

One thing is quite certain: he will never see any of it again, for every single stone has been re-cut, and so effectually disguised as to be beyond identification.

Honesty spells poverty, Bindo always declares to me.

But some day very soon I intend, if possible, to cut my audacious friends and reform.

And yet how hard it is—how very hard! One can never, alas! retract one's downward steps. I am "The Count's Chauffeur," and shall, I suppose, continue to remain so until the black day when we all fall into the hands of the police.

Therefore the story of my further adventures will, in all probability, be recounted in the Central Criminal Court at a date not very far distant.

For the present, therefore, I must write

THE END.