

r tread within its hal-
so long that the gray
the earth, half hiding
she reached Arendell
the garden gate, and
for the company that

ses some elements of
a mingle with the gay-
d check the gay repar-
es. Arendell had been
er guests. None but
Aldeane with kindness
felt truly sorry to part.
or had been filled with
d all seemed to remem-
, and many mentioned
s took their departure,
enjoyment of the last
had just struck when
to weep bitterly at the
ave, perhaps forever, a
a the very sorrows con-

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

CONCLUSION.

AND the week later she was the mistress of a second Grassmere, which was situated midway between Rose Cottage and Boston, and was, as far as moderate wealth and rare tastes could make it, a model of elegance. Mr. Arendell's sole care was to place his daughter in a home worthy of her, though he contented that such a one could never be gained, and laughingly feared that however charming might be the nest he should make for her, she would flit to another.

To this Aldeane made no reply. How could she, when she remembered with what unacknowledged hopes she had hastened North? when she remembered one welcome she had expected and received not—still received not, though long weeks had passed by and she had grown heartsick with “hope deferred?” She could not, strive as she would, forget that Frederic Morgan was free to seek her, that he had once told her that he loved her. And now, now he came not, nor sent one word of welcome or congratulation. His mother, indeed, had come, but her visit had only deepened Aldeane's disappointment—a disappointment which she blushed to own, yet over which she shed many bitter tears.

The season was very gay, and introduced by Mrs. Ashton, she went everywhere, and more, perhaps, from the romantic story attached to her than from her beauty, she became an acknowledged belle, and the life and pride of her circle. She everywhere heard of Doctor Morgan, for