

"Faith, 'tis cruel to the door. What has come to you now?"

"Why, M. de Beaujeu was right when he warned me against that ——"

"Stop!" cries Mr. Healy. "'Tis mighty ill taste to curse what you've tried to kiss, my friend."

"Begad, then, I'll call her the Incomparable. And so she is, and monsieur was right to say she would play me false." Mr. Healy looked at him curiously. "I was a fool—a fool!" says the hero in bitter scorn. "She 'ld feign to care for me and I believed her, and there in her room she made a mock of me—till my lady was tired and rang the bell for her master's bullies to come and thrash me."

"Humph!" said Mr. Healy, and looked him between the eyes. "Now, did I hear you call her something?"

Jack Dane laughed. His wit was a brilliant memory. "Why yes, 'Delila, 'good-night,' said I, and damme, 'twas a fit farewell."

"Delila? Did you say so? Sure then you are Samson himself. Mr. Samson, good-night," said Mr. Healy, sharply, and turned on his heel.

Jack Dane looked after him, puzzled. Then, being in no temper for riddles, strode off to home and Mr. Wharton.

*(To be continued)*