

how Grace Farleigh managed this—fill another book perhaps. Be that as it may, the fact remains the deed was accomplished.

There came a day when Grace saw with clear eyes, knew the false from the true, the gold from the tinsel, when she could wonder at her old self, when she could say and realize that—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

And what of Trixy? She has her trio still. They are the best of chums. But many other friends have been added to her list; it is really a very long one. Her bright face and pleasant ways are as magnets to draw others to her. For love begets love, and sympathy evokes sympathy.

*The only way to have a friend is to be a friend.*

It was a wise man who wrote these words, one who knew much of life and of his fellow-creatures.

Trixy Farleigh has learned little of