

# A Paris Incident

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Second and Final  
Instalment of the  
Two Part Serial

Illustrated by T. V. McCarthy

**K**ENDALL stood there, hemmed in by a swirling conglomerate mass of thoughts at his own stupidity and rashness. It took him a long time to recover his equilibrium; and when he did recover it he found upon a survey of his state of mind that he had been guilty of a nervy piece of folly and that the enlightenment he had received certainly pressed home the fact, that it was dangerous to meddle with a woman's love affairs. In spite of the rebuff he wanted to meet her once more. He was desperately lonely, and this being his last night in Paris, he felt as though he was equal to any occasion that might arise, where the question of his getting better acquainted was concerned.

It occurred to him that his artist friend might know something about her. Kendall caught sight of Barreau and hurried across the lawn. The two men viewed the girl as she scurried among the maze of dancers in the arms of a tall, thin young man.

"That's her!" Kendall pointed, "Who is she?" "Ah, that's probably Mademoiselle Fayette. She won extraordinary fame not only because of her beauty, but her art. She danced her way into the heart of all Paris at a time when the town was interested solely in the war. I'll make you better acquainted when we unmask!"

Mademoiselle Fayette! Kendall had never heard of her before. A sumptuous realm of Parisian festivity, rouged lips and pale faces, lit up by the bright glimmer of the green and red lamps in the Café d'Etoile appeared before his mind's eye.

"The centre of a thousand love affairs, I suppose."

"Well not *that* many! The past two years since her appearance she has been engaged in war work. They tell me a young Canadian soldier once came into her life, and since then she has been rather partial to Canadians."

"That's right," remarked Kendall excitedly, "a moment ago I had a little tiff with her over the question of their amorous abilities. She became offended because I spoke somewhat disrespectfully of their attitude towards love affairs."

"But you must not miss her society on that account. It will prove quite an adventure to get acquainted again. Why not borrow a musical instrument and live up to your part. Surprise the lady in her retreat and like a real troubadour serenade her properly. Music will work wonders especially where a sentimental nature is concerned."

Barreau hurried him across the lawn to the entrance of a walled section of the garden, where several musicians were sitting in a state of inactivity, their instruments lying on the grass beside them.

"This gentleman," began Barreau, who evidently claimed most of them as friends, "is in need of a violin to win the affections of a fair lady. Would one of you gentlemen be kind enough to lend him an instrument!"

This manoeuvre astonished Kendall. He was surprised to find an instrument pressed in his hand, with the generous donor urging him to realize the necessity of taking the bow.

"But I can only play one tune!" he remonstrated, "And it's so long since I touched a violin that I don't think I remember that."

"That's alright," said Barreau to a general round of merriment, "play it soft and low. One delicately played selection is sufficient."

"It's not even classical. Merely a national air—the Maple Leaf!"

"That will appeal to her. She'll be delighted with that music. I know it!"

Kendall smiled in a silly fashion. He could not help thinking he was being made fun of.

However, the idea of reaching her affection in this manner was enticing. It furnished him with a little adventure quite in keeping with his momentary emotions.

The dance had finished, and when he went to look there was no sign of her among the dancers standing in couples and little groups on the lawn. He walked slowly across the grass, his violin carefully tucked under his mantle, and turned to the left past a sundial, reflecting in a dark slice of shadow the light of the high moon. He saw her seated on a bench in the rear of the garden.

Kendall rept up close and hid himself behind a rose bush. He had a close view of the girl as she sat there oblivious of the outside world, looking as though she was nursing some secret sorrow, cherishing some well-loved memory.

Soft moonlight came through the bower; that, and the song of some night bird and the faint sweet perfume of blossoms. All was silence; and Fayette sat there as though in the arms of a great peace. The burka veil was still drawn over her features, and under it the mask shut out her beauty from his gaze.

Slowly he drew the bow over the strings. They quivered and broke into melody—like the music of a dream, soft and sweet and low. She sat there as though stupified. Once her fingers clutched affectionately the little gold emblem at her throat. For the rest she remained passively silent in a state of trance. And the melody he was playing was none other than the only selection he knew—The Maple Leaf!

When he reached the end, the melody having died down gradually, melting away as though it had been absorbed in the moonlight.

The girl arose from the seat, her hand on her heart. Her lips were moving, and Kendall strained eagerly to catch her words.

"... beautiful ah, too beautiful ... the music ... yes, he played ..." but there her lips closed. She had sensed Kendall's presence, and like a timid fawn disturbed in the woodlands, endeavoured to dart away. He laid his violin down beneath the rose bush and before she could succeed in her object he took hold of her wrist.

"One minute; please!"



She lifted her veil and unmasked her face. Kendall stared wildly, his eyes wide with amazement. A strange power was holding him back. He could not move a limb or utter a word. "Kiss me" she commanded.

Motionless she looked at him, her hand in his grasp. "You remind me of somebody," he said quietly, "I knew a year or two ago—somebody who meant a lot in my life. Won't you stay and tell me something about yourself, and your life? I promise not to speak slightly of the Canadians any more."

She shrugged her shoulders.

"Why did you come here?" she inquired firmly.

"Don't be angry with me! To-night I'm the most lonesome man in Paris. I came here simply because I wanted somebody to talk to—somebody with whom I could share the feelings of an empty hour."

Her sympathy was awakened.

"If I let you stay," she said, "will you promise not to annoy me or disturb my dreams. I was listening before you came to some fairy music that spoke of other days!"

Without a word Kendall sat down and drew her down beside him. She shivered a little though the night was not cold.

"I am afraid of you—this strange manner of yours!"

"No need for you to be afraid," he smiled, "there's enough gallantry in me to stand between you and fear."

During the short silence that followed the tall broad shouldered troubadour looked straight at the ravishing vision in the diaphanous robes of the Orient.

"It's natural for me to be nervous about meeting men. It is difficult for a young girl to live up to her ideals in Paris. And especially so when she hasn't a friend in the world."

Impulsively Kendall put out his hand and her white tender one closed in his, and he held it very close.

"Not a friend" he murmured, "in the whole world, and I was kicking about not having a friend in Paris. But then you have health and youth and looks, and plenty of acquaintances? You are making a success of life."

"It is true what you say," she sobbed, "but what is the use of it? What are looks to me, success or even health? I am miserable and dreadfully lonely."

Back of all her disgust of life, her loneliness of heart was the stalwart figure of a young officer, who had come out of the fine dusk, and the silence of the years to become a model of adoration at the shrine of a lonely little girl's heart. That was two years ago; he had come and loved and stayed awhile, and then went away.

**K**ENDALL crossed his legs in a vain effort to appear thoroughly at ease, and gazed tenderly almost affectionately at the apparition beside him. Charm, grace, breeding, cultured demeanour and nurtured beauty—and loneliness! Here was an enigma! A mystery baffling the most subtle psychologists.

"And is love as strong as all that?" he asked himself. "Does she care enough for that bloke to mourn two years for him, and let his absence interfere with her happiness!"

"I'd like to be your friend," he whispered, "a really genuine friend forever."

"I need a friend," she sighed, "do you think you could be a friend to me—a true friend!"

"I don't see why I couldn't!" She did not say anything for a while and then asked rather oddly.

"Have you a friend?"

"What kind?"

"A girl friend!"

"Well, not now. I had one once, and she was a real friend—more than a friend."

"What became of her?"

"I do not know!"

"Did you leave her?"

"No!"

"Did she leave you?"

"No!"

"How did it happen?"

"The war was to blame. She lived in a village when I met her. For two years I served with the British Air Force, and recently when I went to look for her the village was in ruins. And nobody could tell me her whereabouts."

"Quite a coincidence—surely."

"What!"

"Why your story and mine. If you were only somebody else, and I was just my own little self of two years ago, how nicely could we end a sweet romance."

"How?"

"I would be yours! After two years of search—and found at last!"

She gave a little ripple of laughter. "Things like that only happen in story books," she replied.

"You don't expect to meet him again?"

"Perhaps—sometime!"

"Would he mean as much to you now, as say two years ago?"

"Just as much," she nodded. "I have no doubt he is looking for me at this moment, if he hasn't gone home."

"Home, where?"

"To Canada."

Kendall gave a shudder out of pure excitement. "This interests me immensely. What part of France do you come from?"

The girl was on her guard. He could be interested as much as he liked; he must not ask personal questions. She muttered

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