

THE ARM-CHAIR AT THE INN

scious grace and girlish modesty that won our hearts anew.

The snort and chug of Le Blanc's car, pushed close to the door, broke up the picture and scattered the party. Le Blanc would drive the bridal pair home himself—Gaston's mother and her relations having already been whisked away in madame's motor, with Marc beside the chauffeur to see them safely stowed inside their respective cabins.

But it was when the bride stepped into the car at the gate—or rather before she stepped into it—that the real choke came in our throats. Lemois had followed her out, standing apart, while Leà hugged and kissed her and the others had shaken her hands and said their say; Louis standing ready to throw Brierley's two big hunting-boots after the couple instead of the time-honored slipper; Herbert holding the blossoms and the rs huge handfuls of rice burglarized openly from Pierre's kitchen.

All this time Mignon had said nothing to Lemois, nor had she looked his way. Then at last she turned, gazing wistfully at him, but he made no move. Only when her slipper touched the foot-board did he stir, coming slowly forward and looking into her eyes.