

heir; Pauline and Ross Fulton and the little two-year's old tot, standing by Pauline's side, is the cherished idol of her mother's heart. All the love she had bestowed on Winnifred was now lavished on the little one, whom heaven has blessed her with.

And there in the window, watching with delight the scene around her, is a gentle, lovable looking little woman, which my reader will recognize with pleasure as Mrs. Miserene, whom Mrs. Ross Fulton brought home with her, during the visit she paid with her husband to her father's grave in India, about three year's since; and she is to remain with Pauline "always," as Pauline has taught her little daughter Saxony to say when dear Mrs. Miserene said anything about leaving them.

And so we draw the curtain on those, who like all of us, have had their joys and sorrows. And we wish Shrieve Cortland and Trixie his wife, many, many years of unalloyed happiness in their newly begun life.

And as Ross Fulton leans over his wife's chair and whispers for her to look at Cortland's radiant face, and Trixie's expression of content; Pauline looks up in her husband's face with a smile, as she replies, "heaven grant they may be as truly happy as we dear Ross."

Master Bobby as he sits out doors on the fence that runs around the side of the house, and swings his legs idly back and forth to the motion of his mouth, which useful member of the human frame, is quickly demolishing a huge wing of turkey, expresses the wish that "it would be too awfully jolly for anything, if it could be arranged that a wedding could take place every day," and shakes his head knowingly at Black Sallie, as she bustles back and forth, her white cap and apron floating not unlike triumphant banners; for, be it known, all the glistening jellies, the foaming creams, light feathery cakes and pies, came from beneath Sallie's skilful fingers and long practised eye.

Thus happily ended "Trixie's Inheritance," for, as she tells Pauline, "had Captain Cortland been as poor as a church mouse, instead of the wealthy land-owner he was, she would have felt richer than any money could ever make her, in possessing the unfaltering love of one of the noblest and most generous hearted men—for love had won where riches failed."

And Pauline, as she clasps her little daughter, Saxony, in her arms, laughs long and merrily, for she knows that Trixie Cortland's words are true.

