

Cynthia's Chauffeur

avored and well-dowered wife; such a one, in fact, as you managed to snap up under my very nose.

With a thousand compliments, I am,

Yours very sincerely,

EDOUARD MARIGNY.

P.S.—Devar went “steerage” to the United States when he heard of our affair. He thought it was all up with you, and with him.

“The wretch!” murmured Cynthia. “Can he really believe even yet that I would have married him?”

“I don’t care tuppence what he believes,” said Medenham, giving her a reassuring hug. “Indeed, I have a mind to write and ask him how much he owes in that hotel. Don’t you see, my dear, that if it hadn’t been for Marigny there was a chance that I might have left you at Bristol.”

“Never!” cooed Cynthia.

“Well, now I have got you, I am beginning to imagine all sorts of terrible possibilities which might have parted us. I remember thinking, when my foot slipped . . .”

“Oh, don’t!” she murmured. “I can’t bear to hear of that. Sometimes, in Calais, I awoke screaming, and then I knew I had seen it in my dreams. . . . There, you have disarranged my hat! . . . But I don’t think much of *your* budget, anyhow; mine is a great deal more to the point. My father told me this morning that he is sure he will feel very lonely now. He never meant, he said, to put anyone