

haps, the last time she should ever tread within its hallowed precincts. She had lingered so long that the gray light of evening was brooding over the earth, half hiding every object in its misty folds, ere she reached Arendell House. Mrs. Arendell met her at the garden gate, and hurried her into the house to dress for the company that was to meet her for the last time.

A farewell party always possesses some elements of gloom. Sighs unbidden will often mingle with the gayest strains of music or laughter, and check the gay repartee. So was it at this time. Mrs. Arendell had been very careful in the selection of her guests. None but those who had always treated Aldeane with kindness were invited, and with many she felt truly sorry to part. It was the first time that the parlor had been filled with company since Leonore's death, and all seemed to remember it, for the voices were subdued, and many mentioned her. At an early hour the guests took their departure, leaving the family to the quiet enjoyment of the last hours of the night. One o'clock had just struck when Aldeane retired, not to sleep, but to weep bitterly at the thought that she was about to leave, perhaps forever, a home that she loved so dearly from the very sorrows connected with it.