

CHAPTER XLV.

BLACK DELROSE AS A MARKSMAN.

AND now, reverend sir," she had said, turning quickly and imperiously to Father Lefroy, on the exit of Vaura, and waving her hand towards sister Magdalen, "the left is your right. Ah! Sir Andrew, pardon, I did not see you, you are in great demand in the drawing rooms."

"You flatter me, Mrs. Haughton," he answered, with a shrug of shoulder as he accepted his dismissal.

Sister Magdalen now sat up, saying feebly, "Where am I; oh! yes, I remember it all, how dreadful, my poor head," and turning her pale, grief-stricken face to the priest, said sadly, "When do we leave, father?"

"I go at once, daughter, but the great London physician who has just left the room having restored you to consciousness, says positively, you must remain here until to-morrow; come George, my son, we have no more time to spare here, our duty is done."

"No, I shall not go with you," cried the boy, going over to Lionel, taking his hand.

"You must, you are under age," said the priest sternly; "your mother has given you to us."

"Then, she is my dear mother no more," and one could see that he strove manfully to swallow the lump in his throat, "and if you force me I'll cut and run."

Here Mason entered.

"Do you know whether the house-keeper has a vacant room, Mason," inquired her mistress hastily.

"No, ma'am," she said, "just now we are full ma'am."

"Very well, give orders instantly that Sir Tilton Everly's traps be taken to Miss Tompkins' apartments. Assist this lady to Sir Tilton's room, the boy also, and bid