

Leo died, I've thought only of you. You are all I have left on earth to work and toil for. But if I'd told you so openly, and wiped out your arrears, or even seemed to relax my old ways at all about money, you'd have found me out and protested, and refused to be adopted. I didn't want to spoil your fine sense of independence. To tell you the truth, for my own sake I couldn't. What's bred in the bone will out in the blood. While I live, I must grasp at money, not for myself, but for you; it's become a sort of habit and passion with me. But forgive me for all that. I hope I shall succeed in the end in making you happy. When you come into what I've saved, and are a rich man, as you ought to be, and admired and respected and a credit to your country, think kindly sometimes of the poor old man who loved you well and left his all to you. Good-by, my son.

“Yours ever affectionately,

“J. P. SOLOMONS.

“P. S.—If Lady Gascoyne is ever presented at court, I hope she will kindly remember to wear my diamonds.”

When Paul laid the letter down the tears were dimmer in his eyes than ever.

“I so often misjudged him,” he said slowly. “I so often misjudged him.”

“But there's a codicil to the will, too,” Mr. Wilkie said cheerfully, after a moment's pause. “I forgot to tell you that. There's a codicil also. Curiously enough, it's dated the day after your marriage. He must have gone up to town on purpose to add it.”

“I remember,” Paul said, “when he left Lanhydran he mentioned he had important business next day in London.”

“And by it,” the lawyer continued, “he leaves every-