

CHAPTER II.

CONCERNING THE COLOR OF MEN'S HAIR.

IT was a maxim of my Uncle William's that no man should pass through Paris without spending four-and-twenty hours there. My uncle spoke out of a ripe experience of the world, and I honored his advice by putting up for a day and a night at The Continental on my way to—the Tyrol. I called on George Featherly at the embassy, and we had a bit of dinner together at Durand's, and afterward dropped in to the Opera; and after that we had a little supper, and after that we called on Bertram Bertrand, a versifier of some repute and Paris correspondent to *The Critic*. He had a very comfortable little suite of rooms, and we found some pleasant fellows smoking and talking. It struck me, however, that Bertram himself was absent and in low spirits, and when everybody except ourselves had gone I rallied him on his moping pre-