

Ashton, Mr. Evans, and
Arendell House, in order
the following day.

on, laughing, as they
asn't seen his wife for
I could hire a pair of
d invite you both to
't come. But I give
tion, to visit us when
ong before you come,

ane's hand at parting,
ent, then stepped into
lly away. She caught
f fluttering from the
of her hand, and the
f sight.

me passed rapidly and
e was fully employed
a teaching Jessie, who
ne several times, and
glad to return to her
ciety.

father to the cemetery
miles distant, where a
dst of profuse shrub-
rave from the numbers
yet pleasing duty of
e-covered mound, and
visit, yet happy in the
ffered her mother to

Aldeane was the daugh-
invited most urgently
d by those who had
y a governess. She

accepted the invitations of those only who had always been her friends, and thus passed an almost secluded life within the precincts of Grassmere. Letters from the North bore the glad tidings of Arthur's prosperity. Mr. Ashton was married, and it was rumored that Mr. Evans and Gertrude Remsen were about to be. Aldeane rejoiced at this, and hoped that they would be united before she went North, for which the appointed time was rapidly approaching. The beautiful spring days had come. All the negroes that chose to leave had been sent to good homes prepared for them. Colonel Arendell had taken formal possession of Grassmere, and nothing remained for Aldeane to do but to bid it farewell and go to Arendell House, where she was to remain for a few days previous to her departure for the North.

This, to her, was no very grievous task, but her father felt it bitterly. Each nook and corner of the old place was dear to him. Some weeks before he left he tenderly transplanted a root of the trumpet-vine, intending, if possible, to cultivate it at the North. He took it from what was, to him, hallowed ground, and cherished it as his dearest treasure. Aldeane carefully packed many of the drawings that her mother had executed, looking upon them as dear relics of the past.

Frank and Eddie had returned home for the spring vacation, and on the last evening of Aldeane's stay they went with her to Loring to visit Leonore's grave. A few early flowers were lifting their tiny heads above it. Aldeane gathered a few, and, with periwinkle and cypress, wove a chaplet, which she hung upon the monument as a last token of her unceasing grief and love.

She looked with new interest upon Raymond's grave. Her father, she knew, had been there, for on the side of the tablet was written in pencil in his hand, "Out of the depths hast Thou called his spirit."

She left the quiet grave-yard, feeling that it was, per-