

A Son of Erin

Adair felt somewhat reluctant to leave the room. She would have liked to hear the discussion on the prison system, but her father's tone was slightly peremptory, and she did not dream of disobeying.

"I see that you have given a great deal of thought to several questions which are likely to become burning ones by-and-by," said Bremner, when the door closed. "We spoke of politics this morning. Supposing that the field was ever open to you, I gather that you would be in the advance guard of the Radicals."

"I should be wherever reforms were needed and likely to be accomplished," said Fletcher, with kindling eye. "I have thought a great deal on many subjects, and I think there is a great deal waiting to be done; the mystery is that our legislators do not seem to see it."

Bremner smiled a somewhat dry smile. His experience of political life had already taught him that it is to many only a game to be played with skill, and sometimes merely for the advancement of personal ends, also that there were only a very few on both sides actuated by the highest motives; but he did not choose to say so at that particular moment to one of his own workmen.

"I quite agree with what you said a minute ago about our prison system," he said; "and though I think the fellow who so seriously frightened my daughter last night richly deserves any punishment he may receive, I shall make a point of seeing him before it expires, and try to find out what you term the causes of his degradation."

"It might repay you, sir, and it would certainly interest you," said Fletcher, quietly.

"Well, well, suppose we come now to the purpose of this interview. I have been thinking a good deal