

Kitty sat still, looking through the narrow, rain-blurred window with a strange far-off look on her face. She was thinking that her sacrifice had been in vain, that she had given herself to a man for whom she had no real love, only to find too late that the destinies of those she loved were lifted clean out of his hands or hers. She had occupied most of her lonely hours in looking into the future, picturing herself as the Lady of Ballymore dispensing good gifts with a royal hand to those who had been oppressed so long; and now these dreams were all shattered, not even the smallest or least ambitious of them could have any fulfilment. A despair almost as blank and overwhelming as Lyndon's own seemed to settle down upon her soul, shutting out all else. She did not even give a thought to the deprivations of which Lyndon had spoken so feelingly, and which would be to him matters of more serious moment. To her it was not and never could be any hardship to work, nor could she see that a young man with life all before him, blessed with health and strength and mental capacity, could be an object for much pity. So they sat silent regarding each other, as far apart in heart and in purpose as if the Poles had separated them, yet they were husband and wife, at least so Kitty believed, though Lyndon himself thought otherwise. He did not seek to break the silence, his own thoughts were of a very peculiar and conflicting nature. At that moment the greater calamity seemed to fade in some inexplicable manner from his mind, and he was wholly absorbed by thoughts of the girl sitting so quietly opposite to him. What was he to do with her? She was the first to break the silence.

"What for would you be going away to a foreign