

sparkled, and as she went out, I saw her hug her child to her breast, and cover it with kisses, and then, through the window, I could see her running to the barn and Jonas.

"Now, then," said Euphemia, closing the door and coming toward me, with one of her old smiles, and not a trace of preoccupation about her, "I suppose you expect me to devote myself to you."

I did expect it, and I was not mistaken.

Since these events, a third baby has come to Rudder Grange. It is not Pomona's, nor was it brought from New Dublin. It is named after a little one, who died very young, before this story was begun, and the strangest thing about it is that never, for a moment, does it seem to come between Euphemia and myself.

THE END.