

Seymour Brentwood is to defend himself from the mud unaided.

The public interest is much enhanced—but things are not easy to follow. Counsel are talking. The judge is talking to Lord Brentwood, and he replies to something the judge says. In another minute Lord Brentwood is talking to a witness.

"Do you know me?"

"Yes."

"Did I ever offer you a bribe?"

"No."

"That is all. No other questions."

It was curious to observe counsel. They were all horrified and scandalized, and they evinced sympathy and good feeling for their disbanded learned friends. Nevertheless, they looked at Lord Brentwood indulgently—as at an amusing and harmless lunatic.

But when he snapped out his question—"Did I offer you a bribe?"—to witness after witness, counsel hastily took up arms again. Sir Henry Gordon for Mr Malcomson and Mr George Jefferies for Mr Tilney noisily intervened, fiercely protested. Counsel with watching brief for Mr Copland, breaking rules and regulations, attempted to leap into the fray. All this might be excellent fun for Lord Brentwood, but it might be destruction for their clients. Lord Brentwood was implying that the innocent little presents were truly bribes. He was, by his untrained questions, saying in effect, "Did I do what the other people did? If so, I am guilty."

Not a moment to lose: this madman must be squashed. Counsel, bending over his shoulder, whispered agitatedly. Cannot he see—surely he can see that, if he persist, he will destroy his father-in-law without doing himself any good?

"Very well," said Lord Brentwood. "I'll have no more questioning."

Fourth day—and the acutest, most entrancingly delightful sensations had been reached.

"My lord, when may I speak?"

"What is it that you wish to ask me?"

"My lord, I wish to make a statement with regard to my position—"

"Stay, please. You have, I understand, deprived yourself of the assistance of counsel—and you wish to continue to