

THE RULING PASSION

on the shivering poplars when the wind blows through them. The gentle Serena was swept away from her stool at the organ as if she were a little canoe drawn into the rapids, and Bill Moody stepped high and cut pigeon-wings that had been forgotten for a generation. It was long after midnight when the dancers paused, breathless and exhausted.

"Waal," said Hose Ransom, "that 's jess the highested music we ever had to Bytown. You're a reel player, Frenchy, that 's what you are. What 's your name? Where'd you come from? Where you goin' to? What brought you here, anyhow?"

"*Moi?*" said the fiddler, dropping his bow and taking a long breath. "Mah nem Jacques Tremblay. Ah'll ben come fraum Kebeek. W'ere goin'? Ah donno. Prob'ly Ah'll stop dis place, eef yo' lak' dat feedle so moeh, hein?"

His hand passed caressingly over the smooth brown wood of the violin. He drew it up close to his face again, as if he would have kissed it, while his eyes wandered timidly around the circle of listeners, and rested at last, with a question in them, on