

over's silly jaw drop open. "Ow, I say, Tootsie!" he splutters. "Don't talk such bally tommyrot! I'm no schoolboy, y'know." "You're worse," says she. "You're a stupid, vicious minded young loafer, with more money than sense. I'm sick of having you trailing around after me. So go home!" "Why, Tootsie!" gasps Duke. "I—I won't do anything of the sort. Bah Jove, I just won't! I said I'd stick to it until I got you, and hang me if I don't! So there!" "You see," says Tootsie to Mr. Westover, "I guess it must be your turn now." "Humph!" snorts Z. K., shrugging his shoulders. "But you were not in earnest." "Wasn't I, though?" says Tootsie. "Well, when I assure you that I am now. And if Duke doesn't leave within an hour I shall start in good earnest to make a fool of him. Oh, I know how, and I shall need a lot of money to keep the whole Dinneen family away from the looms. I'm sending them all west, you know. But Duke is always so generous." "Haw, haw, that's right too," breaks out Duke, slapping his leg. "And it's a bargain, Tootsie. I'm going to stay." "Bah!" says Mr. Westover, losin' his temper for the first time. "Stay, you young ass, then! I'm done with you."

"Well, well!" chuckles Duke, as the door bangs behind Mr. Westover. "That's what I call queer of the pater, going off his manners like that; before his only son too. But we can spare him, eh, Tootsie? How about dinner?"

SAY, that's where it ends for me, only I gets sent home in the big yellow tourin' car while Tootsie is explainin' to Duke all about who I am and why. Then next day comes this order good for orchestra seats any night but Saturday; so the other evenin' me and Zenobia, who's the gamest old lady sport I know of anywhere, we takes in this girl show where Tootsie is makin' such a big hit. On the way there I tells Zenobia the whole story too, and to prove it I points out Duke, bleary eyed but happy, in his reg'lar box. And, say, there's some tabasco to that song of Tootsie's! What?

"Of course," says Zenobia, after she's heard the tale and seen Tootsie kick her slipper into Duke's box. "it's all quite shocking, I suppose; but somehow I'm not shocked. There's something too nicely appropriate about the whole thing, you know."

"Yep," says I. "Not that I'm wise to what you mean; but, whatever it is, I'm givin' long odds that you're dead right."

## Cynthia's Chauffeur

Continued from page 9

the boy saw Viscount Medenham yesterday his Lordship is here now, sir," he said.

"You do just as you are told and pass no remarks!" snapped Vanrenen.

If the head of the house of Vanrenen was judged merely by that somewhat unworthy report, he would not be judged fairly. He was tired physically, worried mentally; he had been brought from Paris at an awkward moment; he was naturally devoted to his daughter; he believed that Medenham was an unmitigated scamp and Simmonds his foil. These considerations, among others, may be pleaded in his behalf.

But, if Simmonds, who had stood on a high reputation, refused to be browbeaten by a British Earl, he certainly would not grovel before an American plutocrat. He had endured a good deal since five o'clock that morning. He told his tale honestly and fully; he even sympathized with a father's distress, though assured in his own mind that it was wholly unwarranted; he was genuinely sorry on hearing that Vanrenen had been searching the many hotels of Bristol for two hours before he came to the right one,—but to be treated like a serf? No, not if Simmonds knew it!

fairlyland of forest and river. What thanks he owed to that Frenchman, Marigny!

INDEED, it was easy to hoodwink this hard headed man in aught that affected Cynthia. Count Edouard displayed a good deal of tact when he called at the Savoy Hotel late the previous night; but his obvious relief at finding Vanrenen in London had induced the latter to depart for Bristol by a midnight train rather than trust wholly to Mrs. Leland's leisured strategy.

He did not go straight to Hereford, for the best of reasons. He had told Cynthia of Mrs. Leland's coming, and had heard of it not from her in response to his letter. If he rushed off now to intercept the motorists at Hereford, he would defeat the very purpose he had in view, which was to interpose an effectual shield between the scoundrelly lordling and his prey, while avoiding any risk of hurting his daughter's feelings. Moreover, he was eminently a just man. Hearing from Marigny that Simmonds, the original cause of all the trouble, was skulking at Bristol, to Bristol he went. From that starting point, with his knowledge of Cynthia's probable route, he could surely pick up traces of the predatory car at most towns through which it passed. Moreover, he could choose his own time for joining the party in front, which by this time he was fully resolved on, either at Chester or farther north.

Transcending these minor features of a disturbing affair was his self confessed fear of Cynthia. In the unfathomed depths of a father's love for such a daughter there is ever an element of fear. Not for all his wealth would Vanrenen cast a shadow on the unsullied intimacy of their affection. Therefore, he would be wary, circumspect, ready to accept as most credible theories he would scout in any other conditions, quick to discern the truth, slow to point out wherein an inexperienced girl had erred, but merciless to the fortune hunter who had so jeopardized Cynthia's happiness and his own.

HENCE, his appearance at the Symons Yat Hotel seemed to have no more serious import than a father's wish to delight his daughter by an unexpected participation in her holiday. No secret had been made as to the Mercury's halting place that day. Cynthia herself had written the address in the hotel register, adding a request that letters, if any, were to be forwarded to Windermere.

By chance, the smiling landlady's curiosity as to Fitzroy raised a new specter. "He must be a gentleman," she said, "because he belongs to the Thames Rowing Club; he also spoke and acted like one. Why did he employ an assistant chauffeur? That is most unusual."

Vanrenen could only explain that arrangements for the tour were made during his absence in France; so he was not fully posted as to details.

"Oh, they did not intend to remain here on Saturday; but Miss Vanrenen liked the place, and seemed to be rather taken with the hotel," whereat the millionaire nodded his complete agreement; "so Mr. Fitzroy telegraphed for a man named Dale to come to Hereford. There was some misunderstanding, however, and Dale arrived only yesterday in the car. He left by an early

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