

"Terry has gone to Scotland," said Lyndon, choosing to ignore this passionate speech. "I have amused myself once or twice wondering what his attitude would be. What did he say about it?"

"Nothing. What would you expect Terry to say? He has neither family pride nor any idea of duty or common sense," she snapped, in the same angry tone. "Will you tell me where you have been, Tom? Until you do I can have nothing further to say to you."

Lyndon eyed his mother steadily for a moment, leaning up against the marble slab of the console mirror opposite to the sofa upon which she sat. She was, he well knew, his only real friend in the world. Since matters had reached such a desperate crisis with him, it might be as well to tell her the whole truth, and be guided by her advice. Then, it would be a comparatively easy task to tell her, since he felt sure that she had her well-founded suspicions regarding Kitty Rooney.

"I suppose nothing has been heard of Ted Rooney's sister at Arraghvanna?" he said, firing a shot at a venture. She was quick to follow up the clue thus offered.

"No; nothing. Am I right in thinking that you are the only person that can throw any light on her disappearance?"

Lyndon nodded, and the colour slightly flushed his cheek.

"You took her away, I suppose?" said his mother, and her brow grew dark with her high displeasure.

"I did."

"And what have you done with her, may I ask?"

"She's in Glasgow. I came from there last night."

"You have made an unspeakable fool of yourself,