

PHRYNETTE MARRIED

malignant intention of which was quite visible, I clap my hands and shout at the top of my voice, "Bravo, Yvonne ! *pour de la belle ouvrage c'est de la belle ouvrage*, as they say in the country of Gracieuse. She is in my bed, your little darling. We are going to call her Phrynette—that is, if you like the name—and we'll make her lovely frocks. The doctor is going to town this very minute to buy pink ribbons—are you not, Médor ?—and lawn and lace. I'll make a list. And, Yvonne, I'll send you a dressing-jacket and books, and the Arabs in prayer to play with. I hope she'll have green eyes like yours. I'll come back again to-morrow."

I kissed her, and Médor carried me back to my own room, from which I sent him forth to buy a layette.

I hope Yvonne won't lose her looks. I wish it were I that had that new baby. She does not deserve it, if she is ashamed of it.

Médor came back looking somewhat harassed. He spent the afternoon between Yvonne's room and mine, carrying the baby from her mother to me and from me to her mother alternately. Towards evening, as Yvonne lay asleep, Médor settled himself in an arm-chair near my window and lit his pipe. The little Phrynette was lying flat on my breast, happy, I hope, but very still and undemonstrative. I hardly dared to breathe for fear that the motion of my heaving chest might disturb her.

"Médor," I call softly, "did you notice how very beautiful Yvonne is with her hair down ? I hope the father of this child realised that Yvonne was so beautiful. Imagine what a waste if he did not !"

"I don't suppose for a moment he did," Médor says,