

arrival was.* There must have been some weighty reasons for the frequent disappointed looks which stole across their faces.

At last the guests had nearly all arrived, and farmer Charest, his good-natured face all aglow, intimated by much hammering on the table that it was time they sat down to supper. There being no dissenting voice to this popular proposition, a general move was made to the benches ranged on both sides of the table. By a strange coincidence, Zotique and Vital, instead of going to the table with the others, gravitated toward the door.

"Just thought I would have a look out; it is such a fine night," said Zotique, as he took a long breath of fresh air.

Vital looked at his robust brother in a queer, constrained manner, and said that it was indeed a beautiful evening. Now, instead of looking up at the queen of the night, as one would naturally have expected after such flattering comments, they both, as though by common consent, treated her with the most marked disrespect, not once looking toward her, but bestowing all their attention on a certain little whitewashed cottage down the road, from a window of which streamed a light.

"I think we had better go in," said Zotique, presently, in a slightly disappointed tone.

"Yes, yes, Zotique, what you say is right; there never was a finer night," answered Vital, dreamily, his eyes still fixed thoughtfully on the cottage. He