

"Yes, Mr. Parnell and he travelled together last night."

"They are very intimate?"

"Very. Mr. Parnell has the highest possible opinion of Mr. Lyndon. He has repeatedly said to papa and to me that he will have a distinguished career."

"How interesting! Do you think they will call? I should so like to see Mr. Parnell."

"They will, without doubt, call some time," answered Aileen, and her colour rose, a sign which did not escape Adair's watchful eye. She had no doubt whatever that the blush was on Brian Lyndon's account. Well, it was natural and fitting, perhaps, and yet—why that sigh? At the moment things seemed a little out of joint in Adair Bremner's life.

"Rossmoyne is not a very distinguished constituency, perhaps, but it is a stepping-stone, and one must begin somewhere," observed Aileen. "Mr. Parnell was determined to have him in the House this session. I have heard him say so often."

"It is a wonderful story," repeated Adair. "Of course I am a little sorry for Lady Lyndon. Are you not?"

"Not very," answered Aileen, frankly. "I believe she is in London at present getting Terry settled at the War Office. He has got a clerkship there, which will also be a stepping-stone."

"Terry, that's the second son? He must feel rather bitter against the new squire."

"He doesn't. Wait till you see Terry, you'll understand. He would like to call here to see me, if he may?"

"Why, certainly, the more the merrier. Here's some one coming now."