

he had forgotten, or remembered, something, he leaped the fence again, came up to her with an air of half-abstraction, half-courtesy, took both her hands in his, and, before she could recover herself, kissed her on the cheeks in a paternal sort of way, saying, "Adieu, adieu, my child!" and left her.

The act had condescension in it; yet, too, something unconsciously simple and primitive. Parpon the dwarf, who at that moment perched himself on the fence, could not decide which Valmond was just then—dauphin or fool. Valmond did not see the little man, but swung away down the dusty road, reciting to himself couplets from *Le Vieux Drapeau*:

"Oh come, my flag, come, hope of mine,
And thou shalt dry these fruitless tears";

and, apparently without any connection, he passed complacently to an entirely different song,—

"She loved to laugh, she loved to drink,
I bought her jewels fine."

Then he added, with a suddenness which seemed to astound himself,—for afterwards he