

*The Triumphs of Eugène Valmont*

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I looked at my watch; it was twenty-five minutes to nine.

"Was the ceremony genuine, then?" I asked.

"Ah, Valmont," said the young man, patting his wife affectionately on the shoulder, "nothing on earth can be more genuine than that ceremony was."

And the volatile Lady Alicia snuggled close to him.

THE END

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