francs for six "Henri-Clefs"! And they rubbed their hands, because Q. didn't have any umbrella to hit them with.

Q. had now relapsed into bad grammar and profanity. "You sneaking, snivelling idiots! I'll go out and buy a man to come in here and call you names, insult you, rub stinging, hounding epithets in your own God-forsaken gibberish into your putrefying brains! You — — — —! — — — — — —!! — — — — — — — — !!!"

That was part of what Q. said. And then he left the shop and stopped outside to reflect calmly for a brief space. Suddenly a gloriously effulgent idea struck him. He hurried into the Grand Hotel near by and found a waiter. "My man, you speak English, do you not?"

"Oh, yes sair!" responded the waiter cheerfully.

"Yes. Well, you see this piece of gold, this ten-franc piece?"

The waiter saw it, and admired it.

"My man, this piece of gold becomes yours in ten minutes if you will follow me into a cigar shop next door and interpret a few short, terse sentences for me."

"Volontiers, monsieur!"

"Come!" answered Q., and he led the way out of the hotel.

"Call me that cab," he ordered as they reached the sidewalk.

A cab drawn by as dangerous a looking animal as there was in sight was called, and the driver directed to stand in readiness for instant departure upon a given signal.

Then Q. and the waiter entered the cigar shop, and approached the cashier, who bowed respectfully to Q.

"Waiter," said Q., "explain to this person that it has a knotty handle studded with brass nails."

The cashier listened with a pained look, but on the conclusion of the waiter's description cheerfully produced the umbrella from behind the desk. Q. grasped it firmly in his hand, and drew the waiter toward the door, which he held open. Satisfied that the cabman was in readiness, he whispered a last direction in the waiter's ear. The poor man shook with terror and became livid. But the jingle of two gold pieces, one against the other, partially restored him. With blanched cheeks he faced the cashier, but still hesitated to speak. Again the gold tinkled gently. With a mighty effort the waiter summoned up all his courage, and the word "COCHON!" rang through the shop.

Instantly, as if a bomb had exploded in the very midst of customers and clerks, the serene haggling gave way to a fearful uproar, in which choking cries of rage mingled with fearful oaths.

Grasping the gold tightly in his trembling hand, the waiter fled from the shop and disappeared. Like a flash Q. hurled himself into the waiting cab with the sharp order, "A la Gare de Lyon."

Forty minutes later Q. was speeding southward toward the sea, and on his face sat an expression of all-pervading joy only accountable for by the realization of a life's ambition, or the consummation of a noble revenge. In his hand was a neatly bound volume, the pages of which Q. was idly turning with fond, lingering touch. Its title was "The Diary of a Cosmopolitan."

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**To a Flirt.**

O Phyllis, cruel Phyllis,
    Why try my heart so sore?
Is there none else who loves you less?
    Think you one loves you more?
Have you no heart to see it,
    My depth of love for you?
'Tis measured by vast fathoms more
    Than those calm eyes of blue.
All others, you surrounding,
    Sweet smiles and glances choose;
I stake my life upon your love;
    Now, would you have me lose?