

he'll rise; he is a Brandon; so have no fear."

Seemingly her belief brought little conviction to the solicitor.

"Heaven knows I trust so," he said, "if—if only to justify your faith in him. To understand that his father knew his character, glance over this document." He handed her a parchment. "'T is a rough draft, almost word for word, of the missing will, the testament actually signed. Read it, my lady, as though it were the dead that spoke to you, and tell me if you think it just such wishes should be disregarded."

Somewhat confused, Lady Eleanor accepted and opened the document; she bent her head over it, reading. Mr. Sharp sat leaning forward, his elbows upon his desk, watching her intently. In their secluded corner, Sycamore and Miss Chaffers conversed in undertones, unheeded by the others.