

Surely we have had enough of plots and counter-plots.”

“Yes,” said Jack, “if an obdurate guardian had prevailed, Bertha would not now be Countess of Noxton.”

“Yes,” spoke up Vandemar, “and if the Corsican vendetta had claimed its last victim, Vivienne would not now be the wife of Vandemar Della Coscia. By the way, Jack, what do you suppose the Countess told Vivienne to-day?”

“That she is going to sell her estates in Corsica and take up her residence in Paris once more.”

“The first part of your guess is correct,” said Vandemar, “but she is not going to live in Paris. She told Vivienne—I think I can repeat her very words, ‘My past troubles are buried in Corsica, and my joys are yet to come with you and Merrie England.’”

THE END.