

Then his wife was dead. De Kock must have made a mistake.

"It is an unusual name for a bird, is not it?" said I.

"Monsieur is right. Not often—not often—you meet with a bird that name. My first wife—my *first* wife, gentlemen, she was English. *You* are English—ah. Yes. So was she. The English are like this." Giuseppe took a bottle out of the cruet-stand and set it on the table in front of him. He went on, "When an Englishman an Englishwoman argue, they say"—here he took the bottle up very slowly and gingerly and altered his voice to a mincing and conventional tone—"Is is oil or is it vinegare? Did you not say that it was vinegare? I thought that it was oil. Oh! now see that it is vinegare."

"Bravo!" exclaimed De Kock. "And so you did not get on with the Englishwoman then I suppose, Giuseppe, and took Madame the next time?" We were both laughing heartily at the man's mimicry when once again the parrot shrieked. "But for goodness sake don't say I told you!" Giuseppe walked off to speak to it and my friend and I were left alone.

"Was Félicité the name of his first or second wife!" I asked.

"Of his second, of course. Didn't you hear him say the first was an Englishwoman." The second is a tall, rather good-looking pale Frenchwoman. You may see her to-night, and on the other hand you may not, she doesn't often appear in here. I wish she did. I am rather fond of her myself, which is more than her husband is. It's pretty well known that Mr. and Mrs. Joseph do *not* get on comfortably. In fact, he hates her, or rather ignores her, while she doats upon him and is tremendously jealous of the parrot."

"What, that green thing?"

"Well, its a lovely parrot, you must know, and the moment it came into his possession—he has had it about three years—he seemed to transfer whatever affection he had for his wife to that creature, with a great deal beside. Why, he hugs it, and kisses it, and mows over it—look at him now!"

Sure, enough, there was Martinetti with the bird on his finger, kissing it, and otherwise making a fool of himself. He finished by actually putting it away inside his coat in a kind of breast pocket, I should imagine,

"All this is good for business, perhaps," I said.