

idea of renunciation. If it is not too late, for the sake of reason, stop.

Only one member of the whole family stood out from the combined attempt, and remained stupidly quiescent. But perhaps Lady Emily, if the truth could be known, was as mad as either of her brothers. She wrote to "Dearest Seymour," saying admiringly yet plaintively, "This is terrible, but I suppose it is necessary, or you would not have decided to do it. I think it is very grand and like yourself."

She wrote to "My dearest Gladys" with the kindly, cheerful tone appropriate to an old-fashioned spinster addressing a young matron in a delicate state of health. Lady Emily will not start for Bordighera until she has paid her anticipated visit to Dykefield, and performed her ceremonious duty at that crumbling Norman font in the castle chapel. She considers Gladys Emily very nice names. When her little godchild grows old enough to wear jewels, she shall have trinkets and gewgaws—some of those pretty things that kind Annt Emily values because they once adorned her mother.

Kind words from Lady Emily—but silence from the others. Much from her—nothing from all the rest of them. No penny cards at Christmas—not one sixpenny telegram of congratulation when the first of those defrauded, *cheated* infants comes into the world. The family, as a family that respected itself, left Cousin Brentwood alone for all time. His money had gone, his father-in-law was in prison—Let us keep his name out of our nurseries and schoolrooms. Tell governesses that we never speak of him. The whole thing is too sad and tragic for words. We wish young people to learn as little as possible concerning this mad relative, his barmaid wife, and her jail-bird father.

All endeavours to save Mr Copland were unavailing. Nothing could save him—influence and prestige of Seymour, admiring memory of self-sacrifice, cunningest solicitors, sharpest of advocates,—nothing availed. He went down. Into darkness—among those twenty-two beds *and* mattresses. We are taking consideration of the fact that you are an old man, and the fact that, by reason of the munificent generosity of a connection of yours, no one is now suffering material detriment from your fraud—Thus sounded the voice of doom in foggy, muddy January. We understand this latter fact