

had been visiting Ravendale Manor, he would have naturally shaken hands when asking politely after her health. But when any one called to see him at his office, even if it were his most intimate friend, they beheld a much more reserved man, as if his nature altered completely during business hours.

For a time there was silence. Lawyer Brown took his gold-rimmed spectacles from off his nose and commenced rubbing the glasses with his pocket handkerchief.

"I have called, Mr. Brown," Lady Martha said in a rather uncertain voice, "about—about my late brother's will." Her eyes had filled with tears, and a sob had risen to her throat.

"I quite understand, I quite understand, Lady Martha," sympathetically said Brown.

"I want, Mr. Brown, to alter my will; to leave the whole of my estate to my beloved nephew, Cecil Arnold."

"Very natural, very natural, Lady Martha. I can quite understand your feelings as regards—as regards the extraordinary codicil in the late Lord Arnold's will. Very natural, Lady Martha."

"I am sure it is only as my beloved brother would have wished it, Mr. Brown. He felt Cecil's departure very keenly, and it was in his wrath that he added that codicil. Then, poor man, he forgot it. You should have seen him and Cecil together after Cecil returned!"