

She lay on his broad, true breast, pale from very excess of joy.

"We need the discipline," she murmured. "We will be all the happier in the future for the sorrow of the past. Estella and her husband will never doubt each other more."

* * * * *

Three days later, Count De Montreuil, his daughter, and his daughter's husband, sailed for France. Mrs. Rutherford declined being one of the party, and remained in New York.

The romantic story got wind at once, of course, and was the nine-days' wonder of the city. The people talked of it, the papers teemed with it; it created a *furore* unprecedented. But Estella and her husband were far away on the "heaving sea," and all their new celebrity fell harmless.

Mr. George Waldron pulled his tawny mustache, and looked plaintive.

"It is better to be born lucky than rich. My grandmother used to say so; and gad! I believe the old lady was right. To think of the luck that fellow Bartram has come to, while better men go begging! The women *always* adored him; his pictures sell like wildfire; two fortunes fall to him together; and now a third, and the loveliest wife under the starry sky. By Jove! it's enough to make a man go and cut his throat."

THE END.