

Lyndon winced, and with his foot angrily spurned his mother's little toy spaniel gambolling on the carpet at his feet. She saw the expression on his face, noted the vindictive gleam in his eye, and, knowing herself the object, she turned her head away swiftly, too proud to let him see the two tears wrung from the very anguish of her soul which forced themselves from under her eyelids and rolled slowly down her cheeks.