

Lady Mary Stanley Browne is a leader of society, and a certain pleasant lively man about town is her constant attendant, who picks up the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table; and when the question, "Who was at the duchess' ball, or the countess' garden party?" is discussed, the list of guests almost always includes Lady Mary Stanley Browne and Leslie Beaton.

But away in the picturesque glen of Craigrothie is a quiet, peaceful home, where work and play, simple refinement, love, and sympathy make a little paradise as yet untouched, and which, even when the flood arises and the stream beats violently, as they will one day, shall not be shaken, because it is founded upon a rock—the rock of warm affection, of profoundest esteem.

THE END.