

buried at Lizard Town Mr. Solomons gave me this to take care of, and asked me to see it was duly proved after his death, and so forth. If you look at it, you'll see he leaves all his property absolutely to the Jewish Board of Guardians in London."

Mr. Wilkie took the paper from his hand with an incredulous smile, and glanced over it languidly.

"Oh, that's all right," he answered with a benignant nod—the country attorney is always benignant—"but you evidently don't understand our poor friend's ways as well as I do. It was a fad of his, to tell you the truth, that he always carried his will about with him, duly signed and attested, in his own breast-pocket, 'in case of accident,' as he used to put it."

"Oh, yes," Paul answered, "I know all that. He carried the predecessor of this about in his pocket just so, and he showed it to me in the train when we were going down to Cornwall, and afterward, when poor Lionel was dead, he handed the present will over to me to take particular care of, because, he said, he thought he could trust me."

"Ah, yes," the man of law answered dryly, looking up with a sharp smile. "That's all very well as far as it goes. But, as a matter of habit, I know our friend Solomons would never have dreamed of handing over one will to you till he'd executed another to carry in his own breast-pocket. It would have made him fidgety to miss the accustomed feel of it. He couldn't have gone about ten minutes in comfort without one. And, indeed, in point of fact, he didn't. Do you know this paper, Sir Paul?" and the lawyer held up a stained and folded document that had seen much wear.

"Do you know this paper?"

"Why, yes," Paul answered, with a start of recognition. "I've seen it before somewhere. Ah, now I remember. It's the paper Mr. Solomons was clutching in his folded