

Delicious in the Cup "SALADA" TEA

is equalled by no other tea on sale for
Quality and Flavour.

Under False Colors

Lord Somerton's Ally.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

"Noel, what nonsense are you talking? It is your right."
"When my uncle is dead, Noel, he will be dead, and I will be free."
"I do not understand you, Noel," she said, in growing alarm. "Lawyer Grant has complained of your peculiarities. It is utterly absurd to suggest that we may yet be defrauded out of what belongs to us. My wicked and unnatural brother was dying when he fled from England to escape the extreme penalty of the law for murder. You do not know him as I do. If he does not die on the voyage to India, he will end all by suicide. He is as proud as Lucifer, and as implacable as death. He killed my husband—he killed my father, and wronged me cruelly. My father intended a jointure for me of five thousand pounds per annum. Sir John knew this, but because there was no will, he has practically starved us. That has been his revenge because I opposed him. To further defraud you, he attempted to foist upon the world some base-born mix, whom he introduced as his daughter. My only wonder is that it was not a son. You would then have lost all, had his devilish schemes been successful—had not an avenging Nemesis in the shape of Captain Castlemon—to whom he has paid thousands for twenty years—followed closely upon his heels. We owe all these discoveries to Mr. Grant, and no wonder that he is annoyed that you should slight him upon the very eve of success. Your conduct troubles me also. Why should you talk of working hard, when you have two fortunes within your grasp?"

Noel listened patiently until his mother had finished, albeit he had heard the same story many times before. "I have ever treated you with gentleness, mother," he said, gravely. "Even with deference, when my own judgment has rebelled. I have hardly paused to consider the course that we were pursuing by the advice of Mr. Grant; I did not estimate one tithe of the rascality that was afoot. My uncle may have been cruel and remorseless, but he was an angel compared with Mr. Grant and some of his associates. You cannot be in possession of the facts, my dear mother, or of the ostentatious cordials between you and

the lawyer could not possibly exist. I do not believe that Sir John killed my father, and there is no proof that Sir John's lovely daughter is illegitimate. In any case, he left a will leaving all that was unattached to his daughter, and that will has been stolen, by whom I cannot say at present, but I shall get to the root of it."

"His mother stared at him in undisguised bewilderment and horror. Her face was ashen, but her eyes snapped viciously.
"You would undermine your own interests!" she cried. "You would keep me poor! You side with this nameless creature, after all the bitter wrongs that I have endured. Shame upon you, Noel Campbell! It is easy for you to be chivalrous, because your future is assured. You will marry a wealthy woman, while I remain a creature living upon your wife's charity or yours."

"I am not so sure of the wealthy wife," he replied, coldly, "and you cannot live upon charity when you have a thousand a year for life. Don't forget that this was the gift of the brother whom you would hunt so mercilessly to his death. Let me not be misunderstood. I will have no hand in bringing misery upon my uncle and his child. I have arrayed myself on their side. I was a fool to permit things to go on so long without troubling myself to think and to investigate. Mr. Grant would secure a nest-egg for himself—a high position for his stepdaughter—so that the disgraceful affair would be all in the family; hence no subsequent exposure. In a few days the scheme would be exploded, and my mind is definitely formed. I shall never marry Miss Adelaide Cleveland. Shall I tell you why, mother? It is because I love my cousin, Elsie Sterne, the girl upon whose head we have heaped so much misery. She knows me only as Colin Erncliffe, but when the exposure comes, God help me and her."

He bowed his head for a moment, then glanced at the clock.
"It is nearly ten. My cabman must not be kept waiting," he said. "I am going to my chambers first, then to Lawyer Grant's office."
"You will tell him what you have been saying to me?"
"Certainly. You know that when once I have decided upon a course, which I consider to be a right one, I never draw back."

"I know that you have all the stubbornness and stupidity of your uncle, for whom you have suddenly developed so great a fondness," she sneered.
"Noel, I beg of you to pause and consider. You dare not make Mr. Grant your enemy. He has it in his power to ruin you—even to blast your reputation. You cannot break with Adelaide."
"I have thought of all this," he said, "and am prepared for contingencies. We may have to move to cheaper quarters; I may even have to read my name in the bankruptcy columns of the morning papers. Still nothing will alter my determination. The money she has advanced shall be repaid some day. I will work for this—I will work for this. Ah! my cab is at the door. Good-morning, mother."

He pressed his lips to her cold cheek, and hastily left the room, while she sat clapping and uncapping her fingers in impatient rage.
"And this is the end of it," she whispered, hoarsely. "He takes sides against me—I who have done so much for him. He would help the brother who has spurned me—who has treated me as an outcast! He deserts me for the pretty face of this cousin who has no claim to the name she bears! It is cruel—cruel! I have ever been ill-used by my father—my husband—my brother, and now by my only son!"
She broke down and sobbed weakly.

CHAPTER XXXVII.
Noel found that it was incumbent upon him to further assist his confidant, Mr. Martin, when he reached his office in Temple Court. He had re-

commended Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.
"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"
Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."
He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.
At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.
In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.
The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.
"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.
"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."
(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."

"Ah, it is all very well for you, who have something better," Martin said, ruefully, "but to me it is all in the way of business. I am pleased that you will conduct this case, and though I am sorry to lose you in court hereafter, old man, I shall love you all the better for not being my rival."

He laughed, and Noel dashed off a note to Mr. Grant to the effect that he would call and see the lawyer in the afternoon.

There was a bulky package from Captain Castlemon, which appeared to please him very much, and after glancing hastily through the papers, he locked himself in one of Martin's rooms for an hour, to make himself familiar with every detail of the suit which was set down for hearing at twelve o'clock.

At the appointed hour he was in court, and after the opening speech of the plaintiff's counsel, which appeared to cage the defendant in a hopeless middle, Noel Campbell jumped to his feet to reply.

Never before had the echoing court rang with greater eloquence. Every thread of the opposing counsel's case was picked to pieces bit by bit, and with a final peroration to the electrified jurymen, his voice, now pathetic, now appealing, or ringing with fierce anger and denunciation, he closed a masterly speech that had occupied upward of an hour, and he left the courtroom exhausted and trembling.

In fifteen minutes a messenger brought him the verdict. He had won the action, and saved his client many thousands of pounds worth of property from the clutches of a rapacious corporation.

The successful litigant insisted that Noel lunch with him. He was a millionaire merchant, and begged of the young man to remember him in case of need.

"I may want a friend some day, and thank you, Mr. Bordered," he said.

"I can never do enough for you, Mr. Campbell," the merchant declared; "and it is a real misfortune that you are retiring from the bar."

(To be continued.)

commented Martin to an eccentric, but valuable client, and was anxious that his case should be won, because he never instituted or defended an action without very good cause.

Matthew Martin had chambers on the same floor, and he welcomed Noel with feverish delight.

"My dear boy," he said, "I am glad to see you, and that confounded brief, too. I was just going to cab down to your place; endless new complications have arisen, and I am like the fellow between the devil and the deep sea!"

Noel listened to him, and replied: "Being a good case, and a case that ought to be won, Mat, I will appear for you. I have mastered the whole thing, and feel sure of winning. It is the last time that I shall don the wig and gown, because my soul revolts from making an eloquent defense allied with black lies for the purpose of shielding some scoundrel, or, on the other hand, prosecuting some worthy man to the verge of distraction, and very often financial ruin, because I am paid to do it."