

BUBBLES WE BUY

trying to get your rights to some of your grandpa's money, even before the letter came asking me about being witness to that will as we never heard no more on, and glad enough I'd be to help you, for the sake of the days when your mother and I were girls together."

"Thank you," Gilbert said, quietly, though Isabel could see that his face was set in intense thought.

"Will you tell me what you remember about the will?" he went on, forbearing to prompt her.

"Deed, and I remember everything about it, for many a time I've gone over it all in my mind, as I might have been reading it in a newspaper. It was the week before the old man died, and the mistress had gone out to church — it was some saint's day, I think — and I was ironing some of her laces when Isaac calls me up-stairs, and there was the master, propped up with pillows, a sort of writing-book before him, and a pen in his hand. Like the dead he looked, saving that his eyes were fierce and bright.

"'Watch me write my name, and then you two write yours after,' says he, short and sharp, in his old way, and we did it.

"'Now go,' says he, 'and don't ye speak of this to no one,' which we didn't, being used to obeying of him. And remembering it as though it were yesterday, I'm willing to testify in a court of justice, and I hope it may do you good, sir."

Her good-will was evident, and Gilbert answered, gratefully:

"Thank you, Ellen. It may be of great help."

"And there's another thing as I made up my mind to tell you," she went on, "seeing that perhaps you never heard as there was a doubt whether