

“‘They do wind,’ says she.

“‘And there he told you that he loved you, and explained everything?’

“‘You’re quite right,’ says she, ‘that’s just what happened. And then he kissed me for the first and last time, and now he’s on his way to America.’

“‘On his way to America?’ says I, stopping still in the middle of the street.

“‘To find his wife,’ she says. ‘He’s pretty well ashamed of himself for not having tried to do it before. I gave him one or two hints how to set about it—he’s not over smart—and I’ve got an idea he will discover her.’ She dropped her joking manner, and gave my arm a little squeeze. She’d have flirted with her own grandfather—that’s my opinion of her.

“‘He was really nice,’ she continues.