

pany of his father-in-law. Daylight was gone—impossible to take snap-shots, but descriptive reporters could see "the Earl" get into the cab with "the man of straw."

Messrs Killick and Mills had said it would be wise to sustain Mr Colpand's courage, to brace him up for his ordeal in the witness-box, and not unwise to keep an eye on him. But Seymour had quite other reasons for his attentive courtesy. The man of straw was his wife's father—that was a reason.

"This is very kind. Brentwood, my dear fellow, I am touched by this kindness. How do you think things are going? My man has not said one word—and your man seemed to me somewhat supine. Several times I fancied he could have intervened with good effect."

Lord and Lady Brentwood were not staying at Andover House. It had seemed to both of them that just now, for this visit to London, their own home would be insupportable.

They had taken rooms at one of the Charing Cross hotels, and thither Lord Brentwood conducted his connection-by-marriage.

Mr Copland drank tea with his son and daughter, and accepted an invitation to return and dine with them. He was low-spirited at tea, but at dinner he seemed to be cheered by the food and wine; and after dinner, in Lady Brentwood's sitting-room, he discoursed with bright-eyed vivacity.

He was full of information about counsel—silk gowns and stuff gowns—and their reputed abilities. "In a sense, it is a very remarkable case, Gladys—Brentwood will endorse me—such a gathering of forensic talent. Sir Henry Gordon—who represents our old friend Malcomson—has been twice Solicitor-General. Then there's George Jefferies—the most merciless cross-examiner now in practice—fortunately on our side; Fergus Bull; and Pinfield, who, they say, is a future Lord Chancellor."

He explained that he was not a party to the case, but he was represented by counsel—two counsel.—"A watching brief, as it is termed. My men have high reputations. Brentwood's men have the highest reputations. It is really a tremendous muster. I should like you to see it, Gladys—if only for half an hour."

Listening to him, one might have supposed that he had been in or about the Law Courts all his life, that he felt contented and at home there.

"Did you know, Brentwood, there is a very snng little