

Late on Sunday afternoon, Mr. Ashton, Mr. Evans, and Arthur, left Grassmere to go to Arendell House, in order to take the stage at Loring early the following day.

"Poor Arthur!" said Mr. Ashton, laughing, as they stepped into the carriage. "He hasn't seen his wife for ages. Dreadful! isn't it? I wish I could hire a pair of wings for him somewhere. I would invite you both to my wedding, but I know you won't come. But I give you a standing and staying invitation, to visit us when you come North. Don't let it be long before you come, either!"

Mr. Evans bowed low over Aldeane's hand at parting, looked at her sorrowfully a moment, then stepped into the carriage, and it was driven rapidly away. She caught a glimpse of a white handkerchief fluttering from the window, answered it by a wave of her hand, and the next moment the party were out of sight.

During the fall and winter, the time passed rapidly and pleasantly at Grassmere. Aldeane was fully employed in her housekeeping duties, and in teaching Jessie, who remained with her. She went home several times, and stayed a few days, but was always glad to return to her studies, and Aldeane's pleasant society.

Aldeane had once gone with her father to the cemetery at Linden, a village some few miles distant, where a marble shaft arising from the midst of profuse shrubbery distinguished her mother's grave from the numbers around it. She fulfilled the sad, yet pleasing duty of planting flowers upon the grass-covered mound, and returned home, saddened by her visit, yet happy in the thought that her uncle had not suffered her mother to rest in an unmarked grave.

As soon as it was known that Aldeane was the daughter of William Arendell, she was invited most urgently into society, being mostly courted by those who had slighted her when she was simply a governess. She