

At that moment Euphrasie was busy telling Suzette Benoit about a Monsieur Sam Pettingill, who had come all the way from Fall River to Montreal, and who was coming to St. Valerien. Pierre Charette was carrying his pipe to his mouth, but he paused, with his hand suspended in the air.

"'Ow you call 'is name?" he asked in English.

"M'sieu Sam Pattangeel," said Euphrasie, reddening a little.

"You know 'im, you?"

"Oh, yes; 'e was clerk in de mill store."

"'E clerk dere no more; no?"

"Of course, yes. 'E is taking his recess. 'E belong at de store." Euphrasie continued to redden. English was not often heard in that house, and the women were vainly straining their ears to catch the meaning.

"Aha-a-a!" exclaimed the old man. There was the faintest trace of contempt in his tone.

"'E say 'e come to see de country, if 'e like it or not," explained Euphrasie.

"If 'e like it, den 'e carry it back to 'is 'ouse?" Pierre Charette suggested.

"'Ow 'e can do dat?" asked Euphrasie.

"I 'ave seen dem clerk, me," said the old