

love with her. And Grey—well, you ought to see how he worships her! Why, she is never within his reach that he does not put his hands upon her somewhere, and if he thinks no one is looking on he always kisses her, and by Jove, she kisses him back as if she liked it! And I—well, I bear it now with a good deal of equanimity. Eels, they say, can get used to being skinned, and so I am getting accustomed to think of Bessie as Grey's wife instead of mine, and I really have quite an uncleish feeling for her children. Indeed, I intend to make them my heirs, if I ever have anything to heir. And so good-bye to you, old chap, with love to Flossie and the twins, Jack and Gill, from your Yankeeified friend,

“NEIL McPHERSON.”

And now our story winds to a close, and we are dropping the curtain upon the characters, who go out one by one and pass from our sight for ever. In the cozy rectory Hannah, Jerrold's last days are passing happily and peacefully with the Rev. Charles Sandford, who loves her just as dearly and thinks her just as fair as on that night, years and years ago, when she walked with him under the chestnut trees, and while her heart was breaking with its load of care and pain, sent him from her with no other explanation than that it could not be.

At Grey's Park Lucy Grey still lives her life of sweet unselfishness, looked up to by all the villagers as the lady *par excellence* of the town, and idolized by the little ones from Boston, who know no spot quite as attractive as her house in the park.

Miss Betsey and Neil still scramble along together, he indolent at times and prone to lapse into his old habits of luxurious ease, for which she rates him sharply at times, but on the whole humouring and petting him as she never petted a human being before.

“Boys will be boys,” she says, forgetting that Neil is over thirty years of age, and so she keeps his breakfast warm for him, and gets up herself to let him in when he has staid later than usual at the Ridge House, where he is a frequent visitor, for he and Allen Browne are fast friends and boon companions. Together they ride and drive, and row on the lakes around Allington; together they smoke and lounge in the easy chairs on the broad piazza of the Ridge House, but Neil never drinks or plays with Allen or any one else, for his aunt made it a condition of her friendship that he never touch a drop of anything which could intoxicate, or soil his hands with cards, even for amusement. The shadow of that awful tragedy at Monte Carlo is over her still, and she looks upon anything like card-playing as savouring of the pit.

Allen Browne is a young man of elegant leisure, who takes perfumed baths, and wears an overcoat which comes nearly to his feet, and a collar which cuts his ears. He is a graduate from Harvard,