

Another day, and no letter from O'Grady—not a sign or indication of Brian Lyndon's intention.

"I am going in to Wicklow this morning by the twelve train, Tom," she said at length. "I must see what is in the wind. Will you come?"

"No," answered Tom, shortly, and his mother regarded him thoughtfully and without irritation. She had done him a great wrong, she knew, and to expect him to be amiable under the circumstances was to expect too much.

He rose from the table at the moment, and left the room without a word of apology. It was then half-past nine; after lingering about aimlessly in the gun-room and hall he put on a cap and left the house. It was a dismal morning—one of the dreariest of winter days. A wet, clammy fog hung low over hill and dale, and a fine, small rain filtered through it drearily. The bare trees stretched out their ghostly branches weirdly, and the air was filled with the dank odours of dead and dying leaves. Lyndon shivered as the chill air caught him; but he did not turn back to the warmth and comfort of the house. He strolled round to the stables—relieved his feelings somewhat by finding fault with the men hanging idly about there; then, almost against his will, he turned his face across the park towards the wicket gate opening upon the Arraghvanna pasture, and there, just without the gate, he saw a figure come out from the wet folds of the mist, and found himself face to face with Ted Rooney.

Both men stood still. Ted was not angry, but his face was white and set—he had the look of a man who had a set purpose in view which he would accomplish at all hazards.