

morning. Miss Byrne was good enough to give me your address. Won't you shake hands with me, Terry?"

Terry, red and confused, gave him a hesitating hand. It was so warmly grasped, however, that it seemed to infuse some new strength into his despondent heart. These were indeed the dark days of Terry Lyndon's life, and he may be forgiven the rebellious thoughts they had engendered in his soul. Lady Lyndon herself was confused only for a moment. The friendliness of her stepson's look reassured her. She had failed in every quarter in which she had applied for help. To do her justice she had never thought of Brian, even as a last resource, until that moment when he appeared, cordial and gracious, before her.

"Will you have some tea?" she asked, stiffly. "If I dare ask you to break bread in any house of mine?"

"I shall take tea gladly," answered Lyndon. "Well, Terry, have you heard the news? We have won Rossmoyne."

"And you are an M.P. as well—as well as other things?" asked Terry, in a choking voice.

Lyndon nodded, feeling a choking sensation in his own throat.

"It was an awful fight. Some day I'll tell you some of my experiences; but I did not come here for that to-day, but to lay a plan of my own before you, Lady Lyndon. Will you listen to me for a moment?"

"Certainly." The word forced itself from her lips in a kind of jerk. Her nervousness was increasing, and he saw it, almost pityingly.

"I shall have to be in London now for the greater part of the year. I intend to be a politician, not