

MY LAST KICK

Then—inspiration does not last, Médor—that perfectly beautiful man, among those great trees, at an hour when our two hearts were melting into one from so much peace, so much beauty, so much sorrow, that man said—don't laugh, Médor—"Phrynette, I have been a silly ass!"

It is not his fault, you know, that they have not taught him to speak in his country.

Médor, I have forgiven him, and everything will be just as it was before, but much better, for I am less exacting and he is a little less sure of me. Our faith is shaken and it is well, for love and faith never go together except in the catechism. When you have perfect faith in somebody it means you don't care a grain of sand whether it gets broken or not.

Austen is quite happy. I?—oh, I also, Médor—happier than most wives anyway, I assure you. Besides, I will take good care he shall never know that he is offered so much more than he asks for, and then—perhaps the twins will grab at some of the surplus.

I smile more gently and I handle peace more tenderly. Tell me, Médor, does it show that I am learning?