

thing, in case of your death before his own, absolutely to Nea, Lady Gascoyne, for her own sole use and benefit."

"That was kind," Paul cried, much touched. "That was really thoughtful of him."

"Yes," the lawyer answered dryly (sentiment was not very much in his way); "and as regards probate, from what I can hear, the value of the estate must be sworn at something between fifty and sixty thousand."

When Paul went home and told Nea of this sudden freak of fortune she answered quietly, "I more than half suspected it. You know, dear Paul, he wrote to papa while I was stopping at Sheffield, and urged me most strongly to marry you, saying our future was fully assured; and so he did, too, to Faith and Charlie. But he particularly begged us to say nothing to you about the matter. He thought it would only prevent your marrying." Then she flung her arms passionately around her husband's neck. "And now, darling," she cried, bursting into glad tears, "now that those dreadful claims are settled for ever, and you're free to do exactly as you like, you can give up that horrid journalism altogether, and devote yourself to the work you'd really like to do—to something worthy of you—to something truly great and noble for humanity!"

THE END.