

MY HOME-COMING

forehead and their upper lip. May, the naughty girl, has again been scratching an ancient mosquito bite, and she has blood on her round cheek. Bless you, little warm angels !

I did not go down for dinner. Gracieuse put me to bed, brought me nice things on a tray, and stood over me fiercely until I ate them, which I did, and with gusto, in spite of the bitterness of my false position. It is good all the same to be back home, and cared for by the people who are used to do it. Gracieuse does it well.

After dinner Médor came up to my room to feel my pulse, inoculate me with some courage, and wish me good-night. He was glad to see Gracieuse again, and she was glad to see him. He shook her hand up and down like a pump handle.

"Well, my brave girl, so we see each other again, eh ? You have not changed a bit since all that time—exactly the same—word of honour—not changed a bit."

I thought that was a cruel thing to say, but Gracieuse is actually pleased at not having changed a bit !

I did not see Austen again that night. And that was how I came home !