

Pierre Charette. Pierre Charette looked at the new-comer, and then at Joi Billette. Each, by an almost imperceptible shrug of the shoulders, telegraphed his comment. You know how the shoulders and the eyebrows can talk here in St. Valerien: a word, a glance, a little movement of the shoulders, and much more than a long story is told.

“Say!” said Pettingill, removing his overcoat, “I don’t see no hotel register around here, but I guess that’s all skewvee. My name’s Pettingill, and it would be the same if it was wrote down in a book.”

“Hall ri’, m’sieu,” returned Toussaint Chicoine, bowing. “You ’ear dat, Joutras? You ’ear dat, Billette? You ’ear dat, everybody? M’sieu Pattungeel.”

“Kee-rect,” said Pettingill approvingly. “You flatten it a little too much in the middle, and pull it out too much at the end, but that’s my maiden name.” He shook himself, and strode around the room, looking at the cheap prints pasted on the wall. The little company looked at each other somewhat sheepishly, all save Charette and Chicoine. Charette stood gloomily by the stove, while Chicoine, with his arms akimbo and his chin