

"I'll give you one. Six years ago I made you a fair offer, but we were too stuck up then wi' werselves and wer notions. We thought the world were going to wait for Yeadon of Yeadon. The offer is still waiting for you; will you take it this time?"

"Yes, I'll take it, Timothy Thoresby, and say 'Thank'ee.'"

"It'll call for more than a bit of money, lad, but I can trust thee with my brass; I know nobody else I can."

This was the turning of the tide. In a few weeks workmen were breaking ground in Yeadon Hollow; then arose a gigantic brick building, which was filled with such looms and spinning-jennies as Jonathan had never dreamed of. But the instinct of the manufacturer was born in him; he soon knew every band and wheel and crank as well as he knew his ten fingers. And he was a ready-made merchant. Whatever was to be known about wool he knew; and the secret of alpacas was an open one to him. Thoresby, a shrewd, keen business man, had not mistaken his partner; the firm of Thoresby & Yeadon soon became the leading one in its specialties.

In a few years Jonathan was a more prosperous man than he had ever been; but he was not a happier one. Men again asked his advice or help, quoted his sayings and deferred to his judgment, but he did not care for it as he once had done. He built a much larger chapel on Guiseley Green; he gave nobly toward its support, and the story of the lost money was put out of men's memories, but Jonathan did not forget it. He believed men had forgiven the theft, but he never doubted in his heart that they still blamed him for it.

As time went on Yeadon House was greatly enlarged, and splendidly furnished; but it was not a change without *ess*. Both Jonathan and Mary remembered the bright boy that had made this very thing his dream and object; the boy who had sailed away to the East and never returned. Jonathan believed him to be dead, and this belief was not much shaken by the report of a stranger having known a Ben Yeadon in the custom-house at Calcutta.

One morning Mary came to Jonathan weeping. She had a letter in her hand. It was from Mark; he was very ill, dying of consumption, and he longed to see his promised wife before it was too late. "I want to go, dear Jonathan," she said; "can you spare me a few days?"

Jonathan looked into the patient, sad face, and his own selfishness smote him like a sword. "Where is Mark?" he asked; "still in Sunderland?"

"Yes, dear."