

A Son of Erin

ill down at Rose Cottage. Don't you think, as the evening is so fine, I might walk down and inquire for her?"

"Why, yes, if you like, dear," answered Mrs. Bremner, readily. "I am very sorry to hear that; but I was only noticing in church last Sunday that she looked rather frail. Corrie will be delighted to walk down with you."

"Oh, I don't want Corrie, mother; besides, he's enjoying his game with Laurence. Don't you hear them? I shall not be gone more than half an hour or so. I can just put a big cloak over my dress."

She wore a gown of some soft pink material with short sleeves, and sufficiently low at the neck to show the full contour of her stately throat. Adair always dressed well and becomingly, although she did not bestow a great deal of thought or time upon it. She had the artistic eye and the nice sense of fitness which are essential to the well-dressed woman.

"I don't suppose you will meet anybody, dear," said Mrs. Bremner, "and after you leave our woods there are only a few yards of the path by the river; but put on some thick shoes in case you catch cold."

"Oh yes, I shall do that. May I take the grapes which were left on the sideboard?"

"Certainly, dear; and anything else you would like."

In a very few minutes Adair was dressed for her walk. A long cloak of dark cashmere covered her evening dress, and with a small basket on her arm she took her way across the park, and plunged into the gathering shadows of the wooded hill which sloped very steeply to the edge of the water. Adair was thinking chiefly of her father as she walked. She