

her white jewelled hands and stroked them fondly, and felt again very decidedly that he had "bested" his enemy. Still, as the sweet spring days went by there was a weight upon them. Eleanor was loving and lovely, and she gave to Jonathan's life the sweet womanly flavour he always longed for, but the joy of her presence was like the joy of forbidden pleasure or the sweetness of stolen fruit.

And Anthony Aske's vengeance did not tarry. Jonathan had thought over his own ground carefully, and he had not been able to find any vulnerable place in his life for Aske's attack, excepting through Eleanor, and he imagined he was well prepared on that side. Nor did Anthony at first see in what precise way his father-in-law was to be ruined. But if there was a man in Yorkshire who was able to open his eyes to whatever advantages he had, his lawyer, Matthew Rhodes, was that man, and the very next morning he drove into Leeds to see him.

Rhodes was a very large man; he had an eye like the eagle's, piercing and yet cold; and a neck and head thick and aggressive as a bull's. He was a close and eager partisan, and a good fighter for any cause he espoused. Indeed, he loved a desperate fight, and had been frequently known to defend a criminal whose case appeared to be hopeless for the simple delight such forlorn legal struggle gave him.

"Good morning, squire," he said; "what can I do for you to-day?"

"I have a quarrel on hand, Rhodes. I want you to fight with me."

"Hum! Who is it with, squire? And what is it about?"

"It is with Jonathan Burley."

Then Rhodes became interested at once. "Your father-in-law, squire?"

"Exactly. It is about my wife. Listen!" and Anthony went over the whole affair, carefully.

"Do you want a divorce?"

"No, no, no! I will not give up my wife."

"There is her dowry, you know, and—"

"I am not thinking of money."

"Is it revenge, then?"

"Yes; it—is—revenge! I want to ruin Burley."

"You are sure you mean it? Quite sure, squire?"

"I never was more in earnest about anything."

"Are you afraid of spending money for this object?"

"No. I'll spend it freely."

"Hundreds?—thousands?"

"Tens of thousands, if necessary."

"Then I understand you. Leave me for an hour to think it over, when you come back, and I will tell you what to do."

When Aske returned Rhodes had entered fully into his