

lodging-house sitting-room, but for one unfortunate business matter that remained outstanding and unsettled. They had wound up their own affairs to the satisfaction of themselves and the world, and they would have been perfectly happy, but for somebody else's affairs, as yet unregulated. There was sadness—deep sadness—still to be lived through by Gladys. As a shadow from a dark cloud, marring the brightness of a sunlit landscape, there came the darkening fear of the dangers and difficulties of Papa.

In the midst of the cheering and newspaper-writing, Mr Copland had modestly disappeared from the public gaze. Perhaps his intelligent friend Mr Sykes, managing-clerk to Killick and Mills, dropped ominous hints at their last luncheon in that snug little grill-room. Sykes may have plainly stated that things were not going well—were indeed assuming the blackest aspect, however you looked at them. That which the senior partner so much dreaded has come to pass: a vindictive plaintiff has proved nothing against principal defendant; his barbed arrows and wildly slung missiles could never have pierced knightly armour, even if the battle had been fought out to the bitter end; but these fierce wide-aimed discharges have penetrated a meaner breast. As we dreaded, an unarmed squire outside the lists totters and falls, grievously stricken. Using Mr Killick's professional simile—Lamplough has landed the furniture man in Queer Street.

Not one hundred and three beds,—and the preposterous masterpieces, and other laboured details—can a son-in-law's chivalrous magnanimity obliterate all sequel to such a gloomy tale? The world at large thinks that Lord Brentwood has fairly paid all scores and cleaned the slate. It would be unkind to his lordship if a reckoning were demanded of another. But twenty-two beds—and mattresses! It is too much—justice must take its course. Did Copland notice the unostentatious, faultlessly attired gentleman who dropped into court so quietly, who smiled and bowed to the judge, who unobtrusively listened to some of the evidence, while solicitors' clerks nudged one another and glanced meaningly? Did anyone point him out to Mr Copland, and whisper the dreadful official name of him—Director of Public Prosecutions?

Be all that as it may, Mr Copland is not to be found when people begin to look for him. Not at the shop, not at his