

had the faintest notion of what to do with them — or if you had wanted Martha and Winifred to put them in shape for you — ”

“But I didn’t! It’s going to be such fun to work it out, you and I together.”

He shook his head. “Don’t count on me, dear. I probably shan’t have time to do more than take you in to town and drop you in the shopping district. You’ll have to do it all. You’ve married a doctor, Ellen — that’s the whole story. And it’s the knowledge of that fact that makes me realize that I may as well leave my bride at the fifty-mile-stone. It’ll take my wife that fifty miles to prepare herself for the thing that’s going to strike her the minute we are home. And, by the fates, I believe that’s the stone, ahead there, at the curve of the road!”

He brought the Green Imp’s pace down until it was moving very slowly toward the mile-stone. Then he turned and looked steadily down into the face beside him. “Shall you be sorry to get there?” he asked.

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because I don’t want to be a bride. They are useless persons. And I don’t care much for bridegrooms, either. I prefer a busy husband. And I shall enjoy getting those rooms in order, quite by myself. To tell the truth I’m not at all sure I don’t.