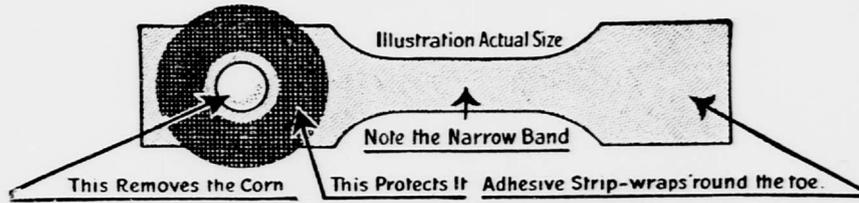


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and Asthma are quickly relieved by the use of an effective device which we will send to any sufferer for seven days' free trial. They may then decide whether or not they want to keep it. This device filters the air of all foreign matter, dust and pollen which cause the irritation known as Hay Fever and produce paroxysms of Asthma.

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Let us prove it to you FREE on your own bunion. Send us your name and a 2-cent stamp and we will mail you a trial treatment of our ANTI-BUNION PLASTER FREE. This will prove, in the unmistakable language of results, that what we say is so. So-called shields, pads, etc., will never cure you. They tend to make the bunion bigger and more tender, thereby increasing instead of decreasing the deformity. Our ANTI-BUNION PLASTER works on a different principle. It does not merely protect the bunion—it removes the bunion and that for good. Our Anti-Bunion Plaster first and almost instantly takes away all the pain and soreness. Then it dissolves the enlarged growth and the final result is a natural shaped, normal foot, such as you were intended by nature to have. All this is done painlessly, harmlessly and without the slightest inconvenience. You do not have to wear shoes two or three sizes too large while using the plaster. It takes up no room, being as thin as paper, and you can wear your tightest shoes with perfect comfort. Let us prove all this to you free. Send now for the FREE trial treatment and it will be mailed to you promptly in a plain, sealed envelope.

FOOT REMEDY CO., W. 3509 26th St., Chicago, Ill.

the Earl of Fairholme from the railway station took him back to it.

The Du Vallon came panting from the garage; but the Frenchman sent it away again. Hereford was no great distance by the direct road, and he had already determined not to follow the tortuous route devised by Cynthia for the day's run. Moreover, he must now reconsider his schemes. The long telegrams he had just despatched to Devar in London and to Peter Vanrenen in Paris might demand supplements.

And to think of that accursed chauffeur being a Viscount! His gorge rose at that. The thought almost choked him. It was well that the hall porter did not understand French, or the words that were muttered by Marigny as he turned on his heel and reentered the hotel might have shocked him. And indeed they were most unsuited for the ears of a hall porter who dwelt next door to a cathedral.

CHAPTER VIII. Breakers Ahead

THE Earl's title borrowing from Shakespeare was certainly justified by current events; for Dromio of Ephesus and Dromio of Syracuse, to say nothing of their masters, were no bad prototypes of the chief actors in this Bristol comedy.

Simmonds, not knowing who might have it in mind to investigate the latest defect in his car, decided it would be wise to disappear until Viscount Medenham was well quit of Bristol. By arrangement with Dale, therefore, he picked up the latter soon after the Mercury was turned over to Medenham's hands: in effect, one chauffeur took the other on a bus driver's holiday. Dale was free until two o'clock. At that hour he would depart for Hereford and meet his master, with arrangements made for the night as usual; meanwhile, the day's program included a pleasant little run to Bath and back.

It was a morning that tempted to the road; but both men had risen early, and a pint of beer seemed to be an almost indispensable preliminary.

Dale, it will be remembered, was of sporting bent, and he told Simmonds gleefully of his successful bet at Epsom.

"Five golden quidlets his Lordship shoved into me fist at Brighton," he chortled. "Have you met Smith, who is lookin' after the Frenchman's Du Vallon? No? Well, he was there, an' his goggles nearly cracked when he saw the money paid—two points over the market price, an' all."

"Sometimes one spots a winner by chance," observed Simmonds judicially. "An' that reminds me. Last night a fellow told me there was a good thing at Kempton to-day. Now, what was it?"

Dale instantly became a lexicon of weird sounding words; for the British turf is exceedingly democratic in its pronunciation of the classical and foreign names frequently given to racehorses. His stock of racing lore was eked out by reference to a local paper. Still Simmonds scratched an uncertain pate.

"Pity, too!" he said at last. "This chap had it from his navy, who married the sister of a housemaid at Beekhampton."

Dale whistled. Here was news indeed! Beekhampton, the home of "good things!"

"Is that where it comes from?"

"Yes. Something real hot over a mile."

"Can't you think? Let's look again at the entries."

"Wait a bit," cried Simmonds. "I've got it now. Second horse from the top of the column in to-morrow's entries in yesterday's 'Sportsman.'"

"Tell you w'at," Dale suggested eagerly, "when you're ready we'll just run to the station an' ask the bookstall people for yesterday's paper."

The inquiry, the search, the triumphant discovery, the telegraphing of the "information" and a sovereign to Tomkinson in Cavendish Square, "five bob each way" for each of the two, all these things took time, and time was very precious to Dale just then.

DALE was about to seat himself beside Simmonds, when an astonished and somewhat irate old man hooked the handle of an umbrella into his collar and shouted:

"Confound you, Dale! What are you doing here, and where is your master?" Dale's tanned face grew pale, his ears and eyes assumed the semblance of a scared rabbit's, and the power of speech positively failed him.

"Do you hear me, Dale?" cried the Earl, that instant alighted from a cab. "I am asking you where Viscount Medenham is. If he has gone to town, why have you remained in Bristol?"

"But his Lordship hasn't gone to London, my Lord," stammered Dale, finding his voice at last and far too flustered to collect his wits, though he realized in a dazed way that it was his duty to act exactly as Viscount

Medenham would wish him to act in such trying circumstances.

And, indeed, many very clever people might have found themselves sinking in some such unexpected quicksand and be not one whit less bemused than the miserable chauffeur. Morally, he had given the only possible answer that left open a way of escape, and he had formed a sufficiently shrewd estimate of the relations between his master and the remarkably good looking young woman whom the said master was serving with exemplary diligence to fear dire consequences to himself if he became the direct cause of a broken idyl. The position was even worse if he fell back on an artistic lie. The Earl was a dour person where servants were concerned, and Salome did not demand John the Baptist's head on a salver with greater gusto than the autocrat of Fairholme would insist on Dale's dismissal when he discovered the facts. Talk of the horned dilemma! Here was an unfortunate asked to choose which bristle of a porcupine he would sit on.

The mere presence of his Lordship in Bristol betokened a social atmosphere charged with electricity, a phase of the problem that constituted the Earl's clear item in Dale's seething brain. It was too much for him. In sudden desperation he determined to stick to the plain truth. He had to elect very quickly; for the peppery tempered Earl would not brook delay.

"Not gone to London, you say? Then where has he gone? A gentleman at the hotel, a French gentleman, who said he had met these—these persons with whom my son is gadding about the country, told me that they had left Bristol this morning for London, because a car that was expected to meet them here had broken down."

SUDDENLY his Lordship, a county magistrate noted for his sharpness, glanced at Simmonds. He marched round to the front of the car and saw that it was registered in London. He waved an accusing umbrella in air.

"What car is this? Is this the motor that won't go? It seems to have reached Bristol all right! Now, my men, I must have a candid tale from each of you, or the consequences may be most disagreeable. You presume," and he lunged at Simmonds, "make an employer of some sort, and I shall make it my business—"

"This is my own car, my Lord," said Simmonds stiffly. He could be stubborn as any member of the Upper House when occasion served. "Your Lordship needn't use any threats. Just ask me what you like, an' I'll answer if I can."

Fairholme, by no means a hasty man in the ordinary affairs of life, and upset now only by the unforeseen annoyances of an unusually disquieting mission, realized that he was losing caste. It was a novel experience to be rebuked by a chauffeur; but he had the sense to swallow his wrath.

"Perhaps I ought to explain that I am particularly anxious to see Lord Medenham," he said more calmly. "I left London at eight o'clock this morning, and it is most irritating to have missed him by a few minutes. I only wish to be assured as to his whereabouts, and of course I have no reason to believe that any sort of responsibility for my son's movements rests with you."

"That's all right, my Lord," said Simmonds. "Viscount Medenham was very kind to me last Wednesday. I had a first rate job, and was on my way to the Savoy Hotel to take it up, when a van ran into me an' smashed the transmission shaft. His Lordship met me in Down-st. an' offered to run my two ladies to Epsom an' along the south coast for a day or two while I repaired the damages. I was to turn up here, an' here I am,—but it suited his arrangements better to go on with the tour, an' that is all there is to it. A bit of a joke, I call it."

"Yes, my Lord, that's hit hexactly," put in Dale with nervous eagerness.

The Earl managed to restrain another outburst. "Nothing to cavil at so far," he said with forced composure. "The only point that remains is, Where is Lord Medenham now?"

"Somewhere between here an' Gloucester, my Lord," said Simmonds.

"Gloucester! That is not on the way to London!"

No reply—neither man was willing to belabor the cat. Finding Simmonds a tough customer, Fairholme tackled Dale.

"Come, come, this is rather absurd!" he cried. "Fancy my son's chauffeur jibbing at my questions! Once and for all, Dale, where shall I find Lord Medenham to-night?"

There was no escape now. Dale had to blurt out the fatal word, "Hereford."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes, my Lord. I'm goin' there with his Lordship's portmanteaus."

The head of the Fitzroy clan turned to