

he dropped one hand negligently on his hip, and waved the other in acknowledgment. Presently he beckoned, and from the hotel were brought out four great pitchers of wine and a dozen tin cups, and, sending the *garçon* around with one, the landlord with another, he motioned Parpon to bear a hand. Parpon shot out a quick, half-resentful look at him, but, meeting a warm, friendly eye, he took the pitcher, and went round among the elders, while the stranger himself courteously drank with the young men of the village, who, like many wiser folk, thus yielded to the charm of mystery. To every one he said a hearty thing, and sometimes touched his greeting off with a bit of poetry or a rhetorical phrase. These dramatic extravagances served him well, for he was among a race of story-tellers and crude poets.

Parpon, uncouth and furtive, moved through the crowd, dispensing as much irony as wine.

“Three bucks we come to a pretty inn,
‘Hostess,’ say we, ‘have you red wine?’
Bravo! Brave!
‘Hostess,’ say we, ‘have you red wine?’
Bravement!