

greeting Charlie kindly, and have opened a jar of my home-made strawberry jam just for your benefit."

"I know it's excellent," said Charlie; and he seated himself beside Madge.

While Mrs. Bevan poured out the tea he removed the cover of the jam-pot. Suddenly he turned pale, his lower jaw dropped, and he sat gazing fixedly like one spellbound.

"Are you ill, Charlie?" cried Madge, springing to her feet.

"You haven't come upon one of those nasty beetles!" exclaimed Mrs. Bevan, suspending the teapot in mid air.

"No, no!" gasped Charlie, after a time. "It's nothing. I shall be all right directly. It's—it's the thousand pounds!"

He seized the piece of parchment that had covered the jam pot, and bending over, began to decipher the written characters upon it.

"Witness this my hand—Andrew Sharp—witness!" he muttered, and then raised his head and turned to Madge, who was bending over his chair, with a glad light in his blue eyes. "I've found it, dear!" he cried.

"What?"

"A part of the missing deed, and now, if we can trace the rest," he cried, excitedly, "our fortune's made!"

"Mercy on us!" gasped Madge, beginning to cry, in her bewilderment.

"Did you ever!" ejaculated Mrs. Bevan, and in her excitement she dropped the teapot to the floor, smashing it into bits. "Madge," she finally managed to say, "the rest of the jars are in the cellar, on the swinging shelf."

Charlie dashed down the cellar stairs, and there, on a shelf in the middle of the cellar, were two dozen crockery-jars, lacking one, each with a piece of parchment tied over it for a cover.

"Take them upstairs!" he ordered to Mrs. Bevan and Madge, who had followed him.

And he gathered up as many of the jars as he could carry.

When they were placed on the table he removed the covers.

It was an anxious moment, and his hand trembled as he fitted the bits together.

At last the thing took definite shape. Not a line was wanting. A few of the "and whereas," and "provided also" were a trifle sticky, and a few of the words had lost a letter or two, but the main points were all there, and

Charlie Wilson fairly danced with glee.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, turning to Mrs. Bevan.

"I had no idea the paper was of any value," answered that good lady, "and I selected it from a number that I found in the attic, because it was parchment. They were there when we moved into the house, and I expect they were left by Mr. Arnold, the owner of the property, when he moved out."

"Arnold—" began Charlie.

"Yes—Mr. Archibald Arnold. He owns this house and land, but the property is managed by an agent."

"That explains it," said the young man. "Mr. Archibald Arnold is the plaintiff in the suit."

"Well, I'm glad it's found, although they were excellent covers. Sit down and eat your tea."

"I can't stop," cried Charlie, reaching for his hat.

He put the precious covers into his pocket, and proceed, with all possible speed to the office of Holbrook and Hutchinson.

His employers had not yet gone home, and Charlie laid the disappointed document before them on the big office table.

One glance convinced them that their clerk had secured the long-lost deed, and the good news was telegraphed to their client, who came on the next day, and they told him the story.

At its close he drew a cheque for a thousand pounds, payable to Charlie's order, and the following month Charlie and Madge were married.

Mr. Arnold won his suit, and one day paid a visit to the old homestead where Mr. and Mrs. Wilson and Mrs. Bevan still lived.

They received the rich man very graciously, and he helped to eat some of the strawberry jam.

"That paper," he said, at parting, "was worth a hundred times a thousand pounds to me."

A few days afterwards a letter was received addressed to Mrs. Charles Wilson, inclosing a very kind note and a deed to the old farm-house and the plot of ground in the centre of which it stood, "given," as the letter read, "in token of my appreciation of the great service you have rendered me."

Charlie is quite a distinguished solicitor now, and every year his wife sends a jar of strawberry jam to Mr. Archibald Arnold.