

THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.*

BY MISS M. HUNGERFORD.

CHAPTER XIII.

The gross ignorance of the hostess excluded the hope that she might be guided by her or her son to some of the larger German towns, where she might be directed towards home. She thought the hospitality of the peasantry would afford her a shelter at night, and a morsel of bread, or she might find means to apprise her parents of her condition, and summon them to her aid; but she dared not trust the guidance of one whose world was that narrow mountain dell, and who knew nor cared for nought beside; and nought appeared for the present but to remain where she was, until some chance incident should restore her to her family. One hope yet remained—that Gustavus would inform them of her locality, and they would haste to her relief, and this hope soon grew to activity, so prone are we to indulge hope's faintest ray, and when she descended to join the family at the evening meal the shade had passed from her brow, and she was calm and even cheerful.

When the following morning dawned she was too ill to rise, her whole form was racked with pain, and a burning fever seemed drying up the very sources of life. The woman at last appeared to summon her to breakfast; but when she looked upon her, and laid her head on her burning brow, an exclamation of alarm burst from her, and she hurried away to seek a remedy for the sufferings of her charge, but it was in vain that the mountain side was pillaged of its medicinal treasures; plant after plant was sacrificed in vain:—The disease would not be checked in its impetuous career, and many anxious days passed over the heads of the inhabitants of the cottage, while she lay in utter unconsciousness of all surrounding objects, and even the danger which threatened to terminate her trouble.

"The beautiful lady will die!" said the woman to her son, "and the good knight will distrust our care! nay, in his anger he may bring ruin on our heads! Had you not better go to the castle, and tell him of the danger of his lady; he doubtless would wish to look upon her once again, before

he loses her forever! Come, Peter, go to the castle and seek him.

Peter did as his mother desired him, and with the morning sun commenced his journey; and notwithstanding his mother's professed ignorance even of the name of Linderdorf castle, he trudged along a well trodden pathway, with the careless ease with which he would have traversed the little dell where stood his rustic home. One rugged steep was passed, and from its top the eye wandered over an extended space of background, covered, though not thickly, with forest trees. There came a fine open wood of small extent, a fine track of cultivated land, and then a gentle hill, where waved a stately grove, and there the eye rested on the proud turrets of Lendendorf, towering in the distance, high above the varied intervening scene.

"The Lord of Linderdorf must be a happy man!" thought he, as he carelessly surveyed the scene. "All this is his! Oh! how I wish I had been a great lord and not a humble peasant. But perhaps my humble lot is as happy as his. And now how will the young knight trouble himself lest his pretty bird, closely caged in our cottage, will die! How foolish to take so much trouble for her as he has done, when many as fair might be his; for what lady's heart that would not love Gustavus de Linderdorf. But I must haste me onward, for though my tidings may not be welcome they must be told!"

Again he trudged onward, singing a rustic song, to wile away the tediousness of the way, and though he knew it not, his heart was happier far, than that of the envied heir of Linderdorf. Within that bosom was the simple innocence of one whose soul had known no crime, whose mind had not within it a reservoir of guilt, nor yet the capacity to become a villain. To him the wishes of the Lords of Linderdorf were holy things, and in taking the lady Isabella in charge, at the desire of Gustavus, he thought not of aiding in a deed of sin, but of rendering good service to the lord he loved. As the lady sought no information from him respecting her locality, he was ignorant of the deception practised by the pretended ignorance of his mother, by which their

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