

XXXIV

MY LAST KICK

“WELL, Médor, you have been exactly two hours closeted with him. Well—Médor—well ?”

“Yes, but you see, it’s only genius that will accept truth humbly—the genius of youth—of perfect comprehension—or else the ready acceptance of very old age. People speak of the credulity of ignorance—the ignorant are never credulous. Tell a peasant of some remote little village about wireless telegraphy, and he will not believe you. Of course, *mon petit*, I do not mean to compare your husband to a savage *en sabots*, but, unless he is extraordinarily intelligent he won’t accept our version of your elopement. To do that he would have to know you well and to guess at the circumstances—no,” and Médor chewed melancholically, “I don’t think he will believe us, my poor child—fortunately there is your maid. She will be a useful witness; but your husband knows that your servants are devoted to you, and he may well believe them capable of perjury for your sake. Gracieuse is, that is certain.”

“But, Médor, you don’t suppose that I intend using that girl to convince Austen. To stoop to ask a servant