

“I dunno if I can show you,” said Chicoine; “pair’aps M’sieu Billette will show you de ’ouse. He been dere some time befo’ now. Is not that so, M’sieu Billette?” he went on, switching off into French. “I have told m’sieu that you would have much pleasure to show him the house of Charette. Is it not so, then? Ah, little boy! make not your face to wrinkle so. At forty you will laugh at the physic of this kind.”

Billette shrugged his shoulders, but he did not smile.

“’E spik only French,” said Chicoine to Pettingill, by way of explanation, “but dat make no diffrance. ’E can show you de ’ouse.”

“All skewvee,” said Pettingill. “If he can walk in English, that’s enough for me.”

Joi Billette, coiled in the chair, had seemed to be an insignificant creature, but when he rose, glancing furtively at Chicoine, it was seen that he was taller than Pettingill, — taller and stronger, and much handsomer. The innocence of youth shone in his face. Without a word, he went out at the door, followed by Pettingill. Billette’s slouching gait carried him forward swiftly, and in a few moments