

"But, poor fellow!" said Eva, "he looks as if he wanted to come in."

"Oh, he'll do well enough, never mind him," said Bolton, looking a little embarrassed. "It was silly of me to bring him, only he is so desolate to have me go out without him."

"Well, he shall come in," said Eva. "Come in, you poor, homely old fellow," she said. "I daresay you're as good as an angel; and to-night's my house-warming, and not even a dog shall have an ungratified desire, if I can help it."

So poor Stumpy was installed by Bolton in the corner, and looked perfectly beatified.

And now, while we have brought all our characters before the curtain, and the tableau of the fireside is complete, as we sit there all around the hearth, each perfectly at home with the other, in heart and mind, and with even the poor beasts that connect us with the lower world brightening in our enjoyment, this is a good moment for the curtain to fall on the fortunes of

#### MY WIFE AND I.

THE END.

P.S.—If our kind readers still retain a friendly interest in the fortunes of any of the actors in this story, they may hear again from us at some future day, in the

RECORDS OF AN UNFASHIONABLE STREET.