

of what had passed between them in Mrs. Hibbard's house in New York, but Herbert's frank cordiality speedily reassured him. When they pledged each other after dinner in champagne that sparkled like the cataract's foam, Herbert extended his hand to the Captain and said: "No welcomer guests ever crossed the threshold of Ivy Lodge than you and Mrs. Walters. Think no more of what passed—in treating me as you did, it was Bessy's welfare you studied, and the guardians of her honor and fair name are entitled to my lasting gratitude."

There was no mistaking his sincerity, and the Captain was thenceforward quite at his ease in their future intercourse. So pleased, indeed, was he with his new friend, and the other acquaintances made during this visit, that he willingly acceded to his wife's request that he should buy a property then to be sold in the neighborhood and settle there for life.

Ivy Lodge was soon as famous for hospitality as it had before been for griping parsimony. The neighboring poor were well acquainted with its precincts, and were always sure of having their bag replenished "at the big house." Bid McGuigan was a frequent visitor there, and many a time the young mistress of the mansion entertained her visitors with an account of Bid's curt description of "the purty gentleman," and the ruby that sparkled in his scarf-pin. In the long years of happiness that glided by so smoothly, the famine and all the dreary past seemed like a troubled dream, only remembered in blissful contrast with the present, and as a motive for more fervent gratitude to the Giver of all good.

THE END.