

money. You was a little doll with a whopping big moustache, and the Madame she says, 'Sing again, Singer Faldalaldo,' and then you sings, 'Loh, loup, laup, loup!'—downhill that time—and she puts her arms like this and says, "Oh-but-isn't-it-beautiful, oh-but-isn't-it-beautiful,"—any amount of times—twenty. Made me laugh."

"I should think it did, indeed," said Stewart. "Well, and what did I do next? I don't remember."

"Well, and then an old chap comes in with his hair all over his head and says, 'Hi-tiddly, my wife's mother's very ill upstairs, and your singing'll kill her. I should die myself if *she* died,' he says; 'How much'll you take not to sing any more?' And then you tells him twenty louis, and he pays it you and goes away joyful. . . . Oh, I'm having fun this holiday, I am!"

"I should think you are. But what then? That wasn't all?"

"Should think it wasn't, neither. 'Cause the Madame, she comes again, and says, 'Sing to me, sing to me, sweet, oh, dear Faldalaldo, and I'll kiss you.' And you says, 'Gimme twenty louis instead,' and she gives you 'em. And you're going on singing, lots, and the old chap with hair all over his head comes in in a wax, and says, 'She's dead! My wife's mother's dead! I can't live without her.' And he's got a big sword as he kills himself with, straight off."

"Unhappy man!" said Dick Stewart. "And what next?"

"In comes the agent,—not the great Joseph Leroux, y' know, but a gendarme. And then there's the Judge and the trial, and the guillotine for you, 'cause you sung 'em dead, and . . . oh, it was fust-class!" the boy cried in rapture. "My aunt!"

"Exactly!" But somehow Dick Stewart felt shivery; as he had felt at the signpost; as he had felt at Saumur. But "Now perhaps you can listen to me a little," he said. "I can't give you twenty louis, but I've got a franc for you if you earn it."

"Hi-tiddly-hi-ti!" cried the boy, "hand it over!"

"Wait. You must earn it, Coco. There's a place somewhere here I very much want to go to. If you travel