

George and Edith had no end of fun out of him. Then George had to go back, but he promised to run up again for the week-end a while later. And so Monsieur Rambouche got his day after all.

Now it's a singular fact, my dear, the way our women's tastes run. Actually, after George had gone back to New York Edith entered upon quite a plantonic flirtation with Monsieur Rambouche. I suppose she felt that, loving George, and therefore being perfectly secure against a change of heart, she might as well make the most of her last days of liberty. But those Frenchman certainly know how to make love. And so—well, one evening I was told that Monsieur had been seen depositing a little piece of hair in a locket. And it was hair of that dark, beautiful red such as was never seen on one woman's head in a thousand. But Edith had that hair.

You say you're shocked? Well, I'm not now, because, when I think it over I conclude that Monsieur had pleaded that his heart was broken, and that he'd begged for it as an eternal memory of her and so she snipped off a piece without thinking and gave it to him, just in a spirit of deviltry. You know how Edith is. But the next morning she had been crying and that afternoon I saw her talking very earnestly to Monsieur and he shook his head and chattered and waved his hands and stalked away. And do you know, the wretch had actually refused to return it!

I suppose they have a different code in France. Now that you tell me Monsieur actually had money of his own I can acquit him of the grosser crime. Perhaps he was sincerely in love with her and showed it in his own fashion. But anyway, the upshot was, he told her that unless she married him he would write to George, enclosing the memento, and then there would be a pretty price to pay.

Edith flamed up then and told him how utterly low he was. Monsieur answered that she had played with

his heart before he knew she was engaged, and broken it, and now he was going to show her how a Frenchman wiped out an insult of that sort. It was a queer, perverted pride—and after all he was no coward. He did write to George, and sent him the hair, and told him he was a coward and that he and Miss Edith had made him a laughing-stock, and if George would come over to France with him he would show him how gentlemen settled such matters in his own country. He offered to call on him at his home in New York, and, until he heard from him, he would await his pleasure at Seal Harbor and he signed himself his respectful servant.

Of course, in Monsieur's mind, that settled everything between George and Edith. And Monsieur, not dreaming that George would come, was taking their air upon the beach when George Turner and Edith came strolling along, arm in arm.

At the sight of them Monsieur almost fainted. Then he stood up bravely and began to denounce Edith in unmeasured language, while she smiled scornfully at him and clung to George's arm.

"You little fool," said George, when he had finished; "we don't fight duels in this country, and, anyway, if I did fight one it wouldn't be with a fellow who betrays a woman as you have done. Do you know what I'm going to do with you? I'm going to leave you alone—strictly alone."

Monsieur Rambouche began to explain.

"You don't understand," he stammered. "She gave me her hair, this lady who is engaged to marry you! Don't you understand now? She is false, like all American women. Bien! If she does that before marriage what will she do after? She is a flirt."

He shot that word forth as though it were the acme of insult and George was so amused he said afterward he hadn't the heart to hurt the little fellow. Besides, everybody knew all