

comfort of her seclusion, after the critical interview, and no one of Mr. Rayne's household had betrayed the secret. There were only a few little unavoidable words afloat, by which the curious public of Ottawa could surmise why Honor Edgeworth had so coldly rejected her handsome suitor at the last moment, and why Guy Eiersley had come back in the nick of time, to be reinstated in his uncle's favor.

Honor was the recipient of many dainty notes of well-worded congratulations, and the sweetest sounding—like Miss Dash's and Miss Reid's—were those whose writers envied with a great bitterness the luck of Henry Rayne's *protégé*

I need not follow the course of events farther than this, although strongly tempted to tell of certain stylish weddings that followed this one in busy succession. My pen would be kinder, if it might, than merciless Fate to my other heroines, who are threatened to remain "fancy free" for a deplorable number of years to come, and after that—forever.

The married life of Honor Edgeworth could not but be consistent with her single life. In peace, happiness and prosperity, and in the enjoyment of health, wealth and mutual devotedness, we leave our worthy hero and his worthy wife

May our destinies, as they unroll themselves from the scroll of time, be as promising, as salutary, and as well deserved as theirs

