

across the Irish Sea, and he cursed the folly which had made him burden himself with such an incubus. Although he had not admitted it as yet to himself, his secret intention was to go abroad, leaving her behind. As he came nearer his journey's end, however, his thoughts became more engrossed with the affairs of Ballymore. He felt feverishly excited as he drew nearer home, wondering whether he should reach Ballymore to find it already in the possession of the usurper. He hired a car at Rathdrum, but the man who drove it was a stranger to him, and he felt no inclination to put a single question. He dismissed it in the roadway a little below the gates, and, walking to the lodge, tapped lightly at the gatekeeper's door. She came out curtseying as usual.

"Good day, Kathy," he said. "Is my mother at home?"

"Yes, yer honour; her ladyship is at home all by herself."

"Oh, where is Mr. Terry?"

"Shure, an' he's gone to Scotland with the young gentleman that was here."

Lyndon nodded and passed on, relieved for the moment to know that as yet no radical change had taken place. He felt glad also for some unexplained reason that he should not have to encounter Terry. There was but little sympathy between the brothers, and the feeling that Terry was willing to welcome the interloper to Ballymore made Lyndon feel bitter against him. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when Lyndon entered the house. His mother had just finished her lunch, and was sitting idly in her own sanctum, bitterly resenting her son's absence and the fact that she was left to bear her great