

The skeleton walls of Carne's Hold were at once pulled down, the garden was rooted up, and the whole site planted with trees, and this was by Ronald's orders carried out so expeditiously, that when he returned with his bride all trace of 'The Hold' had vanished. Never in the memory of South Devonshire had there been such rejoicings as those that greeted Ronald Mervyn and his wife on their return home. The tenantry of his two estates, now joined, all assembled at the station, and scarcely a man from Carnesford was absent. Triumphal arches had been erected, and the gentry for many miles round drove in to receive them, as an expression at once of their satisfaction Ronald Mervyn had been cleared from the cloud that hung over him, and, to some extent, of their regret that they should ever for a moment have believed him guilty.

Reuben Claphurst's prediction was verified. With the destruction of Carne's Hold the curse of the Spanish lady ceased to work, and no trace of the family scourge has ever shown itself in the blood of the somewhat numerous family of Ronald Mervyn. The tragic story is now almost forgotten, and it is only among the inhabitants of the village at the foot of the hill that the story of the Curse of Carne's Hold is sometimes related.

THE END.