

one of his front teeth was gone. He was smoking a cigarette, and he had a look on his face as if he knew a great deal more than older people. He kept trying to twist his little mustache, which was too thin to be twisted.

“Great Scott!” he exclaimed, as he got out of the sleigh; “is this the Hotel Imperial?”

“’Ow you please,” replied Chicoine gravely. “’Otel, auberge, ’ouse, — it all de same when you git col’ an’ ’ungry. You spik French? No?”

“Rats!” cried young Mr. Pettingill. “How can I speak French in this weather? It freezes everything except American cuss-words. You ask his Nibs, here, if it don’t.” Barie shrugged his shoulders and threw the sleigh robe over his horse. “You may n’t have much of a hotel,” said Pettingill, “but maybe you ’ve got a fire. It’s colder ’n Flujens.”

With his hat on the side of his head, and his red cravat creeping from under his overcoat, Pettingill swaggered into the little tavern and stood close to the big stove. Joi Billette looked at the new-comer, and then at