

to secure it from some quick-descending shower, but the village was undisguisedly asleep. Not a team disturbed the ankle-deep sand of the only street, and the sleeping dogs had not even this excuse to rouse and give tongue to their customary objecting bark. The hotel customers were elsewhere, the bar empty of patrons, and the lone "proprietor," in a shady corner of the verandah, was sleeping vociferously. The storekeeper had given up all town-acquired pretence of wide-awake expectancy of some infrequent customer, and had lapsed into the sound-asleep condition of his nodding neighbor on the opposite corner. Even the *Bureau de Poste* unappreciatingly flaunted its blue and white enamel enticement in the face of the unheeding general somnolency that now luxuriated *en déshabillé* behind the closed *jalousies* which fended the glare and permitted enjoyment of cool and undisturbed siesta within.

The diminutive door of the modest quarters where His Majesty's Mail was received and distributed in homœopathic proportions among his subjects in this far corner of his Dominion bore, in addition to the official sign, another of much more imposing appearance, pathetically suggestive of other surroundings and better days, and on its polished brass flared the legend:

HONORÉ SERAPHIN LAROCHELLE,
NOTAIRE PUBLIQUE.

How the owner of this spreading name and sign should here find remunerative exercise of his calling was always a matter of some concern to his few neighbors, and at times to himself. It was gently debated with his worthy helpmeet in those confidential moments seized upon by well-ordered couples when they have retired to cover of the matrimonial blanket, and some pressing urgency seemed even now impelling to wakeful discus-