

man. "Dey de mos' pow'ful of all. If dis one like de country so 'e mus' take it back, what we goin' do? If 'e don't like it so 'e mus' take 'is scissor to cut it off, what we goin' do?"

Euphrasie could not misunderstand the sarcasm that seasoned the old man's tongue. It touched her temper.

"If 'e come visitin' de country, 'ow I can 'elp 'im? If you can 'elp 'im, den go 'elp 'im." Her tone was sharper than her words.

"Ah-h-h!" cried Pierre Charette, "dat is 'ow you fine ladies talk to old man!"

"No, no," said the girl impulsively, "I mean not dat. No, no." She went to her father and would have embraced him, but he pushed her away and resumed his pipe, while Euphrasie threw herself on a chair and began to cry.

But it was a small storm, more wind than rain, as the farmers say, and it soon passed over, but not until the madame had made some vigorous remarks, aimed at those who forget themselves sufficiently to quarrel in the English tongue. It was a queer father who would abuse his daughter the instant she set foot in the house, and it was a queer