

hurried towards them, handing to Vaura a tiny three-cornered note, with a whispered "from Blanche," and he was gone. The recipient, glancing in the direction, sees in the distance the pink eyes and wee mouse-face peering through the crowd and gesticulating distinctly to Vaura to "read at once." Her written words were :

"Bid Sir Lionel take you to the north tower instantan; it's all O K, warm as toast and lighted, so the ghosts won't have a show; but you will. Such a picnic! As soon as I can tire out Sir Peter in our waltz I'll be on hand. B. EVERLY."

"Well, darling, what say you?" and the handsome Saxon head is bent for her reply.

"Yes, Lion, dear, and at once. It just occurs to me it may throw some light on a mysterious conversation I overheard in the library, and which the excitement of the night had well nigh caused me to forget."

"Indeed; then we shall hasten, love."

And turning their steps in the direction of the tower, first through corridors bright with the light from myriads of gas jets, which lit up Vaura's warm beauty and the brown sheen of her hair, followed by admiring, loving, or envious eyes, they now reach the more dimly-lighted halls, and turn into one at the foot of the spiral staircase, which they ascend slowly, Lionel's arm around his fair companion, her trail skirts thrown over her left arm. The stairway is lighted as Blanche had said.

"Not even a ghost, my own," and his face is bent to hers.

"Only one of a past longing, dearest; how I longed for you in the tower of St. Peter's. Oh! the view from the top, Lion."

"I know it well, love; but say you missed me, my love, ascending with yours, even this arm supporting you."

"I did dearest, even there, and you know it well, as also I longed for the sympathy of heart to heart, soul