

the occupant put himself severely to the question. Torn with conflicting emotions, he tried to swiftly reason it out in the brief moment which courtesy allowed him to form his answer. Here was wealth beyond his wildest dreams, and a share in the enterprises of men of affairs for him, and a position worthy of herself in society, which his wife would assume only to adorn. And so easily gained, too! This shrewd business man was assuredly right. His plan was simple and, once adopted, unquestionably fixed. Discovery was impossible—there were no heirs to raise even a doubt. Question of title was effectually barred by the plan suggested. If it were not adopted, all this wealth would lie undeveloped, as there was none to whom it belonged. Why not agree? What stands in the way? Nothing; absolutely nothing, except—Ah! *diable*, there is an exception to thy plea! Ay, *two*,—professional honor and a good conscience! Think, *mon ami*, thy days on earth are few, and the years of Heaven long! Wilt ease the one and peril the other?—Depart thee, Sathanas! Away, and tempt me not!

Slowly the little notary rose to his feet, passed without a glance the two eager faces watching his every move and waiting his word, crossed the short space to the half-open door, and called gently:

"Antoinnette!"

"I am here, love."

As he took her hand and deferentially led his wife a half-pace into the office, the partners rose to their feet in startled amaze. Still holding the hand of his wife, the notary bowed across the dividing floor-space, and quietly said:

"Permit me, my dear! Mr. Snatchet, Mr. Skinner. Gen—Gentlemen. Madame la Baronne de Jubinville, who honors me in being my wife."

The studied politeness of the men's salute scarce hid