HONEYMOON

BY

MRS. BELLOC LOWNDES

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one else. My husband and I arrived, of course together, late last night. At first Madame Poulain said she couldn't take us in as the hotel was full. But at last she said that they could give us two small rooms. They knew our name was Dampier, for Jack wrote to them from Marseilles. He and I were only married three weeks ago: this is the end of our honeymoon. My husband, who is an artist, is now at his studio. We're going to move there in a day or two."

She spoke quite simply and straightforwardly, and the Senator felt oddly relieved by her words.

He tried to remember exactly what had happened, what exactly the Poulains had said, when he had gone into the big roomy kitchen which lay to the left of the courtyard.

He had certainly been quite clear. That is, he had explained, in his very good French, to Madame Poulain, that he came to inquire, on behalf of a young English lady, whether her husband, a gentleman named Dampier, had left any message for her. And Madame Poulain, coming across to him in a rather mysterious manner, had said in a low voice that she feared the young lady was *toquée*—*i. e.*, not quite all right in her head—as, saving Monsieur le Sénateur's presence, English ladies so often were! At great length she had gone on to explain that the young lady in question had arrived very late the night before, and that seeing that she was so young

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son, Gerald Burton. Mrs. Dampier—Mrs. Arbuthnot." And then to the two men, Mr. Arbuthnot and a Mr. Dallas.

There is a quick interchange of talk. The newcomers are explaining who and what they are. Mr. Robert Arbuthnot is a retired Anglo-Indian official, and he and his wife have now lived for two years in the dower house which forms part of the Barwell Moat estate.

"I should not have called quite so soon had it not been that our friend, Mr. Dallas, is only staying with us for two or three days, and he is most anxious to meet you, Mr. Senator. Mr. Dallas is one of the Officers of Health for the Port of London. He read some years ago" —she turns smilingly to the gentleman in question—"a very interesting pamphlet with which you seem to have been in some way concerned, about the Port of New York."

The Senator is flattered to find how well Mr. Dallas remembers that old report of which he was one of the signatories. For a moment he forgets his troubles; and the younger people—Mrs. Arbuthnot also—remain silent while these three men, who have each had a considerable experience of great affairs, begin talking of the problems which face those who have vast masses of human beings to consider and legislate for.

Mr. Dallas talks the most; he is one of those cheer-

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