

I might go on writing of the fortunes of our little district; but, since one must stop somewhere, why not here? One loves to make a tale end with the wedding-bells; although, to my mind, the beauty of living begins, or should begin, just there.

I have wondered much what to call my little story. Dick teasingly suggests "Peg Mallory," or "The Reflections of Peg," both of which sound distressingly egotistical. But I shall turn the tables on him, having the pen in my own hand, and superscribe my little history with that word which has been the symbol to me of so much grief, so much trepidation, and such unspeakable happiness,

"CARMICHAEL."

