

No sooner had Joi Billette settled himself to listen to Chicoine's tremendous yarns than the sound of sleighbells was heard coming over the snow.

"One dollar it is Barie's horse," said Chicoine, — "Barie of Upton."

"How then can you know?" asked Joi Billette.

"Hard-head! It is by the sound of the bells. Listen!"

"It is even so," said Pierre Charette, who had followed Joi.

At that moment the sleigh paused at the door, and Barie himself called out: —

"Hey, Chicoine! Hey! Are you deaf, then?"

"Good-day, Barie," said Chicoine, opening the door. "Good-day, m'sieu. Within you will find it warmer."

"It is to be hoped," replied Barie dryly. "I have brought you a customer, Chicoine," he continued. "Lift your feet; make some stir."

The customer Barie had brought was Mr. Sam Pettingill, of Fall River. He was nice looking, yes, but you would not say he was fine. He had yellow hair and gray eyes, and