

PÈRE RAPHAËL

Miché Jules comin', an' he dess gone git his djuelin'-tools."

The young man reappeared. He bowed superbly to Mrs. Merrifield, but glared on Caroline. "Misérable! Who has stole me those sword' from the hole of thad tree?"

"Swords!" gasped the frightened lady, at which the youth bowed again and then stiffened high.

"Madame, if that is by yo' command——"

Her brows lifted with distress. "No, sir, no, no! I've overstepped, but I haven't stolen—oh, who can tell me where is my daughter?"

"Lawd A'mighty!" cried Caroline, "ain't she home in bed?"

"Bed? We've neither of us touched one! At daylight I left her and went to market——"