

“By all means,” said Glanville, “if you’ll only come. Think it over, and I’ll write you a line to-morrow.”

The conversation then diverged to the general condition of Ireland, and in due time the two visitors withdrew.

“And who is it we have been calling on?” asked Seaton, when they were outside the house.

“That,” said Glanville, “is the great Mr. Cosmo Brock, the hierophant of that modern knowledge which we spent the morning in quarrelling over.”

It was half-past five before they had reached home again. As they walked along the terrace between the house and the orange-trees, Seaton’s heart sank as he saw at an open window something black which was not the shadow, and something white which was not a flower. These things—and he knew it—were the skirts of feminine dresses.

*(To be continued.)*