

man who has ruined me, and in whose favour I have go. to resign."

Kitty sat silent, overwhelmed indeed with her surprise at this strange story.

"I never saw him," she said, at length. "I was out at Father O'Hagan's the day he called at Arraghvanna. He only spoke to mother."

"But you have seen him," corrected Lyndon. "It was he who passed us that night in the Ballymore Woods. Don't you remember?"

"Oh yes, I do," said Kitty, and shivered slightly as the memory of it swept over her. It struck Lyndon all of a sudden that she had received the information very calmly and indifferently, and that the warm, loving sympathy which he had expected, and which he told himself he had a right to expect, was not forthcoming.

"You don't look very sorry for me, Kitty," he said, in rather an aggrieved tone. "Perhaps you don't realise what it all means. It means that that fellow is Squire of Ballymore, that he will live there, and that I shall have to turn out and get my living as best I may."

"Ballymore is a very big house, Tom," said Kitty, innocently. "Would there not be room for all? Mother said that he was such a kind gentleman, I'm shure he wouldn't moind."

At this guileless suggestion Lyndon laughed bitterly.

"You don't know what you are talking about, Kitty, and perhaps I ought not to expect that you should; but what I want to know is what I am going to do with you. I shall have no means; I have never been taught to work. I shall have to go abroad to seek my fortune."