#### Let It Pass.

Be not swift to take offence;
Let it pass!
Anger is a fee to sense;
Let it pass!
Brood not darkly o'er a wrong
Which will disappear ere long;
Rather sing this cheery song—
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Strife corrodes the purest mind;
Let it pass!
As the unregarded wind,
Let it pass!
Any vulgar souls that live
May condemn without reprieve;
Tis the noble who forgive.
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Echo not an angry word; Let it pass! Let it pass!
Think how often you have erred—
Let it pass!
Since our joy must pass away.
Like the dewdrops on the spray,
Wherefore should our sorrows stay?
Let it pass!

If for good you're taken ill,
Let it pass!
Oh! be kind and gentle stil;
Let it pass!
Time at last makes all things straight;
Let us not resent, but wait,
And our trigmph shall be great;
Let it pass!
Let it pass!

Bid your anger to depart, Let it pass! Lay these homely words to heart, Let it pass.

Lay these homely words to heart,

Let it pass!

Follow not the giddy throng;

Better to be wronged than wrong;

Therefore sing the cheery song—

# LITTLE DORINDA.

WHO WON AND WHO LOST HER.

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

#### CHAPTER III.

MR. LANDOR COMES ON THE SCENE.

Algernon Fanshawe, Dorinda's brother, was at Algernon Fanshawe, Dorinda's brother, was at a Naval College pursuing his studies as we have seen; a smart young midshipman with brilliant eyes, quite a copy of his pretty sister's. Apparently he was a quiet lad, but was full of mischievous purpose; as wild as a hawk. Let any one propose "a spree".—Dorinda did often—no matter how wild and outre, he would at once onter on the arrangements for its he would at once enter on the arrangements for its prosecution. Such was his well-remembered feat of going out one night in the nautical town, with two or three friends and a ladder, which he ascended, carrying down the gigantic knife and fork which hung out at an angle over a cutlee's door, and which were as long as he himself was. These trophies he actually put up in a case and sent as a present to his darling Dorry, who relished the jest. He was a lad of infinite spirit, invariably idle, and castein to he invalved in

He was a lad of infinite spirit, invariably idle, and certain to be involved in some more serious scrape, unless, as his pedagogue assured him, "he took care." At the Naval College there was now to be a display of excellence, manly as well as intellectual, and Sir John and Dorinda were invited to be present—the more so as, by some incredible "fluke," Algy had received a prize! Dorinda was enchanted at the present of so pleasant, a day and there was had received a prize! Dorinda was enchanted at the prospect of so pleasant a day, and there was something piquant in the idea of nobody knowing that she was literally "next door to a married woman"—an engaged person. She pictured to herself all the pranks she would go through with him, and what fun she would get out of persons treating her as a little girl. Among other entertainments, there was to be a boat-race on the great river, in which the young fellows from the college were to take part, and for which Master Algernon, who was fond of this pastime, had entered. This alone would have been an inducement for Dorinda, alone would have been an inducement for Dorinda, and she was looking forward to it with delight—the more so as she and her father were alone to go, a selection which her mother—woman of business—

did not find in the least disparaging. There was a good deal of excitement during the exhibition, and Algernon took great pride in leadexhibition, and Algernon took great pride in leading his sister about, and, as it were, in showing off her attractions. It was pleasant to see the fashion in which she comported herself as she passed under review of these young fellows. Such smiling glances, such sly droopings of her eyes, such pride in her companion arrayed in his uniform, such encouraging laughter in token of good-will to all, that couraging laughter in token of good-will to all, that no wonder the young gentlemen, one and all, were captivated, to say nothing of the old professors. This conscious air of Dorinda was the most attrac-tive of her little treasury of graces. In all her emotions, betrayed in her ever-speaking eyes, there was a shyness and yet a pretty effrontery, a brightwas a shyness and yet a pretty effrontery, a brightness and yet a sudden seriousness; just as a tiny brook glittering among its pebbles is for an instant shaded by a faint cloud passing over the sun.

"Look at her!" her father would say; "and her airs! Dorry really thinks herself a beauty."

Davinda almost, invariably, realied, in a

Dorinda almost invariably replied in a grave, argumentative way, "Oh, but yes, papa, dear, I know I am good-looking: not a beauty, as mamma says; but I have good eyes, and a complexion, I know, that is attractive. It would be affectation, she went on gravely, "to pretend not to know this.
Oh, I can hold my own!" then she would laugh and chirrup over the idea. And her father or brother would call out encouragingly, "Well done, Dorry well said! I'll back you against any of 'em."

This is a digression, though not altogether so hors depropos as it might seem, for it illustrates the

character of our heroine.

But now attention for the entry of an important player. Close beside her, and talking to her father, who had asked him a question, was a gentleman who had been attracted by Dorinda's little pantomine, and who, opera-glass in hand, seemed interested in the company tree about to begin. He could ested in the coming race, about to begin. He could not be called a handsome man, though good-look. ing, was gentlemanly, with a quiet, composed manner, and seemed to be past thirty. He explained everything to them, and Dorinda listened with a

shy and grave interest.
"Some of the boats are a little cranky, as they call it, and require good management, like everything else cranky," he added with a smile. "See that young fellow yonder! If he don't take care there will be some accident; he is pulling so reck-

"But its Algy," cried Dorinda impetuously, but not in much anxiety. "No fear! he will take care

"Algernon is so reckless," said her father. "There

he goes again !" goes again : And sure enough there he did go, splashing his neighbor with his oar "for a spree," though he we seated in the most frail of land or water carraige though he was seated in the most frail of land or water carraiges—an outrigger. The lad was utterly devoid of reverence, and caring only for the fun of the moment, was quite indifferent to the "swells" who were looking on. Having, however, irritated his companion with his splashing, he received so vigorous a one in return, that, in attempting to retaliate, his boat was turned over, and next instant he was struggling in the water. There was a roar of laughter, and Dorinda, turning pale, gave a little cry.

"The ducking will do him geod," his father said

them and hurried to a bridge which crossed the

river.

There was something wrong, for people were rushing to the banks. Dorinda's eyes began to grow dim. There was no boat of the ordinary shape at hand. "He has not come up! He is entangled in the weeds." It was an agonising moment; and Dorinda, collecting her strength, flew to the bridge, wringing her hands and giving little faint cries. A voice said beside her, "Have no fears; it will be all right."

The next instant there was a loud splash, and in a

The next instant there was a loud splash, and in a The next instant there was a loud spiasn, and in a second or two more the stranger reappeared with the foolish youth and brought him to the shore. There was no prodigy of heroism in the feat, but it was done in a business-like, straightforward style, without any moral splashing, though, as was said, the physical one was loud. He was presently shaking himself like a Newfoundland dog after a similar items of work and in a few moments had reappearpiece of work, and in a few moments had reappear-

ed, none the worse for his ducking.

But Dorinda! What touching gratitude was hers! Where romance or emotion was concerned, her natural shyness went off, and she became quite a bold little heroine. Here was her loved brother snatched from death—"his life saved !"—how grand snatched from death—"his life saved !"—how grand the sound! And when Landor—that was the gen-tleman's name—came to them, how he was greeted! —the transparent cheeks glowing with colour, and the pretty, almost childish voice having a grave and tender seriousness and emotion as she made her acknowledgements.

'It's my life that you have saved," she said, a little solemnly; "you have indeed. I couldn't have survived Algernon. Oh, never, never, never!"

"Nonsense, Dorinda!" said her father.
"Oh, that's settled," she went on, "and certain! Of course, I don't say but that I might live, but I believe not beyond a few days. O Algernon, my own, I have got you back! And I shall never, never, forget you," she said vehemently to Landor, "never indeed!"

He answered in a grave way, "That quite turns my ducking into a gratification; it was not pleasant, owever, I assure you."
She took his wet hand in both hers, for he was

still dripping. She hardly liked the word "duck-ing," it was speaking too lightly of the matter. ing," it was speaking too lightly of the matter.

"Ducking!" she said, "why, you ran the risk of
your life! You know you did. Algy was caught
in the weeds. And we are so much—and shall ever
be so much—obliged to you!"

"After all, I am only repaying a debt," he said.
My life was once saved by another, and by a man hom I never saw after."

And indeed during the rest of the day both father nd daughter overwhelmed him with their attention

and gratitude.

It was after a little consultation between father nd daughter that Sir John said to him earnestly, You must come and stay a short time with us, and

give Lady Fanshawe an opportunity of thanking you! When shall it be? Let it be at once!" After a little hesitation, Mr. Landor, being much pressed, fixed a time within a few weeks, and our Dorinda, with whose little soul was now to be bound up a fixed impression—firm and unalterable as though it were cast in metal—that her brother's life had been preserved by their new acquaintance, was quite enchanted, and eager for the moment to come when the family might display its gratitude under

### CHAPTER IV.

DOWN AT FANSHAWE. Mr. Frederick Landor, thus melodramatically inroduced, lived in rooms on the Adelphi Terrace, troduced, lived in rooms on the Adelphi Terrace, which seems a curious region, if one thinks of it. But there is something quant, original, and attractive in the locality. for it is between the silent and the noisy highways—the bright and broad Thames, and the noisy, clattering Strand. There is ample and profound solitide, for no one treads the terrace and the noisy, clautering Strand. There is ample and profound solitude, for no one treads the terrace in front, and it is quit old-fashioned in the little streets behind. There he lived—a man past thirty, nominally a barrister, really a litterateur, free as air, enjoying life very much; not in its regular official pastimes, but rather in those overlooked and trivial pastimes, but rather in those overlooked and trivial matters, which often offer more of genuine entertainment. A reserved personage in his manner, he had a certain reputation for his books, but had not, as the French put it, exploited himself to the degree which others with a quarter of his success had done For balls and parties he did not care, but liked a small "set," where he was known and appreciated. He was always, however, a grave man, and never seemed to enjoy life. His friends often noted this curious soberness, amounting almost to sadness which he took about with him, and which was habi tual. As he had but a couple of hundreds a year of his own—being a younger son—he said he could not afford to marry. Many had often noticed a sort not afford to marry. Many had often noticed a sort of gloom that came upon him; and should curious people have looked in through the terrace windows into his study, they would have seen trouble and anxiety on his brow. He was chafing under some restraint. His friends wondered that he could b content, with such talents, to live so retired, and even so inglorious a life; and certain importan persons guaranteed him a high position if he woul follow the bar, which had been his profession. Bu nothing would rouse him; even all his lucubrations were written under a nom de plume. Indeed, he was rather too irresolute in character. For there is was rather too irresolute in character. For there is not going to be introduced to the reader one of those favorite "iron men," of stern purpose and unbending will, but a vessel a little weak in texture and construction. However, many a good, reputedly strong vessel on examination has proved equally frail. In short, he was an average being enough, with however, many to impress a remaining with, however, merits enough to impress a romantic girl such as Dorinda was. It was curious then that, receiving this invitation,

he found himself inclined to go. Dorinda had impressed him as a very bright, engaging, original, and most interesting little miss, whose freshness and impulsiveness made her quite different from the other rether. (I business like 2) women belies that he head young ladies that he had "business-like rather met. He was now, as he sat at the window looking out at the lazily drifting stream below, thinking of ome subject to write on for some necessary "pot-poiler," when he thought with satisfaction that he would introduce this new acquaintance, and soon had fashioned a pleasant little narrative, in which the leading figure was drawn from her, and called "Miss Trinket." He fell quite into this idea, and worked it out with pleasure, speculating what she would do under the circumstances. He devised, or perhaps, more lazily, let her create and bring about pernaps, more azily, let her create and oring about the circumstances about her. We can see him just come in from his solitary chop, and—must it be said —pint of ancient stout in its appropriate pewter, from a quaint old hostelry, the Fleet Street "Cock," for which he had an affection, and sitting in his window commanding the river, over whose zinccoloured surface was gliding the stray of a steamer or two, or the lethargic barge. He sat up late at his story, making his heroine a "fine lady," pursued by a gentlemen of rank and condition, but who all the time had given her heart to a simple squire, who was fighting the battle of life, too proud or too careless to let his liking be seen; she too maidenly to let her secret be known, and thinking that he was indifferent, but at last brought to marry a wealthy gentleman, only to discover the truth years after,

then too late.
"A little apologue." said the writer towards midight, as he wrote the last line and lit his pipe.

That's the way it ought to work itself out; and if impatiently; "he's always at some folly!"

But Algernon did not reappear, and with an exclamation, "Can he swim?" the gentleman quitted ing, after all! You have your romance and your

,fi' pun note' together. A good frothy head to the

morning, Mr. Landor found among his papers a letter from Fanshawe, to the effect that they were having the regulation "few friends" next week. "My company is of course ardently desired," added Mr. Landor. "How curious," he thought, "after last right! But I should like to go. It will amuse me, and really that was a vicency and It will amuse me, and really that was a piquant and It will amuse me, and reany that the pretty little creature. She will amuse me, and perhaps amuse herself with me—more likely of the two. What should I be there," he thought, "extwo. What should I be there," he thought, "ex-

cept bring my heavy pack into company?" Then he thought he would decline. But the idea returned and became a tempting one. Something seemed to draw him. He accepted. And accordingly, the interval passing quickly, he at last set off, and arriv-

d at Fanshawe about noon.

It was a handsome old place, with a very long It was a handsome old place, with a very long avenue, old trees, and other evidences of state and respectability. He was told that the family were out driving, riding, walking, or in the garden—an intermediate state; so he turned into the drawing-room, a handsome room, which was so shaded with the shrubs and the trees outside, in the vast open windows and conservatories, that things were hard to distinguish. He waited here a long time, admiring the old pictures and other tasteful objects, but above all the flowers, which he fancied, and fancied rightly, were Dorinda's special task; above all, a delicate bust, which he recognized at once—an airy, delicate bust, which he recognized at once—an airy, graceful sketch. This he had full time to appregraceful sketch. This he had full time to appreciate. A delicately outlined head, set so elegantly on the bending stalk of her neck. Indeed, the work was that of a famous sculptor, a perfect stranger, who had requested that he would be allowed the privilege—her head and neck were so attractive. Landor walked round to get it in different lights; and he was now, with his head stooped down, his own lips replying to the smile on hers, passing his finger over the wavy curis at the back of assing his higher over the were, and smoothing the er neck, petting it, as it were, and smoothing the elvety surface a little affectionately, when he was tartled by a most musical laugh of enjoyment close hind him, and saw the face of the original, all hind him, and saw the lace of the original, and sesh and glowing from the sun, the dancing eyes aded by a pretty straw hat and fluttering veil, fore him! He was not unnaturally confused. "What are you doing to me?" she cried, still aghing. "Not trying to cut off a lock of my cold, keip?"

Her arms were full of flowers, which overflowed, Her arms were full of flowers, which overhowed, and she ware a guazy, fluttering red little clock, put about her anyhow and everyhow. She might have been running a race. Altogether Landor thought it was long since he had seen so unconventional and captivating an apparation. Years later, many and many a time this little figure would come back as vividly as though it were a slide in a magic-

lantern.
"But I forgot," she cried, in her impulsive style. "There is Sophy. You must know Sophy—my friend, Miss Colman."

He had hardly noticed the tall young person be-

He had hardly noticed the tall young person behind, of an air generally interesting, a good figure, and a rather graceful and elegant style of dress. This lady was looking on with an assumed air of indifference. She was the appointed "bosom friend," perhaps schoolfellow, akin, as he thought, to the stage female friend.

There were plenty of people staying in the house—the wise and foolish, clever and stupid, the latter including some prematurely discharged schoolboys, who pass as agreeable and desirable young men of the day, whose hips seemed formed by nature for the utterance of the one sound "awful." When we say they were "quite too awfully pleasant, you know," enough perhaps has been said and the idea convyyed.

conveyed. All sorts of pastimes were going on-driving, All sorts of pastines were going on-utiving, shooting, games, lawn-tennis, to say nothing of the decaying croquet. Sir John and Lady Fanshawe looked on complacently, as though owing no man a shilling; but she who took "leading juve lie," as it is called, enjoyed and directed and revelled in all. It seemed to the guest who was amusing himself studying her that there was a curious fitfulness in her manner, she was so very earnest and eager, as it her manner, she was so very earnest and eager, as it were, to please him, then of a sudden distant and indifferent. This puzzled and perhaps amused him; and this luxury he could at least indulge himself with; for, as he said, "Many men declare they cannot afford to marry, whereas I cannot afford even to love." And Lady Fanshawe, who, as she said herself, "never made any bones,"—whatever the individual colors anything anywered him—

phrase signified,—about anything, answered him— "And I can tell you what, Mr. Landor, that must be the way with my Dorinda—she can't afford it either. As to dress and her wants, she is extrav-agance itself. I do believe a thousand a year wouldn't keep her in pins. So she's never to think of a poor man, or even of a well-off one.

This was said with all significance, to which he replied gravely, and with a low bow—
"I shall take care to let all my brothers poor men know this important announcement. It is well

they should in time. They all laughed, though Dorinda tossed her

"Sarcastic!" she said. "In fact," her mother went on, "Dorinda, y have made up your mind to marry a rich man; and do you know, Mr. Landor," she added confidential-ly, "if I were you, I'd do the same—look out and marry a rich woman. Ah! if you were me you wouldn't; but it's no

matter about that. "But really it's the thing you should do. And do you know, I can tell you this, there's one not far off. I could put you in the way "-"Indeed!" he said, amused.

"Yes, and where you wouldn't have exactly—well, to break locks or bolts; and what's more, you have a friend at court;" all this was said with many your and similarent mediane. nods and significant motions. was enchanted.

"What fun it would be to get up a match! How I should enjoy it! Oh, you must let me help, Mr.

From that time this speculation became a sort of permanent object of interest and comment with the amily, and it was, of cousse, with the privity of the family, and it was, of cousse, with the privity of the stately Miss Colman, who received the idea not at all ungraciously. She was ceaselessly rallied on the topic, and Dorinda protested, with that strange nervous excitemen: that was habitual with her even in trifles, that the guest should not leave the house until all was settled. This acting as matchmaker was positive by delightful. Her friend had already confessed that she really did like Mr. Lander, he confessed that she really did like Mr. Landor, he confessed that she really did like Mr. Landor, he was so clever, and so masterful, and good-looking, and "all that "—upon which our little matchmaker would go off into fits of enjoyment, and say, "Poor Mr. Landor! What a shame!" which also occasioned her friend to laugh and enjoy the idea also.

Miss Column the horges, was one of those white

Miss Colman, the heiress, was one of those white smiling girls who are always doubtful whether speeches made to them are in earnest, and who anspeeches made to them are in earnest, and who all-swer in a hesitating way. The truth was, she was much inclined to him, and thought him a most in-teresting being; while she indulged herself in a dream that it would be pleasant to extricate him from his lonely struggling life and give him some one to sympathise with. Still there was always a general air of the thing being a joke, and Dorinda was so full of a nervous anxiety in carrying that it was hard to know exactly what to do.

Again out of pure mischief Dorinda positively de clared that it was such fun contriving to "send them in together." And after dinner she would question him in a rather exasperating way as to "how he was getting on." It was her mother, however, that made the arrangement, and seemed to hold to it with great persistence, Dormda affecting to co-

operate. The business lady was simple and unaffected, and showed her admiration of Mr. Landor's

talent in the plainest way.
"But after all," he often said, "this is a weary life of struggle, having perpetually to be working brains. I can't always keep it up, and here is a port and haven where I can swing at anchor for the rest of my days. As for sentiment, that's folly.

And then Dorinda!"—he smiled—"that is nonsense I should be ashamed of myself for—all childish pastime, watching feathers floating in the air and
blowing bubbles!" Thus a fortnight went by.

blowing bubbles!" Thus a forting it went by.

Once when they were all talking of pictures, and he was saying that he would walk a hundred miles to see a good picture, Miss Colman, in a timid and hesitating fashion, ventured to say that they had some fine pictures at their place, and that they would be so glad to show them to him; then added, "If you could spare a few days." Our Dorinda, who was by, turned sharply to her with a sort of distract as who should say "You are not going to distrust, as who should say, "You are not going to turn this matter into seriousness?" Poor Miss Colman felt she had made her advance awkwardly. He read the situation, and said, while Dorinda's eyes were fixed upon him, that he feared it was out of the question. In fact, it was the process known as "throwing cold water." He felt a little degraded in his own estimate, for he could not but own he had done this to please his little hostess. But after all, he thought, what infantine amusements are They were luxuries, at any rate, not for

So, a little weary of these bouderies, but scarcely understanding them, he that evening began to contrast the placid attractions of the heiress with the fitfulness of Pis gay hostess. "She would make a fitfulness of his gay hostess. "She would make a good reasonable wife," he thought—(she was singing or playing at the time)—"for what I will being or playing at the time)—"for what I will become presently, a sort of bourgeois-like, steady, easygoing husband. Why should I not at least go and look at her pictures? I answered her in a very brusque way. It was scarcely handsome. And this little coquette of a child!—for is she not one?"

Accordingly Mr. Landor was very gracious to the beiness and in a reveal way transferred.

Accordingly Mr. Landor was very gracious to the heiress, and in a royal way now amounced that he would like very much to see the pictures, and that he thought he could manage to find time, or must manage it. Her face lighted up with pleasure.
"I am so glad," she said. "And when? If you

"I am so glad," she said. "And when? If you would come and stay, and fix the time. Though, indeed, we have no inducement for a person so lever as you are."

Her plain and slightly unintellectual face had be

come animated, so that she seemed to Mr. Landor to be really good-looking. Meanwhile Dorinda, like the conjuror that keeps a

Meanwine Dorinda, like the conjust that keeps in number of balls in the air, was aniusing herself with what is called flirtation with other gentlemen in the house. Indeed, it was impossible for any one to come within the circle of attractions of this conjugate was a proposed to the confusion of elegant creature and not admire her. Accordingly where all were offering homage she was ever disin-clined to accept, and there was one who was over head and ears—an old admirer. Dorinda could no more help being pleased and flattered and enjoying these tributes than a flower could help being warm-

"Ah!" thought Mr. Landor, "a little shuttle-cock! Foolish indeed would be be who fixed his

He was thus serenely looking down as from a pulpit, and could be thus pityingly philosophical.

This special admirer was a young and dashing
Oxonian, Bob Connor by name, who was conspic-Oxonian, Bob Connor by name, who was conspicuous at field sports, jumping, rowing, and the like, profoundly ignorant of books, but of a fine spirit, which redeemed his rustic manners and appearance. He had done such things as thrashing a drayman who was beating his wife Dorinda, therefore, he loved in his boisterous eager way, the more so as he must have known that it was utterly hopeless for must have known that it was utterly hopeless for him to think of her, i.e., marrying her. Still he nourished the idea of going to some country where his own gifts of strength and spirit, duly appreciated, would secure fortune. He would stay a year, and then return to offer her all, assuming, of course, that she would wait. Dorinda was really more pleased with this faithful worshipper than with any other of her admirers. She liked him especially for that thrashing of the brewer's man, which had elevated him into a hero, though, to say the truth, he thought little of that feat. Possibly had she lived a kind of rural conventional life, seeing no other men, there is no knowing what might have happened.

to Landor his hopes, without the fears or doubts which might be expected; but scarcely excited the sympathies of his friend.

"My dear lad," Landor would say, "stick to your Inter-University sports. We'll all back you for a prize there. But how you can expect to win here"

"You think so?" said the other, looking at him with the wistful look of a dog. "If I only knew! I was thinking, now, if you would only do this: sit eside her at dinner, and say something for me

"What!" said Landor, rather touched at what he felt was such hopeless devotion. "Well—I'll do it

with pleasure."

"Will you?" said Connor, squeezing his hand warmly (and painfully). "You know, she has such a respect for you—such an awful respect, she has indeed. I can't tell you how she looks up to you."

A compliment at which Landor winced a little, for respect seems always to exclude other feelings. However, he agreed unconditionally.

That day there was one of the grand Fanshawe dinners. No one entertained more handsomely. Family embarrassments never interfere with specific productions. Family embarrassments never interfere with such things. Mr. Landor, being a bachelor and of modthings. Mr. Landor, being a bachelor and of modest degree, generally came in, as it were, in the mob or crowd; but on this occasion, by a little adroit manacuvring, he contrived to get close to Dorinda, not, it must be said, altogether unassist-

Dorinda, not, it must be said, altogether unassisted by that young lady. She began at once.
"This is the first time," she said, with a toss of her head. "I am sure you will find it disagreeable. You can change if you like; there is time,"
"No," said he quietly, "for I have never been so lucky before." lucky before.

"What! you really think it lucky?" her face betraying her pleasure, and her musical laugh the ac-Well, am I not next the daughter of the house?"

Her lip curled and she turned away with an impatient movement of her whole figure. She could patient movement of her whole figure. She could assume and act her little part very well, but she could not hide what she thought.

"Well," he said, "I am glad to find myself next you. There!"

ou. There!"
"Really?" she said, suddenly turning with a meany: she said, stated in the said that the she had the faintest little lisp, and it often sounded like "twooly." "You are not laughing at me?"

At this moment he saw the big distended eyes At this moment he saw the big distended eyes of Bob Conner fixed on them from afar off, with mouth correspondingly open. There was something almost comic in his absorption. This recalled Landor to duty and to his honourable engagement. Moreover, he was beginning to feel rather piqued at finding that a little girl like this should have such or indeed any rower eyes him the great have such, or indeed any power over him, the great Landor, who wielded the great engine of the press and wrote in the "Times We Live In," So he came

and once to the point.
"A very serious case yonder," he said. "How he likes you! Why don't you take pity on him ?"

Dorinda looked at him and laughed.

"I am quite serious," he said. "He has good stuff in him, and we are all interested for him and stuff in him, and we are all interested for him and stuff in him. would like to see him happy. In fact," he went on,
"I promised to-day that I would speak for him. of a life.

You won't trifle with this poor lad; or, if you care for such devotion, why not appreciate his? There would be no making a mistake there."

Dorinda was regarding him with hostility and interrupted him impatiently. "This is quite a new office," she said. "You are joking; I half think

office," she said. "You are joking; I half think that you are."
"Indeed I am not."
"Then it seems unkind," she said vehemently.
"Why do you speak to me about such things? It's not very complimentary either."
"It is, though. Does it not show that I have a real interest in you?"
"You an interest! I don't want your increest.

Well, let us leave it here. I didn't mean to of-

fend. But you did, and you have offended me. No girl likes any one to have other people suggested to her in that way. It's like contempt. Why don't

her in that way. It's like contempt. Why don't you open a matrimonal agency at once?"

He was quite astonished at this little burst—perhaps not a little pleased. The transparent cheeks were glowing with the most tender pink; the full eyes were tuning to him and then turning away with a look of restlessness, as though willing and unwilling to disclose their secret. She was laughing to herself with great scorn.

For the rest of dinner she became rather silent and reserved. Often in the greatest spirits or ex-

and reserved. Often in the greatest spirits or excitement her face would suddenly grow serious, the citement her lace would studenly grow serious the bright smile on her lips die away, and at the corners of her mouth a faint fluttering set in. And this was not that any sad or serious doubt had arisen, but simply that some matter of prose; op-nosed to what she was busy with, had presented itposed to what she was busy with, had presented it-self. Her face showed all this like a weather-glass. During the evening she brightened again, and when the gentlemen came up she was as full of anima-

"Dorinda had a headache—I know from what," said her mother effusively. "I found her trying to

read one of the Reviews,"
"Mamma, no," said she laughing, but not dis-

pleased. "O mamma! No!"

"But what was this ponderous work!" he said, really unconscious of what was coming.

"Some philosophical thing. Do you know, she sent for it from Mudie's, specially."

The lady went over to a table and brought over a

"My thunder" he said. "I mean, my article!"
"O Dorry, Dorry! what a rogue you are! But I assure you there is no one's writings she admires like yours, Mr. Landor!"
A stoic must have been pleased with this implied

A stoic must have been pleased with this implied compliment, and the picture of little Dorinda giving herself a headache trying to understand the valuable political article on "The Disintegration of the Whigs," was gratifying. He felt a pang of reproach as he looked towards Miss Colman.

"And you sent for this, and took the trouble of trying to read it? I say trying, because it is awful heavy stuff. But there will be no more of it. I did not tell you I have given up the Review, Or," he added laughing, "I may as well tell the whole truth; it has given me up."

it has given me up."
"Oh, I am so sorry," she said with an overcast

face.

Miss Colman, who had been watching her friend from a distant sofa, came over and said in rather a casual way, "O Dorinda, dear! do you know Mr casual way, "O Dorinda, dear: to you and give his Landor has promised to come to us and give his opinion of our pictures."

"What?" said the natural Dorinda, as if some

"What " said the natural Dorinda, as it some tale of baseness had suddenly been revealed. "What on earth do you mean? No, you're not serious!" They could not help laughing, but Dorinda had assumed her exquisitely refined air of scorn. "Oh, I see—I see. And when was this settled?"

To-day, Dorinda dear. I shall be so glad, and

he has promised to come after leaving here."
"Indeed!" said Dorinda, "now I see!"
From that moment till the hour he left the house, she assumed a kind of haughty distance and plain indifference well supported, which became at last rather galling to Landor, who made many attempts ith any other of her admirers. She liked him escially for that thrashing of the brewer's man, hich had elevated him into a hero, though, to say he truth, he thought little of that feat. Possibly ad she lived a kind of rural conventional life, seeing no other men, there is no knowing what might are happened.

With a schoolboyish confidence he would impart to Landor his hopes, without the fears or doubts of Landor his hopes, without the fears or doubts of inferiority by a little country child of her years. He said to himself, "What idiotic folly makes me

do these things?"
Yet he was infinitely provoked with himself for playing with so tender a heart, and he tried, on many opportunities, to make some explanation; but to these she offered the same cold, indifferent behaviour. After all, nothing serious had happenbenaviour. After an, nothing serious had happen-ed; it was but a short acquaintance—there had been no "love;" but yet he knew that the delicate strings he had been merely touching for his amusement had been frayed, and with her these were too sensi-

tive to be thus treated.

This demeanour she actively maintained till his departure. She was altogether changed. He knew it would be absurd to attempt a solemn explanation, and yet he felt a little sore and pained to go away without "making up." He was not base enough, as Dorinda would put it, to sacrifice poor Miss Colman by delaying the visit. But to that lady and her ingots he certainly felt a sort of repulsion. "She is plain and practical," he thought, impatientially the feet is the thete of a white Devon con-"Her face is like that of a white Devon contemplating you." However, he vowed that he was not at all suited for them; he felt more at home in "The Times We Live In,"—though that was gone now. Things were now them in the state of t

Things were now turning out rather For, a few days before the close of his visit, a For, a few days before the close of his visit, a letter had reached Mr. Landor which roused him out of the agreeable reveries in which he had been passing his time. And the result, though it may lower him from the top of the heroic flight of stairs on which he has been standing, was a natural one, and is more often produced in even high-souled characters than is supposed. Among other easements and enjoyments of the pleasant profession he followed, Mr. Landor was editor of what is called a "high-class review," which gave him very little trouble, and was his chief source of emolument, being a certainty and to be depended on. A wealthy being a certainty and to be depended on. A wealthy amateur, who indulged in hobbies of various kinds, had been for some time astride on this one, and being a friend of Mr. Landor, allowed him some £300 a year for holding the bridle, 2500 a year for nor five years with mutual advan-tage, until one morning the post brought the editor a letter to the effect that the noble amateur had resolved for the future to conduct the venture him-

solved for the Inture to conduct the venture alm-self. This was a serious mischance, and was like a sudden reduction to poverty. His feeling was at first extreme annoyance, then anger "at being thus treated," and then a sort of alarm at his precarious position. But it is surprising when one is enjoying a hearty meal of lotuses, how suddenly a piece of news of this kind rouses us and makes us put the dish away in disgust. All becomes prose in an instant. It is as though the lights had gone out in was the serious business of life, and there was no time for toys now. How vexatious it was! he said again and again. What a deal of labor to secure anything like the half even of that sum! ballroom and the cold day was coming in.

## To be continued.

The error of a moment is often the sorrow