

"He prefers yours, maybe?" I suggested.

"I meant, sir, in a man," she answered, with a coquettish glance.

"What," asked I, taking hold of the other side of the candlestick, "does color matter in a man?"

"Nay, but I love yours—it's the Elphberg red."

"Color in a man," said I, "is a matter of no more moment than that!" and I gave her something of no value.

"God send the kitchen door be shut!" said she.

"Amen!" said I, and left her.

In fact, however, as I now know, color is sometimes of considerable moment to a man.