

any man with gentlemanly pursuits? And he knew that if he had carelessly incurred any debts of honour, I would have paid them twice over rather than this!..... The cowardly meanness of the fellow! He told me he had a little exceeded his ordinary expenditure, so I sent him extra money. And this is the way the villain treats me!"

"Stay, Mr. Brereton. Nothing is *proved*. You have no right to speak of your son in that way."

"Will you presume to dictate to me how I should speak of my son?" said Mr. Brereton, fiercely; but without adding anything more, he again sank back in a chair, put his arms on the table and leaned his head upon them. So he sat motionless for some time longer. Looking up at last, he said, "How did it all come out? Make your story as short as you can. Come to the point at once. I may as well know what is the common talk of Oxford;" and he groaned.

"Some evenings ago," said Mr. Morgan, "a man came into my room and enquired if I knew what had become of Brereton; 'I understood,' he added, 'that he was going to stay up till Christmas.'"

"'He went on the 16th.' I replied. Scarcely were the words out of my mouth when young Manning, an intimate friend of your son's, rushed in. 'Do you know anything about this affair? A false cheque has been given in at the bank, and they say Brereton is implicated in it!' he exclaimed."

"Go on," interrupted Mr. Brereton; "tell me every detail; I can not believe it yet. My son!"

And Mr. Morgan continued. "Upon inquiry I found that on the morning of the 19th a cheque for £200 had been presented at the bank. It was drawn in your name, and one of the clerks paid the money without further examination. The cheque was subsequently given into the hands of another clerk, who fancied he perceived some slight difference between the signature and your ordinary handwriting. Thereupon ensued a minute examination, and the dissimilarity was ascertained. The clerk at the bank averred that he had received the cheque from Mr. Newton a few hours before.

Mr. Newton was sent for, but could not be found. His scout, even, knew nothing of his movements beyond the fact of his having packed up his things and driven away in a cab with his portmanteau. At length one man was discovered, an acquaintance of Brereton's and Newton's, who knew a little about the plans of the latter. He stated that he had been in Newton's house on the evening of the 19th, and had discussed with him various schemes for spending the vacation. Newton had said that he intended to go abroad for a week or two, but had made no definite

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