

of the *frère directeur* of the Maristes, and then sank trembling on the snow. The Mariste stood over him, tall and severe.

“What, then, have I taught thee to assassinate?” There was grief in his voice and supreme pity.

“Say!” exclaimed Pettingill, who had been too much astonished to speak, “what kinder game is he up to? Ain’t he off his kerzip?”

“Go!” The Mariste waved his hand imperiously.

“Come off!” Pettingill spoke roughly. “Wait till I give you a pointer. Don’t you let that chap rush after me. Because if you do” — he drew a shining pistol from his overcoat pocket — “I’ll give him a tetch of the United States that’ll last him.”

“Go!” the Mariste repeated.

“So long,” said Pettingill, whereupon he turned on his heel and went away.

The Mariste lifted Joi Billette to his feet, brushed the snow from his clothes, took him by the hand, and led him back the way he had come. Past Charette’s, past all the houses, they went, the Mariste still holding Joi by the hand. At the end of the street,