

side of the room was Seymour's half-brother, Lord Collingbourne. He was an utterly impossible person,—a pariah and an outcast. People carefully avoided meeting him, hated him as a radical, socialist, and mob-orator whose public harangues sowed discontent and disloyalty among the untutored masses. No one had asked Lord Collingbourne to speak here. He had got upon his feet uninvited: he was a spouter, and must spout in season and out of season.

"As the roseate moments fly," said Lord Collingbourne, in a loud rasping voice, "I will not detain you long——"

He was tall and thin,—nearly twenty years older than his brother. His bald forehead was high and shining, his nose large and bird-like; his short scrubby beard showed the hard straight line of his lips; and the corners of the mouth puckered into the querulous smile of the naturally bad-tempered man who for the occasion is attempting to be pleasant and facetious. He had strong bushy eyebrows, and his deep-set eyes glittered behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

To the company forced unwillingly to listen, everything about the man was repellent and disgusting—his unsavoury reputation; his harsh-toned voice; his goggles; his shabby old-fashioned dress-suit, his boot-lace of a tie, his turned-down collar. The ducal chairman shuffled uneasily in his seat, and veered away from the speaker as though he really could not look at him with patience.

"I never attend a luxurious banquet"—said Lord Collingbourne—"without thinking of the thousands who are going supperless to bed."

That was the sort of tactless disgusting thing you might have expected from Lord Collingbourne.

"Now, my lord duke, my lords—I suppose there are some other lords. I don't know. We can't all be lords—and I, very early in my career, ceased to attach any particular weight to the proud title. Shall I say 'gentlemen'—as covering all grades? Well, gentlemen, a whimsical notion has passed through my mind. I give it merely as a suggestion—that at one of these feasts you should make the guest of the evening—the distinguished visitor of your programme—just an ordinary working man. Don't trouble to invite him specially. Step out into the streets and hail some famished labourer in his toil-stained clothes, and put him on your high seat of honour. He will be an object lesson to you, and you will provide