

thing that David and his sister dine with them every Sunday. Mrs. Bixbee at first looked a little askance at the wine on the table, but she does not object to it now. Being a "son o' temp'rance," she has never been induced to taste any champagne, but on one occasion she was persuaded to take the smallest sip of claret. "Wa'al," she remarked with a wry face, "I guess the' can't be much sin or danger 'n drinkin' anythin' 't tastes the way *that* does."

She and Mrs. Lenox took to each other from the first, and the latter has quite supplanted (and more) Miss Claricy (Mrs. Elton) with David. In fact, he said to our friend one day during the first year of the marriage, "Say, John, I ain't sure but what we'll have to hitch that wife o' your'n on the off side."

I had nearly forgotten one person whose conversation has yet to be recorded in print, but which is considered very interesting by at least four people. His name is David Lenox.

I think that's all.

THE END.

