

anything with his arms round me, and his voice to say, "Well done, sweetheart." He will never write a sonnet to my eyebrow, but he has strong arms and often carries me in them, to punish me, as he calls it, for what?—for leaving him. I wish you could hear him say "sweetheart," but you never will, for he says it only to me. You must not think a second honeymoon is necessarily dull; it is not at all. I told Dick this morning that this was the nicest honeymoon I had ever spent, and he laughed, for you see he knows all about both. When I was first married, I was a fool: an utter out-and-out one. But now I know. I have never asked Dick about Miss Kitson. She does not exist for me. He reminded me of her this morning, and told me she said that I was the bravest woman she ever knew.

"Why did n't you marry her?" I asked; "you might have got on well together, as she appreciated my one virtue."