

One Tour Ends: Another Begins

north by west to Scarland Towers, "lent to the happy pair for the honeymoon" while Betty took the children to recuperate at the seaside, that Cynthia felt she was really married.

"I have a bit of news for you," said her husband, taking a letter from his pocket. "I received a letter by this morning's post. A heap of others remain unopened till you and I have time to go through them; but this one caught my attention, and I read it while I was dressing."

He had an excellent excuse for putting his arm round her waist while he held the open sheet so that both might peruse it at the same time. It ran:

MY DEAR VISCOUNT—Of course I meant to kill you, but fate decided otherwise. Indeed, with my usual candor, which by this time you may have learned to admire, I may add that only the special kind of dog's luck which attaches itself to members of my family, saved me from being killed by you. But that is ancient history now.

I am glad to hear that your wound was not really serious. There was no sense in merely crippling you—my only chance lay in procuring your untimely demise. Having failed, however, I want to tell you, with the utmost sincerity, that I never had the slightest intention of carrying out my abominable threat in regard to the fair lady who is now Viscountess Medenham. Were you other than a heavy-witted and thick-skinned Briton, you would have known that I was goading you into issuing a challenge.

This piece of information is my wedding present; it is all I can give, because, metaphorically speaking, I haven't a soul!

I am, as you see, domiciled in Brussels, where my car is attached by an unsympathetic hotel proprietor. Still, I am devoid of rancor, and mean to keep a sharp eye for a well-