

Magdalen; not that I go into society as yet, of course," glancing at her crape and jet. "But still it's splendid, and Mrs. Tompkins is so kind, and so are the Misses Tompkins—just like sisters, I'm sure; and Richard is such a genius. And, oh, Magdalen! authors, and artists, and poets are as plentiful in this house as blackberries on the bushes at home."

"Richard!" Mrs. Barstone repeated, demurely. "Richard is—"

"Oh, Mr. Tompkins, of course!" Fanny answered, blushing. "I get into the way of it, hearing the girls call him so. It's very kind of George and you to wish to take me with you; but," twisting her bracelet nervously and looking down, "I don't care for traveling just yet. I like New York, and I haven't half seen it; besides, Mrs. Tompkins won't hear of my leaving."

"Well," George asked his wife, when they left the house, "what do you think of Fanny?" Magdalen smiled.

"Fanny will do very nicely. I am more thankful than I can say to see her like this. I haven't deserved to be so happy, after all my wickedness. Forgiven by all—Fanny, Aunt Lydia, and you—and loved and trusted so entirely once more. Oh, George! can anything ever come between us two again?"

And so, with the dawn of her new life, we leave Magdalen, the great trials of the past ended, a wiser, a tenderer, a better woman. She had acted wrongly and suffered greatly, and no secret will ever part her from her husband's heart more.

And Fanny? Well, it is eight months since that tragical April night, and Fanny is plumper, rosier, and more talkative, if possible, than ever. I received a letter, no longer ago than last week, from Mr. Richard Tompkins, for whom I entertain the warmest sentiments of fraternal friendship, in which he more than hinted that one of the ambitions of his life was on the eve of realization. An heiress, worth sixty thousand dollars, had consented to marry him.

In justice to my friend, I must state that he is very fond of his little heiress—her name is Fanny—and that she looks up to and venerates the famous author as but little lower than the gods.

And at Golden Willows they await the return of Mr. and Mrs. Barstone, in anticipation of a certain happy event. Little Laura seems to have brought new life to Aunt Lydia. In the years to come, other children may make the dear old homestead merry, but if they are nearer or dearer to the hearts of George and Magdalen, Laura's child will never know it.

THE END.