

car, and on Everard's answering in the affirmative she was wild to get out, protesting that she would not. "But you can't get out until we reach the gate," said Everard. "Promise me, Isabel, dear Isabel, that you will let me out at the gate," she cried, in an agony; "pray don't let me go to nasty Madagascar; oh, please don't." So Everard, seeing that the child was really terrified, stopped the carriage, and Amy instantly jumped out in the greatest haste, without waiting for any more leave-taking, getting several thumps from the old shoes which were sent in a continued shower after the carriage until it had passed through the gate, when a deafening "tiger" made the welkin ring.

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Here we must bid adieu to those whose fortunes we have followed so far, hoping at some future time to hear more about them. But as we do not care to inquire particularly after Louis Tasche-reau, we may as well mention here that he, some time after, married a fine high-spirited girl, who was completely his match, the domineering being all on the wife's side. No tears were shed by her during his absence, and a scornful smile was the utmost that his anger or ill-temper ever elicited. So they managed to get on tolerably well, the inquiring look of the cold grey eye often checking a fit of passion. As Louis's mercenary propensities have already shown themselves, it is almost needless to add that she had what he valued more than anything else—money—which, by the way, she took good care to have settled on herself. But this he did not object to (albeit she would have done so all the same if he had), provided there was plenty of it.