

cession and I said to myself, poor fellow, he must be bald. I will take him some pomade to make his hair grow."

"But madam, I repeat, you are mistaken."

"There, there, don't get angry. I fully understand your reluctance in speaking about the matter... I know how badly I should feel were I in your place."

"I will take off my hat" shouted the exasperated man

"and show you your error."

He had not time to suit the action to the word before his obnoxious visitor grasped the offending hat with both hands and held it firmly on his head pleading:

"Don't take it off... don't do that poor fellow you would only catch cold... and moreover a bald head is not a pleasant sight to look upon, so keep your hat on as much as you



can" and with this parting shot she left him.

Clotaire shrugging his shoulders quickly hid the little jar in his pocket, but unfortunately for him this scene less heroic than comic had been witnessed by several frequenters of the café, who enjoyed the joke immensely and repeated it with such gusto that all Sablonniere laughed till it cried on hearing it, and even now if you ever speak of Clotaire Pitanchard, each and every one within a radius of ten miles around Vatan will laughingly reply:—O yes! "*El Tigneux*," the famous bald head.