

family now," she observed presently. "Is there any truth in the rumour that you want also to make a provision for Lady Lyndon?"

"Surely there would be something right and fitting in that also?" he said, quickly.

"But she is so bitter against you. There is no bridle on her tongue."

"That will not hurt me, nor does it alter my position or responsibility. I feel for her most deeply, also for Terry. I want to go and see them to-night before I go to Scotland."

"Well, I can give you the address. They are living in a flat in Victoria Street. You can easily walk from here."

He took out his notebook, and jotted down the address.

"And now I have hardly congratulated you. You had a stiff fight again. Papa was immensely interested, and could not have rejoiced more over your success if you had been his own son."

Lyndon's face twitched as he glanced towards the white-haired captain who had been so true a friend to him through the past years. Then his eyes came back to Aileen's face. He thought her pale, but the sweetness of her eyes had never been more haunting.

"You are not so fresh as when at Killane," he observed. "London and late hours do not suit you so well."

"No," she answered, frankly. "At Ballymore I am always happiest and best."

"Have you ever seen him look so well?" asked Lyndon, observing where her gaze fell. "I wish you had heard him at Rossmoyne. I have never heard his quiet incisive eloquence more powerful, nor his