

and high time for the curtain to fall. But the audience are dissatisfied yet, and have some questions to ask. 'How did Val Blake and Laura get on, and Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham? What became of Cherrie and Catty Clowrie? and have Charley and Miss Henderson got married yet? and who was at the wedding? and who were the bridesmaids? and what did the bride wear?' Well, let me see. I'll answer as they come. It is six months after, red-hot July—not a sign of fog in Speckport, pic-nics and jollifications every day, and the blessed little city (it is a city, though I have stigmatized it as a town) out in its gala-dress. Do you see that handsome house in Golden Row? There is a shining door-plate on the front door, and you can read the name—'V. Blake.' Yes, that is Mr. Blake's house, and inside it is sumptuous to behold; for the 'Spouter' increases its circulation every day, and Mr. B. keeps his carriage and pair now, and is a rising man—I mean out of doors. In his own single nook, I regret to say, he is hen-pecked—unmercifully hen-pecked. The gray mare is the better horse; and Mr. Blake submits to petticoat-government with that sublime good-nature your big man always manifests, and knocks meekly under at the first flash of Mistress Laura's bright eye—not that that lady is any less fond of Mr. Val than of yore. Oh, no! She thinks there is nobody like him in this little planet of ours; only she believes in husbands keeping their proper place, and acts up to this belief. She is becoming more and more literary every day—fearfully literary, I may say; and the first two fingers of the right hand are daily steeped to the bone in ink.

Mr. and Mrs. Wyndham are in New York, and are very busy. Charley Marsh was a frequent visitor at their house last winter, and says he never saw a happier and more loving husband and wife. Mr. Wyndham is high in the literary world; and Mrs. Wyndham is very much admired in society, as much, perhaps, for her gentleness and goodness as for her beauty. They are happy and at peace; and so we leave them.

Cherrie Nettleby (nobody thinks of calling her Mrs. Caven-dish) is going to be married next week. The happy man is Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, a big Irishman, six feet four in his stockings, with a laugh like distant thunder, rosy cheeks and curly hair. A fine-looking fellow, Sergeant O'Shaughnessy, with a heart as big as his body, who adores the ground Cherrie walks on.

And Charley is married, and happier than I can ever tell. He is rich and honored, and does a great deal of good, and is a great