

Cynthia's Chauffeur

Five pairs of eyes sought her face anxiously while the vessel was warping to the quay opposite the Gare Maritime. They looked there for tidings, and they were not disappointed.

"That's all right," said Vanrenen with an unwonted huskiness in his voice. "Cynthia wouldn't smile if she hadn't good news."

"Thank God for that!" muttered the Earl, bending his head to examine a landing ticket, the clear type of which he was utterly unable to read.

"I never thought for a minute that any Frenchman could kill George," cried Scarland cheerfully.

But the two women said nothing, could see nothing, and the white-faced but smiling Cynthia standing near the shoreward end of the gangway had vanished in a sudden mist.

Of course, Marigny was right when he foresaw that Vanrenen could not meet either Medenham or any of his relatives for five minutes without his "poor little cobweb of intrigue" being dissipated once and forever.

With the marvelous insight that every woman possesses when dealing with the affairs of the man she loves, Cynthia combined the eloquence of an orator with the practiced skill of a clever lawyer in revealing each turn and twist of the toils which had enveloped her since that day in Paris when her father happened to suggest in Marigny's hearing that she might utilize his hired car for a tour in England, while he concluded the business that was detaining him in the French Capital. Nothing escaped her;