

in the matter, and keeping it secret; but I forget, you thought it best they should fly."

"Yes, it was for the best, Miss Vernon, and the small white mouse can keep dark when she chooses; the tongues of the other women were bought," she said cunningly.

"Yes, tied by a gold bit. Sir Tilton, you are tied to a born detective," said Vaura.

"He is," says the wee creature laconically.

Here they meet Trevalyon, out of breath and racing up for Vaura.

"How do you feel now, darling?" he says pantingly.

"Rest a minute, Lion, you are out of breath; Sir Tilton, kindly open that casement."

"There is no way of opening this one; bad fix. Trevalyon is very short of breath."

"Unloose his collar," she said hastily, and taking a diamond-solitaire off her finger, handing it to Everly, said quickly, "cut the pane."

Trevalyon had sank on to a step; Vaura drew his head to her knee while Blanche held her vinaigrette to his nose; in a minute or two his breathing came naturally and he said:

"Too bad to have frightened you, darling, and you too Lady Everly, but really, it was scarcely my fault," with a half smile, "you must blame the stairs, they seemed all at once to become too cramped and stifling. Ah! I thank you Everly, that air is refreshing; I am quite myself again," and he would have stood up.

"No, no; rest a minute," said Vaura gently.

"Yes, sit still; you are our patient, and all the patience we have till we hear from you all about Melty's fire-works," said Blanche eagerly.

"Rather Lucifer's bonfire over the old Adam in that woman," said Vaura, contemptuously.

"Clayton was dreadfully shocked when I told him, and we decided not to name their flight until to-morrow; he and I, with my man and the butler (trump of an old