

One Tour Ends: Another Begins

she unraveled every knot; Medenham's few broken words, supplemented by the letter to his brother-in-law which he told her to obtain from Dale, threw light on all the dark places.

But the gloom had fled. It was a keenly interested, almost light-hearted, little party that walked through the sunshine to the *Hôtel de la Plage*.

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Dale, abashed, sheepish, yet oddly confident that all was for the best in a queer world, met the Earl of Fairholme later in the day; his lordship, who had been pining for someone to pitch into, addressed him sternly.

"This is a nice game you've been playing," he said. "I always thought you were a man of steady habits, a little given to horse-racing perhaps, but otherwise a decent member of the community."

"So I was before I met Viscount Medenham, my lord," was the daring answer. For Dale was no fool, and he had long since seen how certain apparently hostile forces had adapted themselves to new conditions.

"Before you left him, you mean," growled the Earl. "What sort of sense was there in letting him fight a duel?—it could have been stopped in fifty different ways."

"Yes, my lord, but I never suspicioned a word of it till he went off in the cab with them——"

The Earl held up a warning finger.

"Hush," he said, "this is France, remember, and