

THE ARM-CHAIR AT THE INN

unable to restrain herself the longer, she threw her arms around his neck and burst into tears—and so, with another wheeze of the organ, way was made and the homeward march began.

It was high noon now—the warm spring sun in both their faces—Mignon on Gaston's arm. And a fine and wholesome pair they made—good to look upon, and all as it should and would oftener be if meddlesome cooks could keep their fingers out of the social broth: she in her pretty white muslin frock and veil, her head up, her eyes shining clear—she didn't care now who saw; Gaston in his country-cut clothes (his muscles would stretch them into lines of beauty before the week was out), his new straw hat with its gay ribbon half shading his fine, strong young face; his eyes drinking in everything about him—too supremely happy to do more than walk and breathe and look.

Everything was ready for them at the Mar-mouset. Lemois had not been a willing ally, but having once sworn allegiance he had gone over heart and soul. The young people and their friends—as well as his own—including the exalted lady and her band of conspirators, should want for nothing at his hands.

Louis and Leà, as well as madame la mar-