

"How can I read it? I don't know French."

"Oh well, I forgot; I will read it out to you."

"But I can't understand it."

"Never mind; I am going to translate it."

After that, she placed herself close to my bed and read out a story which made me furious.

"Stop, if you please," I said; "I will hear no more of it."

She laughed aloud.

"You are only acting now; the truth is that you are anxious to hear the end."

"No; I will hear no more," I said decidedly; and because she did not stop I got out of bed and ran, barefooted as I was, into the bathroom close by. I stayed there for rather a long while, and when I came back she was in bed and pretended to be asleep. I knew, however, that it was impossible for us to live together any longer. We did not speak to each other next morning. As soon as I had dressed, I went out and took a room for myself in quite a different part of London.

I lived now close to Westminster Abbey.

I had heard much about it already, but had