

I have never done anything I'm ashamed of—if I am allowed to explain it properly. But, of course, as any business man knows—be it the furniture trade or any other trade,—you cannot get on in any large business nowadays without a certain amount of hanky-panky "; and he opened and shut his mouth and coughed huskily.

No holiday for Mr Killick, and not much holiday for Seymour. Fashionable Intelligence reported that Lord Brentwood, "whose name is so prominently before the public in regard to the collapse of the Amalgamated Hotels," has gone to Yorkshire, where he will spend the autumn with Lady Brentwood. Fashionable Intelligence, had it been more completely informed, would perhaps have added with its usual delicacy that Lady Brentwood is not very strong this autumn, and will not therefore be entertaining any large house-parties either in Yorkshirc or Wiltshire.

In fact, Lord Brentwood is with his wife whenever he can be spared from London. He goes backwards and forwards: he is at the beck and call of busy lawyers. No real holiday—just when he might have been so happy, still another nightmare dream beginning for him. Just when he wanted to stay by his wife's side, revel in a husband's proud love, feel the instincts of a father reawakening in his breast, he is ruthlessly snatched away again.

He is in London, of course, for the Public Inquiry; is almost asphyxiated in the crowded room at Carey Street; is asked insulting questions by a bullying jew-barrister on behalf of Mr Lamplough, who is here to substantiate the truth of his pamphlet. Lord Brentwood explains how and why he sold his shares—to meet current expenses, and with no other motive of any sort. This whacking sum of £170,000 in the month of January was required for a Convalescent Home; that £30,000 in February was for a Californian land purchase. Lord Brentwood answers all questions. The other directors answer all questions—however insulting—that you care to ask them.

This, synoptically, is the pamphleteer's indictment—or the case for irately suspicious shareholders, now to be judicially sifted and tested by presiding authority.

According to Lamplough, the conspiracy of the dead man Stuart has in its essence been staggeringly simple. To begin