

Joi Billette rose and shook himself viciously, and turned his back to the stove. "This ugly beast is detestable!"

"But wait, then!" It was Joutras who spoke. "What the thunder! Are we all taking leave of ourselves? Let this pig alone. Is he stealing corn from our pen? Well, then, show it to me."

Pierre Charette chuckled to himself, and Joi Billette shrugged his shoulders.

It was not long before Monsieur Pettingill came down from his room. He found only Chicoine and Joi Billette. As if to refresh his memory or to confirm some afterthought, he went again to the portrait of old Anthime Chicoine. He looked at it a little while, and then shook his head.

"That lays over uncle Cy Pettingill," he repeated, with admiration. "He 's mighty nigh too old to make a shadder." He paused a moment, and then, with just the faintest trace of embarrassment, remarked: "Say! can any of you chaps tell me where Miss Euphrasie Charette lives? As long as I'm in town, with nothin' much to prey on my mind, I might as well drop in an' tell her I'm still her humble-come-tumble. See?"