

arrangements. 'He should get on well now,' he observed, 'for Brereton had paid him.' His friend enquired if he had owed him much. '£200,' was the reply; 'he told me he had confessed to his governor, who had sent him the money with an injunction that he should behave better for the future, and not get into debt.' The man had heard no more of the matter," continued Mr. Morgan, "except that Newton remarked he could now pay his tailor's bill, which happened to be a large one. This he had done. The tailor had received £50 on the morning of the 19th, from Mr. Newton. No further traces of him could be found in Oxford, except that the clerk at the railway station remembered that he had given a ticket to a man answering the description of Newton.

"I telegraphed to him," added Mr. Morgan, "conjecturing that he had gone home; but within an hour or two I received an answer from his father, stating that he was gone abroad, and would probably not return for some weeks. I then wrote to you. Our next step was to take measures to prevent any one from going into your son's rooms in college. On the receipt of your letter, these were carefully examined. In the pocket of a port-folio, which your son was in the habit of using, several slips of paper covered with imitations of your signature were discovered. Some one had evidently been attempting to write your name. The first of these attempts were poor, but many copies must have been destroyed, for the next we found were almost fac-similes of your handwriting. In his desk, we came upon a couple of blank cheques."

To all this, Mr. Brereton listened without answering a word, sitting with his back turned towards his unwelcome visitor.

When the latter had finished speaking, he rose and said, "Mr. Wickman, the manager of the bank, prosecutes, of course?"

Mr. Morgan bowed.

"And the warrant is already issued against him?"

Mr. Morgan bowed again.

"When does the trial come off?"

"To-morrow fortnight," was the reply. "But I have no doubt all might still be hushed up if you could consent."

"I will consent to nothing, I tell you," cried Mr. Brereton. "I tell you I won't stretch out one finger to pull him out of the ditch he has fallen into."

"Will you give me your son's address? I will write to him."

"I will write, myself. Good morning, Mr. Morgan, I thank you for your trouble. And if it will give you any satisfaction you may hear me curse my son."

"Stop, Mr. Brereton!" again cried the clergyman. "Stop; his guilt is not proved."