

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

loathed her already, Médor. She will be a widow, I am sure, and she'll speak of the defunct all the time. My dear man, I foresee it all."

"No, you don't. I'll be the horrid, 'suitable' person you'll have to put up with all the way back. Of course I'll go with you, *mon petit*. Did you think I would let my blessed, miraculous child go alone towards uncertainty?"

I throw my arms around Médor's neck, and cry joyfully on the collar of his coat. It is an old shabby coat, it smells of tobacco and iodoform.

Yvonne cried when we went. We could not take her with us. She was still too weak to travel, but she is to come to Mount Hazel as soon as she can. Meanwhile, there is a doctor friend of Médor's, who will nurse her, and Médor's servants, who will look after her.

Médor was so determinedly and laboriously cheerful during the journey that I felt as if I were being taken to the dentist's. He joked incessantly. He told me all the stories of his student days—they must have been considerably diluted for my benefit, so diluted, in fact, that all the salt in them had melted. He inundated me with silly English magazines, full of summer girls and advertisements. He gorged me with chocolates, encumbered me with flowers—my cabin was almost uninhabitable for the scent of them. He pursued me with rugs, smothered me in cushions, and bullied me into playing dominoes on our knees, and all with such an anxious, enveloping, belaboured, and altogether suffocating solicitude that I began to feel very sorry for myself, and wanted to tell him, "She who is going to