

from the castle. Despite the many years he had numbered, and the inroads which his late sorrows had made on that noble frame, the Earl hastened forward with the ardour of youth, and as soon as the happy Isabella beheld him, although almost exhausted with the fatigue of her long and toilsome journey, she urged her horse to quicker pace, and rapidly advanced to meet him, she sprang lightly to the ground and the next moment her arms were entwined around the neck of her father in a fond embrace, while the single words, "My father, Oh my father!" alone broke from her swelling heart. "God bless thee, my lost darling!" murmured the venerable Earl, as he pressed her convulsively to his heart, my dearest wish is granted, I prayed but to look on thee again, ere my eyes were forever closed in death; for sadly, sadly have we mourned thee!"

Francis d'Auvergne and the two McDonald's approached: the former sprang from his horse and clasped the extended hand of the Earl, and although he smiled gaily, and sought to speak in merry tones, his voice was hoarse and unsteady as he exclaimed, "you see, my dear lord, that I have fulfilled my promise to rest not, until your daughter was restored to you! and now good sir for this good service I shall ask a rich reward!"

"My richest treasure, I pledged thee should be thine if thou wouldst restore my Isabella to my arms, and thus I fulfil my pledge!" and he placed the hand of Isabella in that of Francis, adding, "Take her my noble friend, for well hast thou won her, and unto thee without one anxious fear for the future, do I commit my best loved child! and now may Heaven bless you my children!" he paused: his full heart refused to give further utterance to his emotions, and the little party proceeded toward the castle in almost unbroken silence.

Most affecting was the meeting between Isabella and her mother. Again and again, was she pressed to the heart which had long bled for her sake, and then the evening board was spread, and the happy group gathered around it, and mirth and joy reigned around. And not until the repast was finished, did the Earl demand a narrative of the means by which his child had been restored to him.

"First," cried Francis d'Auvergne, "Let the Lady Isabella relate the manner in which she was borne away, and what has since befallen her! Hers is the tale which will interest you most."

"So be it my daughter!" cried the Earl. "Glad shall we be to know the sad history of the long months of thy absence!"

Isabella would fain have dispensed with the

painful task of calling up remembrances, from which even now, amid the joys of home she shrunk in horror; but she knew that the tale though unpleasant, must be told, and now in the truthful language of a heart all innocence, she related her story. Dark angry frowns oft gathered on the brows of the brothers while tears flowed down the still fair cheeks of the mother as she listened to the story of the sufferings of her child, but the brow of the Earl was unclouded by any emotion save mingled pity, and joy. But when she mentioned her rescue by Gustavus de Lindendorf, Lord Robert started to his feet, exclaiming, "He came to your rescue, and yet did not restore you to your home! my sister how is this?"

The face of the Lady Josepha was deadly pale, and the eye of her husband turned toward her with a face from which the look of fond affection with which he ever regarded her was banished, but her evident distress dispelled whatever of anger might have kindled in his heart, and pressing her hand to his lips in silence, he sunk back into his seat beside her, and motioned his sister to proceed.

More than once during the remainder of the recital, was Isabella interrupted, by bursts of angry feelings from the Earl and Lord Robert, against Gustavus de Lindendorf, and when it was at length concluded, Lord Robert sprang from his seat, crying: "Henceforth, and forever do I renounce the friendship of Gustavus de Lindendorf! Never again will I meet him but as a deadly foe!"

"Oh say not so!" cried the Lady Josepha, throwing herself into the arms of her husband, "Remember he is the brother, the only brother of your wife! forget not, that with all his errors, he is my brother still, and for my sake forgive his guilt, and revoke the cruel words you but now uttered!"

"Not for thy sake even, Josepha!" he answered "will I forgive the inhuman conduct of which he has been guilty, in tearing my sister from her home, nor can I forget the gross insult offered to the house of Glenelvin by such an act! 'tis true I cannot meet the brother of my bride in bloody strife, but henceforth his name shall be to me a hated sound, fitted to arouse all the angry passions of my soul! and I charge thee if thou wouldst retain my love, speak of him not to me, for,—

With a faint cry of anguish, the Lady Josepha sunk down at the feet of her husband without sense or motion, but on the death-like face, heart-breaking misery had left its trace, and Robert subdued by the sight of what his rashness had done, bent over her in the deepest anguish. Every