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"I was comin' to Ballymore to see yez," he observed, calmly. "Maybe ye were goin' to Arraghvanna to see Kitty, yer wife!"

"No, I was not," snapped Lyndon, stung to quick resentment by the quiet insolence of Ted Rooney.

He had inherited his full share of the Bantry pride, and he regarded Ted Rooney and his kind as little better than the dust beneath his feet. It was a bad basis on which to start a discussion with a desperate man.

Ted eyed him steadily, noting the sullen gleam of the heavy-lidded eyes, the sour look, the contemptuous sneer.

"She's there," he said, jerking his thumb in the direction of Arraghvanna. "If ye are not goin' to fetch her now, perhaps ye'd loike me to drive her in the ould cart up to the front door? Any way yer honour plases."

"She's very well where she is. I did not tell her to come back. If she chooses to come at her own time instead of mine, why, then she must take the consequences."

"She's yer wife," repeated Ted, steadily, "and she shall come to Ballymore this very day, if I have to carry her meself."

"You are taking a very high-handed line, Rooney," said Lyndon, with a touch of haughtiness. "You'd better have a care."

"It's the roight line, the only wan there is to take," observed Ted. "If there is any other maybe ye'll be good enough to tell me what it is?"

"She can't come to Ballymore just now, Rooney. Nobody knows that better than Kitty herself, and unless both she and you can hold your tongues, for a time at least, there will be disaster all round."