"Now," he said.

"Mr. Vanrenen kem to Chester last night in Simmond's car, my lord. This mornin' he sent for me an' sez 'who are you?' 'The chauffeur, sir.' sez I. 'Whose chauffeur?' sez he. 'Yours for the time,' sez I, bein' sort of ready for him. 'Well, you can get,' sez he. 'Get what?' sez I. 'Get out,' sez he. Of course, my lord, I knew well enough what he meant, but I wanted to have it straight, an' I got it."

Dale's style of speech was elliptical, though he might have been surprised if told so. For once, Medenham wished he was a loquacious man.

"Was nothing else said?" he asked.
"No message from—anyone? No reason given? What brought Simmonds to Chester?"

"Mr. Vanrenen nicked him up in

or you again, I shall be willing to credit that you acted more in a spirit of youthful caprice than from any foul desire to injure the good repute of one who has done no harm to you

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"Mr. Vanrenen picked him up in Bristol at 4 a.m. yesterday, my lord. Simmonds made out that that there Frenchman, Monsieur Marinny" (Dale prided himself on a smattering of French). "had pitched a fine ole tale about you. In fact, the bearings got so hot at Symon's Yat that Simmonds chucked his job till Mr. Vanrenen sort of apologised."

"Cas. you be specific, Dale? Tee



Even you will admit that I was first

"You are talking arrant nonsense, for what purpose I can hardly conceive," he said, frowning, with vexation at the tragi-comedy into which he had been drawn. "Frenchmen, it is true, regard these things from a different standpoint. That which is true, regard these things from a different standpoint. That which seems rational to you is little else than buffoonery to me. If that is your object in seeking an interview, it has now been accomplished. I absolutely decline to entertain the proposition for a moment. You have certainly succeeding in lending an air of drivel to a controversy that I regard as serious. I came here filled with very bitter thoughts toward you, but your burlesque has disarmed me. It is only fair, however, that I should warn you not to cross my path again, since one's sense of humor may become strained, and that will be bad for you."

immediate departure, but Marigny looked at him so fixedly that he waited to hear what the other had to say. He was quite determined now to keen Cynthia out of the discussion.

"A sword:—Is that quite fair: You Englishmen are not proticient with the sword. Why not pistols?"

"I think you are right," said Meden ham, turning away as if the sight of him was loathsome. "You deserve the death of a dog; it would dishonor bright steel to touch you."

"We have been seed, and Marieny who

bright steel to touch you."

"We shall see," said Marigny, who having achieved his purpose, was now apparently unconcerned as to its out come. "But it would be folly to fight without arriving at an understanding I shall try to kill you, and I am sure you will admit that I have striven to force you into an active reciprocity in that respect. But one might only be wounded—that is the lottery of it—so I stipulate that if fortune should favor me, and still you live, you shall agree to leave me in undisturbed possession of the field for at least six months after our encounter."

Medenham still refused to look at him.

him.
"I agree to no terms or conditions whatsoever," he answered. "I am meeting you solely because of the foul lie you have dared to utter against the reputation of the woman I love. If you breathe a word of it in any other car I shall tear your tongue out by the roots, duel or no

| Cynthia's | Character | Cynthe | Cynthia's | Cynthia

dured so long gave way that night. Storm-clouds swept up from the Atlantic, and England was drenched in rain when Medenham quitted Charing Cross at 9 p.m. At the eleventh hour he determined to take Dale with him, but that belated display of wisdom arose more from the need he felt of human companionship than from any sense of the absurdity of going alone to fight a duel in a foreign land. He had given no thought during the fleeting hours to the necessity of communicating with thought during the fleeting hours to the necessity of communicating, with his relatives in case he fell a victim to Marigny's rancor, so he devoted himself now to writing a brief account to the Marquis of Scarland of the causes that led up to the duel. He concluded with an entreaty that his brother-in-law should use all means within his power to close down any inquiry that might result, and pointed out that in this connection Dale would prove a valuable ally, since his testimony would make clear the fact that the contest had taken place in France, where duels are looked on with a more lenient eye than in England.

the hotel staff were still sound asleep. A night porter, however, was awaiting him at the entrance, and Dale forthwith engaged in a valiant struggle with the French language in the effort to ascertain, first, whether the man possessed a bicycle, and, secondly, whether he would lend it. The Frenchman, of course, broke in a voluble statement out of all proportion to the demand, but the production of a British sovereign seemed to interpret matters satisfactorily, because a bicycle was promptly produced from a shed in the rear of the building.

(To be continued)

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