

She said it didn't matter what they had done, because she was still an M.D., and she'd got another one. That was he. She showed us some delicate undercoats, all raw liver colour, very lovely, and proved it. But she had, too, a passion for getting new things, and I was sorry for his sake. After all, in all my life with him, I had only had one coat, and that an inherited one. True, it was long and graceful, and fitted beautifully, which was more than could be said for some of hers. Combe, I had always thought, was where one pottered after rabbits. But there was a George too, because he said so. He called him a Free Knowledgist, though it didn't seem to me he gave much away. He said this was his last day. I didn't care. But I heard them say they were two all for that year ; she said one of his was vicarious and I could not understand what the vicar had to do with it. They made a bet.

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