

drawn in until it was hid by the muscles of his neck, watched Pettingill closely.

At one end of the room, above a worn and battered sofa, hung a faded tintype. It was the picture of a very old man. He was leaning forward on a stout cane, and a weak and trembling smile had been caught and fastened on his face.

“What old duck is this?” asked Pettin-gill, after studying the picture. Receiving no answer, he turned and looked at Chicoine.

“’Ow you call it, m’sieu?” Surely there was no menace in the sweetly spoken accent. Yet something that he heard or felt caused Pettingill to change his question.

“What old gent is this?” he asked.

“Dat my fader,” replied Chicoine.

“Is he still kicking?”

“’Ow, m’sieu?”

“Is he dead?”

“No, no, m’sieu. ’E right in dis ’ouse.”

“Well, I wanter know!” Pettingill exclaimed, with genuine admiration. “I thought old uncle Cy Pettingill, down to Pittsfield, was the oldest inhabitant, but the colonel here can give him odds and beat him thirteen laps in a mile.”