

each hoping, in course of possession, to be the most ardent of her adorers, and so late a widow, and with Rostgaard, still she till the year of mourning coquetted so cleverly whole band imagined him. "How," she asked,



her resuscitated husband, and then the door most of Rostgaard. Kirstine died a second time. He is now with his two wives, a

a sight; we arrive at the inn, order dinner, and go to the palace and its far-famed

CASTLE OF FREDERIKSBORG.

