

"And who is that?"

"Beatrice."

"And is it on her account that you have absented yourself so long, willing to sacrifice your own happiness to hers? Lorelie, you are too generous. Beatrice is indeed a charming and pretty maiden, and had I never seen you I might perhaps have loved her. I had the conceit that she might be growing fond of me, so I took steps to cure her of the fancy."

"How?" asked Lorelie, with wondering eyes.

"By showing her that there are much finer fellows than myself in existence. With Godfrey's consent I took her to London. At Ormsby I was a hero in her eyes, for there were few here with whom she might measure me: but in London it was different. 'Pretty Miss Ravengar' became quite an attraction in Society. Eligible young men surrounded her, eager for a glance and a smile: and—well—to make my story short, next spring we shall have to address our little Trixie as Lady St. Cyril. She will have half the Viking's treasure as her dowry. And so, you see, my sweet countess——"

Their lips drew near and met in one long, clinging kiss.

In the circle of Idris' arms Lorelie found a refuge from all her past troubles. Fair and clear before her the future lay like a sunny sparkling lake with one barque gliding over it: Idris was the steersman, and she had nothing to do but to lie back on silken pillows, still and happy, and float wherever he chose to direct.

THE END.