

## PHRYNETTE MARRIED

reproach—kissing my finger-tips ! I'd die, I swear I would."

We stopped at the post office, and we stopped at the tobacconist. Austen was evidently determined to be perfectly correct even in his pretexts. And then a jolting lane under weeping trees, and then the lodge, with the two lodge children pressing little noses crushed white against the wet panes of their windows, and then the house, the hall, the servants, a smell of dinner, Gracieuse's arms, and the nursery !

Be it here recorded without vain-glory, but merely as the statement of an unprecedented occurrence—Gracieuse, after kissing me, taking off my hat, my cloak, and my boots, Gracieuse, for the first time in my life, lost her nerve ! She laughed big sobs, and rocked herself, and called on all the saints not to mind her tears, but to take it as thankfulness for giving her back her little cabbage.

She lifted my loosened hair with the tips of her fingers, as one takes holy water, and kissed it. " Ah," she said, " but the good God is good, *ma mie* !"

" He has that reputation," I said. " I wish the twins were not asleep. I see they still have that unamiable habit of being sleepy when I want to play with them"—a trait they got from their father !

They are very sweet creatures nevertheless. May has a pugilistic little closed fist shooting out from beneath the coverlet, and Reggie has fallen asleep, it would seem, during the delectable occupation of sucking his right big toe.

They both have little pearls of perspiration on their