

PÈRE RAPHAËL

figure of Père Raphaël, who had issued from a clump of bushes holding out to him the missing swords. "You are forgettingg?"

"Yes! I was forgettingg!"

"Or maybe you don't want to fight some mo', and finding excuse to leave?"

The young man snatched the swords and swelled for a fitting retort from a Creole gentleman to a priest of his faith; but before he could find it Mrs. Merrifield and Caroline rushed in between them, panting in fright and shame, "The judge! the judge and his sister!"

The judge and his sister arrived at high speed, she with her hair in her eyes, he with his green shade on one ear. "Florestine!" they called. "Florestine, she's not here? Where is Florestine? Ah, Madame Merrifield, Florestine is gone with Jules! Jules have rob' the 'ouse and gone with Florestine!"