

The door opened, and two men entered. Adair sprang to her feet with an expression of pleased surprise. Adair knew Fletcher at once, though he was much changed, the other she had no difficulty in recognising as the leader of the Irish party. It was an interesting moment. Lyndon's behaviour was perhaps the most important detail in Adair's eyes. He bore himself admirably. Not until she came forward with frank hand extended did he seem to intrude himself on her notice, but he was perfectly at his ease; indeed more so than she was.

"So we meet again, and in very altered circumstances," she said, making room for him on the couch where she sat, appropriating him at once, as Aileen observed with some amusement.

"It is a fairy tale, nothing less. Tell me how you feel; a real personage?"

"Oh yes; you see life is mostly reality," he answered, with a smile. "May I ask for Mr. Bremner and all the members of your family? I hoped for the pleasure of seeing him to-day."

"You may. I don't know where he is at this particular moment. He dines out to-night, however, so he is sure to come home early. Of course, the House is not sitting to-day, or we should not have had this pleasure."

"I am going down to Scotland to-night."

"Are you, really, to Spitalhaugh?"

"Yes; to my father and mother. They will not be pleased until they have the details of the contest from my own lips—though some of them, I fear, I shall have to modify or suppress," he answered, with a laugh at the memory of some of the wild Rossmoyne experiences.