

and threaten to kill it—I wonder she doesn't—then her husband will march her off behind the curtain and he will make love to the parrot again." Precisely what happened. The lady soon found her husband, raised her hands tragically and broke out into excited French that was liberally sprinkled with oaths both English and French. The mania was asserting itself, the propensity overcoming her. It was a sad and at the same time an amusing scene, for one could not help smiling at Giuseppe's fat unconcern as he kept his wife off at arms' length, while all the time the parrot inside his coat was shrieking in muffled tones "And for goodness sake don't say I told you!"

Finally Madame succumbed and was taken behind the curtain in a dishevelled and hysterical condition which increased De Kock's pity for her. We paid the waiter—or rather De Kock did—and left, not seeing Giuseppe again to speak to, though he came in and removed the parrot, cage and all.

It was a lovely night outside, and I suggested sitting for a time in Union Square. Finding an unoccupied bench, we each made ourselves happy with a good cigar and watched the exquisite shadows of the trees above as thrown by the electric light on the pavement.

"Wonderful effect!" remarked my friends. "How did you enjoy your dinner? That was a dinner, eh, and no mistake; rather have had it without the 'episode?' Oh! I don't know; you literary fellows must come in for that sort of thing as well as the rest of the world; I should think it would just suit you. Put them—the three of them—Monsieur, Madame and the Pea-Green Parrot—into a book, or better still, on the stage. There's your title ready for you too."

I was just thinking of the same thing.

"They are undoubtedly originals, both of them—all three," said I, "but as far as I have seen them, there is hardly enough to go upon."

"What do you mean by 'enough'?"

"I mean, for one thing, we do not understand the woman's mental and moral condition sufficiently to make a study of her. You say it is jealousy, and at the same time the use of chloral. That would have to be understood more clearly. Then, one would like something to—"

"Go on," said my friend. "To—"

"Happen," said I, lighting a second cigar.