

Your fellow countrywomen take up so much of my time, too, asking me what the Queen wears."

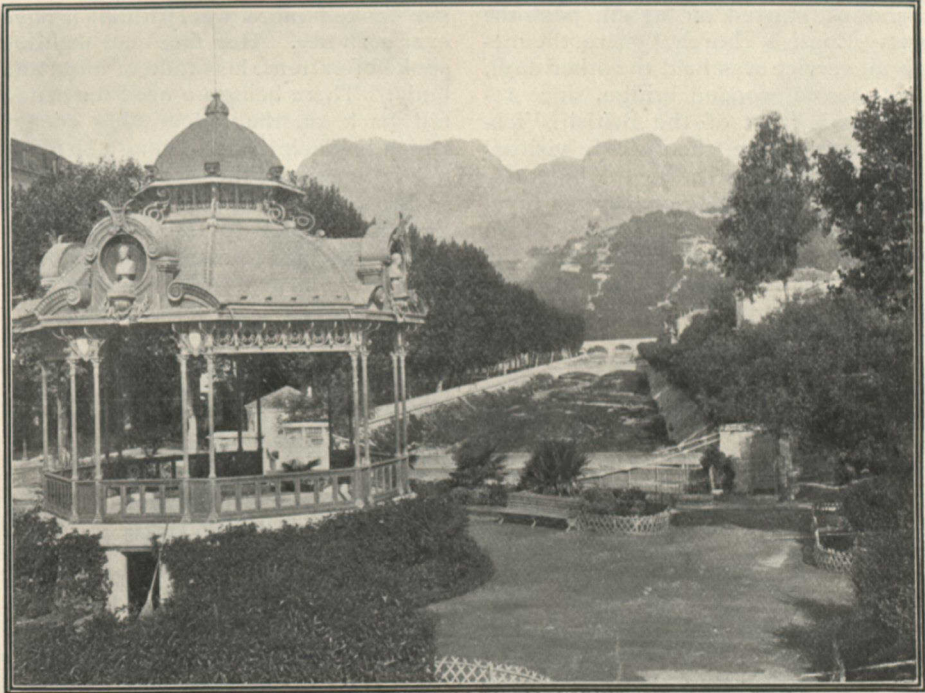
"Indeed, how curious some people are; and about such trifles!"

"Absurd is it not?" she would reply. "Good morning."

Then her questioner in despair would seize upon a blouse she had scarcely worn and would ask *Mademoiselle A.* to wash it for her as soon as possible and would finally stutter:

get the royal washing ready. The clothes are marked V. R. with an embroidered crown. The handkerchiefs are fine, of course, but are not trimmed. Just hemstitched and embroidered in the corner with the crown and initials V. R."

And off she would run, laughing merrily at her hearer's curiosity, to be stopped a few rooms further on by another loyal British subject to whom she had to repeat her story.



MENTONE—AVENUE DE LA GARE AND THE OLD BRIDGE

"Let me see, what did you say the Queen wore?"

Here *Mademoiselle's* eyes would gleam with mischief; but she would not offend a customer, so she replied:

"She does not patronize dress reform, but wears the same garments that *Mesdames vous mères* were accustomed to. All are of fine cambric simply trimmed with Valenciennes lace. As Her Majesty changes her linen twice a day we have plenty to do to

Four seasons ago the Queen drove over to Mentone from Cimiez, having paid a visit on the way to the Empress Eugénie, who was lying ill in her villa Cynos at Cap Martin. As Her Majesty was late the original route was changed, and the carriages were driving up the *Avenue de la Gare*, without going round the town when word was brought that the English visitors in Mentone were all massed in front of the British Vice-Consulate. The