

hidden and secret marriage, and the whole mystery surrounding her present life, was hateful to the frank and open soul of Kitty Rooney, and she only endured it because of the benefit it had conferred upon those she loved better than anything on earth.

"Tell me how they are, my mother and Ted?" she said, feverishly. "Have you seen them, and oh! what are they saying about me? What do they think?"

Wholly absorbed with his own troubles Lyndon for the moment felt inclined to resent her anxious solicitude for those to whose cruel anxiety he had given but little thought.

"Oh, they are all right. It is not long since they discovered that you had never been to Monaghan. Of course, they are a bit anxious, and think of all sorts of things. I saw your mother the other day. What do you think is her fear?"

Kitty clasped her hands, but she could not form a question. The matter was too serious and terrible to her to be treated lightly.

"She thinks that you have followed the example of some ancestress. I forget precisely what relation she was. I mean the lady who walked over the Brow Head at Bray and put an end to herself."

At this Kitty laughed hysterically, but her eyes were full of tears.

"It will be all right by-and-by," he said, soothingly. "They'll soon know the right way of it. The secret will have to come out sooner than I expected, or indeed intended. I have come to tell you, Kitty, what a fearful calamity has happened to me. I am no longer Squire of Ballymore."

"What can ye mane?" asked Kitty, with round,