

rang out again as the great carriage rolled heavily across the bridge. Up through the narrow climbing street of Westringfold it mounted, while the bells clashed wildly in welcome, and as at last it passed beneath the Castle gate, Arnold stole a glance at his young wife's face. Their eyes met a moment, then Marjorie turned to the King.

"Sire," said she, "be welcome to our home, and may happiness and content await you in this our Castle of Vane!"

She bent her head to the King, but Arnold saw the swift blush and the sparkle of her eyes, and knew that the message was for her husband.