

grill-room round the corner at the bottom of the stairs? I lunched there to-day with Mr Sykes, Killick's managing clerk, a very intelligent and amusing fellow. He stigmatises Lamplough's claim as wasting the time of the court—a foregone conclusion. . . .

"Mr Sykes heartened me enormously by something else he said. I must not attach too much weight to an opening speech. It is then that things are made to look black—as black as possible. But all of it can be washed out by the defence"; and Mr Copland moistened his lips before he went on talking. "It was the duty of the man to-day to tint everything with a complexion of—er—what one must call hanky-panky. I have no fear of the result—I shall explain much, if I am allowed a chance of doing it."

To Seymour, silently listening, it was like everything else to-day, wonderful and dreamlike and disgusting. Did Copland know right from wrong? Did he in the least degree realize how black things were looking for him?

"Goodnight," said Mr Copland cheerfully. "Or au revoir, my dear Brentwood, till we meet to-morrow in the same old place." And then he came trotting back for a last word. "Don't forget that little grill-room—in the luncheon interval. . . . But, pardon me, I have disturbed you—stupidly," and he shut the door again.

Papa, returning thus unexpectedly and looking into the sitting-room, obtained a too domestic glimpse. His daughter had moved from the chair by the fire, and was kneeling at her husband's feet. She was weeping, pressing his hand to her lips; and Seymour, with his arm round her waist, was lifting her from the ground.

"How kind and noble you are. Oh, how I worship you for your gentleness to my unhappy father."

"Gladys, my dear girl—"

"Let me go with you to-morrow—let me be there, by your side."

"No, no—not to be thought of."

"It breaks my heart. It is I who have brought all this trouble on you—through my father."

"No, your father didn't influence me. If anybody, it was Malcomson."

"But for me, you would never have known him. It is all my fault."