

APPLE-BLOSSOMS AND WHITE MUSLIN

quise, were already inside the Marmouset when the bride and groom arrived. More apple-blossoms here—banks and festoons of them; the deep, winter-smoked fireplace stuffed full; loops, bunches, and spirals hanging from the rafters, the table a mass of ivory and pink, the white cloth with its dishes and viands shining through.

Mignon's lip quivered as she passed the threshold, and all her old-time shyness returned. This was not her place! How could she sit down and be waited upon—she who had served all her life? But madame would have none of it.

"To-morrow, my child, you can do as you choose; to-day you do as *I* choose. You are not Mignon—you are the dear sweet bride whom we all want to honor. Besides, love has made you a princess, or Monsieur Herbert would not insist on your sitting in his own chair, which has only held the nobility and persons of high degree, and which he has wreathed in blossoms. And you will sit at the head of the table too, with Gaston right next to you."

As grown-ups often devote themselves to amusing children—playing blind-man's-buff, puss-in-the-corner, and Santa Claus—so did