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gentle voice. "Of course, I know that it is a terrible thing for you; still, you are young—your life is all before you. We have still some influence—if not through your grandfather, in other quarters. It may be possible to get you a good appointment at home or abroad."

"Abroad it must be," said Tom, sullenly. "I will not stay here to be the laughing-stock and the jibe of the whole country, and to see that upstart usurping my place."

"Promise at least to wait until to-morrow?" she said, entreatingly, "and go away quietly and naturally with Harry. There is no use giving people undue occasion for talk."

He smiled somewhat bitterly.

"You will try to keep up appearances to the last, mother," he answered, but gave her no promise good or bad. So little heed did he pay to her wishes that he was a passenger by the night boat from Dublin to Glasgow, where he arrived in the chill grey dawn of the winter morning to find the city enveloped in an impenetrable yellow fog, through which the rain fell with pitiless steadiness. Nothing more dreary could be imagined than that cab drive in the early morning to the obscure street on the South Side where Tom Lyndon had hidden the Pride of Arraghvanna.

Kitty Rooney had given up much for those she loved, but she had only realised the stupendous magnitude of her sacrifice when she found herself alone in that dismal city where throughout the long winter days she never caught a gleam of the sun, or inhaled a breath of fresh, purifying air. Sometimes the poor caged bird grew desperate, beating its wings against its prison walls, and felt inclined to brave all