

"Who is he, then?"

"Why, ask the lady's butcher and baker and candlestick-maker; for, damme, he pays them all."

Beaujeu laughed: "A fortunate nymph, egad."

"D' you know, you've a nasty tongue with you, Mr. Wharton?" said Healy.

Beaujeu laughed again: "'Tis an idealist this, Wharton," he said, nodding at Healy.

"Damme, I envy him. We all were once in our youth in the country—eh, Beaujeu?" Mr. Wharton's eyes were keen upon him. "Even the incomparable Charlbury was once, may be. What? And still she keeps an ideal tenderness for—Danes."

Beaujeu found both of them looking at him. "I admire my name of Beaujeu," said he quietly.

"'Tis damnable apt to you," said Wharton, and found another topic.

Come home, Mr. Healy, having filled his pipe and lit it, referred to the lady:

"So you've found a friend," says he.

"Of the dearest," said Beaujeu, and his eyes glittered through the smoke.

"Now will you want to hang her?" said Healy.

"I love her too dearly," said Beaujeu.

"Then God help her," said Mr. Healy, and lay back watching the white hawk face.

*(To be continued)*