

Our terrible enemies threw themselves from the roof and went off, howling dreadfully; Kosko opened the door with precaution, and cried out:

"The wolves have disappeared, and here are the hunters coming out of the forest."

We hastened to the door; we were saved; life and liberty were given back to us, and with it the joy of the earth, the magnificence of heaven. The source of life was renewed; we breathed the morning air. We then saw our liberator at the head of the hunters: it was Ivan de Labanof. Who can paint that moment of intoxication? I was foolish with joy, I clasped him in my arms laughing, for I saw safe and sound beside me, my dearly beloved sister, gifted with all her charms of youth and virtue.

Aninia extended with a sweet smile her hand to Ivan, who pressed it to his lips.

Whilst his companions pursued the wolves, we told our liberator all that had occurred to us, and he related to us how it happened that he had come so *à propos* to our help.

The news spread to the chateau of his mother that a large troupe of wolves, descending from the immense forest of Lithuania, had invaded the country we had to go through, that several misfortunes had already happened; they named the victims, and it was known that the inhabitants of the neighbourhood had united to hunt these wild beasts. Agitated by a piercing anxiety, Ivan had assembled all the men able to carry arms, and had left the moment that other proprietors arrived with their servants. These calculated on commencing the chase the following day, but nothing could stop Ivan. In painting, with the eloquence of the heart, the dangers we might run, he had conquered the anxiety of his mother and the objection of his friends.

"God be thanked," said he, "since I have been so fortunate as to serve you."

"Two months after," added our amiable relator, "was celebrated at the chateau of Arnheim, before my venerable father, restored to health, the marriage of my sister Annia and her liberator."

M. D. R

(Concluded.)

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