



The Husbands of Edith

to assure you that Mr. Brock will make a splendid brother-in-law." He hesitated a moment and then went on: "So *you* are the chap that really put in those c'nfended memorial windows. 'Pon me word, sir, they are the rottenest—"

"Carney!" came the sharp reminder from his wife.

"I should have said," revised Mr. Odell-Carney, "you are the chap who played the deuce with the building grafters in the County Council. Remarkable!"

"Yes," said Roxbury, striving to grasp something of the situation as it appeared to the other. "We beat them. The bill is lost. It will never go to the Council. The sub-committee will not recommend it. Thanks, Brock, old man; you have saved London a good many millions, I daresay. It was you who did it, after all."

Before noon the hotel was agog with the full details of the remarkable story. Cabled despatches in the newspapers gave the gist of the clever trick played by the Medcrofts, and the whole of England was to be regaled with the stories of Mrs. Medcroft's pluck and devotion. Everybody was buying the papers and staring with admiration at Mrs. Medcroft.

The management of the Tirol implored the Medcrofts to remain—forever! The bank and the police were profuse in apologies and explanations, and Mr. Githens departed by the first train.

Freddie Ulstervelt, killing two birds with one stone, arranged a splendid dinner for that night in honour of the prodigal husband of Edith and also in open compliment to the vivacious Mademoiselle Le Brun.

Later in the day, it occurred to him that he might just as well kill three birds as two, so he planned to announce the