

beside a costly tomb in the cemetery of Madrid. It bore the names of two who had slept side by side for many a month upon the snow-whitened summit of the mountain, little recking that a simple cross had been their only monument. So pious and exemplary were the lives of Don Rodrigo and his lovely wife, that neighbors, pointing to them, held them up as models, while the fame of their romantic lives caused them to be looked upon with interest, and spoken of as the noble and his *bourgeoise* wife, whom he had married among the storm-swept peaks of the Sierra Morena.

THE END.

