

country, Tom?" she asked. "Shure, there's plenty av work in Ireland or in Scotland. It won't take much to kape us, and I can work myself. I have been used to it all my days."

Lyndon faintly smiled. Kitty spoke in good faith; but the unconscious irony of her speech created in him a grim amusement. It was a comedy they were enacting, a comedy which at any moment might be turned to tragedy. He had but to tell her the actual facts of their relation to each other to raise the tempest in her undisciplined soul. But he would not be premature; he must wait until things were matured a little, until events were developed. Meantime it was pleasant and comforting to be at her side, once more to hear the sweet music of her voice, and see the slow wonder gather in her beautiful grey eyes.

"What are you thinking, Kitty?" he asked presently, observing the concentration of her look.

"I was just thinking that there'd be no more word of evictions in Glendalough," she said. "Mother said Mr. Fletcher was all agin' them."

"Well, we'll see. It is very easy to talk righteously about what another man ought to do with his property; it's a very different matter when it comes to one's own. For me, I don't care a hang what becomes of Glendalough, or how he manages the place, so long as I am not there to see, and I only hope I won't come across him, or I'll put a bullet through him as sure as I'm saying it now."

"Oh, Tom, you wouldn't" cried Kitty, in distress. "It isn't his fault, poor gentleman; and, besides, look how hard it has been for him all these years when he ought to have been at Ballymore. What are they going to do to her ladyship for it?"