Why?

Ye who know the secret causes
Of our misery and weal,
Who interpret all the pauses
In the turns of Fortune's wheel,
Tell us why she often blesses
Those who honest labor shirk,
And witholds her rare caresses
From the ones who do the work?

Why should Industry so often rive in vain for competence? y should Wealth and Riches Strive in van Why should Wealth and Riches some Lives of useless indolence? Why should Labor beg a pittence At the gates of Idleness? Why should Money gain admittance Where Worth fails of an ingress?

Why should Ignorance win honor?
Why should Knowledge lack repute?
Why should Folly wear upon her
Laurels that but Wisdom suit?
Why should hypocrites be able
To obtain the nobler trusts?
Why should heathens feast at table
While religion starves on crusts?

Why should Fraud fill some men's purses.
Hohesty another's thin?
What is that which so reverses
Our ideas of good and sin?
Why should Vice live in a palace,
Virtue in a Hut, forsooth?
Why should Goodness yield to Malice?
Falschood triumph over Truth?

There are savants in the college,
There are wise men in the State,
are wise men in the knowledge There are savanas.

There are wise men in the Stat
Pedagogues, whose varied know
All the world admits as great,
Men who trace the evolution
Of our systems by degrees,
Will they furnish us solution
For anomalies like these?

Ah! their boasted human science
Is at best a faulty guide.
They on whom we placed reliance
Are blind gropers at our side.
When the paths are straight and patent
They can point aright the way,
If the course is dark or latent
All their wisdom is astray.

Do the right whatever vexes! Shun the wrong whatever tempts!
If a wayward world perplexes,
Heaven will judge our soul's attempts.
Fortune may resist our woolings,
Fate our onward steps retard,
Lose not heart!—to honest doings

Providence, R. I., Weekly Visttor.

LITTLE DORINDA.

WHO WON AND WHO LOST HER.

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

CHAPTER XIII. THE WEDDING.

The wedding day was fixed; the event, in fact, would seem to have been hurried on. The splendid presents, which had made so fitful an appearance before, now reappeared with many additions. She was considered the most fortunate of brides. Yet about the bridgeroup there was a noted change. about the bridegroom there was a noted change—a reserve and silence to all, while to Dorinda he had a'sort of a respectful hardness, and even coldness, which, without intending it, was the best for his which, without intending it, was the best for his interest. For it piqued her not a little, and made her strive to soothe and soften him. Nothing, however, could disturb her mother, or shake her out of her business-like view of the matter. Only let her see her child married and the wedding day happily over and all would be well.

Here it was arrived, the ceremony completed, and

Here it was arrived, the ceremony completed, and the happy pair about to set off. She is saying to the bridegroom in a rallying sort of way—
"You are a happy man to-day to have gained such a heart as hers. She is yours, indeed!"

It was along time before she forgot his look and manner, as he replied with a hard, deliberate

manner, as he replied with a "There is no need now to carry this on further

You must not suppose that I was deceived because said nothing." "Deceive you? No!" and Lady Fanshawe turned

pale.
"I mean I was perfectly aware all through of Mr.
Landor's behavior, and what followed. Besides
Landor's behavior, and what followed and what

that, I know what were her feelings then, and what they are now—perfectly! Don't be alarmed; I am not hostile, and it will make no difference." At that moment entered Dorinda, pale but beautiful, arrayed in travelling costume. Lady Fanshawe noted that, as he looked at his bride, his face did not relay or grow soft but that he measured has

not relax or grow soft, but that he measured her with cold appraisement.

"Heaven grant he'll treat my child well! It is
"Heaven grant he'll treat my child well! man."

an awful thing handing her over to such a man."

Entered also Sir John, in real grief at losing his He felt, too, that they had sold her his debts; for there was his creditor before him. ms debts; for there was an creditor before mint. It was, indeed, anything but a happy or promising day. There, too, was the faithful Bob Connor, who disliked the new husband heartily.

"He's not the man for you, Dorinda, dear. I

Iwish it was t'other."

"As you are assembled now," said Mr. Naylor in ow and slow tones, "I find myself here because I wished to tell you something before I leave. I have just told Lady Fanshawe that I have been all through aware of the transactions of the last few weeks though I have appeared not to know them. wish to say nothing now, as I said nothing all this time; except this, which you will not think unreasonable, namely, that Dorinda will give me a promise that she will never see or speak to her other admirer again. Dorinda looked at him a little scornfully. "You

have no confidence in me?"

He smiled. "Let us say no more about it then.

He smiled. "Let us say no more about it then. I know it sounds strange on such a morning, and I shall never allude to it again."

"She will—of course she will," said her mother.

"Do it at once," she added in a whisper to her daughter. "Don't be follish. Your wedding day!"

"I did not refuse," said Dorinda in a low faltering tone, "and I give the promise as you wish it."

"Thank you! thank you!" he said. "And as you go so far, you will do it in the fullest and most ungo so far, you will do it in the fullest and most un

reserved way."
"Yes." said Dorinda, "I promise never to see him,

speak to him or"hink of him?" he added. "No, I'm not so unreasonable as that. But it is fair that I should give a reason for my request, which you will think a ra-tional one. For we should start without secrets of

Certainly," said Lady Fanshawe. "You're a most sensible man." "I told you that I knew all that was going on

though I appeared not to know anything. I dare-say you were all astonished at Mr. Landor's behav-ior?" "Yes," said Lady Fenshawe; "a base ungentle

manly man. I always said so."
"No; he was comparitively innocent in this matter. What if I told you it was I that forced Mr. Landor to withdraw his claim on you—ay, forced him! "What?" cried Dorinda, turning pale.

"What?" cried Dorinda, turning pale.

He continued in light, easy tones, as if the matter was merely incidental to what he was saying:"Yes; it was I that compelled him, and of course he did so most unwillingly, and only because he was obliged. After all he is only treated the way he treated me. Fortunately I hadhim in my power the is myder my thumb, as it is called." He is under my thumb, as it is called.' "In your power?" replied Lady Fanshawe. What

on earth do you mean! ''
"I hold a secret of his, which, sooner than have known, he would give up everything in the

"Not disgraceful?" said Lady Fanshawe. He only smiled. "It's a secret, and he has paid to have it kept, so I must be loyal. See! here is the

Dorinda seemed as if she were going to faint, and "My child!" said he struggling gallantly to the last to attenuate the matter, "this is all nonsense. You have done with the past. Don't look back Oh, tell me what am I to do!

after to-day. And Dorinda, by an effort, collected her strength, and even smiled.

nd even smiled.

"But I recall my promise," she said.

"Good!" he replied, smiling.

As they departed, Lady Fanshawe said, as she stood t the window, "My poor child! I have forebodings loont her. about her. Such was Dorinda's wedding-day!

CHAPTEB XIV.

A SCENE.

What all this was for Landor may be conceived. However, he was for Landor may be conceived. However, he was a man of purpose and will, and set himself to the task of crushing down the past—a thing that has been done, or is mechanically of itself, and can therefore be assisted by the leverage of a strong will. But it was a hard and troublesome business. The image of Desireda paylost to him. of a strong will. But it was a hard and troublesome business. The image of Dorinda, nowlost to him, was ever before him, harassing him, as it were by her sweet presence. The weight that was always on his spirits seemed to grow heavier and sink lower every day.

every day. every day.

In this state a couple of months passed by, and then he resolved suddenly that he would break up his camp and go abroad. Why not to that pleasant his camp and go abroad. Why not to that spot to which he now looked as to the shrin spot to which he now looked as to the shrine of his past affections—Ostend? He found his way there, and there, by the dark leaden colored waves (it was now the beginning of November), wandered dismally all day long. He had a pleasure in the companionship of the Flemish waters. He found a pleasing alternative in seeing the packet come in and go off, and altogether was as depressed and lonely a person as could be conceived. He had the whole place near ly to himself, for at this season it was deserted.

One night wandering down to the port, he saw the great international train arriving, laden with

One night wandering down to the port, he saw the great international train arriving, laden with passengers from Berlin, Basle, Paris, Brussels, and noted the passengers descending. It was a stormy night, and he might have found a grim satisfaction in noting their scared looks at the boisterous sea and agitated waters even within the port. He neted a gentleman and lady muffled up, who stopped near where the lights showed the gangway of the vessel was The lady was a petite figure, that seemed to where the lights showed the gangway of the vessel was. The lady was a *petite* figure, that seemed to shrink back, and indeed appeared too frail to encounter the wild elements that were waiting for ounter the wind elements that were warring for hem. The gentleman strode on, then come back mpatiently. "You must come; always at some folly of this kind!" He did not seem to care who heard him. She turned away and sought the shel-er of a shed. As the light flashed on her face Lanter of a shed. As the light dished on her face Landor recognized it, or rather there was something in the expression of the shoulders and neck that revealed her. To his astonishment and agitation he found

was Dorinda. Nearly all were on board now. Landor, close by the party in the profound darkness, and quite un-seen, noted her pale, worn face under the lamps.

He heard her faint protest:—
.'I can't—I cau't indeed! I am ill you want to

Her companion caught her roughly by the wrists, saying:—"Enough of these humours," when, through an irresistable impulse, Landor rushed forward.

"Oh," cried Dorinda in delight, "you are here to protect me. I can't go—I mustn't go. I am ill. Do

The other looked into Landor's face, and, without hesitation, said to a servant behind:—
"Get a carriage; we shall go to a hotel. Of
course"—to Dorinda in quiet gentle tones,—"you

shall do as you please. I'—

"No, no," said Dorinda, piteously, and actually clinging to Landor. "I am afraid when I am alone with him. He will—he will punish"

"Hush, hush!" said Mr. Naylor gaily. "What

are you talking about? Come come!"
"Indeed you had better go," said Landor.
Hard as it was, he felt that if he said a word it

ould only aggravate matters and prepare fresh ffering for her.
"Well, he must promise," said Dorinda, still

shrinking in real terror, "that he will not be cruel

And the unhappy pair were presently in a carriage driving away to Fontaines's Hotel. But not a word had the two gentlemen exchanged.

This was Landor's hotel also, and it was long before her also. fore he could summon resolution enough to return to it. He found himself in the courtyard, the lights twinkling in all the windows, and could scarcely realize the cruel picture he had just witnessed, in

which there was a sort of horror; for what he had seen was significant of a life of wretchedness for The next morning he found that they had arted—not by the packet as he had expected, but by the railway going round by Calais. And he too returned, quite unsettled, the old ashes raked up in-

to a flame.

It seemed as though he had dreamed that scene.

It seemed as though he had dreamed that scene. There was something so ghastly, so full of horror and deadly significance—more like a nightmare, indeed. That was the first vision. But this dark cloud was to roll back, and he was later to see one more hideous still.

CHAPTER XV,

ON THE ADELPHI TERRACE.

Landor tried hard to fall back into his old way of life but found it impossible. His mind was too dis-turbed. Ever before him was the image of that poor frail victim, whose delicate high strung nature would make her suffer more. At the same time he was determined that nothing should make him add was determined that houring should make him add to her troubles by the selfish plea of coming to her aid in any way, for he knew enough to see that this would only inflame matters. So in his lonely Adel-phi Terrace rooms he sat on and labored and tried

hard to forget.

This laboring, too, had become infinitely more hard for him. Somehow he begun to lose en gagements in a mysterious sort of a way, which he could not account for. He began to grow dispirited and despairing. He had no heart in his work. Everything, was turning out hadly, while the struggle

and despairing. He had no heart in his work. Everything was turning out badly, while the struggle was wearing him down.

Three months had passed since the apparition at Ostend. One night towards Christmas he was coming home to his solitary chambers, and paused a moment on the terrace, looking down on the river where the lights crossed it in twinking lines, and still farther beyond arose the illuminated clocktower like a fiery ball in the air, He was thinking of the lines: of the lines:-

"See how the floor of heaven Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold," when he heard a footstep beside him, and he drew back as a darkly muffled figure fluttered over to

"Dorinda!" he cried, "what do you here?" "Borinda!" ne cried, what do you here!"
"But what am I to do?" she said. "To interfere
will only lead to fresh trials. Though I would give
my lite to see you and speak with you, still, if it
will bring you suffering"
"But what am I to do?" she said passionately.

What is to become of me! He hates me!

"Hates you!"
"Because he thinks I am quite helpless and have

no one to protect me now. My poor father is dead.

I see you have not heard. My mother thinks it my
fault. There is no one in the wide world to come
to my aid excepting you. You are my friend, are
you not? You told me so once!"

"What has happened? But I ought not to ask,"
"What has happened? But I ought not to my and the second of the product of th

"What is always happening. I cannot live under it any longer. He has told me that his only aim in ife is to make me suffer all he says I made him suf-

"My poor child! Alas! there is nothing to be told except patience! And surely you must see that all this will only end in fresh misery. If he

"I advise you to return at once. He may have you "He was going to add, "perhaps he is anxious to lay a trap for you." But he checked himself.
"I'll not go back to him, no, never!" she said passionately. "I should die if I did. You won't give me up?" she added with the old pitcous persuasive-

ness.

She was innocent as a child, quite unsophisticated. In vain he reasoned, in vain he showed her the folly, the misery of these notions. She was too

excited to listen.

"That is the river below, is it not? It's not far from this. I shall find quiet lodgings there. I feel growing desperate."

"Now you are witness of this," said a voice near whose you are witness of this," said a voice near the balustrade.

them. And there, standing near the balustrade, "You are witness," said one to his companion.

"She has left my house, and I find her with this man "She has left my house, and I find her with this main.
Does this justify me in my treatment? As for you,"
he said turning towards Landor—
"Yes, yes!" said the latter hastily, "I know—we
understand each other. Why do you treat her in

"Why do you treat her in this way! But I will tell ou I have sworn to have revenge, to make her life s wretched as she has made mine. All I wanted cas this excuse, which you have furnished to-night.

was this excuse, which you have furnished to-night. Co ne!" and he seized her roughly by the arm.

"He will kill me if I go home! No, no, no." and she struggled. Let me stay with you!" and she caught at Landor's arm.

The other, whose face under the light of the lamp seemed to be distorted by passion into the likeness of a demon, was still dragging along the helpless Dorinda, who seemed to shrink away, giving faint little cries. little cries.
"I cannot stand this longer," said Landor. He is half mad with fury. You shall not go with him. You peril your safety. I cannot stand by and see you treated in this way. Stand back! Let your

reply of the other was indeed to let go his wife, The reply of the other was indeed to let go his wife, but with the back of his hand he attempted to give Landor a stinging venomous blow. The latter had a stick in his hand, and with a longing fiery ardor he gave himself heart and soul to what he was doing, and caned his adversary until his arm was weary. He

and caned his adversary until his arm was weary. He thought that now since things had come to this pass, it was best for Dorinda to be thorough in his work, and ifhe interfered at all, to interfere well. The terrace is a solitary one, but few live, or lived in it then, and though a window was raised no one witnessed or interpretal the score. interrupted the scene.
"Now get up!" said Landor, grown weary as we have said, with the work. "Let that be a lesson.

have said, with the work. "Let that be a lesson. Whenever I learn that you are ill-treating your wife, I shall come specially to give you another of the same kind. As surely as the sky with stars is over our heads I shall do so. And you" he said, turning to Dorinda, a word from you, a line, and I shall come and repeat this chastisement. I am your protector now, though I shall be at a distance."

The other answered, not a word, but gathered

The other answered not a word, but gathered himself slowly together, then walked down the narrow street towards the Strand, Dorinda and Landor

So this extraordinary scene ended. That night Landor felt that he had been thrust into a somewhat strange position—that of protector of the weak and helpless. So desperate had the pass become, that he felt it was the best solution ould be offered, now that there was no profit in the old delicacy which had prevented his interfer-ing; but, as we said, if he interfered at all, the best

ourse was to interfere with vigor.

But Dorinnda, what was her position? She humiliated and full of shame as she thought how she looked on and felt her sympathies go with man who was chastising her own husband, was it not his own fault. He had brought her vasit not his own fault. He had strongly his. She could feel for his degradation, but what bould she say or do? There was no way out of the liffleulty. How, too, should she meet her infuriation. this. difficulty. How, too, should she meet her introduced husband after the treatment of which she had ed husband after the treatment of which she had been the cause? To her surprise, however, he nothing, made no reproach. From that day forth he scarcely spoke to her, but she saw and trembled

at the dark glowering eyes that followed her.

At last one day he said:—

"I have made up my mind to leave this. You must go with me abreed." must go with me abroad."
"No, no," said Dorinda, in terror. "I can't, I could not."

"Your protector could come with you," swered in slow hard tones. Do not think I have forgotten him or you either. But by and by! by and by!"

nd by!"
"I cannot go," said Dorinda, trembling. not trust myself with you, and now that you threaen me'-Dorinda, poor child, was quite défiant. He gave

grim smile and said—

"As you please. These are no threats; you know you are quite safe—you have only to summon your consiler."

guardian."
From that day a strange life—it was more a fever than living set in for this trio of characters. There is a hackneyed phrase, "Hell upon earth," often used with but a faint idea of the force of the metaphor which might be here applied. For each it was a torture, and there appeared to be no solution or a torture, and there appeared to be no solution or likelihood of a solution. But Landor found a strange satisfaction in the duty he had undertaken of watching over his charge and maintained that curious mastery of supervision over his enemy.

"Do not—do not abandon me," she had said appealingly to him. "If you desert me, I am lost."

Pool not—do not abandon me, she had said appealingly to him. "If you desert me, I am lost."

But Dorinda was pining and wasting away, Landor wretched and troubled. He often seriously made up his mind to leave the country and go to some colony, and would have done so at once, could he venture to abandon Dorinda. He wondered, too, what her strange persecutor was broading over

what her strange persecutor was brooding over. Things could not always go on in this fashion or be strained to such a point.
Suddenly he found that Lady Fanshawe had ar Suddenly he found that Lady Fanshawe had arrived and was with her daughter, and this he learned from the lady herself who come to the Adelphi to see bim. She was tart and free-spoken enough. "I think you might mind your own business, Mr. Landor," she said. "I thought you knew enough of the world not to interfere between man and wife. Ven are realized westers were for my child." of the world not to interfere between man and wife. You are making matters worse for my child, don't you see. Now, do leave them alone. I've come down to look after her myself. They'll get on the world have alone. very well by and by. He isn't so bad if he isn't aggravated." With more to this effect.

To say the truth, this was rather a relief to Landor, who had begun to shrink from what some would call the rather Quixotic task he had under-

taken. "And I will help you, Lady Fanshawe. To tell you the truth, recent events and mortifications have been rather much for me, and I think I shall go to some colony, where I shall strive to forget, and start freel."

afresh. "A most sensible course, Mr. Landor," said she in great delight, "and the best for all parties—for you, Dorinda, and that poor baited man. Between you," she said with a comic glance, "you wornied. Things will settle down when your off."

"I do hope so," he said sadly: "and no sacrifice of myself would be too much if I thought that Dor-

"Never fear about her. I'll tell you a little se-Did you ever hear of General Tasker?"

Yes; a distinguished officer."
Yes; a distinguished officer."
"Exactly! Well, I'm going to be married to him, mainly, indeed, for my child's sake. He's not a man to be trilled with. He'll see that she is properly man to be trified with. He'll see that she is properly treated. He's promised me that. Now, the General has great influence at the Colonial Office. And I tell you what I have come to say to you. He'll get you what they call a good berth abroad. You must take yourself off for the truth is you are a very

dangerous man."
"Thank heaven for such news. Now my mind is

"I always said you were one of the most sensible men. You don't know how my Dorinda respects you, and likes you too. Oh, she looks up to you. By and by, when all's settled down, and you have a wife and family of your own, you'll be great friend."

"Will you live near her or with her?"
"With her? Nonsense, my dear sir. She must get on with her own husband, like every other

get on with her own husband, like every other woman. Look at what you read in the penny papers. Men coming home and beating their wives to a jelly. Yet they live on together "

"Until the woman dies of the persecution or is killed; that settles the matter quickly enough."

"If they are left alone and no third party interferes, it will be all right," she answered significantly, it This is whost I have some to you for—to beg that "This is what I have come to you for—to beg that you would go away, and so avoid causing mischief." you would go away, and so avoid causing mischief."
"You are her proper guardian," he answered;
"but mind, I have done my duty in warning you."
"You have—you have," said the lady.
It seemed to him indeed that the best course to

take was to go, and he only spoke the truth when he said that this news was an inexpressible relief. It was better for him at any sacrifice to fly, and be lost in some raw colony and forget all the old past. He declined Lady Fanshawe's offer of her General's interest; but he would go. It was a good sugges-tion. He would see Dorinda for the last time per-haps in his unhappy life, and then depart.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE HOUSE IN NORTHUMBERLAND STREET. Here then was the end-the end of the brilliant

here then was the end—the end of the orinfant hopes which he had before him. He was manque in every way—bankrupt in prospects, profession, af-fection. He had become gloomy and even morose. He had lost heart in his work, and his work showed

take long. A week and the vessel was to sail.

Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could not decide, and it was almost the last day before he

could make up his mind.

It was late at night, and he was sitting at the window looking down on the silent Thames and its bridges, as usual twinkling with lights. As he look-ed, a letter was brought in. He knew the hand. It

it!"

The other obeyed mechanically.

"You need not be afraid now," said Landor to Dorinda as he put her in. "I am always with you, and shall be!"

So this circuit is a large of the last time. You will find me at the house—Miss Dawlish's—waiting."

curiously deserted little street, Northumberland Street, not far from his own. He wrote back to

"I did not intend to say good-bye, as it is best we should both forget as speedily as possible. Forgive me! But I go now, and shall wait for you at the house in Northumberland Street." After a

the house in Northumberland Street." After a little hesitation he rose hastily and went out.

It was a dark, blowing night as he took his way to the curious street, which was a cul de sac, and which, though so near the hum and noise of the great centre, Charing Cross, had a strange retirement and mystery. These odd little dens of houses are always to let, and taken by strange adventurers for stranger commercial schemes. Miss Dawlish's for stranger commercial schemes. Miss Dawlish's house was at the bottom of the little street, where the way was closed by a little railing, over which you could look down on the Thames, and from which the intending suicide might find a convenient leaping point. Now have come the "improve-ments," and it has been thrown open to light and

He was admitted, and with some trepidation went up, eager to see her who was the centre of his thoughts. But there was no one in the room. It was quite unfurnished, with a stray chair, no carpet, and broken boards.
"This is a mistake," he said, turning to the woman who had let him in. "Where is Miss Daw-

lish!"

The door leading into the back-room suddenly opened, and Mr. Naylor stood before him. Landor saw at once that he had been drawn into a trap, and turned to escape; but the other was at the door in a moment, had closed it, and stood with his back

"Have patience," said he, with a strange smile

"Have patience," said he, with a strange smile; "you will see her—she will be here presently—when we have finished our business."

"What do you want with me then," said the other, "since you have decoyed me here by a forged letter?"

"Really you were too inaccessible," said he with a laugh. "You have left me but this one course. We are alone here now," he added, as the sound of the hall-door shutting reached his ears. "You hear that; the woman is gone. No one in the house now! No one in the house sadjoining! So now I have you all to myself!"

now I have you all to myself!"

His fury seemed to increase with every instant his eyes were glazed, his words came incoherently. He seemed to be choked with passion, and then it was an idea occurred to Landor that he had to deal

with one uncontrollable and scarcely accountable.

"It's time that I should avenge my wrongs, and so I would, I told you, the day you struck the strokes that burnt into my flesh. Why do I delay But I only wait for her."

And Landor saw that he kept his hand behind his

back, and was ready if he moved. But there was a knock—a soft, timorous knock—at the door.

knock—a soft, timorous knock—at the door.

"There! You hear. She comes, and how quickly at your invitation! Stay here in this place. Move of your peril!" And thrusting himself in front of Landor, he went down.

He heard the door open, and then Dorinda's scream as she saw who confronted her. In an instant it was closed with a loud slam, and there was a scuffling sound as though she were being dragged along the passage.

Landor hesitated not an instant, but hurried

The scene was now in the rooms below, whose

The scene was now in the rooms below, whose doors were awry, and where a miscrable candle barely showed the party each other's faces.

Dorinda seemed to cower away, and Landor saw how changed she was—so worn, pale, and delicate. She gave a cry as she saw him. The infuriated Naylor looked at them.

"Now I have you both caged, and it is time! This room, they told me, was last held by a bookseller, and he also used it for settling accounts. You thought," he said, turning to Landor, "you could slip away to another country and leave me this legacy—your own image left to her to think of—the high-souled man without a slur on his name. You to seek fresh fields and pastures new; of—the high-souled man without a slur on his name. You to seek fresh fields and pastures new; I to be left to this purgatory—this hell!"

As he looked from one to the other, a strange

ferocious light came into his eyes.

"Answer me!" he said, turning to her fiercely.

"Answer me!" he said, turning to her hercely.
"In all your precious confidences held together, has he ever told you who or what he was?"

"I knew him to be generous, good, noble. He would not be unmanly to a woman."

"But he would have married you, and brought disgrace upon you. Ask him who or what his father was, what he did?"

ther was, what he did !" Landor covered his face with his hands: "On his deathbed he made me swear never to re veal it. I knew he was innocent, though it could not be proved. As I live, this is the truth"—(this to her). "I dared not speak; but what does it

matter now? "But I have the proofs. I have spent days, nights, weeks, and months hunting them up— money, time, everything. Here they are; they are all in form. And they shall see the light of day, money, time, everything. Here they are; they are all in form. And they shall see the light of day, and be published at every cross and street, on every hoarding. All the world shall know that you are the assassin's son, and that you fled to hide your shame. No—no—no! The soil, the stain is upon name; and you would have concealed it, and tricked her. What do you say now to your adorer P and he turned sharply on Derinda.

She made no reply. He went on, the colour mounting in his checks, the coals glowing in his eyes—

"But the end has come, and has come at last. I shall suffer no more, for I have suffered too much and too long. Here is my opportunity. I have you both caged—caged at last! You shall not es.

Dorinda shrank away from him with a scream, as Dorinda shrank away from him with a scream, as he drew near and clung to Landor. The latter now saw what was the meaning of this burst:

"Go—go away!" he said angrily to her. "It is you that have brought me into this. Would that I had never seen you! This man will kill me, and I deserve it."

deserve it."
Both looked at him with astonishment—Naylor with curious, interrogative eyes. But at that moment Landor was collecting himself for a desperate purpose. In an instant he had flung himself on the madman—for such he was—and had brought

the madman—for such he was—and had brought him to the ground.

For years after the memory of that fearful struggle in the house in Northumberland Street was before Dorinda's eyes, waking or sleeping—the two figures locked, strung together in a desperate embrace, clenched, striving to gain the pistol, on which the thin fingers clutched. As they wound and wound about each other, the aim was to twist the mouth of the barrel away from its fatal direction. he had lost heart in his work, and his work showed no enthusiasm or power. A friend had promised to secure him some small literary post abroad, and at this offer he caught eagerly. As for staying and "watching over Dorinda," he now began to see how Quixotic a proceeding that was, and that it was, indeed, scarcely likely to protect her. Lady Fanshawe, indeed, had, in her rough speech, put this very plainly, and with force.

He began his preparations at once. They did not take long. A week and the vessel was to sail. Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not to see her. He could Perhaps it would be better not one came, no one heard, but a shadowy figure afar off, passing in the Strand, a shadowy figure afar off, passing in the Strand, stopped and looked. Again she screamed, and it

began to hurry down.
"Quick! quick!" cried Dorinda, running to the
hall-door to let him in. But it would not open.

The key had been taken away.

As in despair she turned to enter the room whence came the dull sounds of figures struggling on the floor, there came a crash, and the candle overset and fell on the floor, It was all dark now, and the hideous struggle went on in darkness. and the hideous struggle went on in darkness.

"Oh, what shall I do?" cried Dorinda in a oxysm of despair. "Heaven send me help!"

Then came the report of the pistol, and for a It seemed a day in length, and then she heard—oh, how welcome the words!—"Have no fears. I trust all is well."

The shot had taken effect in the madman's arm, The shot had taken effect in the madman's arm, and thus that life-and-death struggle had ended with a fortunate result. The helpless man was presently conveyed to a secure asylum, where he was pronounced to be hopelessly in the same. Strange paroxysms and ravings seemed to waste and consume him. For Dorinda it could only be considered a fortunate release and preservation. But she was long in recovering the shock of that scene.

Landor was setting off on his journey, as he had intended.

ended.
"Oh, you have saved my life now," she cried, "as long ago you saved poor lost Algy's. Doubly my preserver!"
"Adieu!" said he. "I go to seek my fortune,
but first to clear my father's name, and to clear my

own with you."

Dorinda looked at him with her fine wondering eyes.

"That! It was always clear with me!"

"But with the world. That is my duty. Years hence we may meet again, who knows? Deas his

Dorinda did not know what these words meant, nor did the speaker intend her.

"Adieu!" he said. "I shall hear of you, but shall not write."

L'ENVOI. Five years later Landor returned to England, having made a competence. That rough training had done him good, had taken away a great deal of that "subjectivity," or, in prosaic plirase, self-con-templation—indeed another name for selfishness— which men of his type exhibit rather too strongly. which men of his type exhibit rather too strongly. The rude rough life helped him to dismiss the very vision which had brought him such troubles. It was for the best. These thoughts came crowding on him a night or two after his arrival, as he stood on him a night or two after his arrival, as he stood—having found his way to his old haunt—leaning on the balustrade of the Adelphi Terrace looking down on the twinkling lights of the Thames. That view led him back to what was associated with it—the vision of little Dorinda and her trials. What had become of her? was she suffering still? had her had become of httle Dorinda and her trials. What had become of her? was she suffering still? had her persecutor recovered? These questions, however, he felt were not for him now, and had best be left unanswered. He noticed a white label in a window of his old rooms. They were to let. A fancy came upon him that he would take them again, and reommence his old life. He did so the following day, and was presently engaged in his old life as though there had been no interval. But do what he would, he could not shut out the old dream.
Once the old habit of life is interrupted, it is difficult to resume it. Though the tree may be "inclined" as "the twig is bent," you cannot bend a tree once it is inclined. An irresistable curiosity took possession of him to know all about Dorinda; and one than a superior of the contract and one day, seeing an announcement that "Lady

Continued on Seventh