

south, I shall talk of nothing but your own dear selves, and Pearl will bring you news of Garfield; whom, I feel sure, she has seen every day during your absence.

"Thomas and Begonia (in days of yore, Bridget) will have everything snug for you any day you come. All our world seems so in couples linked, that though he is but sixteen, and she forty, I shall not be surprised to find them buckled, too.

"Times are changed, dear. I never even think of chains, bolts, or shutters. No more nervous evenings; no more starts at the bell; no more heart-aches; but arms leal and true to shield me, a heart fond and loving, all my own. Ella, Ella, with my faulty nature, I ask myself, am I deserving of this great happiness?

"My dear husband is bending over me; but lest you deem him a flatterer, I must not tell you his words he bids me tell you; but, no, he must say it himself. But he has taken away the inkbottle, lest I burn the midnight oil. One says of Aspasia, writing in ancient days of her Pericles, that 'happy is the man who comes last, and alone, into the warm and secret foldings of a letter.' And so the name of my dear husband, Alec Blair, comes here, Ella, dear, and I say good-night to you as he holds me in his arms, his eyes, with love's steadfast gaze, resting on my face.

"From your happy friend,

"ELAINE,

"Who is affectionately and
"abundantly yours.

"To Mrs. Dale, c/o Henry Dale, Esq.,

"Hoffman House, New York City."