With that night the story of my series of adventures ends. I had certainly had my fill of them, and ever since then my appetite for that sort of thing has been considerably less keen. But apart from the more selfish advantage I derived, the winning of a most charming wife, it has always been a satisfaction to me to reflect that what I did served a useful purpose in ridding the world of a gang of precious villains. I have since visited the Monastery of St. Tranquillin in the Geierthal; it is now the innocent abode of a prosperous farmer, who occasionally entertains stray sportsmen in rather different fashion from his predecessors, and is, happily, ignorant of what lies beneath the ground he plods over, or the dark history of the rooms in which his children play.

After the death of Count Rallenstein the rule of the Jaguar was known no more, and Von Lindheim, after spending several months with us in England, was able to return to his estate, there to live in peace and safety.

From the subsequent marriage of the poor Princess Casilde there sprang, as every student of European affairs knows, the consort of one of the most illustrious rulers; but the keenest and most diligent of students has never found the name Von Orsova in her family tree, and yet that was undoubtedly the Princess's name before her marriage. Still, I have made a journey, more than once, to lay a wreath on the grave of the handsome Rittmeister von Orsova, the man whose fate, though it brought terror and death to others, yet gave supreme happiness to me.

THE END

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250