

Harry took it, and could not help casting a triumphant glance at Russell, but that good man looked away. He afterward told his wife that he had lost all faith in Providence, and felt but little desire to live any longer in such an evil world. Since the bonds were lost to him it mattered not who gained them—whether Bourbon, bandit, or bridegroom.

At length the hour of their departure came. The luggage was heaped up in a huge waggon. Another waggon was ready to take the ladies, and horses were prepared for the gentlemen. With these a troop of horsemen was sent as a guard.

As they passed out through the gates Don Carlos stood and bade them all farewell.

So they passed forth on their way to liberty, and home, and happiness; and so they moved along, until at length the Castle, with its hoary walls, its lofty towers, its weather-beaten turrets and battlements, was lost in the distance.

THE END.