

lavender "baby ribbon." Around the edge was a narrow frill of "Val" lace. It tied under the chin with satin ribbons.

When Agnes saw that bonnet, which I was displaying to her with secret pride, she had a "canniption," but only said coldly, "very nice, but where are you going to wear it?"

"Oh," I airily replied, "I'll spring it on the crowd at Edna's birthday party next week."

I did, but Agnes had an exact copy in pink which her mother had made to spring too. My pride in a new bonnet "from the city" deflated like a punctured balloon.

Time passed, I went to Olivet preparatory college, then graduated from Wellesley. My Olivet roommate, May Murphy, was and still is one of the warmest and most devoted friends I have ever had. She knew my fiance, whom I met at Olivet, well, so it was natural that I asked her to be the maid of honor at my wedding. Two intimates at Wellesley were selected for bridesmaids. I planned that Agnes and a cousin would carry the ribbons for the bridal aisle. Day after day passed without a reply from Agnes. Finally I spoke to her father in the dry-goods store. He was evasive but I gathered that Agnes was planning to take a trip. She left, conspicuously, the morning of the wedding.

I never saw her again.