

“Prutt! prutt!” exclaimed Pierre Charette, mimicking the inquisitive turkey hen. “Allez-vous-en! Back to the pig.”

Then there was silence in the kitchen. The old man and the young man sat smoking. Each had his own thoughts. One was thinking how much money his grain and hay would fetch; the other was thinking bitterly of the day, a year ago, when he and Euphrasie, with their village companions, sang their holiday songs together. Ah! they were happy then, but now —

Madame Charette was surely at her best this day. She rattled away at Pettingill in French, and Euphrasie interpreted the words the best she knew how; but she could not keep up, madame was so jolly and hearty. Pettingill had never been in such a storm of French and broken English, and he wished himself well out of it. All he could do was to sit and grin helplessly, and mop his face aimlessly with his gorgeous silk handkerchief. Euphrasie, too, was jolly, or pretended to be, and she carried on her interpretations with a great deal of laughter.

“Ma mère say if you like dis country?” she remarked.