

as Mr. Chessom's grandson, stood high in your estimation. You have many times told me that you could not wish anything more advantageous for me than an alliance with him. You never before mentioned to me that he was fast or gambled, or that he was not honourable; but always the contrary." Winnifred told her mother, with a steady glance that annoyed and somewhat disconcerted her ladyship.

"How oddly you put things Winnie," she said, with a languidly surprised glance in return. "Of course there are very few young men who are not a little wild at Jarvis' age. Ernest is a refreshing exception rarely to be met with. But my dear," she added, somewhat abruptly, "I am thinking of living in Twickenham. There is a charming villa—Sir Charles Parkinson's. His wife is in a decline, and the baronet is going abroad with her. It is but a short distance from Maplewood, and you and Mabel will be able to visit each other as often as you please."

And so Lady St. Ayvas removed to Twickenham, and settled in the charming villa near Maplewood; and by her ladyship's unqualified consent Ernest and Winnifred were reunited; and, when summer breezes were fanning the fragrance of rose and lily and acacia over the gardens at Maplewood, there was a double wedding at Maplewood house, Lady Winnifred and Mabel being the lovely young brides—and 'twere impossible to decide which of the twain were the loveliest—and Ernest Chessom and Bertram Waldegrave the bridegrooms.

Harvey Fairleigh officiated as best man for Ernest, and not long after was himself wedded to pretty Rosie Castlemain, who was Mabel's bridesmaid.

Old Mr. Chessom gave way both brides.

Bertram took his young wife to the home of his parents, after their wedding tour. His father and mother are delighted with her.

Ernest and Winnifred are happily settled at Maplewood.

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Three years have passed since we last made record, and Jarvis Willoughby is ill—it is feared near dying. There are gentle nurses about him, more than one;

but there is one whose soft touch seems the most cooling to his feverish forehead, whose pressure, more than all others, is soothing to him.

She is bending beside him now, in the shadowy sick chamber: and she listens while Jarvis mutters:

"Birdie! my sweet little Birdie! what will you have grown to be like in those three years, I wonder. Ah! I shall never know. I am a miserable, blind wretch. Oh! Birdie! Birdie! you will never know—for I dare not ever tell you—how dearly—how madly I love you—have loved you, all these weary years."

The lovely dark eyes of the beautiful listener grow wonderfully soft and pitiful: the warmth of a soft blush mantles the sweet, singular face with its rich tinting of cream and carnation. She touches his forehead with her cool, soft hand, and he is soothed, as if the touch were mesmeric.

For days there is but faintest hope, then he recovers—slowly, slowly; but he recovers, and learns that Birdie is beside him—has been, during all his illness. And one day, when the passionate impulse, that is stronger than himself, prompts him, he bursts forth, telling her all his mad, mad love of her,—all that he has striven hard to conceal; and lovely Bertie Wyld becomes his betrothed wife and will not listen to his self reproaches for being selfish enough to wish her to become the bride of one so utterly useless as himself.

Months after they are married at St. George's, and on their wedding tour visit Paris, where an eminent French physician is operating on Jarvis' eyes with decidedly beneficial results, for he is slowly, but surely recovering his eyesight.

Glencora is wedded to a savage-tempered French Count, with whom she quarrels almost incessantly.

Mr. Rimmerton has happily married a pretty little heiress, whose settlements are large enough to quite satisfy his family.

The banker's grandchildren are the happy parents of two little prattlers respectively, of which Leigh Chessom and his father are the delighted grandfather and great-grandfather.

THE END.