

"I don't know ; nothing, I expect. I am sick of the whole thing, and I've a good mind to take a passage for you and me to America, and never look on the place again."

Kitty shook her head.

"I won't go to America," she answered, quietly.

"But why, Kitty?" he asked, more out of curiosity than anything else. "It can't matter to you where you go now ; besides, a wife has to follow her husband. Isn't that the reading of Scripture?"

Kitty made no reply for a few moments, then she put another and quite unexpected question.

"I have been thinking that now it can't matter how soon I go back. If I am not to be the Lady of Ballymore, but only a poor man's wife as you say, I can go back now to Arraghvanna to mother and Ted. There is no use for you to spend money kaping me here, it would be better to save it."

"Are you, then, so anxious to go back?" said Lyndon, jealously.

"I must go soon," she said, quietly, but with a depth of feeling there was no mistaking. "If you hadn't come to-day I think I should have gone, I could not wait another day."

"But listen, Kitty ; you can't go back yet, it would be madness to let the secret out so soon. You must wait at least until I have made some plans, until we know what is going to happen. I am disappointed," he said, assuming an aggrieved look and tone. "I came expecting to be comforted and cheered, only to find you grumbling and discontented."