LOYAL AT LAST.

A Tale of Love and Adventure in the Berkshire Mountains.

By Harriet Beecher Stowe.

Chapter XII.

"Well, why " was Winthrop's first question, and I think it was the only question he asked me, for he was just too overwhelmed to say anything better. "But, please continue," he asked, and I proceeded.

"You see, Winthrop, we discovered that we were meant to be together and that our love was destined to last a lifetime. We decided to take our relationship to the next level by moving in together."

Winthrop's face lit up with joy as he heard this. "That's wonderful! What about your family's approval?"

"They were all supportive, but there was one person who was especially happy about it. Our cat, Whiskers, always knew when it was the right time for something to happen."

"Oh, Whiskers!"

Winthrop couldn't contain his excitement. "Do you remember the time when we moved to the countryside?"

"Yes, I remember. Whiskers was so happy when we got there."

"And do you remember when we adopted a new dog?"

"Oh, yes! Whiskers loved the new dog, too."

"Well, one day, Whiskers was playing with our new dog, and he told me something that made my heart skip a beat."

"What was it?"

"Whiskers said, "You two were made for each other.""

Winthrop and I looked at each other with a smile. "That's when we knew it was true."

"And so, Winthrop, we continue our journey together, hand in hand, through life's ups and downs."

Winthrop reached out to take my hand. "I love you, Winthrop," I said, "and I know our love will last a lifetime."