

"No, no, Tom," said his mother, with a half hysterical sob. "I shall have a jointure from the estate, and no doubt your grandfather will do something for you."

"Bantry!" exclaimed Tom, with a slight sneer. "He hates me like poison; he'll do nothing but rejoice over my discomfiture, and tell me to go and dig for my living at the roadside. That's all the satisfaction, I promise you, I shall get from Lord Bantry. He may do something for Terry, but never for me."

Lady Lyndon was silent, and her thoughts were bitter. She knew that Tom did not exaggerate. For some inexplicable reason her father, the old Earl of Bantry, had conceived an unaccountable dislike to his elder grandson, for whom, with the gruff outspokenness of his race, he had frequently predicted a bad end. At that moment life seemed bitter, almost impossible, to the proud woman's heart.

"I suppose you will go to Moira with Harry to-morrow?" she said, presently. "It will be as well, I think, if you go out of the way for a few days; at least until matters shape themselves a little."

"I am going to-day," said Tom, flinging up his head with the first display of energy or interest. "I sha'n't stay another hour in this house to be trampled on by that sneak at Killane. I wish I had put a bullet through him the other day as I felt inclined."

"Have you had some words with him?" asked his mother in surprise.

"Yes, more than once. I can't stand the fellow; he is too beastly meddling, and there is one thing in the world I am certain of, mother—it is that he won't show us any quarter, and I believe the sooner we clear out the better."