

merely a member going and coming as it suits his own convenience," he began, going directly to the point, as he had conspicuously done in his election speeches. "As I cannot be much at Ballymore I came really to ask you, Terry, to go back there and fill my place."

Terry grew pale, and his sad face fell upon his hands. Lady Lyndon stared before her as if doubting that she heard aright. Lyndon then addressed himself to her.

"If you will kindly go back to Ballymore, Lady Lyndon. I shall be much obliged," he continued, a trifle awkwardly.

"If Terry should think well of my suggestion he can hardly live alone. It is the best family arrangement I think we can make in the meantime, at least. We shall be able to arrange it all, I think, on a satisfactory basis. I shall pay Terry a salary, as I should have to pay Moran, with whose services I have dispensed."

"You are very just," observed Lady Lyndon, and her lips were so dry that the words were little above a whisper.

"It will be a great thing for me to know that the place is in good care. Terry will have a free hand in the management. He knows all the people, and is far more competent than I should ever be. Will you think of it, Terry?"

"Brian Lyndon, what are you made of?" queried Lady Lyndon, with a shrill, strange note in her voice. "After what I have done, and the way I have spoken of you. Why are you so different from other men?"

"Not so very different, I fear," he said, raising his hand deprecatingly. "I am to benefit by this little arrangement. It will make me happier to think you