

eyes, and playing with such of the juveniles as he could attract within the reach of his long arm.

As for March Marston, he was mad now if ever he had been so in his life! He danced with all the girls, and wrestled with all the men, and played hide-and-seek with all the boys, and fraternized with all the old people, and chased all the dogs, and astonished, not to say horrified, all the cats. Yet, although he did all this, he did not neglect the vision in leather, by no manner of means.

Long before the dawn of early morning that jovial party drank a parting cup of cold tea, and, dispersing to their several homes, left the field in possession of the village curs.

Now, dear reader — with a feeling of sadness we write — all things must have an end! We make this unquestionable assertion in order to break to you, as gently as may be, the news that our tale has reached its close. Had we taken in hand to write the life and adventures of our hero and his friends, from first to last, we should have had to prepare pens, ink, and paper, for a work equal in size to the "Encyclopædia Britannica." We have detailed one or two episodes in their wild career. What they did, and said, and saw in after years, must be left to future historians, or to the imagination of romantic