

QUARRYMAN OF COTEAU ST. LOUIS.

pretty much ev'ryt'ing w'at's not good for heem. I'm h'ax heem for you, messieurs."

"Adelard—Adelard!" to a barefooted urchin of twelve, dressed in unmentionables that can be classified neither with trousers nor knickerbockers, a faded striped cotton shirt, and a straw hat with the crown and brim parting company.

The latter, bolting by, looks around without deigning an answer, when "Adelard—Adelard!" repeated, brings him to a stop.

"*Une seconde—viens-ci!*"

Adelard impatiently approaches, and out of respect to ourselves Tancrede addresses him in English.

"The matter, w'at ees it?"

"*Fe'me ta gueule*, you old fool! Police, police! Ha-ha-ha!"

Tancrede hurls a parting invective after the derisive and now doubly hastening Adelard, and turns to us with a flash in his eyes.

"You see for yerselves w'at I'm tole you. I'm pay heem h'up w'en he's for nex' time my reach. I'm bet myself on d'at. W'at for he calls me an old fool"—(shrugging)—"I dunno. *Bon!* I'm fix heem yet. By Gorr! I'm ponch heem in de *visage*, an' give heem such plenty cuff wit' my fist, he's wish heemself in jail for a mont'—*sacré!*"

But this only remotely concerns our story.

In this vicinity it was that Eloise Moreau lived;