

Mr. Healy took hold of his arm. Mr. Healy asked a third question. "Now, what did you do to that woman at first?"

Beaujeu turned with a sneer on his lips. "*Corbleu*, I think I kissed her. Eh, I was young."

"I doubt you were mightily like your cousin," says Mr. Healy sharply. "Man, you have made hell for yourself and for her. And do you like the nip of it so?"

Beaujeu sat staring straight in front of him for awhile. Then he put his hand on Healy's. "You are a good fellow," says he with a laugh and gripped. "You are a good fellow, Healy. So why will you be a fool?"

*(To be continued)*