

"Amen," said Trevalyon, thinking of Vaura and himself.

"Excepting one," said Vaura earnestly.

"Excepting one!" echoed Everly.

"No, I shan't be left," cried Blanche quickly, and in a low tone to her spouse, "you cannot refer to the one we are here to witness."

There was no reply.

"Miss Vernon, your exception has nothing to do with Mrs. Haughton?" continued *la petite* inquiringly.

"It has; but I am imaginative; tell me, did Mrs. Haughton appear in the supper-room?"

"I should just say so, and as gay as a lark, with Lord Rivers."

"But, Blanche, you know you only looked in, and Mrs. Haughton may have done likewise."

"You're a goose, Tilton; Capt. Stuart and I had gone through a dish or two before you all came in; I was born hungry."

"Believe you," laughed her husband.

"My poppa's pet name for me at dinner was ostrich," said wee mouse, rapidly discussing breast and wing of duck, etc. "Sir Lionel, here's a conundrum for you; what is the thirstiest animal?"

"Man," he answered demurely.

"One for you; you are placed, Tilton," and the pink eyes peered at a window.

"I hope you feel comfortable in your niche, Sir Tilton," laughed Vaura; "ask another, Blanche, and place Mrs. Haughton *à présent*; I cannot get her off my mind."

"All O. K.; I only have waited until you had refreshed the inner man."

"Women never eat," said Vaura, with an amused glance at the little one.

"One didn't just now," said the small Baronet.

"How observant you are, Tilton; and now for Mrs.