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CHAPTER XLII

BRIAN LYNDON OF BALLYMORE



IN the flower-laden window of a little house in Mayfair Aileen Byrne and Adair Bremner were sitting together on a June day. Across the pink geraniums and white marguerites in the window-boxes they could see the throng of Park Lane and the abundant greenness beyond. It was a pleasant house, though tiny—an expensive toy. It sufficed for the need of the Bremner family, who could never be in London all together. On this occasion Adair was keeping house for her father, and Captain Byrne and Aileen had come over from Killane on a long visit.

"I feel distinctly excited," observed Adair, as she clasped her white hands above the dainty muslin of her Paris gown. "Mr. Brian Lyndon of Ballymore, M.P. for Rossmoyne!—quite an imposing personality. Seriously, Aileen, did you ever know or hear of a more exciting romance?"

"Never; but the odd thing about it is that when one sees him it is impossible to think but that it is the most natural thing in the world."

"Came over last night, did they?"