

and among the society which she had been wont to gather there. But she was no longer a bright young girl surrounded by lovers, with the glory of a high social position before her. She was a deserted wife, with a shadow upon her name.

In the heyday of her youth and beauty and prosperity, she had not been very careful of other women's feelings, and she did not find them in her trouble inclined to return good for evil. Very few ladies called upon her. The gentlemen she met treated her with restraint and evident disapproval, or else with a sympathy that was still more painful and offensive.

It was Jane Bashpoole's hour of revenge, and she used it pitilessly against her rival. The story of the sapphire necklace, set in Miss Bashpoole's own designing, passed from lip to lip. "Poor Cousin Anthony" was the subject of her commiseration, and without a dissenting feminine vote Eleanor was adjudged unworthy of the love and position which he had given her. And though Squire Bashpoole said few words about the matter, every single word, and every shrug of his broad shoulders, condemned his nephew's wife. And the county gentlefolks wondered "how Aske could expect anything else from people who had only their money to recommend them, and who had not been taught through generations of culture the self-restraints of good birth and good breeding."

A month after the quarrel began, Aske left Yorkshire; but the work of his revenge went steadily on. Still, few things grow desperate at once. For months, Burley had intervals in which he not only disregarded but defied his enemy. "He'll get more than he's building for, Ben," he would say, after an unusually prosperous week. "If he thinks he can take my business from me, he's a bit mistaken! Who's Sykes of Halifax? Nobody knows him. Jonathan Burley, he's a good name from t' Tweed to t' Thames."

But from the hour in which Aske's tactics developed themselves in the "locked stream," Jonathan plainly foresaw his financial ruin; and the conflict resolved itself into that desperate despairing pertinacity which makes soldiers hold a fort they know must be surrendered; or doctors struggle with a cancer they are certain will, in the end, destroy life.

It was the facing of this hopeless fight which made Burley hard and parsimonious. He wanted every shilling to continue it as long as possible, and he began retrenchment first in his home. All his horses were sold but the one roadster he needed for his gig; all the servants dismissed but such as were absolutely necessary to prevent things from going to waste. Eleanor, who was fond of luxurious appointments, and especially of rich clothing, found it no light addition to her sorrows to learn the want of money, and to be compelled to fold over her aching heart faded and shabby silk.

One night, nearly three years after she had left Aske, Elea-