

fired them, and they cheered him—no one knew why. The Curé, as he turned to leave with Monsieur Garon, shook his head in bewilderment; but even he did not smile, for the man's eloquence had impressed him; and more than once he looked back at the dispersing crowd and the quaint figure posing on the verandah. The avocat was thinking deeply, and as, in the dusk, he left the Curé at his own door, all that he ventured was, "Singular—a most singular person!"

"We shall see, we shall see," said the Curé abstractedly, and they said good-night.

Medallion joined the Little Chemist in his shop door, and watched the *habitants* scatter, till only Parpon and the stranger were left, and these two faced each other, and, without a word, passed into the hotel together.

"H'm, h'm!" said Medallion into space, drumming the door-jamb with his fingers; "which is it, my Parpon—a dauphin or a fool?"

He and the Little Chemist talked long, their eyes upon the window opposite, inside which Monsieur Valmond and Parpon were in