

room ; he tells Mrs. Haughton something that astonishes and pleases her, for she gives him a hug ; goes to a side-table puts yellow money, cannot tell the coin from here, in a sort of pattern. "Can you see what it means, Tilton, my eyes are tired," and the pink eyes are rubbed red. "No, I cannot decipher the words. Yes, the last is, 'cousin ;' stay, I've got another, 'my,' that's all I can make out, the other words are in the shadow."

"What does it mean ? 'my cousin,'" said the young detective ; "oh ! I have it, he said he was going to marry a cousin. I thought he romanced when he said so, but I suppose they are the cousins. Well, pity to spoil two houses with them say I, but they are off. Both hug Multy, Mrs. Haughton waves hand in the direction of the dollar. By-by, step-momma. By the shade of Lincoln, how Melty claps her hands in glee on seeing her wages in gold ; she hastily pockets ; one or two pieces roll to the floor. Ellen, the cook, enters, lamp in hand, unsteady of gait ; Melty stoops to conquer the gold, picks up a shower-stick to get it from a corner, knocks with one end the lamp out of the shaky hand of the maid."

"Jove, what a blaze !" exclaimed Everly, who had been alternately flattening his nasal organ against the window pane, or gazing around at Vaura, who, at his last words, starts to a sitting posture, and says, controlling herself to speak calmly :

"I am going down stairs at once ; what a terrific blaze. Are you coming, Blanche, or Sir Tilton ?"

"Yes, yes ; come, Blanche."

"I wonder what is known by the guests and household, and if Sir Lionel has had them pursued ?" cried Vaura brokenly, as they rapidly descend the stairs.

"Some of the men in the house guessed what Delrose's game was," said Everly, "and we thought the only women in the secret were Mrs. Meltonbury and Mason, the maid, but Blanche seems to have been aware of their plot."

"I am surprised at you, Blanche, seeming to be *au fait*