

ried, and not by the blacksmith, but by a dissenting clergyman; the next day we, as conquering heroes, were on our return to the Hall, when Guy's mother, with Uncle Eric, to whom she had telegraphed, met us, not with smiles, but frowns. In short, dearest, our marriage was declared null and void. Guy's mother, whom it appeared, wished him on coming of age to wed a Parisian heiress, declared she would stop his allowance, but, as a matter of course, with no legal tie binding us, we were again in our old position. And so my dream to free Haughton was frustrated by a woman, but, oh, Lion, my love, for my eventual good; for try as I have I could never have given my woman heart to poor Guy. He loved me throughout his life, and with wealth poured his all at my feet. But no more, dearest, I hear Blanche."

"How wretched the poor fellow must have been, beloved; and how blest am I."

"Hush, dear, here they are;" and Vaura is at one of the windows as Everly says:

"Here we are again."

"Guess you're just about tired out waiting; but I see you hav'nt been here long enough to read this," said the white mouse, taking a card from a stand; "it says 'if you miss supper, down stairs.'"

"Here it is, Blanche, all right."

"We were, I suppose, to rise to it," said Vaura.

"And something worth mounting for, and not to be sneezed at either," cried Lady Everly, as her husband rolled a small table from a recess.

"If this is the picnic you promised us, Blanche, commend me to your choice of dishes," said Vaura, inwardly hoping nothing unpleasant would transpire relative to Mrs. Haughton.

"And now that we are comfortably placed," said Blanche, excusing herself to fly to the window giving a view of Rose Cottage. "Now," she said cheerfully, "we shall each propose a toast; mine being, success to the plans and plots of this evening."