

When Gabriel wrote the letter to the bank stopping the cheque that was to be paid to Mrs. Roope on morrow she signed it silently. When he asked to authorize him to see her father if necessary, allow either or both of them to act for her, she acquiesced in the same way. She was quite spent and exhausted.

"I will let you know everything we do, every step we take."

"I don't want to hear." She accepted his cares without returning them; she had no capacity for any emotion.

Then after he had gone, for there was no time spare and he must not miss his train, she remained immobile for a time, the panorama of the future unfolding before her exhausted brain. What a panorama it was! She was familiar with every sickening scene that passed before her. Lawyer's office, documents going to and fro, delay and yet more delay. Appeal to judge in chambers, and from judge in chambers, interrogatories and yet more interrogatories, demands for further particulars, the further particulars questioned; counsel's opinion on the case set down for hearing, adjournments and yet further adjournments.

At last the court. Speeches. And then standing behind the rail in the witness-box, the cynosure of all eyes, she saw herself as in the stocks, for all she was pelted with mud . . . herself, her wretched, cowering self! Gabriel said they were clean people: she and he were clean. So far they were, but they would be pelted with mud nevertheless: perhaps all the