

a fortune of two million dollars. A pittance, perhaps, as compared with the inheritance of Sir Arthur Tregenna; but to poverty-loving, humble individuals like Lady Cecil Clive and Redmond O'Donnell, sufficient for the bread and cheese of life, a page in buttons, and *two* silk dresses per annua. My love! my love!"

Where is the distance between them *now*?—and the twins are standing petrified, open-mouthed and eyed, at what they behold not six yards off.

"I can give you wealth as well as love. Thank God for the happiness He has given me at last!"

The light fades from the scenes and the faces we know—the hour has come to part. One by one they glide into the shadowy distance and are lost to you and me forever. Is any one who has followed their fortunes sorry to let them go, I wonder—to say forever farewell?

Take one last look, before the curtain falls, to rise no more. Of Sir Peter and Lady Dangerfield, dragging out their married, not mated, lives, in the grandeur and dullness of Scarswood. Of Lanty Lafferty, a married man, with "Shusan" for his wife, the prosperous proprietor of a "public." Of Henry Otis and his mother, prosperous in London, with Katherine and his hopeless love already a dream of the past. Of Squire Talbot, who hopes very soon to bring home a mistress to Morecambe—a mistress as yet known as Rose O'Donnell. Of Captain and Lady Cecil O'Donnell, happy beyond all telling of mine—happy in that perfect wedded love rarely found upon earth. And lastly, of Sir Arthur and Lady Tregenna, with the past but a dark, sad dream they never recall, loving each other, trusting each other, as great hearts and noble souls do love and trust. They are still abroad, in pleasant wandering through pleasant lands. One day they will return to Cornwall, and among all the mistresses that in the last four hundred years have ruled it in hoary old Tregenna, none will be more beloved, none more worthy of all love and honor, than she who was once Helen Herncastle. Her face floats before me as I write the words, noble, tender, womanly, peaceful, and happy, at last. Let the name that began this story end it—KAROL BINE.

THE END.