

pearance of the boy Waterlow. Evidently, however, let him be who he might, he attached great importance to the communication he had to make to them, or he would not have thought it worth his while to cross the Atlantic for the sake of seeing a son of Dr. Lichfield. So Harry waited, possessing his soul with what patience he could, for this new development to work itself out in full detail.

In a few days more he received an intimation that Dr. Withers was stopping at the Langham Hotel, and would give an interview to Harry and Serjeant Thorowgood on the next Tuesday, at eleven in the morning. "If Mr. Arthur Flamstead is still living," the stranger wrote, underlining his words, "I should particularly wish him also to be present at our meeting. Mr. Flamstead was intimately bound up with the event which led to the death of Colonel Lichfield; and as I have to make an explanation which closely concerns him, I trust you will have the kindness to hunt up his present address, if he still lives, and ask him to be present at the time and place mentioned. I believe, however, he must have died long since, as I traced him shortly after into a regiment of Lancers from which his name disappeared, to judge by the Army List, some twenty-four years ago. But if I am wrong in this conjecture, it ought to be easy for your solicitor to hunt him up with the books of reference he has doubtless at his disposal. A man who has held a commission in the British Army ought at any time to be forthcoming when wanted for legal purposes."

With much doubt and trepidation, Harry forwarded this letter exactly as he received it, to Sir Arthur Woolrych. Immensely to his surprise, Sir Arthur wrote back at once, a short, curt note, saying that he would call at the Langham Hotel on the day and hour appointed by Dr. Withers. Would he really come? Harry wondered; that was the question. Had the crime of his youth tracked him down at last; and if so, would he face his accuser now like a man, or fly like a coward at the first flush of danger?

On the Tuesday morning, as Serjeant Thorowgood and Harry walked up together to the steps of the Langham, a hansom drew up at the kerb-stone opposite, and Sir Arthur stepped from it, firm and erect and stately as ever, but pale as death and looking terribly wan, worn, and haggard. Yet he gave his hand cordially to Harry, and bowed a distant bow to Serjeant Thorowgood, whom, strange to say, he had never seen before in private since the close of the famous Lichfield trial. The old barrister remembered him perfectly, and summed him up from head to foot with his keen, critical Old Bailey stare.

"It is long since we met, Sir Arthur," he said shortly; "and then it was on business connected with this very matter."

Sir Arthur's face never changed for a moment.

"It was," he said, "and I know what you thought. I never for one second concealed it from myself. For twenty-five years I have faced the worst. This morning's interview, I hope and trust, will at last release me."