

"I don't propose to give in so easily, Tom," said his mother. "As O'Grady has gone over without a word to the enemy's side, I shall have to get some one else to take up our case. Understand, I shall not deny having tried to get rid of the child; what I will deny and fight to the bitter end is the pretence that he is still alive, and that that fellow is he."

Tom looked at his mother for a moment, secretly admiring her courage, although he knew it was a forlorn hope.

"You'd be a fool, I think," he said, "to take up any such position. I tell you it won't hold water. I don't believe you'd even get a lawyer to act on your behalf. Believe me, mother, it will be far better just to go out quietly without any fuss; it will pay us much better in the end. I am going to clear out, anyhow, and I question whether Ballymore will ever see me again."

"But what can you do, Tom?" his mother asked, anxiously. "As you have said only a moment ago, you have no resources."

"I shall have to make them, then," was his sour retort. "Anyhow, I'm going, and this very day."

"Where?"

"Oh, I don't know. Don't ask me any questions. Leave me alone. You've ruined me, and destroyed my whole life. Leave me alone!"

So this was Emily Lyndon's reward for the crime she had committed for the sake of her unborn son. The sharp anguish of her soul was such that she could have cried to him for mercy, but she sat silent, stricken dumb by the despair which seemed to be closing her in on every side.

"I forgive you, Tom," she said, in an unusually