

Mrs. Grey started and looked at her husband. Mr. Grey rose from his seat and asked for his hat.

"Where is he?—Take me to him Mr. Maldon! In custody! How did he get in custody?"

Richard stated the facts, just as they happened; and when the story was concluded, and the danger made plain and apparent, Mr. Grey seemed relieved. Gerald had done nothing to deserve punishment. He was thankful for that! But Uncle William!—How came he in such a position? Richard could give no explanation; he merely saw the poor fellow, bleeding, remonstrating, and feebly struggling in the grasp of a policeman!

Mr. Grey went away with Richard,—humbled, ashamed, that Gerald's friend should have seen William in such a plight! As he walked along, he told the story of his brother's disgrace:

"It was our fault, sir," he said, "and