

and settle down. But then the storm would shoulder against the door, and he could hear the chink of the snow as it sprang from the edge of the drift upon the window. Something seemed to be calling him; tapping the pane to attract his attention. His mother watched him, wondering.

Therese and Olivine came in so quietly that Pierre never made a move, and Therese motioned Olivine to put her hands over his eyes. It was the old, childish play, and with it the years rolled away like mist from the pleasant vale of youth.

"Guess," said Olivine, faintly. Pierre caught her wrists and took her hands away from his eyes. They stood up face to face. Olivine shrank away. Pierre saw that she was afraid of him.

"You needn't be frightened of me," he said.

"Oh, Pierre! you're so different, I didn't think you would be so different."

"Well, there's no use crying," he said, with a roughish tenderness. "I'm a hard lot; I'm nothing but a tramp in clean clothes."

"But you're going to settle down now, Pierre?" asked his mother, "You know every ship has its harbor."

The words somehow attracted him—"every ship has its harbor," kept running in his head.

"Well, well!" he said, "we'll see. I've led a hard life, but——"

He hardly heard the storm now, only the long breath of the fire and the voices around him. He went over to the table, and put his head on his arms. He was tired and sleepy; he remembered he must have walked twenty miles that day in the wet road. He heard the women's voices far away; he thought his mother said, "Every ship has its harbor," and the words soothed him again. Yes, he thought, I'll stay at home now, and I'll marry Olivine; he dozed off. A pleasant picture filled his mind. He remembered a rich farmer who used to drive to mass with his wife, his stout carriage drawn by two fat horses, his many children wedged about him. Yes, he would stay at home and become rich also, and drive to mass, and everyone would take off his hat to him. Once the storm dis-

turbed him; he heard it calling and striking the pane, but he heard the words again—"every ship has its harbor"—and they knew by his breathing that he was fast asleep.

"There, do you hear that?" said Madame Desrocher, under her breath. "He's tired, tired; he used to breathe like that when he was a little, little boy."

The girls sat close together and whispered. Olivine glanced every now and then at Pierre's head lying upon his arm. He was breathing loudly and irregularly: Suddenly a panting sound came with his breath. Madame Desrocher was getting uneasy.

"Hush," she said; "it was like me to let him fall asleep where there is a draught from the door."

She took off the shawl she was wearing, went softly to Pierre and put it over his shoulders. She stepped back, but she had disturbed him. From the midst of some horrid dream he rose up with a snarl like a wild beast, clutching the table, glaring down at the floor, and uttering a villainous oath. Madame Desrocher cowered away from him, and the girls ran to her side and held her hands. Pierre did not see them for an instant, and when he glanced at the women timorously crowded together, he sank into his chair and muttered: "I didn't know where I was . . . I thought . . ."

then he slouched his head down on the table and pretended to sleep. He heard his mother say: "What was it, Therese, what did I do?" She was still trembling. "There, Mother, Pierre was dreaming, he did not know where he was." The girls were frightened and they coaxed Madame Desrocher to go with them into the other room.

Pierre, with his head on the table, simulating sleep, had had a moment to reflect. That oath he had uttered when he was disturbed in his slumbers had thrown him back into his old self, and, as he twitched the shawl off his shoulders and rose to his feet, his face was altered with passion. The effect of the warmth and his physical comfort had vanished. His one idea was to get away. He rose noiselessly. His movements were quick and decided. His thoughts were out on the road. His demon was again