

"I was a fool."

"You must not come to Brandon Hall."

"Never."

There followed a longer pause, and still Eleanor did not move.

"Will you not take half the income?" she asked at last.

"Not a penny."

"You have treated me harshly."

"I have paid the price," said Lord Brandon, grimly.

"Good night."

"Good night."

The clock began to strike twelve, and the sound seemed to arouse Eleanor from her meditations. She walked slowly toward the door, but Brandon maintained his rigid position against the table.

"A new day—a new day!" murmured Eleanor to herself. "A new day bringing no—hope—to me." She looked over her shoulder. "Good-by," she said, wistfully.