

want to find, Coco. Perhaps you may have been there."

"I know. You're meaning Provenchel," the youngster said. "That's where I saw you before, Faldalaldo. . . . Square round a bit, you're sitting on my leg. . . . You was in a show there." He puffed smoke through his nose in quite a masterly and ostentatious way. "Can you do that, Faldalaldo?"

"I can't," said Dick Stewart. "I didn't begin young enough. But what about the show?"

"A puppet show it was," said the boy.

"Fine!" said Dick Stewart. "I'm fond of puppet-shows myself."

"And you needn't pay anything, unless you like to," said the boy.

"Exactly." Dick Stewart, in the course of his five weeks of wandering in France, had seen such puppet-shows in the open, and could understand. The travelling-stage, under the trees and the stars, in the Square; the hissing naphtha-flame, yellow against the dark blue; the flickering shadows crawling up and then withdrawing; the ring of intent-faced children squatting, the rows of grown-ups standing around outside.

"Acted pretty near as clever as my father can, they did," said the boy. "And only little dolls, you know. My aunt! it's wonderful how they can do it. There was a little zebra just like you—same colour hair. Singer Faldalaldo, he said he was, a tenor."

"A tenor, and just like me? What do you mean by a tenor?"

"Garn! you knows what a tenor is, don't you? Chap as sings high up in his head. I believe he *was* you, too. You'd gone to the seaside and lost all your money, you had, so you thought you'd give some concerts in the house, to get some more. 'Hi-tiddly-hi-ti,' was what you sings, and a Madame come in, as was mad about music, and when you sings 'Loup, laup, loop, loh!' just like that, she puts her arms tight like this"—Coco crossed his arms on his breast—"and says, 'Oh-but-isn't-it-beautiful, oh-but-isn't-it-beautiful,' lots of times, and then she gives you gold