

magnetic influence so strong. He simply bore down the weight of the opposition by his personality. It was the most signal triumph I have ever seen."

Aileen said nothing, but her speaking eyes were eloquent. Again Lyndon was conscious of a chill sense of disappointment, followed by a quick thrill of envy. To win a glance from these eyes were worth a life's endeavour.

He did not imagine himself in love. He knew, though Aileen herself had not admitted it, even to her own heart, that her whole love was given, unasked if might be, but never to be recalled. He felt jealous over her, as well as compassionate, because he knew too well that Parnell was cold to her, cold as the ice to which he was so often compared. The pain of these thoughts was so intolerable that he was glad soon to make his adieux. He left the house alone, and walked through the blossoming park a little way until, suddenly recalled to himself, he remembered he must turn in the opposite direction. About five o'clock he reached the little flat in Victoria Street where Lady Lyndon, in the bitterness of her discomfiture, had hid herself. She had thought to go to Bantry, but the old earl, rough and ready of speech, though of true heart and upright life, had indicated in no ambiguous terms that she would not be welcome there. The maid who answered Lyndon's knock ushered him straight into the drawing-room, where Lady Lyndon and Terry were taking tea together.

It was a strange moment. Both sprang up as if apprehensive as to what his visit might portend. Of the three Lyndon was the most at his ease.

"Good afternoon," he said, in a perfectly matter-of-fact voice. "I have only come from Ireland this