

A Son of Erin

year, but looked older. He was not handsome, but the well-proportioned head, with its broad, square brow and features clearly defined, the large, earnest, grey eyes, which had a slightly melancholy expression, combined to make a striking personality, of which Walter Bremner now became conscious for the first time. He wondered that he had never before noticed the young man's interesting and striking face. He had obeyed the summons to the master's room because there was no escape from it, but the knowledge that he had been called in order to receive thanks which he did not desire gave a certain hardness to his expression which Mr. Bremner was quick enough to observe, although he scarcely understood it.

"I daresay you know why I have sent for you, Robert?" he said, kindly, at the same time extending his hand. "I wish to tender my own and my wife's heartfelt thanks to you for the unspeakable service you rendered to us last night, a service of which I can scarcely trust myself to speak."

"It was nothing, sir," said Fletcher, not confusedly, yet with a certain stiffness which seemed to indicate that the subject was not welcome. "I only did what any other man would have done in my place. I hope that Miss Bremner is none the worse this morning?"

"She feels a bit shaken, of course," said Bremner, at the same time continuing his close study of the young man's face. Walter Bremner was no fool, and he moreover possessed a fine perceptive gift which enabled him to form a prompt and usually correct judgment of character. He had found this quality most valuable to him throughout his business life, and now that he had entered the political arena he had found it scarcely less serviceable. He was amazed

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