

and drove toward the town amid the cheers and hurrahs of the people. It was a proud day for Job, and one that he was likely to remember, for when subsequently his carriage, containing Gilbert and Amy, left the town an old shoe, thrown by Jimmy Pearce, somewhat overshot the mark and landed plump between Maxom's shoulders. Previous to this, however, Mr. Lear made the joke of his life, after enjoying himself hugely at the "breakfast." He had taken it upon him to organize what he termed a "royal send off," and just as the carriage started he clapped his hands and shouted "*Rice-um teneatis, amici!*" At this signal quite a cyclone of rice filled the air, while Sir Guy Bodrugan, turning to the delighted vicar, said: "That atrocious pun has made me a bachelor for life. I don't know what its effect may be on Restormel, but if Gilbert heard it I am sure it will seriously qualify his happiness."

It may be heresy to avow such an opinion, but we hold that there is no better place to spend one's honeymoon in than at home. Happily, the heterodoxy of to-day may become the orthodoxy of to-morrow, so we are not without hope that this unpretending chronicle of ours may in some measure tend to induce a more rational view of the matter. At home, where everything speaks of quiet, peace, and sweet domestic love, and not amid the rush and throng and whirl of the caravanserai, a fitting welcome be prepared when

A soul shall draw from out the vast,  
And strike his being into bounds.

So, too, thought our hero and his lovely bride, and there in the gray old Priory will we leave them with the friends whom they had proved. Were it permissible to intrude upon their home life, we could to-day show them in perfect happiness, so far as that is attainable, amid their children, beloved by their tenants and almost worshipped by the sturdy sons of the soil, who have in every case shown themselves wor-

thy of the confidence reposed in them when Gilbert Ardenne prepared his allotment scheme. In all England there is no happier village than Withington, and you may search in vain among the steamship records, if such things are preserved, for the name of one emigrant from this district during the last ten years.

The widow Varcoe and Gilbert's mother are dead, but Uncle Henry and his friend Divilbiss are alive and hearty. The latter spends six months of the twelve in England, alternating between Cornwall and Norfolk; the former views with dismay the annual incursion of Cockneys into St. Meva, where the hand of the "improver" has already effected many changes. The old church, thanks to Uncle Henry and our hero, has been restored, and the new tower can be seen quite plainly from the Gwineas. The Pool now forms part of the harbor, for they have built a kind of mole or floating pier outside the bar, thus more than doubling the capacity of the haven. Mr. Lear has two curates to assist him to promote the growth of church principles, although the fishermen are very radically inclined, and prone to classify religion with politics.

Job Maxom married Mary Bates, and the two have the charge of Henry Varcoe's fine house directly overlooking the beach at Portstreath. Frank Trevena, having taken the sailmaker's daughter to his bosom, surprised the town by purchasing the Ship Inn after Mrs. Rosevear's decease, —and it was said that in this case also the money came from America, in plain English from Mr. Divilbiss. However this may be, it is certain that Frank, whose biological zeal continues unabated, has judiciously enlarged and improved the old house, the stabling being especially fine, for as yet no railway has reached the town although the electric wire has. More wonderful still, they even have a gentleman's club in St. Meva, a club whose rooms are in the Ship, and now and again some lady visitor to the old town writes a brilliant letter, fairly scintillating