

his profession. But I not meet, for many a few moments after he had dropped in for before her entrance

well as grieved by his former was the only one to Belle, who now, wed to wifehood, and tech-maker, catechised disadvantages to be numerous admirers, the knowledge upon ned herself, and upon at wish of her heart; no cares of Arthur's profession since the ay, had been unparal- im in time a wealthy ed any other fortune one that of his unwor- red to enrich a score ed Jonas Davis years sprang into being to kin.

nd," Belle must needs Morgan too, of whom herself but little. She ner of his neglect of ething from him but at he had no time for a like nature, always he should call soon, every thing, and said

even more than prudence dictated, effected nothing, while in course of time one who conjectured comparatively little, chanced to say the very words which she had been seeking in vain.

The winter had unmistakably begun his reign, although it was yet early in November, when one day Mr. Ashton and his wife sat in their comfortable sleigh being rapidly driven toward Grassmere, there to celebrate the birthday of Mr. Arendell.

"My dear," remarked Mrs. Ashton, in a pause made by her husband in an earnest eulogy of his friend, "have you noticed how pale and restless, if not absolutely ill, Aldeane has appeared lately. I really fear she has some secret trouble preying upon her mind."

"Nonsense," returned Mr. Ashton. "I am sure she looked the very pink of health and beauty the last time I saw her. I think Gertie's woes before Charley owned himself a captive, have made you a little sentimental." And Mr. Ashton laughing heartily, dismissed the subject, and the next moment, exclaimed:—

"Why there's Morgan upon his splendid bay. That fellow lives on horseback, I believe. Hullo, doctor, where are you going, now?"

The young doctor drew rein, and saluted Mrs. Ashton and his old friend, coloring somewhat, as the latter exclaimed:—"And you don't look well either! What is the matter with *you*?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing," he muttered, confusedly. "I have been working a little harder than usual, lately, I believe."

"Then, I should advise you to take a little rest," said Mr. Ashton, gayly; "we will not allow you to be a slave, or a recluse any longer. Of course, Belle has told you, that you will be expected at the wedding. Charley has always declared he wouldn't be married without you were at hand."