though she would not let them fall, his mother had watched the carriage bear him out of sight, and gone back to her occupations, feeling how uninteresting they all were, and what a blank the absence of that dearly-loved face and form had left in her home. But time, which seems so long to look forward to, passes only too happily, and the dark December days soon came with their long evenings, and their cold dreary winds, and the little girls were counting the days for Bernard's return. Steevy was well of his wound, and had gone home to his cottage. His mother had been most kindly assisted by Lady Grayling, and many of the ladies in the neighbourhood, but still remained the same dirty, miserable, whining woman. Lord Grayling allowed Steevy, in consideration of his service to his son, a small sum weekly, sufficient to support him; and the mother went out charing, and took any odd job she could get. Margaret Ashley was among the most frequent visitors to the cottage. Steevy had a comforter and muffetees