

APPLE-BLOSSOMS AND WHITE MUSLIN

the next, poking fun at Herbert and Le Blanc; having a glass of wine with Lemois and another with Gaston, who stood up while he drank in his effort to play the double rôle of servant and guest, and finally, shouting out that as this was to be the last time any one would ever get a decent cup of coffee at the Inn, owing to the cutting off in the prime of life of the high priestess of the roaster—once known as the adorable Mademoiselle Mignon—that Madame Gaston Duprè should take Lemois' place at the small table. "And may I have the distinguished pleasure, madame"—at which the bride blushed scarlet, and meekly did as she was bid, everybody clapping their hands, including Lemois.

And it was in truth a pretty sight, one never to be forgotten: Gaston devouring her with his eyes, and the fresh young girl spreading out her white muslin frock as she settled into the chair which Louis had drawn up for her, moving closer the silver coffee-pot with her small white hands—and they were really very small and very pretty—dropping the sugar she had cracked herself into each cup—"One for you, is it, madame?"—and "Monsieur Herbert, did you say two?"—and all with a gentle, uncon-