

that he would gain more particulars concerning him, and, if he were in actual want, leave money with some responsible person for his use, so as to insure him against starvation. The result of his inquiries I have yet to learn.

Old Mr. Coleman was, as may be imagined, dreadfully irate on the receipt of the singular epistle bearing the joint signatures of Lawless and Mr. Lowe Brown, and was only restrained from bringing an action for breach of promise by having it strongly represented to him that the effect of so doing would be to make himself and his niece ridiculous. Freddy and Lucy Markham had the good sense to wait till Mr. Coleman had taken the former into partnership, which he fortunately inclined to do almost immediately; being then, with the aid of Lawless's receivership, in possession of a very comfortable income, the only serious objection to the marriage was removed; and the father, partly to escape Mrs. Coleman's very singular and not over-perspicuous arguments, partly because he loved his son better than he was himself aware, gave his consent.

George Lawless is still a bachelor. If questioned on the subject his invariable reply is, "Eh, married? Not I! Women are a kind of cattle, don't you see, that I never did understand. If it was anything about a horse, now—" There are some, however, who attribute his celibacy to another cause, and deem that he has never yet seen anyone calculated to efface the memory of his sincere though eccentric attachment to my sister Fanny.

It was on a bright summer morning that the bells of the little church of Heathfield pealed merrily to celebrate a triple wedding; and fairer brides than Fanny, Clara, and Lucy Markham, or happier bridegrooms than Harry Oaklands, Freddy Coleman, and myself, never pronounced the irrevocable "I will." There were smiles on all faces; and if there were a few tears also, they were such as angels might not grudge to weep—tears of pure, unalloyed happiness.

Years have passed away since that day—years of mingled light and shade; but never, as I believe, have either of the couples then linked together shown by thought, word, or deed that they have failed in gratitude to the Giver of all good things, who in His mercy had granted them the rare and inestimable blessing of sharing the joys and sorrows of this world of toil with a loving and beloved companion.

Clara and I reside at Barstone Priory, which is also Mr. Frampton's home, when he is at home; but his wandering habits lead him to spend much of his time in a round of visits to his friends; and Heathfield Hall and Cottage, Leatherly and Elm Grove, are in turn gladdened by the sound of his kindly laugh and sonorous grunts.

THE END.