

"LET THE ROOF FALL IN"

again it was only a girl she had been . . . and wasn't she the heart of his life? She let herself be comforted presently, and went on with a little new courage, a little more confidence, it wasn't much farther they had to go.

"Derry, wouldn't it be to Sonny it would all be belonging, and not us at all, if they knew?"

"No."

Terence's act had placed Terence's son outside all human rights and relationships, it was Derry who had restored them to him. Only as Derry's son could little Terence inherit his own, Derry explained it as well as he was able.

"And it's you that has given it back to him!"

He had done his best; no man can do more.

The Dowager had been fatigued from the journey, and had gone to her room. The Duchess was awaiting them on the terrace. She called out to them as they came slowly in sight.

"You must hurry, or the tea will be getting cold. I told them to wait with the cakes until they heard the carriage drive up; and that was ten minutes ago! Derry, how well you're looking!" She kissed Rosaleen; stooped, and kissed her quickly. "You've done him good already; he has quite a colour in his cheeks. Rosaleen, after tea you must go up and see my mother. She's been asking for you. And you will want to see the boy. Oh! that's right; here he comes. I told Nurse to be on the watch. Well, haven't I taken care of him for you?"

The Duchess behaved as if nothing had happened, as if it were all as simple and natural as possible; as if Rosaleen had never waited upon the Dowager, nor run away after Terence had died, and now come back to be Lady Ranmore; as if it were all ordinary, and natural.