

towns, — one with whom she had lived on terms of the greatest intimacy for months before their marriage.

She now moves in good society in one of our Eastern cities, surrounded with all the appliances of wealth, in possession of the love of a popular and respected husband. Who, among her numerous friends, would stop to make inquiries of her past life? And, even if her fashionable acquaintances knew of her past follies, I am rather inclined to think they would “wink” at them rather than lose a *wealthy friend*. Such was life as I saw it in California.

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## CHAPTER XXXII.

Now, kind friends, a few farewell words, and my story closes. On my ride from the depot home, I passed the old, familiar trees; yet, thought I, they have certainly grown smaller. And the brook, too