

treacherous, mud-stained lieutenants, conducting his faithful army into ambush and quagmire? They would suspend their judgment, but they would watch and listen with generous anxiety. In imagination he could hear *their* voices also—"Oh, I trust, I cannot doubt that Brentwood will cut himself clear from his ignoble associates. I am sure that he will have some really handsome answer to such ugly insinuations."

After all, these were his judges.
"Seymour, it is getting late."

He came to his wife's side, took her hand, and smiled at her tenderly.

"Seymour, your thoughts have been very sad. Can you tell me what you were thinking?"

"Nothir; to distress or worry you. I was thinking—You and I, Gladys, we are safest by ourselves—when we trust to ourselves and no one else."

It was on the third day, in the morning, when he began to tear the webs. His counsel was cross-examining as hitherto, and he stopped him.

"Stop," he said in a loud voice. "That's not true. I took no trouble. I ascertained nothing. . . . May I speak?"

People heard the loud voice without catching his words. There was whispering and commotion. His counsel were scandalized; all counsel looked pained and shocked; everybody endeavoured to silence him.

"I want to say that the responsibility and the blame are not to be——"

All this was imperfectly heard in the unusual raised tones; and then he was somehow restrained and quieted. The judge, with a kindly seriousness, explained that he could not permit that sort of interruption; and he strongly advised Lord Brentwood in his own interests not to interfere with counsel who were there to represent him. It was another "scene" for the newspapers to describe: one of them spoke of "Lord Brentwood's extraordinary outburst of temper."

During the interval, he came through the assembled lunchers in the refreshment bar, surrounded by a bodyguard of his legal advisers. They led him out into the coolness and space of the big hall, to soothe and pacify him. Mr Killick, vainly striving to subdue the excitability of his client, and noticing a sternness and grating tone in the client's voice, thought of