

fellow he is), fairly ran to Rose Cottage and succeeded in getting out, unharmed, Mrs. Meltonbury and a maid; we sent my man to the village to hurry up the firemen, and then I flew back to you, dearest, knowing you would be anxious as to your uncle. I left him looking more like himself than I have seen him for years, quietly talking to Lady Esmoulet and Mrs. Claxton; in my haste to be with you I out-ran breath and then had to wait her pleasure to catch up to me. No fear of the revellers suspecting anything; the ball is at its height and the bells were not rung. They took the midnight express through to Liverpool; thence they sail to New York."

"Did you compel Melty to own up to that much?" said the little detective, her tiny, white face full of interest.

"We did; and pursuit would be useless."

"When a Haughton weds and is dishonoured, divorce, not pursuit, will be his action," said Vaura, her beautiful head erect; "and now for our revenge, a 'sweeter strain than that of grief;' we shall descend and so cover their retreat by our sparkling wit, and gay smiles, that they shall not be missed."

"Mrs. Haughton would get left anyway," said Blanche; "for the crowd all want to stare at you."

"Flashes of light and warm tints in a golden summer sky *versus* evening in her red robes sinking to the west," said Trevalyon, pressing Vaura to his side as they follow their companions.

"One for you, Sir Lionel," cried *la petite*, looking over her shoulder.

And Lionel bends his handsome head down to the fair woman whose face is upturned to his. He says, whisperingly, while his face is illumined with happiness,—

"A few days, beloved, and then we shall lead, till I weary my wife with the intensity of my love, the life of the lotus-eaters."

"Yes, my own tired love, yes; our home, until our world bids us forth, shall be a very 'castle of indolence.'