

"Stanton!" exclaimed a voice from the doorway.

They all looked in that direction and saw Mrs. Colonibel, white and haggard. "What is this I hear?" she went on, advancing into the room. "Is your marriage broken off?"

"Yes," he returned shortly.

"This is your doing," she said affixing accusing eyes on Mr. Delavigne.

A smile passed over his calm face. "No, it is not; but all will be well yet, I hope."

Behind Mrs. Colonibel, and pushing her aside, came Judy. "What is all this fuss about?" she cried in a peevish way; "the house in commotion and everybody out of bed! Where is Vivienne, and who is that gentleman?"

"Judy," said her mother, turning sharply to her, "this is Vivienne's father."

"Her father!" shrieked the girl. "What does he do—where has he come from? Stanton, you won't give up Vivienne to him?"

"He came with Lord Vaulabel," said Mrs. Colonibel in a high-pitched, wrought-up voice, "who has had him ever since he left here, and Lord Vaulabel has suspected all the time that he had been wrongly treated. He intended to make inquiries while here. Mr. Delavigne would not allow him to do so before now."

"How extraordinary!" gasped Judy.