

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

my running away if he does not care ? Isn't it too bad of him ? Isn't it hateful ? All this trouble I have gone through wasted, my illness wasted, everything just for nothing—for the fun of the thing, as it were ! I am furious. I regret very much I have been ill. It does not make him ill. He has not got palpitation of the heart like me, he has not got headaches. He does not hate me, he does not scold me, he does not even take any interest in my illness, he might have asked, at least, how I looked after a fortnight's fever. No, everything rolls off him. He does not feel anything. I feel sure that when we meet he will say, "Did you have fine weather for the journey ?"—not a word about Blaise. Oh ! it's too disappointing. My husband is not a man, he is a mummy !