

PHRYNETTE AND LONDON

been tickling his cheek provokingly as I bend over the back of his arm-chair.

“But this is not the song, little white mouse, this is the prelude!”

Lady Dare is coming to Paris to help me to choose my things; and Austen is coming with us, of course. It will be like taking a slice off the honeymoon, will it not? Oh, *petit père*, darling, *que je suis contente!* White satin is the best, I think, and made quite plain, as I am such a *gosse* really. Aunt Barbara has given me such a handsome cheque. I am so glad she did not choose anything for me herself, and I won't rail against this English custom any more. And she has been just sweet since I am engaged. Funny how well everybody is disposed towards you when you die or get married!

Gracieuse is very happy, chiefly for my sake, but she is not at all suffocated by pride, you know; on the contrary, she thinks that Austen has done remarkably well for himself by choosing me.

“Oh, Gracieuse, I am so light!” (a bounce) “And I love thee!” (a tempestuous kiss) “and I love all the world!” (a pirouette with arms outstretched).

He has just told me that one of his names is Marmaduke, but it does not matter, I love him all the same.