

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

that I had a moment's respite from Médor's kindness. I looked at some actresses' photographs in the *Vad Mecum Magazine*, and wondered who wrote the paragraphs under the portraits, and, also, how good tempered the ladies were to keep on smiling, instead of gnashing their teeth at so much inanity!

At the last station but one, Médor and I were left quite alone.

"Is your magazine amusing?" he began at once. I crossed, sat by him, and gave him my hand to hold.

"Médor, hold my hand hard and don't talk or I shall faint right away!"

"Nonsense, *mon petit*. It is your own husband, after all!"

"That's just it. Don't rub it in. I'd rather deal with legions of other women's husbands for the next quarter of an hour. They are ridiculously easy to knock over."

Médor keeps silent for some time. We are getting near, we have passed Robinson's Nursery Gardens. In three minutes we'll be at the station. I lick my lips, try to swallow and can't. My ears begin to hear little bells very far away, and surely a big hand is pressing hard on my chest, the compartment is beginning to sway like a ship, and I cry "Médor" desperately, as I feel myself falling.

He shouts back, "You have a big spot of soot on your nose, your hat is all crooked—a strand of hair is falling from your chignon—and two buttons are missing on your left boot!"

I sit up. Those awful statements appal me. Soot! Hat! Hair! Buttons! and we are almost there! And