

are back in the old place, and that it is not left to the management of strangers. Look up, Terry, and tell me what you think of it."

He let his hand fall lightly and with a strangely caressing touch on the boy's bowed head. But his only answer was a bursting sob.

"Come, be a man," whispered Lyndon, encouragingly. "Get your hat, and come out with me on the Embankment for half an hour. We can talk better in the open air."

Terry rose hastily, and almost ran out of the room.

"What do you think of my plan?" asked Lyndon then, feeling that any speech was preferable to silence.

"It is an excellent plan," she answered. "But—but I do not understand your motive."

"I have none," he answered, frankly, "except a natural desire to make the best of existing circumstances. Terry has no profession, and but little prospect, so far as I am aware; and I am convinced that he would be happier at Ballymore than anywhere I should guarantee him an income of three or four hundred, and there would be no expense of living. I have gone into the matter most carefully, Lady Lyndon, and I feel sure that in the meantime it is the best arrangement we can make, and the arrangement which will perhaps most quickly shut people's mouths."

"You are right; but that you should consider us, or me at least, in any way is what I cannot understand."

"We will not talk of it, if you please," said Brian, simply. "Do I understand then that if Terry is willing you will be agreeable?"

"I should be a fool if I were anything else," she said, grimly. "Only I cannot understand it."