

the late Lord Collingbourne. These Charltons—even the best of them—were difficult, nearly impossible people to deal with. Killick told his client that he really must restrain himself, that he had offended his senior counsel, that the great Mr Dering had in fact almost threatened to throw up his brief.

Presently, this famous K.C., with his mouth full, and a bitten sandwich in his right hand, came down the hall,—and to him munching, Lord Brentwood, quite unpacified, spoke sternly and straightly. Lord Brentwood said that his counsel was not asking proper questions.

"Not proper questions!" said counsel, plainly huffed. "Indeed—your opinion as to their propriety is perhaps——"

But members of the public, with ears pricked, were stupidly gaping at them. The legal bodyguard got Lord Brentwood into a dark adjacent corridor and made resolute combined effort to squash him.

"Your opinion of what questions I should properly ask——"

Then, in the obscure gallery, Lord Brentwood dismissed his counsel from the case. The great man and the junior were both mightily huffed. Lord Brentwood, wrapped round with the shadowy gloom, and further wrapping himself in a mantle of dignity, spoke like the Cavalier King, to loyal but defeated generals after a battle. He had a melancholy smile for the bristling K.C., and his voice lost that stubborn, barking, Collingbourne tone.

"I know that you have endeavoured to serve me faithfully and well—but you haven't quite understood."

"Not understood?"

"No. This is life or death to me—and you have treated it as if it was a matter of pounds, shillings, and pence."

The hearing was resumed, and Lord Brentwood's counsel is announcing that the retainer has been withdrawn from solicitors and they are therefore unable to proceed.

Oh—long inspiration of breath from aristocratic, stupidly gaping, fashionable ladies, who do not for a little while grasp the meaning of the announcement. They have it now—they make a dragging sound from crushed sleeves, and a sighing rustle with constricted petticoats. "Oh, my dear, let me smell your salts again. This is sensational." We all have the meaning now. Henceforth, reckless, romantically handsome