

The glance discovered to him a familiar and handsomely fantastic object.

"Oh bless my heart!" said the cartoonist, who sometimes spoke like an old lady, "I didn't recognize you," and he proffered his hand.

"In that respect you but follow the world," sighed the other as he walked away.

The cartoonist lifted his eye-brows in pained surprise so that his monocle fell out and dangled by its silken cord. He turned and retraced his steps keeping close behind the other. After a minute he spoke, "Have a cigarette old chap! Nice weather isn't it?"

Something like a growl came from the fantastic object. It turned sharply and made words hop from its mouth like frogs and toads.

"Foolish One," it said, "I am about to go into one of those places from which no traveller returns. Is this any time to offer me a cigarette and remark on the state of the weather?" and it turned and walked away faster than ever on its slim legs.

"O. V. B." remembered having heard talk of the same calibre while studying serious painting in Paris, so he still followed, not wanting to leave the fellow alone.

As they were striding by the Magic Lantern restaurant he got a sudden idea.

"This walking makes one awfully peckish! Won't you come in here and have something to eat with me?" he asked.

"Mon Dieu!" replied the other stopping so abruptly that "O. V. B." walked into him, "you are right my brother."

The interior of the Magic Lantern was very pleasant to behold, although the same could not be said with veracity concerning the bill which must be paid by him who would enter and eat.

The two were soon seated at a well appointed little table in a corner. The waiter appeared to suffer some shock to his sensibilities at the sight of the stranger's clothes, but as "O. V. B." was a regular guest he refrained from becoming outwardly pugnacious.

During the first half of the long dinner the cartoonist's friend did nothing but eat. During the second half, however, he added talking to the "job in hand"—or should we say "in mouth;" nevertheless always keeping up an appearance of elaborate manners.

"I must tender you my most humble apologies Oliver," said he, "for my rudeness in speech and conduct. I Louis Jean DeVivier refuse a cigarette from so good a friend? It is unheard of! To prove that I was not then myself and am not really an ill-mannered clod I shall accept one, nay two, this minute."

"O. V. B." passed the box of Moguls.

"I'll keep them to smoke on my bench tonight to your very good health, monseigneur," said he.

The cartoonist wondered at the mention of a bench, yet, for fear of a long and tedious talk of woe, kept his thoughts to himself. After they had gone to his rooms would be time enough.