

case plainly, and he was too careless to make demur. He was going to marry and settle in Berlin, he assured me—his bride was to be the actress, Clara Weylin, who had made her peace with him on the score of her act of treachery—and he meant to be the greatest fencing master in Berlin, he declared. I gave him as a wedding present a considerable sum of money, and we parted with many assurances, characteristic and voluble on his part, that he would ever be devoted to me and my interests.

Steinitz I kept with me as secretary, and von Krugen was to remain as guardian of our interests at Gramberg. There was one commission we gave to the two just before our marriage—to go to Charmes and endeavour to bring the real von Fromberg to Munich to be present at the marriage.

Minna and I were together when they started, and she was looking more radiant and beautiful than ever in the anticipative joy of the marriage.

I gave them full instructions, and then, with a smile, I turned to von Krugen.

“Be more careful this time,” I said, “and be sure you bring the right man.”

“I could not have brought a better man last time, count,” he replied.

And in the tone and earnestness spoke all the regard and esteem of a staunch and sincere friend.

“What do you say to that, Minna?” I asked as they drove off.

“A happier mistake was never made, but I don’t want him to do it again. The only throne I care