

Douglass smiled; the look on his face was one of perfect content, though he stood in a rather cold and most desolate-looking kitchen, waiting for the plainest breakfast, probably, that he had ever been asked to partake of.

The breakfast disposed of, it did not require much time for Mildred to pack her modest wardrobe and prepare for the homeward journey; and it is needless to say that the East-bound train that day bore a specially happy pair of human beings. It was a joyous greeting that awaited them both at Mulberry Street and at Grassmere; and all were pervaded by a spirit of true thankfulness to God, that Mildred had passed through her terrible ordeal unscathed, save the exhaustion from her untiring devotion to her wards.

A few days later there was a quiet wedding at Grassmere, and the happy pair immediately started on their promised European trip.