

expression, its absolute adoration. Lyndon saw it, and his own face changed.

"He looks it," she admitted; "but I should not have expected such a sentiment from your lips, Mr. Lyndon. It is treason, nothing less, against Spitalhaugh, and a libel on your old name. Have you forgotten 'A man's a man for a' that?'"

"That's precisely my point," said Lyndon. "It's the personality of the man that dominates his fellows."

"You think very highly of him evidently, as he does of you. Miss Byrne has told me you are quite inseparable, and that he was determined you should have a seat in the House this session."

Lyndon's face slightly flushed, and his eye grew soft as it fell on the pale, calm, clean-cut face of the man who had lifted him to a high place, and given to him his heart's desire—had placed all things within his reach. Adair watched him with the most intense interest. It was just the sort of thing to appeal to a nature in which imagination and emotion, though well controlled, held a dominating place.

"I think it's beautiful!" she exclaimed, involuntarily.

"What?" he asked, with a smile.

"The way you regard your leader. It makes me think of the knights of old with their Arthur. It is not in common with the nineteenth century."

At that moment Aileen looked towards them, and Lyndon rose. For a few moments the talk became general. In the midst of it Mr. Bremner and Captain Byrne entered, and then Lyndon had a moment's quiet talk with Aileen.

"Lady Lyndon has come to London. I heard it in Rathdrum last night. Can you tell me where she is to be found?"