, in the wake of her bustling mamma.

On the deck Lady Fanshawe, who was good-natured in a queer, spasmodic way, called to him, "Go over the family clustered round behind her, rather fond of their little guest. The whole was

to her now and say good-bye, for you won't have such an opportunity again." But there were only

a few moments left.

"Good-bye," said Dorinda fervently. "My own for ever, are you not? I shall tell her on the way. Oh, I must. It is such great news. I can't conceal it longer. But at the same time there will be awful troubles,"

"That must be expected," he said gaily; "but we shall get over it. I'll stand between you and

them."
"No, you can't, you can't," she said. "You don't know—oh, I can't tell you. You won't mind my having a secret, my own, will you?"
Before he had time to answer, the last minute came, and with a hurried farewell he had to go on shore. Then they sailed away.

CHAPTER IX. "THE HORN SOUNDS."

A day or two later, when he had fixed on a course

A day or two later, when he had fixed on a course to pursue—and it was not a little perplexing to choose a course—he received the following letter, which was not, however, unexpected:—

"MY DEAR MR. LANDOR.—My daughter has told me what has occured I think it right to let you know plainly that we can never agree to what you propose, not from any objection to yourself personally, but there is an insurmountable barrier, which for the present cannot be disclosed. You have but little and she has nothing. This I say to remind you how small your resources would be to her who is accustomed to every comfort. You would not wish to deprive her of certain wealth and position, which neither you nor we can give her."

This enigmatical production would have mystified him a good deal but for the resentment he now felt.

felt.
"An artful old person! But she shan't bam-"An artful old person! But she shan't bamboozle me." And he felt his affection for the faithful little Dorinda who he knew must be now suffering all the more from the delicate and sensitive nature she had been gifted with. From her arrived by a later post a little note, fragrant like honey.

"I have just heard," it ran, "that mamma wrote to you by the early post, but I hope she said nothing to vex you, as I know she sometimes writes hastily. I told her our engagement this morning, but I fear she is determined. My head aches so, I hardly know what I am writing."

She thought indeed of him, and feared lest something should have been written to wound him.

He had determined not to stay more than a few days longer at Ostend, and now departed. It would

days longer at Ostend, and now departed. It would not be difficult, now that his course was decided on, to settle the matter. Perseverance and firmness

were to be the means.

When he reached town he found that they were when he reached town he found that they were gone. There was no letter for him. He wrote him-self to Dorinda and received no reply. He wrote to Lady Fanshawe with a hint that he would present himself a Fanshawe, and after a short delay receiv-ed a letter from that lady, dated from a hotel, ask-ing him to call upon her. He was surprised to see

her elation.
"Well, Mr. Landor," she said, "I have bad news

her elation.

"Well, Mr. Landor," she said, "I have bad news for you. It can't be, and can never be! My daughter has given me a message for you. She feels it dreadfully, and really, I believe, likes you—as much as she could any one; but she's sensible, and has bid me tell you she can't consent."

He smiled rather scornfully. "Indeed!"

"I tell you frankly," she went on, "she didn't like trusting herself to see you and tell you, so I agreed to do it for her. I don't say she's in love with you, but she likes and admires you. Loid bless you! my dear Mr. Landor, a clever man like you will find plenty of girls to fall in love with.

Suspense.

On the next day Lady Fanshawe had arrived, as Mr. Landor knew by an ominously courteous letter that reached him, begging he would favour her with an interview. She received him with apparent frankness and good-humour.

"Stole a march on me!—nice pair you are! Now, Mr. Landor, sit down there, for I want to tak very seriously."

"It is idle," he answered rather impatiently.

"What is the use of all this? Your daughter is of age, and quite entitled to decide for herself. Surely, when you see the matter is gone so far, it is useless opposing, and still more useless discussing." "I tell you frankly," she went on, "she didn't like trusting herself to see you and tell you, so I agreed to do it for her. I don't say she's in love with you, but she likes and admires you. Lord bless you! my dear Mr. Landor, a clever man like you will find plenty of girls to fall in love with. Indeed, you are a rather dangerous man to have in a house. But, trust me, you'll both forget all in six months, and be the best friends in the world when you do meet, which you will by god by and when you do meet, which you will by and by, and at Fanshawe too.'

Landor had hardly been listening to this discourse, or, indeed, was only waiting for her to finish.
"You must see," he said, "Lady Fanshawe, that
this won't do exactly. You must excuse me if I ask
for a formal declaration from Miss Fanshawe her-

them away. "You can't guess?"
"I can; I think I can," he answered. "You will tell me. You will be at home to-morrow early, will but mind I warned you; I told you she was a flirt tell me. "You will be at home to-morrow early, will but mind I warned you; I told you she was a flirt tell me." Alas! within a day came a letter from the faith-

less Dorinda.
"I feel," she wrote, "I should not delay writing to you, but I am sadly perplexed between so many difficulties, my own feelings, and my mother and father's great opposition. What can I do? Were father's great opposition. What can I do? Were I to act contrary to their will I never could be happy. You will feel for me in being obliged to give up my own wishes. But you know not how I am situated, and how I must sacrifice myself to

others, and, I may not tell you. DORINDA."
"So there it all ends," he said to himself, as a dull blankness came upon him. "It was a folly the beginning.

He was confounded at such treachery, and he de termined to plunge anew into his pursuits, drowning his care, as others would seek the glass. He was not, however, very successful in these endeavours. Weeks and months passed away. His vigorous efforts at making a naturally retentive memory for-get the past never relaxed, but still her image was before him. He could read between the lines of her letter, and realise what a weary suffering and trial it was for that gentle little soul, which, like some thin and delicate lace fabric, had to be handled

While he was, as it were, prowling about London, not exactly dejected, he heard a youthful voice behind him.

"Why, its Landor! Don't you know me?" It was good-looking Bob Connor-the next best thing to meeting her.

Landor was glad to see him, and the young fellow began at once

Dorinda's better now, and nearly well " "Dorlina's better han, and the other started.

"Why, was she ill? I never heard."

"Oh, she's been bothered and woried, poor little soul! It's a shame, I say. You know what I mean. I don't see why it shouldn't be. She's here

now staying with some people."
"What! in London?"

"Yes; they're going to Paris to amuse her—take off her thoughts, as they call it. Her mother's very busy with some great plans, and is coming after her in a few days. To-night we are going to the opera.' Thus he rattled on, curious ideas crowding on Lan-or. "I say, Landor!" continued the lad squeez-ng his hand, "you know I am for you and her. I dor. "I say, ing his hand,

stick by you like a brother; and if I were you, I'd hold on—you understand."

It was as the youth had described. Our poor Dorinda hadbegun to pine and fret; she had been so petted and made much of, that anything like persecution h d a double effect. But her mother persecution h d a double effect. But her mother was stern and even pitiless. "It was for her good," a phrase she repeated; and much as she loved her daughter, she had an obstinate pride, which was more powerful with her. Besides—

There she sat in a box at the Convent Garden Opera House, pale, and, with a sort of artificial animation, smiling and laughing, and her eyes, as usual, sparkling. But her friends noticed how transparent was her face, and what a look of pain and

framed in the crimson hangings of the box.

We can guess who saw all this from the stalls below, and who noted the feverish excitement of the bright face, so animated and yet every now and again so absent. How he watched her! and at the end of the second act had made his way up to the lobby, and was standing at the door.

What a greeting—a little cry almost! Not much ceremony was used to turn the young brewer out, who resigned for a short space, as it were, though.

who resigned for a short space, as it were, though, when he returned, there was a callous and insolent

which he returned, there was a canous and hisoient resistence to his claim.

Dorinda, after a faint reserve and attempt at acting, poured her whole little heart out. She was so, overflowing with happiness that she forgot her letter, and during the remaining acts of the opera—what it was she never knew—all was solemnly repowed. newed. There was repentance, vows; and this time a firm and eternal engagement was entered into, that neither parents nor other should ever interfere

with.
"Oh, I ought not!" she whispered. "You should go away. I should not talk to you. I promised I would never see you again, or speak to you."
"Yes, but under compulsion. And I have made

no promise."

"Oh, I am so happy now," she murmured, the brewer group behind looking on sniffingly and rather offended,—"and so well. I shall get well now, my own-you are my own now-for your

who could resist her? That night was eyer after for Laudor an Arabian night—the lights, the music, were all for them. She was full of nature, spontaneous, and disdained to conceal what was in her heart, and that she felt that this was too much hap-

"But I have such a presentiment—such presentiments—even now."
"About what?" he asked gently.

"Oh, about you! I may promise and pledge myself, but if you fail, what will become of me

myself, but if you fail, what will become of me? You know what they got me to do already. And the hom—if the hom in 'Ernani'—if it should sound for me!" (She had made it out.)

"Have no fears," he said; "I have none."

They were coming down the stairs in the crowd, the dream still continuing. The young brewer had come to offer his arm, but he was unnoticed. Dorinda looked so bright and happy, many noticed her. Just as they were passing out at the door she gave a start and a cry. He felt her arm tremble on his.

"It was he! Did you see him? No!"

"It was he! Did you see him! No!"
She hardly knew what she was saying.
"What is it!" he said. "Don't be frightened,"
and he looked eagerly through the crowd.
"I was sure," she said half to herself; "I could
not be mistaken. Oh, thus all is at an end!"
"Come to-morrow, mind," she whispered. "I
shall send them all out."

She was a heroine-a woman already.

CHAPTER X.

ly, when you see the matter is gone so far, it is useless opposing, and still more useless discussing."

Lady Fanshawe gave him a dark look of hostility.

"I only wanted to tell you what you should know, and what she has no doubt not told you—that she is engaged to another person."

"What! Engaged!"

"Yes, and has been engaged for more than a year."

It flashed on him what he had seen last night. 'And this was kept secret ?' "Yes, for family reasons."

"I thought so. She was therefore prevented telling me," he added with a smile. "Some very rich man that it is an object to gain, for family reasons."

"And she told you that, though she was bound

"Oh, you are showing off your eleverness, then. But it shan't be as long as 1 live, I give you fair notice, so put it out of your head."

Come, now," she said, changing to a soothing tone, "the proof will be in the eating of the pudding, as they say. Trust me, it won't be. The gentleman has just come home—he is to go with us to Paris. I warn you he is not to be trifled with."

"Who is he?"

"Never mind that now. I have given you warning—mind you are accountable now for what happens. Dorinda is very delicate and sensitive, as you know. I suppose you don't want to worry her

into her grave? Notwithstanding the calm front with which he had encountered the lady, Landor came away much disturbed at these prognostics. There was some mystery about this man. But Dorinda, who, as his own sagacity told him, had been but a helpless in the same was to be a same but a same had been but a same had been but a same was a same with the same when the same was a same was strument in her family's hands,-what did her behaviour mean? Later he saw her.

"Mamma has told you," she cried. "I could not do it. But you believe in me still. Indeed, I did it for poor papa's sake. He begged of me, and then they all persuaded me. Besides," she added, turning to him with a smile of ineffable sweetness, "I had not seen you then."

"Not a word," he said smiling. "I understand

it all. "But what is to be done? What will become of us? He has come back—he may be here at any

"What is the difficulty? If he be a gentleman or

true man, he will not force himself on a person that does not like him." does not like him."

"No, of course; that's what I say," she answered enthusiastically. "But"—suddenly she grew grave—"you see, my poor father and mother! But I may not tell that. You will stand by me—suddenly she will be the stand by me—subject with the stand by me—subject wi

But I may not tell that. You will stand by me—
you won't desert me.?" she said appealingly. "You
know I am yours, and I give all up for you."
What could he reply but yow, and believe in his
heart of hearts, that he was to be the happiest of
mortals, and that there was no one in the wide
world like her.
Then she told him the whole story of Mr. Naylor

and his love, and how she had yielded because it pleased her parents. Then he came. "Oh, that was a different thing. From that moment I felt it could not be."

That evening Landor received one of her tiny totes. She was fond of writing them on torn half

eets. It ran thus:—
"He is to be here to-morrow, and I have got a plan, like the French general. Oh, such a plan! I shall let you know more to-morrow."

CHAPTER XI. DORINDA'S PLAN.

Mr. Naylor had indeed returned from the colonmr. Naylor had indeed returned from the considered had not been seen in the consideration of the consideration of

ed his proceedings to get back to Dorinda. Among ed his proceedings to get back to Dorinda. Among his packages were some sumptuous presents. He would load her with gold and jewels; for, by her acceptance of him, he felt that all that was before him was merely to cultivate her good-will and regard, which would soon develop into something warmer. In fact, during all those months of absence he had been feasting on the future. It was all a new sensation, and he had begun to think that at last there was a happy life before him.

all a new sensation, and he had begun to think that at last there was a happy life before him.

He had made many resolutious too; for her sake he would change—soften, became unselfish, and less stern and cruel. He felt the deepest gratitude to her for accepting him so readily, and would show her that he could return it.

On his arrival he hurried to the house where she was staying and found that she had gone to the

was staying, and found that she had gone to the opera. He then followed, and was not able to find the box in which she sat, but on her coming out had

the box in which she sat, but on her coming out had; seen her come out with Landor. There was not much in this; but he turned hastily away, and went home without speaking to her.

The morning after his arrival he was preparing to set off to wait on his "mistress"—old fashioned term—when word was brought to him thai she was below and desired to see him. In some agitation he went downstairs. The truth was, Dorinda, who had been tassing wearily all the night had arrived he went downstairs. The truth was, Dorinda, who had been tossing wearily all the night, had arrived at a resolution—a brilliant idea had occurred to her. Was he not generous and manly? and how handsomely he had spoken on his departure! And did he not love her? She would go to him, tell him all, throw herself on his generosity and goodness, ask him to be her friend for life instead of a husband. Who could resist her? That night was ever after In to be her friend for life instead of a husband. Then beyond this she saw other vitas; he would be so touched and so much under her influence that she would do what she pleased with him, and interest him for dear papa and mamma, and make him help them; and she smiled gleefully to herself at the thought of the amazing power there was in her of "turning a man round her finger."

So she dressed herself in the most bewitching style, setting off her roll, little sheeks with a disjust her.

"Oh," said she at last, "these must not be for me.
I have come to you to appeal to your generosity. I
know I am behaving like a wretch, but I cannot
help it—indeed I cannot."

He had a large jewel case in bis hand, which he
was opening to dazzle her with. But a strange expression came into his face as he surveyed her
closely. It seemed to harden at the corners, and the surface to turn to steel. He grew ghastly white. He then laid the articles down and said quietly,

very quietly—
"Let me understand clearly; these words must mean a greal deal. Have you changed your mind since I was away?"

He spoke in such a cool business-like tone that Dorinda was reassured, in her heart of hearts almost piqued. But the relief was intense. Instant-

"And as I know you like me, and as I like you, though not so much as you deserve, or, indeed, as I ought "—(this she thought a happy little speech)— "You will be indulgent to me, won't you?"

"What further do you wish!" he said coldly.

"I mean, I want you to smooth this matter with my mother and father. You would not wish me to

von.

"Oh, thank you-thank you." "And I should tell you this-not from any wish, I assure you, of making it an obligation, but because you will come to know it—that your father was good enough to confide to me his difficultles, and I came to his aid in a very substantial way. He asked for and received some fifteen thousand

pounds from me."

Dorinda turned pale. In an instant she saw the position. She felt the ridiculousness of her pride and coquettish style of dealing with this suitor. The fatal truth was they were all his now, and she herself, instead of capriciously dictating terms, could only be allowed to do so out of favour, He looked at her for some moments, she thought, with an air of triumph, and fancied she saw a gleam of savage enjoyment in his eyes.
"But you would not." she suddenly cried, "sure-

ly you would not use your power?"

"Have no fears," he said contemptuously; " seem bent on hurting me with suspicions. It shall not make the least difference. You must only consider me a common creditor, instead of "——and he paused. "But in case that anything should take place to interrupt the new arrangement—you know how uncertain everything is, and ours seemed cer-tain—you can return to the old arrangement. Does

not that reassure you?"
"Don't, don't speak in that way," said Dorinda, "as if it was all a matter of business"—

"And not of heart. Very well! I only gave a little warming. The person may change too, as you have done."

you have done "Never!" said Dorinda, in fierce warmth; "I know him better. You must not slander him; no, Mr. Naylor only bowed. "And this gentleman's

name?" he said suddenly. "Who is he?"
"Landor, Mr. Landor," Dorinda answered faint-She had to repeat it.
"Landor!" he said slowly. "You said Landor?" He looked at her fixedly for a moment, then added calmly, "Well, he is to be congratulated. It is for him that you give me up. You have known him

how long? "A long time."
"Not so long as you have me. He was with you

"Not so long as you have me. He was with you at the opera last night."
"But," said Dorinda eagerly, "we are under obligations to him. He saved Algy's life."
"That is," he answered gravely, "the greatest of all obligations. One who has done that is entitled to ask for and to receive every sacrifice."
"Yes yes," said Dorinda; "indeed I think so."
Dorinda did not understand very clearly.
"I shall not see you again for long, until these new matters have been accomplished. Meanwhile these things may be all packed up again. Goodbye! Good wishes! Again I repeat, you need

Good wishes! Again I repeat, you need

bye! Good Wishes! Again I repeat, you need have no anxiety."

The emphasis he laid on "you" startled her.

"You would not be so base," she said excitedly.

"No, no; take care!"

"What! threatening me?"

Dorinda blushed from shame and confusion, and be kewed to his visitor and let her depart.

he bowed to his visitor and let her depart.

CHAPTER XII. THE OLD OR THE NEW LOVE?

Dorinda felt a little rueful at all this, as she thought of the finery and the grand position all lost, and, to say the truth, was much confounded and put out by the unexpectedly easy way in which her communication had been received. She had expectedly in the confounded and the communication had been received. pected quite a tragic scene, and, indeed, had almost trembled as she thought of the blow she was inflict-ing on this cold, stern man, and the consequences that might result. But this was only for a few seconds. Was not the difficulty removed? and for finery and jewels had she not now gained a true heart, that of the one man that loved her, and with

heart, that of the one man that loved her, and with whom she so delighted in the picture of sharing some humble lodging?

But the scene that awaited her at home, even though she had just courage to tell the worst and soften it down a good deal—the rage, the disappointment, the contempt, and ridicule! Her mother was beside herself, and asked her did she wish to be put in a luratic asylum. But our heroine accepted it all and bore all, writing off to him long, sad, but heroic letters, telling him what mamma said and was going to do. "A dreadful scene yesterday"—which she would then describe—adding, "But have I not you, my own?" Her father, in despair and misery, said little, though he asked her did she wish to see him end his days in a gaol, that the place must now be sold, &c. But she was firm. She welcomed these trials so long as he was true to her. She was, indeed, happier now in the thought that she was enduring suffering for the man she loved, though at times her mind would stray back to the open cases and the supperbigory.

belp them; and she smiled gleefully to herself at the thought of the amazing power there was in her of "turning a man round her finger."

So she dressed herself in the most bewitching style, setting off her pale little cheeks with a dainty bornet, and all her finery, chains, rings, &c., by which she noted festivals. Then ran in to see her mother.

"Ask me no questions," she cried, "and I'll tell you no—well, whoppers! I am off to see him."

"My dear child," said her mother, astonished, "can't you wait? He'll be here. But go—go in lack to you."

"You'll see how I'll settle the matter," she said, a little nervously, as she turned to go out of the room. "Leave it all to me."

"You'll bamboozle them both, I do believe," said her mother laughing; "and that's what you'd like best."

Dorinda, delighted with this compliment, chirruped musically like a bird on a tree.

Mr. Naylor, then, being informed that she wished to see him, welcomed Dorinda. The room was strewn with packages half open, and she knew at once that these treasures were for her. She grew more and more nervous, and he hardly allowed her time to speak, heaping her with them.

"Since I saw you I have become a far richer man—added to my own fortune by a third at least. How rich you will be! See all this finery!"

"Oh," said she at last, "these must not be for me. I have come to you to appeal to your generosity. I know I am behaving like a wretch, but I cannot be leaved. The room can be hardly allowed her time to speak, heaping her with them.

"Since I saw you I have become a far richer man—added to my own fortune by a third at least. How rich you will be! See all this finery!"

"Oh," said she at last, "these must not be for me. I have come to you to appeal to your generosity. I know I am behaving like a wretch, but I cannot be leaved. The faithful mand was despatched to my own fortune of the rord that he morning, but that a letter had just been put in the post directed to her. Filled with double that time. And then at last came the letter. It ran :— "An eve loved me!" she throught. "He has been studying me for a novel, I suppres." Still the waste and wear was too much, and she began to fade and whither, though when people looked at her she would call up the old smile, and affect an air of happiness which was only agitation. And she shunned seeing people, as though they knew all that had happened, though it had been kept secret. If she could only make him feel that she did not care for his cruel desertion—she that had thrown over for him such a brilliant match! All this she poured him such a brilliant match! All this she poured him such a brillant match! All this she poured out into her mother's breast. "And I am left!" and she gave a kind of bitter laugh, "having fallen between two stools." That one thought was before her, and the image of the man who had so faithfully stood by her and laid his heart at her feet came back on her with an almost painful restlessness. Something dramatic was what she longed for.

Her mother was not slow to interpret these favorable symptoms, and looked on with the good-humored teleration that is shown to the protests of a child under severe domestic treatment. All this occurred within a few days after Mr. Nay-

lor arrived. Lady Fanshawe saw at once that with a little art she might arrange matters so as to restore lor that this was but a little waywardness on Dorinda's part. Always an incorrigible flirt, she would flirt with an old man of eighty just for mischief. Accordingly she hurried off to Mr. Naylor, whom she succeeded in finding. He had not departed— an excellent sign; and with something approaching

transaction, which was the truth certainly, but not the whole truth. She made it out to be what she called "a little fancy," of which Dorinda would soon be wholly cured, and then would be his opportunity. She described how her child was always dwelling on him and mentioning his name. Girls will be girls. He listened with pleasure, but it seemed to her with something of ferocious pleasure.

"You, in fact, wish this matter to be renewed—to come on the tapus again, as they say? Let us speak

skilfulness she presented a coherent account of the

transaction, which was the truth certainly, but not

"I know," said the lady fervently, "that she liked you all through; only for this man, who got a temporary influence over her"——
"But I might wish to know if it was he that left

ner, or she min I''
"Oh," said the lady readily, "my dear Mr. Naylor, we cannot go into that. They must settle that
between them. They of course lay it one on the
other. But I shall bring her good news to-day, I
know—eh!" she added in a wheedling tone. "May
I tall her?" I tell her?"

He was as a bit of flint.

"I am passive, and can say nothing. It is not for me to do more now, or to move."

"Quite right," said the lady. "I see what you mean. Of couse, you have your pride and all that."
"Not at all," said he sternly; "there is no pride in this matter. I have been cruelly played with-fooled!" Then he stopped with an effort and laughed. "You see I am becoming tragic." "I do understand. But you may leave it all to

me. You are a sensible man, that has seen the world, and are not to be put off what you set your mind on by a girl's passing fancy. I tell you a very little would win her now. Come and dine to-morrow, or come and see her."

Two days, three, four days passed, but he did not come. Lady Fanshawe did not lose hope. "He is swimming round the bait," she said; "presently he will nibble, then bite."

A week passed. She noted the restlessness of Dorinda as a good sign.

At last, one evening when Dorinda was alone, the door opened suddenly and Mr. Naylor stood before her. She gave a cry. When he quitted the house, after about an hour's stay, the anxious Lady Fanshawe appeared at the door with a "Well. dear "."

shawe appeared at the door with a "Well, dear?"
"I have consented," said Derinda in an excited voice; "it's all settled again. Aud; O mamma! you will let him know at once. "That cruel, faithless Landor. He will feel that,

To be continued.

will he not?"

Why is it almost certain that Shaksperre was a money broker? Because no man has furnished so many stock quotations.