

A Son of Erin

Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture," upon which he was gazing with the reverent eye of the book lover, when he heard the library door gently opened, and turned quickly round, almost as if he had been caught in some offence. It was Adair who entered, and it seemed to the young man's exaggerated fancy that in her white evening gown, her face paler than its wont after the excitement of the previous night, she looked like a being from another sphere.



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