

“Minnie,” was all she could falter out, “I—have been so—so—unjust to you—always. Can you forgive me?”

For the space of a minute Minnie stood gazing at her in sheer amazement, and then with impulsive swiftness flung her arms round her neck, whispering, “Oh, Mona, I am so glad we may be friends at last.”

Mona forgot all about the Latin translation, and Minnie’s motive in connection with it—forgot everything in her new friendship, and not till many days after did she recur to the subject.

The girls were all dying of curiosity to know the history of the wonderful alliance between the quondam enemies and rivals, but neither Mona, nor Minnie, nor Mabel, who alone knew any of the circumstances connected with it, uttered a word of explanation, so they were fain to accept it as it stood.

Mona entered heart and soul into the arrangements for the floral entertainment, and won the admiration as well as the gratitude of all, by the remarkable genius she displayed in the creation of novel devices, and before unheard-of improvements in their plans.

She had evidently made good use of her time during her self-imposed banishment from their councils; she had listened to all their plans and revised and improved them in her own mind, using up every little atom of good suggestion till she had perfected and rounded them to her own satisfaction, which was a much harder matter to gain than the satisfaction of the young ladies to whom she had now the opportunity of propounding them, indeed, it was a matter of such