

looked round quickly, as if to see if he had been heard,—“Elise Malboir—h'm! a pretty name, Elise; but Malboir—tush! it should be Malbarre; the difference between Lombardy cider and wine of the Empire.”

Parpon, left behind, sat on the fence with his legs drawn up to his chin, looking at Elise, till she turned and caught the provoking light of his eye. She flushed, then was cool again, for she was put upon her mettle by the suggestion of his glance.

“Come, lazy-bones,” she said; “come fetch me currants from the garden.”

“Come, mocking-bird,” answered he; “come peck me on the cheek.”

She tossed her head and struck straight home. “It isn’t a game of pass it on from gentleman to beetle.”

“You think he’s a gentleman?” he asked.

“As sure as I think you’re a beetle.”

He laughed, took off his cap, and patted himself on the head. “Parpon, Parpon!” said he; “if Jean Malboir could see you now, he’d put his foot on you and crush you—dirty beetle!”