

"Quite a scandal," said small Everly, regretfully, for Vaura's sake, whom, as she stands helpless to prevent, wishing to fly to her uncle, yet dreading the scandal, shall fall without warning, and the house full of guests, upon his dear head. In proud despair she looks pleadingly at Lionel for sympathy, and Everly, his heart beating, longs to do something for her.

"Can I help you in any way, dear Miss Vernon? Shall I ring the great alarm bell, rouse the village and the Hall. Only let me be of use to you," he says hurriedly.

"I thank you, Sir Tilton, make room for me at the window. Ah, heavens! It is too true. Go down at once, Lion. Though I don't know for what, still go. But don't go near that man, darling; tell Mr. Claxton and the old butler, as well as my uncle's man; see what they say," she cried, breathlessly.

"I cannot bear to leave you, love; will you be brave?"

"I will! I am!" but her voice trembled.

"Sit down and rest; you tremble," and leading her to the window, he brings her to a cushioned seat, pressing the hand on his arm to his side, whispering,

"Be brave, darling; remember your poor uncle was not happy, so he is spared much. Come down when you feel calm enough to face Mrs. Grundy."

He is gone and bounds down one hundred and seventy-five steps between his heaven and a lower sphere.

Vaura throws herself face downwards, making every effort to meet the inevitable with calmness.

"I'll read off their movements, Miss Vernon," said wee Blanche, "and so keep you from going to sleep. Melty enters with furs, Mrs. Haughton stands as you saw, her red robes thrown off, the D—rose laughingly assists the maid in fastening a dark travelling robe, evidently, in haste, consulting his watch; points to the table, showing his teeth, meaning he is laughing; he, I expect, gives the feast as a reason of their delay; and he's about right, for thereon stand long-necked bottles and dishes. Melty leaves the