

unsuspected good qualities in all the old man's dealings with his fellow-creatures generally.

The day after the funeral, Paul, as Mr. Solomons' last bailer, attended duly, as in duty bound, with the will confided to his care in his hand, at the country attorney's office of Barr & Wilkie's, close by in High Street.

Mr. Wilkie received him with unwonted courtesy ; but to that, indeed, Paul was now beginning to grow quite accustomed. He found everywhere that Sir Paul Gascoyne made his way in the world in a fashion to which plain Paul had been wholly unused in his earlier larval stages. Still, Mr. Wilkie's manner was more than deferential, even in these newer days of acknowledged baronetcy. He bowed his fat little neck, and smiled with all his broad and stumpy little face—why are country attorneys invariably fat, broad, and stumpy, I wonder—so that Paul began to speculate with himself what on earth could be the matter with the amiable lawyer. But he began conversation with what seemed to Paul a very irrelevant remark.

"This smash in the tunnel'll have depreciated the value of your property somewhat, Sir Paul," he said, smiling and rubbing his hands, as soon as the first interchange of customary civilities was over. "Central Southern A's are down at 89-90."

Paul stared at him in astonishment.

"I'm not a holder of stock, Mr. Wilkie," he answered, after a brief pause of mental wonder.

The attorney gazed back with a comically puzzled look.

"But Mr. Solomons was," he answered. Then after a short pause, "What ! you don't know the contents of our poor friend Solomons' will, then, don't you ?" he inquired, beaming.

"Why, that's just what I've come about," Paul replied, producing it. "A day or two after his nephew Lionel was