

they have just been handed to you—Those you now have. Please confine your attention to those. You told us just now, before my learned friend for the fifth or sixth time interrupted me——”

But the learned friend protests; the judge is appealed to for protection under such a savage attack; there is another stiffish breeze between counsel.

“You told us that document was submitted to the directors and signed. Look, and you will see the signatures.”

“Yes.”

“Is Lord Brentwood’s name there?”

“Yes.”

“Did he examine the document before signing it?”

“Yes.”

“Carefully?”

“Yes—I think so.”

“In short, so far as you observed, he examined it carefully and completely?”

“Yes.”

Lord Brentwood writhed in the webs. He was tongue-tied by the power of these glib and coarse-grained advocates—and his honour was at stake. He was ignored, pooh-poohed, overborne by these gross vulgarians—and his good name was being weighed by the world.

Disgust, profounder and profounder, sickened him: disgust of this crowded court, of the foul air, the somnolently staring jury, the hired speakers,—of his father-in-law; disgust of all this sordid business realm. They were all cheats at heart—not only Copland and Stuart and the others, but the accountants who should have seen and who knew that they were being paid not to see, the bankers who profited by the cash balances in their coffers,—all, all of them cheats. His dull anger was changing fast to hot revolt. Never had a proud prince blundered into such a fall from his high place in the world.

He spent the evening alone with his wife in the hotel sitting-room. He read again some of the innumerable letters that these days had brought him. A few were anonymous and abusive. The rest were from shareholders. They had been written by retired soldiers, country parsons, widows who entertained paying guests, and so on down the social scale to quite