

some time. Several weeks it had been before the law courts, but without any more satisfactory result as to a finish than when it first saw the light of day. Strewn before him lay sheet upon sheet of foolscap paper. Thereon were notes which he was carefully preparing. They presented problems which were hard to solve. In the adjoining room his stenographers were rattling off copy with typewriters; the steady click, click of their machines was the only sound to break the stillness.

Ten o'clock was chiming simultaneously by the city clocks over the city, when there came a vigorous rat-tat on the office front door. Lawyer Brown glanced out of the window. He heard the rap and only a minute before he thought he had heard a carriage stop. He now saw that a carriage and pair were waiting outside. Then a knock came on the door of his private office.

"Come in," immediately cried Brown.

The door opened. It was Lady Martha Arnold, ushered in by the head clerk.

Brown rose.

"Take a seat, Lady Martha," he exclaimed, with a bow, handing her a chair.

She was dressed in deep black. She raised the veil that covered her face.

Lawyer Brown, in his office, was a different man from what he was when away from business. If Lady Martha had called at his house, or he with his wife