

in London, among dear familiar things and faces. She was almost happy.

When Madame Bolivard appeared, with bonnet and basket, undismayedly prepared to market for lunch and dinner, she laughed like a schoolgirl, and made her repeat the list of English words she had taught her, in view of this contingency. She could say "cabbage," "sugar," "lettuce," and ask for all sorts of things.

"But suppose you lose your way, Madame Bolivard?"

"I shall find it, madame."

"But how will you ask for directions? You know, you can't say 'Ecclefechan Mansions.'"

Madame Bolivard made a hopeless, spluttering sound, as if she were blowing teeth out of her mouth, which in nowise resembled the name of the place wherein she dwelt. But Madame Bolivard, as has been remarked, was a *brave femme*; and, *allons donc*! this was the least of the difficulties she had had to encounter during her life. Emmy bade her God-speed in her perils among the greengrocers.

She went blithely about her household tasks, and sang and cooed deliciously to the child lying in its bassinette. Every now and then she looked at the clock over the mantelpiece, wondering why Septimus had not come. Only in the depths of her heart—depths which humans in their everyday life dare not sound too frequently—did she confess how foolishly she longed for him. He was late. With Emmy, Septimus never broke an appointment. To insure