

were already somewhat subdued by the presence of a stranger. In this diffident company Pettingill sat serene, smiling and confident. He was even patronizing. When an embarrassing silence was about to fall on all, he was superior to circumstances.

“Rats!” he exclaimed. “Don’t set here moping. Can’t we have some play-songs?”

“Oh,” said Euphrasie, trying to understand, “some play-song, — yes.”

“Something like ‘Here’s a young man set down to sleep’” —

“Oh, to sleep! I know,” said Euphrasie.

“‘He needs a young girl to keep him awake.’”

“Oh, yes, — to kip ’im ’wake!” Then she rattled away in French to the rest. The result was that all the young men chose partners, except Joi, — there was no partner for him to choose, — and proceeded to promenade slowly around the small room, singing as they went. The song was about a maiden and her bashful lover, and the clear voice of Euphrasie carried the tune. The cavalier sees his sweetheart laughing; then runs the song: —

“Qu’avez-vous, belle? Qu’avez-vous, belle?  
Qu’avez-vous à tant rire?”