## THE SCHEMES OF COUNEL CLAY & Being An Incident in the Life of a Master Rogue

ua. It was a false alarm. He was there with the policeman, and he kindly allowed us to make the first formal charge

against him. Of course, on Charles' sworn declaration and my own, the man was at once remanded, bkil being refused, owing both to the serious nature of the charge and the slippery character of the prisoner's antecedents. We went back to Mayfair -- Charles well satisfied that the man be dreaded was under lock and key; myself not too well pleased to think that the I dreaded was no longer at large, and that the triffing little episode of the 19 per cent commission stood so near dis-

Next day the police came round in Next day the police came round in force and had a long consultation with Charles and myself. They strongly urged that two other persons at least should be included in the charge—Cesarine and the little woman whom we had variously known as Mme. Picardet, "White Heather," Mrs. David Granton and Mrs. Elling Quarkenbers, If these accomplises were ther," Mrs. David Granton and Mrs. Elliu Quackenboss. If these accomplices were arrested, they said, we could include conspiracy as one count in the indictment, which gave us an extra chance of conviction. Now they had got Colonel Clay, in fact, they naturally desired to keep him, and also to indict with him as many as possible of his pals and confederates.

Here, however, a difficulty arose. Charles called me aside with a grave face into the library.

Charles called me aside with a grave face into the library.

"Beymour," he said, fixing me, "this is a serious business. I will not lightly swear away any woman's character. Colonel Clay himself—or, rather, Paul Fingelmore—is an absudoned rogue whom I do not desire to screen in any degree. But poor little Mine. Picardet—she may be his lawful wife, and she may have acted implicitly under his orders. He sides, I don't know whether I could swear to his identity. Here's the photograph the police bring of the woman they believe to be Colonel Clay's chief female accomplice. Now, I ask you, does it in the least degree resemble that clever and amusing and charming little creature who has so often deceived us?"

has so often deceived us?"

In spite of Charles' gibes, I flatter myself I do really understand the whole duty of a secretary. It was clear from his voice he did not wish me to recognize her; which, as it happened, I did

"Certainly, it doesn't resemble her. Charles," I answered, with conviction in my voice. "I should never have known her." But I did not add that I should no more have known Colonel Clay himself in his character of Paul Fingelmore, or of Cesarine's young man, as that remark any clearly outside my secretarial funciay clearly outside my secretarial func-

Nevertheless it flitted across my mind at the time that the Seer had made some casual remarks at Nice about a letter in Charles' pocket, presumably from Mine. Picardet; and I reflected further that Mine. Pleardet in turn might possibly hold certain answers of Charles', couched in such terms as he might reasonably de-sire to conceal from Amelia. Indeed, I must allow that under whatever disguise "White Heather" appeared to us, Charles was always that disguise's devoted slave from the first moment he met it. It oc-curred to me, therefore, that the clever little woman-call her what you will-might be the holder of more than one indiscreet communication.

indiscreet communication.

"Under these circumstances," Charles went op, in his austerest voice, "I cannot consent to be a party to the arrest of 'White Heather.' I—i decline to identify her. In point of fact"—he grew more emphatic as he went on—'I don't think there is an atom of evidence of any sort against her. Not." he continued, after a pause, "that I wish, in any degree, to screen the guilty. Cesarine, now—Cesarine we have liked and trusted. She has betrayed our trust. She has sold She has betraved our trust. She has sold us to this fellow. I have no doubt at all that she gave him the diamonds from Amelia's riviere; that she took us by arrangement to meet him at Schloss Lebanstein; that she opened and sent my letter to Lord Craig-Ellachic. There fore, I say, we ought to arrest Cesarine. But not White Heather—not Jessie; not that pretty Mrs. Quackenboss. Let the guilty suffer; why strike at the innocent or, at the worst, misguided?

Charles." I exclaimed, with warmth. 'your sentiments do you honor. You are man of feeling. And 'White Heather,' I allow, is pretty enough and elever enough to be forgiven anything. You may rely upon my discretion. I will swear through thick and thin that I do not recognize this woman as Mmc. Pi-

Charles clasped my hand in silence. Charles clasped my hand in silence, "Seymour," be said, after a pause, with marked emotion, "I felt sure I could rely upon your-er-honor and integrity. I have been rough upon you sometimes. But I ask your forgiveness. I see you understand the whole duties of your position."

We went out again, better friends than we had been for months. I hoped, indeed, this pleasant little incident might help to neutralize the possible ill effects of the 19 per cent disclosure, should Finglemore take it into his head to betray me to my employer. As we emerged into the drawing-room Amelia beckened me aside

toward her boudoir for a moment.
"Seymour," she said to me, in a distinctly frightened tone, "I have treated you harshly at times, I know, and I am very sorry for it. But I want you to belp me in a most painful difficulty. The police are quite right as to the charge of conspiracy; that design-ing little minx, White Heather, or Mrs. David Granton, or whatever elswe're to call her, ought certainly to be prosecuted—and sent to prison, too —and have her absurd head of hair cut short and combed straight for her. But—and you will help me here, I'm sure, dear Seymour—I cannot allow them to arrest my Cesarine. I don't pretend to say Cesarine len't guilty; the girl has behaved most ungrateful-ly to me. She has robbed me right and left, and deceived me without nction. Still-I put it to you as a married man-can any woman afford go into the witness box, to be crossexamined and teased by her own maid. or by a brute of a barrister on her-maid's information? I assure you, Seymour, the thing's not to be dreamt of. There are details of a lady's life-known only to her maid-which cannot be made public. Explain as much of this as you think well to Charles, and make him understand that if he inslais upon arresting Cesarine I shall go into the box-and swear "; head off to prevent any one of the gang from being convicted. I have told Cesarine as much: I have promised to help her. I have explained that I am her friend and that if she'll stand by me I'll stand by her, and by this hateful young man

I saw in a moment how things went. Neither Charles nor Amelia could face cross-examination on the subject of one of Colonel Ciny's accomplices. No doubt of Colonel Cray a accomplices. No doubt in Amelia's case it was merely a ques-tion of rouge and hair dye; but what woman would not sooner confess to a forgery or a murder than to those tol-

rigery or a murder than to those tol-t secrets. His first attack, as the seer, had been cleverly designed so as to give us the idea that we were a mere casual proy; spent haif an hour in composing, as and it did not escape Charles' notice well as I might, these little demestic now that the detail of getting Mme. difficulties, in the end it was arranged 'Plandet to Inquire at the Credit Marthat if Charles did his best to protect selllais about his bank had been sol-

Cesarine from arrest Ameila would consent to do her best in return on behalf of Mme. Picardet. consent to do her best in return on behalf of Mme. Picardet.

We had the next police tackle—a more difficult business. Still, even they were reasonable. They had caught Colonel Clay, they believed, but their chance of convicting him depended entirely upon Charles' identification, with mine to back it. The more they urged the necessity of arresting the female confederates, however, the more stoutly did Charles declare that for his part he could by no means make sure of Colonel Clay himself, while he utterly declined to give evidence of any sort against either of the women. It was a difficult case, he said, and he feater form confident even about the man. If his decision faitered, and he failed to identify, the case was closed: no jury could convict with nothing to convict upon.

No. XI. The Episode of the Old Bailey

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At last the police gave way. No other course was open to them. They had made an important capture, but they saw

The more they urged the necessity of any part of the obvious truth that the head are disapting the case, lie said and he fender the tender and the world and a man of the world and

greations, Charles was made to acknowledge that he wanted to buy diamonds at the price of paste, knowing them to be real; and, a millionaire himself, would gladly have diddled a poor curate out of a couple of thousand.

"I was entitled to take advantage of my special knowledge," Charles murmured, feetig.

"Oh, certainly," the prisoner answered. "But, while professing friendship and affection for a clergyman and his wife, in straightented circumstances, you were prepared, it seems, to take £2300 worth of goods off their hands for £16, if you could have got them at that price. Is not that so?"

Charles was compelled to admit it. The prisoner went on to the David Granton incident.

"When you offered to amalgamate with

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"When you offered to amalgamate with Lord Craig-Ellachie," he asked, "had you or had you not heard that a gold-bearing reef ran straight from your concersion into Lord Craig-Ellachie's, and that his portion of the reef was by far the larger and more important?"

Charles wriggled again, and our counsel interpored: but Rhadamanth was adamant. Charles had to allow it.

And so, too, with the incident of the slump in Golcondas. Unwillingly, shamefacedly, by torturing steps, Charles was compelled to confess that he had sold out Golcondas—he, the chairman of the company, after repeated declarations to Golcondas—he, the chairman of the com-pany, after repeated declarations to shareholders and others that he would do no such thing—because he thought Professor Schleiormacher had made dia-monds worthless. He had endeavored to save himself by ruining his company. Charles tried to brazen it out with re-marks to the effect that business was

'And fraud is fraud," Rhademanth added in his pungent way.
"A man must protect himself;" Charles

"At the expense of those who have put their trust in his honor and integ-

rity," the Judge commented coldly.

After four morial hours of it, all to
the same effect, my respected brotherthe same effect, my respected brotherin-law left the witness box at last,
wiping his brow and bitting his lip, with
the very air of a culprit. His character
had received a most serious blow. While
he stood in the witness box all the
world had felt it was he who was the
accused and Colonel Clay who was the
prosecutor. He was convicted on his prosecutor. He was convicted on his prosecutor. He was convicted on his own evidence of having tried to induce the supposed David Granton to sell his father's interests into an enemy's hands and of every other shady trick into which his well-known business acuteness had unfortunately hurried him during the course of his adventures.

I had but one consolution in my hother in law, misferings, and that

brother-in-law's misfortunes—and that was the thought that a due sense of his own shortcomings might possibly make him more lealent in the end to the trivial misdemeanors of a poor beggar of a over the painful scene that ensued when I finished my evidence. I can only say I was more cautious than Charles in my recognition of the photographs; but I found myself particularly worried and harried over other parts of my cross-examination. Especially was I shaken

about that misguided step I took in the matter of the check for the Lebenstein matter of the check for the Lebenstein commission—a check which Colonel Clay handed to me with the utmost politeness, requesting to know whether or not it bore my signature. I caught Charles' eye at the end of the episode, and I venture to say the expression it wore was one of relief that I, too, had tripped over a trifling question of 10 per cent on the purchase money of the castle.

Altogether, I must admit, if it had not been for the police evidence, we would have failed to make a case against our man at all. But the police. I confess.

man at all. But the police, I confess, had got up their part of the prosecution admirably. Now that they knew Colonel admirably. Now that they knew Colonel Clay to be really Paul Finglemore, they showed with great eleverness how Paul Finglemore's disappearance and reappearance in London exactly tallied with Colonel Clay's appearances and disappearances elsewhere, under the guise of the little curate, the Seer, David Granton, and the rest of them.

and the rest of them.
Furthermore, they showed experimentally how the prisoner at the bar might have got himself up in the various characters, and, by means of a wax bust, modeled by Dr. Boddersley from observations at Bow street, and aided by addi tions at Bow street, and aided by addi-tions in the gutta percha composition after Dolly Lingfield's photographs, they succeeded in proving that the face as it stood could be readily transformed into the faces of Medhurst and David Gran-ton. Altogether, their cleverness and trained argumen made up on the whole for Charles' over-certainty, and they succeeded in putting before the jury a strong case of their own against Paul Fingle

Thee trial occupied three days. After the first of the three, my respected brother-in-law preferred, as he said, not to prejudice the case against the pris-oner by appearing in court again. He did not even allude to the little matter did not even allude to the little matter of the 19 per cent commission further than to say at dinner that evening that all men were bound to protect their own interests—as secretaries or as principals. This I took for forgiveness, and I continued diligently to attend the trial, and watch the case in my employer's interest. The defense was ingenious, even if somewhat halting. It consisted simply of an attempt to prove the output that an attempt to prove throughout that Charles and I had made our prisoner the Even while Charles spoke a gentleman whom I had noticed before, sitting beside "White Heather," with a handkerchief to his face, roce as abruptly as the parson. Colonel Clay indicated him with a graceful movement of the hand.

"And this geltleman?"he asked caimly. Charles was fairly staggered. It was the obvious original of the false Von Lebenetein.

The photograph went round the box

Charles and I had made our prisoner the victim of a mistaken identity. Fingle-more put into the box the logenuous priginal of the little curate—the Rev. Septimus Porkington, as it turned out, a friend of his family; and he showed that it was the Rev. Septimus himself who had sat to a photographer in Baker street for the portrait which Charles too hastily identified as that of Colonel Clay in his personification of Mr. Richard Brabazon.

him with a graceful movement of the him.

"And this geltleman?" he asked calmiy. Charles was fairly staggered. It was the obvious original of the faise Von Lebenstein.

The photograph went round the box once more. The jury smiled incredulously. Charles had given himself away. His overweening confidence and certainty liad ruined him.

Then Colonel Clay, leaning forward, and looking quite engaging, began a new line of cross-examination.

"We have seen, Sir Charles," he said, "that we cannot implicitly trust your identification. Now let us see how far we can trust your other evidence. First, the many them, about those diamonds. You tried to buy them, did you not, from a person who represented himself as the Rev. Beleard Brabazon. believed he thought they were paste; and if you could, you would have given him £10 or so for them. Do you think that was honest?"

Tobject to this line of cross-examina
The photograph went round the box, not have the pertraited as that of Colonel Clay in Baker street that the portrait which Charles to has tily identified as that of Colonel Clay in Baker street the first on has tily identified as that of Colonel Clay in Baker street the for the portrait which Charles to has tily identified as that of Colonel Clay in Baker street the for the portrait which Charles to has tily identified as that of Colonel Clay in Baker street the first the for the Count von Lebenstein was been used in the end for your victoria, the was to a photographer in Baker street the had set to a photographer in Baker street the had set to a photographer in Baker street the had set to a photographer in Baker street the was the Rev. Believed he thought they were said, with the mien of a lady. "For him?" she aniswered; "for Paul! For Charles and the with the mien of a lady. "Gradually the made to the Count was the forter that the portrait which Charles to has tily identified as that of Colonel Clay in the fact that the portrait was to the form of the Count was the forter that the for the Count was the Colonel Clay in

tion," our leading counsel interposed. "It does not bear on the prosecutor's evidence, it is purely recriminatory."

Colonel Clay was all bland deference. "I wish, my lord," he said, turning round, "to show that the prosecutor is a person unworthy of credence in any way. I desire to proceed upon the well-known legal maxim of fassus in unofalsus in omnthus. I believe I am permitted to shake the witness' credit?"

"The prisoner is entirely within his rights," Rhadamanth answered, looking severely at Charles. "And I was wrong in suggesting that he needed the advice or assistance of counsel."

Charles wriggled visibly. Colonel Clay perked up. Bit by bit, with dexterous questions, charles was made to acknowledge. Charles was made to acknowledge that he wanted to bity diamonds at the price of paste, knowing them to be real; and, a millionaire himself, would gladly have diddled a poor curate out of a couple of thousand.

"I was entitled to take advantage of my special knowledge," Charles muranted, feebiy.

"Oh, certainty," the prisoner answered. But, while professing friendship and affection for a clergyman and his wife, in straightented circumstances, you were prepared, it seems, to take £2000 worth of goods off their hands for £16, if you could have got them at that price. Is not that so?"

Charles was compelled to admit it. The prisoner went on to the David Granton incident.

they must find him guilty.

As 10 that point, also, the Judge commented on the obvious strength of the police case, and the fact that the prisoner had not attempted in any one out of so many instances to prove an alibi. Surely, if he were not Colonel Clay, the jury should ask themselves, must it not have been alibidated by the colonel clay, the jury should ask themselves, must it not have been always and and ask themselves. have been simple and easy for him to do so? Finally, the Judge summed up all the elements of doubt in the identifica-tion and all the elements of probability, and left it to the jury to draw their own

conclusions.

They retired at the end to consider their verdict. While they were absent every eye in court was fixed on the prisoner. But Paul Finglemore himself prisoner. But Paul Finglemore himself looked steadily towards the further end of the hall, where two pale-faced women sat together, with handkerchiefs in their hands, and eyes red with weeping. Only then, as he stood there, awalting the verdict, with a fixed white face, prepared for everything, did I begin to realize with what courage and pluck that realize with what courage and pluck that one lone man had sustained so long an unequal context against wealth, authority, and all the governments of Europe, aided by his own skill and two feeble women. Only then did I feel he had played his reckless game through all those years with this ever before him! I found it hard to picture.

The jury filed slowly back. There was dead silence in court as the clerk put the question. "Do you find the prisoner at the bar guilty or not gullity?"

"We find him guilty."
"On all the counts?"
"On all the counts of the indictment."

The women at the back burst into tears, nously.
Justice Rhadamanth addressed

Mr. Justice Rhadamanth addressed the prisoner. "Jave you anything to urge," he asked in a very stern tone, "in mitigation of whatever sentence in may see fit to pass upon you?" "In mitigation of whatever sentence which his well-known business acutences had unfortunately hurried him during the course of his adventures.

I had but one consolation in my brother-in-law's misfortunes—and that was the thought that a due sense of his own shorteomings might possibly make thim more leulent in the end to the trivial misdemeanors of a poor beggar of a secretary!

I was the next in the box. I do not desire to enlarge upon my own achievements. I will draw a decent vell, indeed, over the painful scene that ensued when i finished my evidence, I can only say I can conly say I to decorate each accordingly to care to decorate each accordingly to his deserts—to him, the Grand Cross

me, the Broad Arrow!"

The judge gazed at him severely.

"Paul Finglemore," he said, passing sentence in his sardonic way, "you have chosen to dedicate to the service fraud abilities and attainments sich, if turned from the outset into a legitimate channel, would no doubt have sufficed to secure you without excessive effort a subsistence one deexcessive effort a subsistence one degree above starvation-possibly even, with good luck, a sordid and squalid competence. You have preferred to embark them on a lawless life of vice and crime—and I will not deney that you seem to have had a good run for your money. Society, however, whose mouthplece I am, cannot allow you any longer to mock it with impunity. You have broken its laws openly, and you have been found out." He assumed the tone of a bland condescension which always heraids his scension which always heralds his

scension which always heralds his severest moments. "I sentence you to 14 years' imprisonment, with hard labor."

The prisoner bowed, without losing his apparent composure. But his eyes strayed away again to the far end of the hall, where the two weeping women, with a sudden sharp cry, fell at once in a faint on one another's shoulders, and were with difficulty removed from the court by the ushers. shoulders, and were with difficulty removed from the court by the ushers.

As we left the room, I heard but one comment all around, thus voiced by a schoolboy: "I'd a joily sight rather it had been old Vandrift. This Clay chap's too clever by half to waste on a prison!"

When all was over. Charles rushed off to Capies, to get away from the im-

When all was over charges tables off to Cannes, to get away from the im-pertinent stare of London. Amelia and Isibel and I went with him. We were driving one afternoon on the hills and the lentisk scrub, when we noticed in front of us a nice victoria, containing two ladles in very deep mourning. We followed it, unintentionally, as far as Le Grand Pin—that big pine tree that looks across the bay toward Antibes. There, the ladies descended and sat down on a knoll, gazing out disconsolately toward the sea and the islands. It was evident they were suffering very deep grief. Their faces were pale and their eyes bloodshot. were pale and their eyes bloodshot. "Poor things!" Amelia said. Then their tone altered suddenly.
"Why, good graclous!" she cried, "If it

"Why, good gracious!" alle cried. If it isn't Ceasarine!"
So It was with "White Heather."
Charles got down and drew near them.
"I beg your pardon," he said, raising his hat and addressing Mme. Picardet;
"I believe I have had the pleasure of meeting you. And since I have doubtless paid in the end for your victoria, may I venture to inquire for whom you are in mourning?"



their witnesses, and the witnesses, if in-terfered with, were likely to swear to absolutely nothing.

Theed, as it turned out, before the pre-saw a more striking sight than the Old

courts of law in England. The worst of it is, when once the best of men gets into a witness box there's no saying with what shreds and tatters of character he may at last come out of it!"

"In your case, Charles," I answered du-

fully, "there can be no such doubt; ex-ept, perhaps, as regards the Craig-El-achie Consolidated."

Then came the endless bother of "get-

ting up" the case with the police and the lawyers. Charles would have retired from it altogether by that time, but, most unitariunately, he was bound over to

You couldn't take a lump sum to let

"You couldn't take a lump sum to let me off'? he said, jokingly, to the insp. tor. But I knew in my heart it was one or the "true words spoken in jest" that the proverh tells of.

Of course, we could see now the whole building up of the great intrigue. It had been planned as carefully as the Tichborne swindle. Young Finglemore, as the brother of Charles' broker, knew from the cutset all about his affairs, and, after a gentle course of preliminary roguery. a gentle course of preliminary roguery,
he laid his plans deep for a campaign
against my brother-in-law. Everything
had been deliberately designed beforehand. A place had been found for
Cesarine as Amelia's mald—needless to say, by means of forged testimonials. Through her aid the swindler had succeeded in learning still more of the family ways and habits and had acquired a knowledge of certain facts which he proceeded forthwith to use against us.

that everything depended upon securing the house immediately after the arrest shall be glad when it's over."

Indeed, as it turned out, before the preliminary investigation at Bow Street was
completed (with the usual remands),
Charles had been thrown into such a
state of agitation that he wished he nad
never caught the Colonel at all.
"I wonder, Sey," he said to me, "why I
didn't offer the rancal £3000 a year to go
right off to Australia, and be rid of him
forever! It would have been cheaper for
my reputation than keeping him about in
courts of law in England. The worst of
it is, when once the best of men gets

we could both of us guess, rather than see, it was "White Heather." see, it was "White Heather."
"That's the prisoner's wife, the inspector on duty replied. "She's waiting to see him enter. I'm sorry for her, poor thing. She's a perfect lady."
"So she seems." Charles answered, scarcely daring to face her.
At that moment she turned. Her eyes fell upon him. Charles paused for a second and looked faitering. There was in those eyes just the faintest

was in those eyes just the faintest gleam of pleading recognition, but not a trace of the old saucy, defiant vi-vacity. Charles framed his lips to words, but without uttering a sound. Unless I greatly mistake, the words he framed on his lips were these: "I will

do my best for him. We pushed our way in, assisted by the police. Inside the court we saw a lady seated, in a quiet black dress, with a becoming bonnet. A noment passed before I knew-it was Cesarine.
"Who is-that person?" Charles asked once more of the nearest inspector, desiring to see in what way he would describe

And once more the answer came,

And once more the answer came, "That's the prisoner's wife, sir."
Charles started back surprised. "But—
I was told—a lady outside was Mrs. Paul Finglemore," he broke in, much puzzled.
"Very likely." the inspector replied, unmoved. "We have plenty that way. When a gentleman has as many allases as Colonel Clay, you can hardly expect him to be over-particular about having only one wife between them, can you?"
"Ah, I see," Charles muttered in a shocked voice. "Bigamy!"
The inspector looked stony. "Well, not exactly that" he replied. "occasional marriage."

Mr. Justice Rhadamanth tried the case. | Just at that moment a little parson.

was brought in. Every eye seemed bent upon him. He was neatly and plainly dressed, and, rogue though he was, I must honestly confess he looked at least a gentleman. His manner was defiant, not abject like Charles'. He knew he was at bay, and he turned like a man to face

We had two or three counts on the charge, and, after some formal business, Sir Charles Vandrift was put into the box

bear witness against briggemore.

Prisoner was unrepresented Counsel had been offered him, but he refused their aid. The judge even advised him to accept their help, but Colonel Clay, as we all called him mentally still, declined to and carried him mentanty with, declined to avail himself of the judge's suggestion. "I am a barrister myself, my lord," he said—"cailed some nine years ago. I can conduct my own defense, I venture to think, better than any of these my

think, better than any of these my learnes brethren,"

Charles went through his examination-in-chief quite swimmingly. He answered with promptitude. He identified the prisoner without the slightest hesitation as the man who had swindled him under the various disguises of the Rev. Richard Poploe Brabazon, the Hon. David Granton. Count von Lebenstein, Professor Schleiermacher, Dr. Quackenboss, and others. He had not the slightest doubt of the man's identity. He could swear to him anywhere.

I thought, for my own part, he was a triffe too cocksure. A certain amount of

I thought, for my own part, he was a trific too cocksure. A certain amount of hesitation would have been better polley. As to the various swindles, he detailed them in full, his evidence to be supplemented by that of bank officials and other subordinates. In short, he left Finglemers not a leg to stand upon.

When it came to the cross-examination, however, matters began to assume quite a different complexion. The prisoner set out by questioning Si Charles' identifications. Was he sure of his man? He handed Charles a photograph.

"Is that the person who represented himself as the Rev. Richard Peploe Brahazon?" he asked, persuasively.

Charles admitted it without a moment's delay.

so was Charles for a moment.

"Oh, you'll pull through all right," I said in my capacity as secretary. But I didnt think it.

The judge took his seat. The prisoner was brought in. Every eye seemed bent could see at once, by their faces and attitudes, they all recognized it as the portrait of the clergyman before them —not of the prisoner in the dock, who stood there smiling blandly at Charles' discomfiture. The clergyman sat down. At the

The clergyman sat down. At the same moment the prisoner produced a second photograph.

"New, can you tell me who that is?" he asked Charles, in the regular browbeating Old Bailey voice.

With somewhat more hesitation, Charles answered after a produced.

Charles answered, after a pause: "That is yourself as you appeared in Loudon when you came in the disguise of the Graf von Lebenstein." This was a crucial point, for the Lebenstein fraud was the one count on which our lawyers refled to prove their case most fully, within the jurisdic-

Even while Charles spoke a gentle-