

as there were many ahead of us. As we sat there, waiting for our turn to come, in the quiet and warmth, in the fragrance and luxuriance of it all, it seemed to me the supreme moment of my life.

In a little while we moved on and soon alighted upon the wide, red carpeted stairs and were rapidly whisked away to the cloak room; everyone seemed in a spasm of haste, except the demure white-capped maid servant who took our wraps, marked them leisurely and laid them away. We hurried, like the rest and soon found ourselves in a large pillared room filled with chairs, most of them occupied by ladies, each waiting for her presentation time to arrive. I am afraid that I stared, for I had never seen so many rare jewels and brocades; lovely orchids and patrician faces in one group before in my life—and I stared in simple republican wonder! Several gentlemen were scattered among these lovely women, some were officers in uniform, while others were only civilians, but were dressed in regulation costumes of black velvet, silk hose and shoe buckles. Our major was *au fait* in court matters, so we felt no uneasiness with him to see us through. Suddenly a door opened at the farther end of the room and we all rushed forward, but found we could go no further, as a silken rope detained us, also a gentleman of the Court. The lady in front was taken out first and so on to us—each held her train over the left arm. We went through this department to another door, where we found another silken barrier and another gentleman of the Court. Royalty is so hedged about! Lady de Armand preceded me, when our turn came, called back in a stage whisper “Don’t forget the nine courtesies!” I saw three gentlemen of the household take her train from her arm and spread it over the floor to its fullest extent. I quickly glanced ahead and then I saw the Queen in the midst of all the glories of the court, standing among them as queen, and yet, with the kind look of mother and friend in her face. In a moment I felt my train taken from me, heard my name called, Deborah Winthrop, yet it scarcely seemed mine—then I felt myself dip forward,