swiftly I'm at a loss to follow them. I am, old boy! First one obstacle and then another. You've been splendid, Minot, splendid! I want to thank you for all you have done. I thought tonight the wedding had gone glimmering. And I'm fond of Miss Meyrick—tremendously!"

"Don't thank me," Minot replied. "I'm not doing it for you: we both know that. I'm protecting Jephson's money. In a few days, wedding bells. And then me back to New York, shouting never again on the Cupid act! If I'm ever roped into another job like this—"

"It has been a trying position for you," Harrowby said sympathetically, "and you've done nobly. I'm sure your troubles are all out of the way now. With the wedding worry gone—"

HE paused; for across the lobby toward them walked Henry Trimmer, and his walk was that of a man who was going somewhere.

"Ah! Mr. Harrowby," he boomed, "and Mr. Minot! I've been looking for you both. It will interest you to know that I had a wireless message from Lord Harrowby this noon."

"A wireless message?" cried Minot.

"Yes," Trimmer laughed. "Not such a fool as you think him, Lord Harrowby isn't. Managed to send me a wireless from Tarragona despite the attendance of your friends. So I went out there this afternoon and brought George back with me."

Silently Minot and Harrowby stared at each other.

"Yes," Trimmer went on, "George is back again—back under the direction of little me, a publicity man with no grass under the feet. I've come to give you gentlemen your choice. You either see Lord Harrowby tomorrow morning at ten o'clock and recognize his claims, or I'll have you both thrown into jail for kidnapping."

"Tomorrow at ten?" Harrowby repeated gloomily.

"That's what I said," replied Trimmer blithely. "How about it, little brother?"

"Minot, what would you advise?"

"See him," sighed Minot.

"Very well," Lord Harrowby's tone was resigned, "I presume I'd better."

"Ah! coming to your senses, aren't you?" said Trimmer. "I hope we aren't spoiling the joyous wedding day. But then, what I say is, if the girl's marrying you just for the title—"

Harrowby leaped to his feet. "You haven't been asked for an opinion," he said.

"No, of course not. Don't get excited. I'll see you both in the morning at ten." And Trimmer strolled elegantly away.

Harrowby turned hopefully to Minot. "At ten in the morning!" he repeated. "Old chap, what are we going to do at ten in the morning?"

"I don't know," smiled Minot; "but if past performances mean anything, we'll win."

CHAPTER XVI. Who's Who in England

WHAT'S the matter with you?" Seated in the lobby of the De la Pax on Sunday morning, Trimmer turned a disapproving eye upon the lank Englishman at his side as he made this query. And this question was not without good foundation: for the aspirant to the title of Lord Harrowby was at the moment a jelly quaking with fear.

"Fawney meeting you after all these years!" said poor old George in an uncertain treble.

"Come, come!" cried Trimmer. "Put a little more authority into your voice. You can't walk up and claim your rights with your knees dancing the tango. This is the moment we've been looking forward to. Act determined. Walk into that room upstairs as though you were walking into Rakedale Hall to take charge of it."

"Allan, don't you know me? I'm your brother George!" went on the Englishman, intent on rehearsing.

"More like it," said Trimmer. "But get the fire into it. You're not expecting a threshing, you know. You're expecting the title and recognition that belongs to you. I wish I was the real Lord Harrowby! I guess I'd show 'em a thing or two!"

"I wish you was," agreed poor old George sadly. "Somehow, I don't seem to have the spirit I used to have."

"A good point," commented Trimmer. "Years of wrong and suffering have made you timid. I'll call that to their attention. Five minutes of ten, your Lordship."

His Lordship groaned. "All right, I'm ready," he said. "What is it I say as I go in? Oh, yes—" he stepped into the elevator. "'Fawney seeing you after all these years!'"

The negro elevator boy was somewhat startled at this greeting, but regained his composure and started the car. Trimmer and his proposition shot up toward their great opportunity.

In Lord Harrowby's suite that man sat in considerable nervousness, awaiting the undesired encounter. With him sat Miss Meyrick and her father, whom he had thought it necessary to invite to witness the ordeal. Richard Minot uneasily paced the floor, avoiding as much as possible the glances of Miss Meyrick's brown eyes. Ten o'clock was upon him, and Minot was no nearer a plan of action than he had been the preceding night.

Every good press agent is not without a live theatrical sense, and Trimmer was no exception. He left his trembling claimant in the entrance hall and strode into the room.

"Good morning," he said brightly. "Here we are, on time to the minute. Ah—I beg your pardon!"

Lord Harrowby performed brief introductions, which Trimmer effusively acknowledged. Then he turned dramatically toward his Lordship.

"Out there in the hallway stands a poor broken creature," he began, "your own flesh and blood, Allan Harrowby!" Obviously Trimmer had prepared speeches for himself as well as for poor old George. "For twenty odd and impecunious years," he went on, "this man has been denied his just heritage. We are here this morning to perform a duty—"

"My dear fellow," broke in Harrowby wearily, "why should you inflict oratory upon us? Bring in this—er—gentleman."

"That I will," replied Trimmer heartily. "And when you have heard his story, digested his evidence, I am sure—"

"Yes, yes! Bring him in."

TRIMMER stepped to the door. He beckoned. A very reluctant figure shuffled in. George's face was green with fright. His knees rattled together. He made, altogether, a ludicrous picture, and Trimmer himself noted this with sinking heart.

"Allow me," said Trimmer theatrically. "George, Lord Harrowby!"

George cleared his throat, but did not succeed in dislodging his heart, which was there at the moment.

"Fawney seeing you after all these years!" he mumbled weakly, to no one in particular.

"Speak up!" said Spencer Meyrick sharply. "Who is it you're talking to?"

"To him," explained George, nodding toward Lord Harrowby, "to my brother Allan. Don't you know me, Allan? Don't you know—" He stopped. An expression of surprise and relief swept over his worried face. He turned triumphantly to Trimmer. "I don't have to prove who I am to him," he announced.

"Why don't you?" demanded Trimmer in alarm.

"Because he can't, I fancy," put in Lord Harrowby.

"No," said George slowly, "because I never saw him before in all my life!"

"Ah—you admit it!" cried Allan Harrowby with relief.

"Of course I do," replied George. "I never saw you before in my life."

"And you've never been at Rakedale Hall, have you?" Lord Harrowby demanded.

"Here—wait a minute—" shouted Trimmer in a panic.

"Oh, yes—I've been at Rakedale Hall," said the

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"Here! Wait a minute!" shouted Trimmer in a panic.