

mind. She liked St. Valerien, and she was fond of the people here ; and she was so fond of Joi Billette, her little cavalier, that the children had long ago run their names together in some nonsense rhymes. Euphrasie Charette, little Joi Billette, — you see how they go ? She made up her mind that she would see something of those gay times in the mill town in the States, and so when she came home from the convent there was no longer any peace among the Charettes. Euphrasie could not go to the mill town in the States ; that was settled. Madame Charette said so, and madame had a quick temper and a sharp tongue. “And you !” she would say to Euphrasie, — “how would you look, a young girl like you, running away to the States ? Have you any shame ?” But Pierre Charette, the father, sat in the corner and smiled to himself. He had been in the States, and he knew it was no great journey. “Would you then go away and leave Joi and St. Valerien ?” madame would say.

“What, then,” Euphrasie would reply, “is Joi a stick that he can no longer walk ? And what storm is to blow St. Valerien away ?”

Then letters came to Euphrasie from her