

practical plans, tints them with imaginative hues, and will make them larger as well as prettier. He will drain and build and dike—will challenge comparison with that William, the Third or the Conqueror, who made Great Dyke or William's Dyke as a pattern for posterity. He will certainly reach, if he can, the climax of Mallock's life-dream, and dike the land "up to moor, winning the cost ten times over by the betterment of the soil."

Soon now the old bailiff needs no longer to ride afield. He might smoke pipes of pensioned leisure in the Bailiff's house, from which no one will banish him; or stand with slippers on feet before his door when his grand-daughter is trotting away to school; or sit on the bench beneath the big gate, and gossip with the first Spring tourists straggling in to see the castle. The new bailiff was out and about by himself: he was working hard all day, he was sleeping soundly at night.

The world was rapidly forgetting them. The newspapers had done with Seymour Brentwood as a sensational head-line, a salient feature, and even as an item of news. Nothing lasts—the search-light of publicity had been turned on him, and now it was turned off again. He was no good as news, and newspapers could not even use him and his wife in *Society's Movements*, because they had ceased to move. They were at rest.

Fashionable Intelligence had done with him. Indeed, what can Fashionable Intelligence ever have to do with Quixotic Madness? The most fashionably Intelligent part of polite society said he was mad—an intractable, hare-brained creature not worth serious consideration.

His own family had done with him. They also said he was mad—said they had known it all along. Half-brother to mad Collingbourne—what else could you expect? He had exactly followed in his brother-madman's crazily divergent footsteps—he, too, had married a barmald. He should have been strait-waistcoated and shut up *then*—not been left at large to do this gigantic mischief.

The family made their last concerted essay after his speech at the trial. Each and all appealed to him in the name of the family. Think of the family—think of us—think of your children, supposing you ever have any. In the name of an unborn Brentwood, we implore you to renounce this cracked