

able little woman, of astonishing capacity : but only a little Mrs. John, after all—which, indeed, if the truth were known, she had rather be than anything else in all the wide world. There is John Fairmeadow at Swamp's End, as well as Mrs. John Fairmeadow : big, beloved John Fairmeadow, who still scolds and beseeches, and marries and buries, the boys, and who still right lustily wields his broom of righteousness in those woods—big John Fairmeadow : in the measure of his service and in the stature of his soul a Man. There is the little partner, too—lying at ease in the green field near by town : still tenderly loved, you may be sure, and still inspiring. And there is the baby. Of course—there is the baby ! There is the Adorable One, satisfactorily fathered, at last : still with an unconquered and inexplicable predilection for lumber-jacks, as when on the Christmas Eve of his advent at Swamp's End, Billy the Beast poked a finger at his stout abdomen and excited nothing but a loud peal of laughter.

And there's something more than that at Swamp's End. There are —

*Two babies !*

THE END