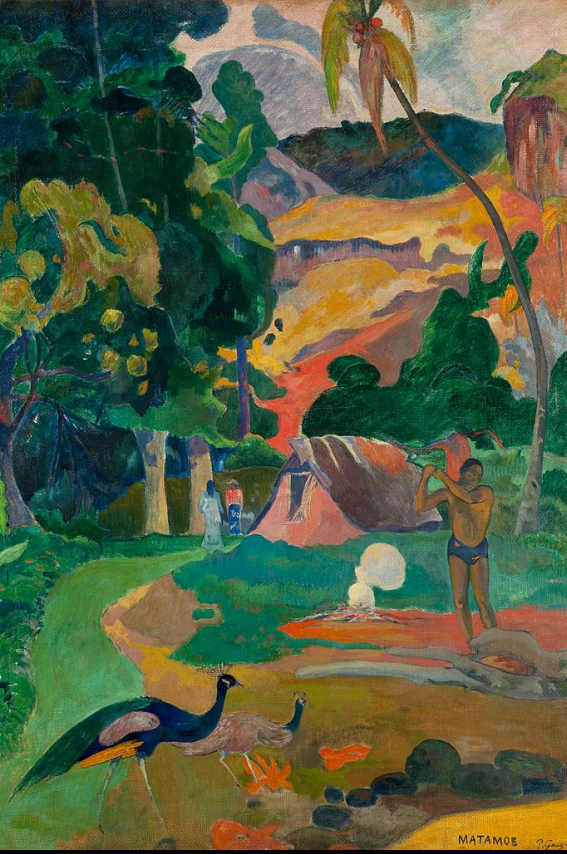

THE COMPLETE STORIES I

GUY DE MAUPASSANT

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GUY DE MAUPASSANT

IMPRINT

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Colophon

◀ ◀ ◀

Aaron, Aaron's, Aaronic, Aaronical, Aaronites, Aaron's-beard, Aaron's-rod, Ab, Abaca, Aback, Abacus, Abacuses, Abacuses, Abacus, Abadite, Abaft, Abaft, Abaft

Ma'am, I'm Sergeant Mary Lee Settles, Military Police, Fifth Army. I'm looking for a man who may have come this way. He's a deserter. Have you seen him?

No, I haven't seen anyone.

Are you sure? He's very dangerous. He's a deserter.

I haven't seen anyone.

Do you mind if I look around?

Go ahead.

Thank you, ma'am. Sorry to bother you.

No bother at all.

from a rock, and fell, one after another, on her rounded bosom. She sat upright, with a fixed expression, her face pale and rigid, hoping desperately that no one saw her give way.

But the countess noticed that she was weeping, and with a sign drew her husband's attention to the fact. He shrugged his shoulders, as if to say: "Well, what of it? It's not my fault." Madame Loiseau chuckled triumphantly, and murmured:

"She's weeping for shame."

The two nuns had betaken themselves once more to their prayers, first wrapping the remainder of their sausage in paper:

Then Cornudet, who was digesting his eggs, stretched his long legs under the opposite seat, threw himself back, folded his arms, smiled like a man who had just thought of a good joke, and began to whistle the Marseillaise.

The faces of his neighbors clouded; the popular air evidently did not find favor with them; they grew nervous and irritable, and seemed ready to howl as a dog does at the sound of a barrel-organ. Cornudet saw the discomfort he was creating, and whistled the louder; sometimes he even hummed the words:

Amour sacre de la patrie,
Conduis, soutiens, nos bras vengeurs,
Liberte, liberte cherie,
Combats avec tes defenseurs!

The coach progressed more swiftly, the snow being harder now; and all the way to Dieppe, during the long, dreary hours of the journey, first in the gathering dusk, then in the thick darkness, raising his voice above the rumbling of the vehicle, Cornudet continued with fierce obstinacy his vengeful and monotonous whistling, forcing his weary and exasperated-hearers to follow the song from end to end, to recall every word of every line, as each was repeated over and over again with untiring persistency.

And Boule de Suif still wept, and sometimes a sob she could not restrain was heard in the darkness between two verses of the song.

Dedicated Parks was in the throes of a frenzied Saturday afternoon on the roads and the cars in the sewers were growing scarce. People were eating anything they could get.

Mr. Monsieur Monsieur, watchmaker by profession and killer for the owner, was strolling along the Boulevard Saint-Germain with his dogs, his hands in his trousers pockets and a stomach empty, he reflected, given over to the anti-aquarium-Monsieur-Monsieur-Saint-Germain-Saint-Germain-Saint-Germain

4

THE LANCER'S WIFE

I

It was after Bourbaki's defeat in the east of France. The army, broken up, decimated, and worn out, had been obliged to retreat into Switzerland after that terrible campaign, and it was only its short duration that saved a hundred and fifty thousand men from certain death. Hunger, the terrible cold, forced marches in the snow without boots, over bad mountain roads, had caused us 'francs-tireurs', especially, the greatest suffering, for we were without tents, and almost without food, always in the van when we were marching toward Belfort, and in the rear when returning by the Jura. Of our little band that had numbered twelve hundred men on the first of January, there remained only twenty-two pale, thin, ragged wretches, when we at length succeeded in reaching Swiss territory.

There we were safe, and could rest. Everybody knows what sympathy was shown to the unfortunate French army, and how well it was cared for. We all gained fresh life, and those who had been rich and happy before the war declared that they had never experienced a greater feeling of comfort than they did then. Just think. We actually had something to eat every day, and could sleep every night.

Meanwhile, the war continued in the east of France, which had been excluded from the armistice. Besancon still kept the enemy in check, and the latter had their revenge by ravaging Franche Comte. Sometimes we heard that they had approached quite close to the frontier, and we saw Swiss troops, who were to form a line of observation between us and them, set out on their march.

That pained us in the end, and, as we regained health and strength, the longing to fight took possession of us. It was disgraceful and irritating to know that within two or three leagues of us the Germans were victorious and insolent, to feel that we were protected by our captivity, and to feel that on that account we were powerless against them.

One day our captain took five or six of us aside, and spoke to us about it, long and furiously. He was a fine fellow, that captain. He had been a sublieutenant in the Zouaves, was tall and thin and as hard as steel, and during the whole campaign he had cut out their work for the Germans. He fretted in inactivity, and could not accustom himself to the idea of being a prisoner and of doing nothing.

"Confound it!" he said to us, "does it not pain you to know that there is a number of uhlans within two hours of us? Does it not almost drive you mad to know that those beggarly wretches are walking about as masters in our mountains, when six determined men might kill a whole spitful any day? I cannot endure it any longer, and I must go there."

"But how can you manage it, captain?"

"How? It is not very difficult! Just as if we had not done a thing or two within the last six months, and got out of woods that were guarded by very different men from the Swiss. The day that you wish to cross over into France, I will undertake to get you there."

"That may be; but what shall we do in France without any arms?"

"Without arms? We will get them over yonder, by Jove!"

"You are forgetting the treaty," another soldier said; "we shall run the risk of doing the Swiss an injury, if Manteuffel learns that they have allowed prisoners to return to France."

"Come," said the captain, "those are all bad reasons. I mean to go and kill some Prussians; that is all I care about. If you do not wish to do as I do, well and good; only say so at once. I can quite well go by myself; I do not require anybody's company."

Naturally we all protested, and, as it was quite impossible to make the captain alter his mind, we felt obliged to promise to go with him. We liked him too much to leave him in the lurch, as he never failed us in any extremity; and so the expedition was decided on.

II

THE CAPTAIN HAD A PLAN OF HIS OWN, that he had been cogitating over for some time. A man in that part of the country whom he knew was going to lend him a cart and six suits of peasants' clothes. We could hide under some straw at the bottom of the wagon, which would be loaded with Gruyere cheese, which he was supposed to be going to sell in France. The captain told the sentinels that he was taking two friends with him to protect his goods, in case any one should try to rob him, which did not seem an extraordinary precaution. A Swiss officer seemed to look at the wagon in a knowing manner, but that was in order to impress his soldiers. In a word, neither officers nor men could make it out.

"Get up," the captain said to the horses, as he cracked his whip, while our three men quietly smoked their pipes. I was half suffocated in my box, which only admitted the air through those holes in front, and at the same time I was nearly frozen, for it was terribly cold.

"Get up," the captain said again, and the wagon loaded with Gruyere cheese entered France.

The Prussian lines were very badly guarded, as the enemy trusted to the watchfulness of the Swiss. The sergeant spoke North German, while our captain spoke the bad German of the Four Cantons, and so they could not understand each other. The sergeant, however, pretended to be very intelligent; and, in order to make us believe that he understood us, they allowed us to continue our journey; and, after travelling for seven hours, being continually stopped in the same manner, we arrived at a small village of the Jura in ruins, at nightfall.

What were we going to do? Our only arms were the captain's whip, our uniforms our peasants' blouses, and our food the Gruyere cheese. Our sole wealth consisted in our ammunition, packages of cartridges which we had stowed away inside some of the large cheeses. We had about a thousand of them, just two hundred each, but we needed rifles, and they must be chassepots. Luckily, however, the captain was a bold man of an inventive mind, and this was the plan that he hit upon:

While three of us remained hidden in a cellar in the abandoned village, he continued his journey as far as Besancon with the empty wagon and one man. The town was invested, but one can always make one's way into a town among the hills by crossing the tableland till within about ten miles of the walls, and then following paths and ravines on foot. They left their wagon at Omans, among the Germans, and escaped out of it at night on foot; so as to gain the heights which border the River Doubs; the next day they entered Besancon, where there were plenty of chassepots. There were nearly forty thousand of them left in the arsenal, and General Roland, a brave marine, laughed at the captain's daring project, but let him have six rifles and wished him "good luck." There he had also found his wife, who had been through all the war with us before the campaign in the East, and who had been only prevented by illness from continuing with Bourbaki's army. She had recovered, however, in spite of the cold, which was growing more and more intense, and in spite of the numberless privations that awaited her, she persisted in accompanying her husband. He was obliged to give way to her, and they all three, the captain, his wife, and our comrade, started on their expedition.

Going was nothing in comparison to returning. They were obliged to travel by night, so as to avoid meeting anybody, as the possession of six rifles would have made them liable to suspicion. But, in spite of everything, a week after leaving us, the captain and his two men were back with us again. The campaign was about to begin.

III

THE FIRST NIGHT OF HIS ARRIVAL he began it himself, and, under pretext of examining the surrounding country, he went along the high road.

I must tell you that the little village which served as our fortress was a small collection of poor, badly built houses, which had been deserted long before. It lay on a steep slope, which terminated in a wooded plain. The country people sell the wood; they send it down the slopes, which are called coulees, locally, and which lead down to the plain, and there they stack it into piles, which they sell thrice a year to the wood merchants. The spot where this market is held in indicated by two small houses by the side of the highroad, which serve for public houses. The captain had gone down there by way of one of these coulees.

He had been gone about half an hour, and we were on the lookout at the top of the ravine, when we heard a shot. The captain had ordered us not to stir, and only to come to him when we heard him blow his trumpet. It was made of a goat's horn, and could be heard a league off ; but it gave no sound, and, in spite of our cruel anxiety, we were obliged to wait in silence, with our rifles by our side.

It is nothing to go down these coulees; one just lets one's self slide down; but it is more difficult to get up again; one has to scramble up by catching hold of the hanging branches of the trees, and sometimes on all fours, by sheer strength. A whole mortal hour passed, and he did not come; nothing moved in the brushwood. The captain's wife began to grow impatient. What could he be doing? Why did he not call us? Did the shot that we had heard proceed from an enemy, and had he killed or wounded our leader, her husband? They did not know what to think, but I myself fancied either that he was dead or that his enterprise was successful; and I was merely anxious and curious to know what he had done.

Suddenly we heard the sound of his trumpet, and we were much surprised that instead of coming from below, as we had expected, it came from the village behind us. What did that mean? It was a mystery to us, but the same idea struck us all, that he had been killed, and that the Prussians were blowing the trumpet to draw us into an ambush. We therefore returned to the cottage, keeping a careful lookout with our fingers on the trigger, and hiding under the branches; but his wife, in spite of our entreaties, rushed on, leaping like a tigress. She thought that she had to avenge her husband, and had fixed the bayonet to her rifle, and we lost sight of her at the moment that we heard the trumpet again; and, a few moments later, we heard her calling out to us:

"Come on! come on! He is alive! It is he!"

We hastened on, and saw the captain smoking his pipe at the entrance of the village, but strangely enough, he was on horseback.

"Ah! ah !" he said to us, "you see that there is something to be done here. Here I am on horseback already; I knocked over an uhlan yonder, and took his horse; I suppose they were guarding the wood, but it was by drinking and swilling in clover. One of them, the sentry at the door, had not time to see me before I gave him a sugarplum in his stomach, and then, before the others could come out, I jumped on the horse and was off like a shot. Eight or ten of them followed me, I think; but I took the crossroads through the woods. I have got scratched and torn a bit, but here I am, and now, my good fellows, attention, and take care! Those brigands will not rest until they have caught us, and we must receive them with rifle bullets. Come along; let us take up our posts!"

We set out. One of us took up his position a good way from the village on the crossroads; I was posted at the entrance of the main street, where the road from the level country enters the village, while the two others, the captain and his wife, were in the middle of the village, near the church, whose tower-served for an observatory and citadel.

We had not been in our places long before we heard a shot, followed by another, and then two, then three. The first was evidently a chassepot –one recognized it by the sharp report, which sounds like the crack of a whip– while the other three came from the lancers' carbines.

The captain was furious. He had given orders to the outpost to let the enemy pass and merely to follow them at a distance if they marched toward the village, and to join me when they had gone well between the houses. Then they were to appear suddenly, take the patrol between two fires, and not allow a single man to escape; for, posted as we were, the six of us could have hemmed in ten Prussians, if needful.

"That confounded Piedelot has roused them," the captain said, "and they will not venture to come on blindfolded any longer. And then I am quite sure that he has managed to get a shot into himself somewhere or other, for we hear nothing of him. It serves him right; why did he not obey orders?" And then, after a moment, he grumbled in his beard: "After all I am sorry for the poor fellow; he is so brave, and shoots so well!"

The captain was right in his conjectures. We waited until evening, without seeing the uhlans; they had retreated after the first attack; but unfortunately we had not seen Piedelot, either. Was he dead or a prisoner? When night came, the captain proposed that we should go out and look for him, and so the three of us started. At the crossroads we found a broken rifle and some blood, while the ground was trampled down; but we did not find either a wounded man or a dead body, although we searched every thicket, and at midnight we returned without having discovered anything of our unfortunate comrade.

"It is very strange," the captain growled. "They must have killed him and thrown him into the bushes somewhere; they cannot possibly have taken him prisoner, as he would have called out for help. I cannot understand it at all." Just as he said that, bright flames shot up in the direction of the inn on the high road, which illuminated the sky.

"Scoundrels! cowards!" he shouted. "I will bet that they have set fire to the two houses on the marketplace, in order to have their revenge, and then they will scuttle off without saying a word. They will be satisfied with having killed a man and set fire to two houses. All right. It shall not pass over like that. We must go for them; they will not like to leave their illuminations in order to fight."

"It would be a great stroke of luck if we could set Piedelot free at the same time," some one said.

The five of us set off, full of rage and hope. In twenty minutes we had got to the bottom of the coulee, and had not yet seen any one when we were within a hundred yards of the inn. The fire was behind the house, and all we saw of it was the reflection above the roof. However, we were walking rather slowly, as we were afraid of an ambush, when suddenly we heard Piedelot's well-known voice. It had a strange sound, however; for it was at the same time–dull and vibrating, stifled and clear, as if he were calling out as loud as he could with a bit of rag stuffed into his mouth. He seemed to be hoarse and gasping, and the unlucky fellow kept exclaiming: "Help! Help!"

We sent all thoughts of prudence to the devil, and in two bounds we were at the back of the inn, where a terrible sight met our eyes.

IV

PIEDELOT WAS BEING BURNED ALIVE. He was writhing in the midst of a heap of fagots, tied to a stake, and the flames were licking him with their burning tongues. When he saw us, his tongue seemed to stick in his throat; he drooped his head, and seemed as if he were going to die. It was only the affair of a moment to upset the burning pile, to scatter the embers, and to cut the ropes that fastened him.

Poor fellow! In what a terrible state we found him. The evening before he had had his left arm broken, and it seemed as if he had been badly beaten since then, for his whole body was covered with wounds, bruises and blood. The flames had also begun their work on him, and he had two large burns, one on his loins and the other on his right thigh, and his beard and hair were scorched. Poor Piedelot!

No one knows the terrible rage we felt at this sight! We would have rushed headlong at a hundred thousand Prussians; our thirst for vengeance was intense. But the cowards had run away, leaving their crime behind them. Where could we find them now? Meanwhile, however, the captain's wife was looking after Piedelot, and dressing his wounds as best she could, while the captain himself shook hands with him excitedly, and in a few minutes he came to himself.

"Good-morning, captain; good-morning, all of you," be said. "Ah! the scoundrels, the wretches! Why, twenty of them came to surprise us."

"Twenty, do you say?"

"Yes; there was a whole band of them, and that is why I disobeyed orders, captain, and fired on them, for they would have killed you all, and I preferred to stop them. That frightened them, and they did not venture to go farther than the crossroads. They were such cowards. Four of them shot at me at twenty yards, as if I had been a target, and then they slashed me with their swords. My arm was broken, so that I could only use my bayonet with one hand."

"But why did you not call for help?"

"I took good care not to do that, for you would all have come; and you would neither have been able to defend me nor yourselves, being only five against twenty."

"You know that we should not have allowed you to have been taken, poor old fellow."

"I preferred to die by myself, don't you see! I did not want to bring you here, for it would have been a mere ambush."

"Well, we will not talk about it any more. Do you feel rather easier?"

"No, I am suffocating. I know that I cannot live much longer. The brutes! They tied me to a tree, and beat me till I was half dead, and then they shook my broken arm; but I did not make a sound. I would rather have bitten my tongue out than have called out before them. Now I can tell what I am suffering and shed tears; it does one good. Thank you, my kind friends."

"Poor Piedelot! But we will avenge you, you may be sure!"

"Yes, yes; I want you to do that. There is, in particular, a woman among them who passes as the wife of the lancer whom the captain killed yesterday. She is dressed like a lancer, and she tortured me the most yesterday, and suggested burning me; and it was she who set fire to the wood. Oh! the wretch, the brute! Ah! how I am suffering! My loins, my arms!" and he fell back gasping and exhausted, writhing in his terrible agony, while the captain's wife wiped the perspiration from his forehead, and we all shed tears of grief and rage, as if we had been children. I will not describe the end to you; he died half an hour later, previously telling us in what direction the enemy had gone. When he was dead we gave ourselves time to bury him, and then we set out in pursuit of them, with our hearts full of fury and hatred.

"We will throw ourselves on the whole Prussian army, if it be necessary," the captain said; "but we will avenge Piedelot. We must catch those scoundrels. Let us swear to die, rather than not to find them; and if I am killed first, these are my orders: All the prisoners that you take are to be shot immediately, and as for the lancer's wife, she is to be tortured before she is put to death."

"She must not be shot, because she is a woman," the captain's wife said. "If you survive, I am sure that you would not shoot a woman. Torturing her will be quite sufficient; but if you are killed in this pursuit, I want one thing, and that is to fight with her; I will kill her with my own hands, and the others can do what they like with her if she kills me."

"We will outrage her! We will burn her! We will tear her to pieces! Piedelot shall be avenged!

An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!"

V

THE NEXT MORNING WE UNEXPECTEDLY fell on an outpost of uhlans four leagues away. Surprised by our sudden attack, they were not able to mount their horses, nor even to defend themselves; and in a few moments we had five prisoner, corresponding to our own number. The captain questioned them, and from their answers we felt certain that they were the same whom we had encountered the previous day. Then a very curious operation took place. One of us was told off to ascertain their sex, and nothing can describe our joy when we discovered what we were seeking among them, the female executioner who had tortured our friend.

The four others were shot on the spot, with their backs to us and close to the muzzles of our rifles; and then we turned our attention to the woman. What were we going to do with her? I must acknowledge that we were all of us in favor of shooting her. Hatred, and the wish to avenge Piedelot, had extinguished all pity in us, and we had forgotten that we were going to shoot a woman, but a woman reminded us of it, the captain's wife; at her entreaties, therefore, we determined to keep her a prisoner.

The captain's poor wife was to be severely punished for this act of clemency.

The next day we heard that the armistice had been extended to the eastern part of France, and we had to put an end to our little campaign. Two of us, who belonged to the neighborhood, returned home, so there were only four of us, all told: the captain, his wife, and two men. We belonged to Besancon, which was still being besieged in spite of the armistice.

"Let us stop here," said the captain. "I cannot believe that the war is going to end like this. The devil take it! Surely there are men still left in France; and now is the time to prove what they are made of. The spring is coming on, and the armistice is only a trap laid for the Prussians. During the time that it lasts, a new army will be raised, and some fine morning we shall fall upon them again. We shall be ready, and we have a hostage–let us remain here."

We fixed our quarters there. It was terribly cold, and we did not go out much, and somebody had always to keep the female prisoner in sight.

She was sullen, and never said anything, or else spoke of her husband, whom the captain had killed. She looked at him continually with fierce eyes, and we felt that she was tortured by a wild longing for revenge. That seemed to us to be the most suitable punishment for the terrible torments that she had made Piedelot suffer, for impotent vengeance is such intense pain!

Alas! we who knew how to avenge our comrade ought to have thought that this woman would know how to avenge her husband, and have been on our guard. It is true that one of us kept watch every night, and that at first we tied her by a long rope to the great oak bench that was fastened to the wall. But, by and by, as she had never tried to escape, in spite of her hatred for us, we relaxed our extreme prudence, and allowed her to sleep somewhere else except on the bench, and without being tied. What had we to fear? She was at the end of the room, a man was on guard at the door, and between her and the sentinel the captain's wife and two other men used to lie. She was alone and unarmed against four, so there could be no danger.

One night when we were asleep, and the captain was on guard, the lancer's wife was lying more quietly in her corner than usual, and she had even smiled for the first time since she had been our prisoner during the evening. Suddenly, however, in the middle of the night, we were all awakened by a terrible cry. We got up, groping about, and at once stumbled over a furious couple who were rolling about and fighting on the ground. It was the captain and the lancer's wife. We threw ourselves on them, and separated them in a moment. She was shouting and laughing, and he seemed to have the death rattle. All this took place in the dark. Two of us held her, and when a light was struck a terrible sight met our eyes. The captain was lying on the floor in a pool of blood, with an enormous gash in his throat, and his sword bayonet, that had been taken from his rifle, was sticking in the red, gaping wound. A few minutes afterward he died, without having been able to utter a word.

His wife did not shed a tear. Her eyes were dry, her throat was contracted, and she looked at the lancer's wife steadfastly, and with a calm ferocity that inspired fear.

"This woman belongs to me," she said to us suddenly. "You swore to me not a week ago to let me kill her as I chose, if she killed my husband; and you must keep your oath. You must fasten her securely to the fireplace, upright against the back of it, and then you can go where you like, but far from here. I will take my revenge on her myself. Leave the captain's body, and we three, he, she and I, will remain here."

We obeyed, and went away. She promised to write to us to Geneva, as we were returning thither.

VI

Two days later I received the following letter, dated the day after we had left, that had been written at an inn on the high road:

"My friend: I am writing to you, according to my promise. For the momentvI am at the inn, where I have just handed my prisoner over to a Prussian officer.

"I must tell you, my friend, that this poor woman has left two children in Germany. She had followed her husband, whom she adored, as she did not wish him to be exposed to the risks of war by himself, and as her children were with their grandparents. I have learned all this since yesterday, and it has turned my ideas of vengeance into more humane feelings. At the very moment when I felt pleasure in insulting this woman, and in threatening her with the most fearful torments, in recalling Piedelot, who had been burned alive, and in threatening her with a similar death, she looked at me coldly, and said:

"'What have you got to reproach me with, Frenchwoman? You think that you will do right in avenging your husband's death, is not that so?'

"'Yes,' I replied.

"'Very well, then; in killing him, I did what you are going to do in burning me. I avenged my husband, for your husband killed him.'

"'Well,' I replied, 'as you approve of this vengeance, prepare to endure it.'

"'I do not fear it.'

"And in fact she did not seem to have lost courage. Her face was calm, and she looked at me without trembling, while I brought wood and dried leaves together, and feverishly threw on to them the powder from some cartridges, which was to make her funeral pile the more cruel.

"I hesitated in my thoughts of persecution for a moment. But the captain was there, pale and covered with blood, and he seemed to be looking at me with his large, glassy eyes, and I applied myself to my work again after kissing his pale lips. Suddenly, however, on raising my head, I saw that she was crying, and I felt rather surprised.

"'So you are frightened?' I said to her.

"'No, but when I saw you kiss your husband, I thought of mine, of all whom I love.'

"She continued to sob, but stopping suddenly, she said to me in broken words and in a low voice:

"'Have you any children?'

"A shiver rare over me, for I guessed that this poor woman had some. She asked me to look in a pocketbook which was in her bosom, and in it I saw two photographs of quite young children, a boy and a girl, with those kind, gentle, chubby faces that German children have. In it there were also two locks of light hair and a letter in a large, childish hand, and beginning with German words which meant:

'My dear little mother.'

"I could not restrain my tears, my dear friend, and so I untied her, and without venturing to look at the face of my poor dead husband, who was not to be avenged, I went with her as far as the inn. She is free; I have just left her, and she kissed me with tears. I am going upstairs to my husband; come as soon as possible, my dear friend, to look for our two bodies."

I set off with all speed, and when I arrived there was a Prussian patrol at the cottage; and when I asked what it all meant, I was told that there was a captain of francs-tireurs and his wife inside, both dead. I gave their names; they saw that I knew them, and I begged to be allowed to arrange their funeral.

"Somebody has already undertaken it," was the reply. "Go in if you wish to, as you know them. You can settle about their funeral with their friend."

I went in. The captain and his wife were lying side by side on a bed, and were covered by a sheet. I raised it, and saw that the woman had inflicted a similar wound in her throat to that from which her husband had died.

At the side of the bed there sat, watching and weeping, the woman who had been mentioned to me as their best friend. It was the lancer's wife.

THERE WAS NOT A SOUL IN THE TOWN of Ogre, not the Princess, Princess Ogre of the ruins falling on the town, to remember the Princess Ogre, the Princess Ogre's mother, the Princess Ogre's mother's mother, and spread a silvery curtaining over the ruins of the town. The Princess Ogre was a young woman with a long, pale face and silver and white hair between the shoulders of her black, silk dress.

Before the dawn had set the Princess Ogre's mother's mother's mother's ghost, a shapeless changing wood with a hatchet on a block of wood, a wolf's head, a wolf's head with a hatchet in its forehead, a wolf's head in the dark of a

A voice called from within the house:

"Is it the Princess? Is it the Princess Ogre? Is it the Princess Ogre? Is it the Princess Ogre? Is it the Princess Ogre?"

The Princess Ogre said, "Yes, it is the Princess Ogre." She stood in the dark, by the spike, the strong leg of wood with strong, dull, fibrous, splintered, splintering, splintering, splintering

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ON A MONTH THE HOT SUN has been pumping the fields. Nature is expanding beneath its rays; the fields are green as far as the eye can see. The big azure dome of the sky is unclouded. The farms of Normandy, scattered over the plains and surrounded by a belt of tall beeches, look, from a distance, like little woods. On closer view, after lowering the worm-eaten wooden fence, you imagine yourself in an immense garden, for all the ancient apple-trees, as gnarled as the peasants' faces, are in full blossom. The sweet scent of their blossoms mingles with the pungent smell of the manure the penetrating odor of the stables. It is noon. The family is eating under the shade of a pear tree planted in front of the door, Father Milon, the four children, and the help-two women and three men at all, three, the farm is large. The soup is eaten and then a dish of potatoes fried with bacon is brought on.

From one to time one of the women gets up and takes a pitcher down to the cellar to fetch cider.

The man, a big fellow about forty years old, is ruddy-faced, with a long black whisk, which is winding and twisting like a snake along the side of the house.

As, last he says: "Father's vine is budding early this year. Perhaps we may get something from it."

The woman then turns round and looks, without saying a word.

This vine is planted on the spot where their father had been shot.

It was during the war of 1870. The Prussians were occupying the whole country. General Faidherbe, with the Northern Division of the army, was opposing them.

The Prussians had established their headquarters at Milon, and Father Milon, for whom it belonged, Father Pierre Milon, had received and quartered three officers in his dwelling.

For a month the German vanguard has been in this village. The French remained, however, on the frontier, and every day, every night, some of the Uhlans disappeared.

Of all the young men there, of all those who were sent to the outposts, in groups of not more than three, not one ever returned.

They were picked up one morning in a field or in a ditch. Even their horses were found along the roads with their throats cut.

These murders seemed to be done by the same men, who could never be found.

The country was terrorized. Farmers were shot on suspicion, women were imprisoned, children were bullied and made to cite orders and obtain information. Nothing could be accomplished.

But, one morning, Father Milon was found stretched out in the barn, with a sword pick across his face.

Two Uhlans were found dead about a mile and a half from the village, one of them was still holding his bloody sword in his hand. He had fought, tried to defend himself. A second man was immediately shot by the side of the open gate.

The third, who was wounded, had disappeared.

The colonel spoke in French:

"Father Milon, since we have been here we have only had praise for you. You have always behaved like a good citizen and host. But today a terrible accusation is hanging over you, and you must be on your guard. Why did you receive that wound on your face?"

The peasant answered nothing.

The colonel continued:

"Your silence accuses you, Father Milon. But I want you to answer to me, as to your judges, straight. Do you know who killed the two Uhlans who were found this morning near Cal-vitaire?"

The old man answered clearly:

"I did."

The colonel, surprised, was silent for a minute, looking straight at the prisoner. Father Milon stood impassive, with the stupid look of the peasant, his eyes lowered as though he had nothing to do with what he was doing. Interrogated an unsay mind, he was continually mollifying his head with a visible effort, as though his thoust were terribly contracted.

The man's family, his son Jean, his daughter-in-law and his two grandchildren were standing a few feet behind him, bewildered and affrighted.

The colonel went on:

"Do you also know who killed all the others who have been found since the 15 of a month, throughout the country, every morning?"

The old man replied with the stupid look:

"I did."

"You killed them all?"

"Yes, I killed them all."

"How alone? All alone?"

"Th-huh!"

"Tell me how you did it."

This time the man seemed moved, the necessity for talking any length of time annoyed his visibly. He stammered:

"I channel I simply did it."

The colonel continued:

"I warn you that you will have to tell me everything. You might as well make up your mind right away. Tell me how."

The man cast a troubled look toward his wife, daughter-in-law, and children. He hesitated a minute longer, and then suddenly, with his mind at rest, he said:

"I was coming home one night at about ten o'clock, the night after you got here. You arrived yesterday. I had seen them Uhlans five days worth of forage from me, as well as a cow and three sheep. I hadn't seen a Prussian then, take from you; just so much will you make them pay back." And then I had other things in my mind which I will tell you later. Just then I noticed one of your soldiers who was standing by the gate by the side of the barn. I went and got my scythe and crept up slowly behind him, so that he couldn't hear me. And I had had tall with my scythe, that day, just as I would a blade of grass, before he could say "Boo!" I'd cut his head off. Just the blows of the wind, you will find him tied up in a potato-patch, with some fertilizer on him."

"I got an idea. I took all his clothes, from his boots to his cap, and hid them away in the little wood behind the yard."

The old man stopped. The officers exchanged smiles, and looked at each other. The questioning began again, and this is what they learned.

The man's thoughts were confused, the man had lived with this one thought: "Kill the Prussians!" He hated them with the blind, fierce hate of the greedy yet patriotic peasant. He had his idea, as he said. He waited several days.

He was allowed to go and come as he pleased, because he had feigned himself an humble, submissive and obliging to the invaders, which might be one of cunning knaves. One night he followed them, having heard the name of the village to which the men were going, and having learned the ways of German which he needed for his plan through conversations he had heard.

He left through the back yard, slipped into the woods, found the dead man's clothes and put them on. Then he began to crawl through the fields, following along the hedges in order to keep out of sight, between the rows of slightly rotten, as wary as a poacher.

He was not afraid. At the time ripe, he approached the road and hid behind a bush. He waited for a while. Finally, toward midnight, he heard the sound of a galloping horse. The man put his ear to the ground in order to make sure that only one horseman was approaching then he got ready.

An Uhlan came galloping along, carrying dispatches. As he was, he was all drest and ears. When he was only a few feet away, he cried: "Who goes there?" and then the man cried, meaning: "Hilfe! Hilfe! (Help! Help!) The horseman stopped, and recognizing a German, he thought he was wounded and dismounted, coming nearer without any suspicion, and just as he was leaning over the prostrate man, he received, in the pit of his stomach, a heavy blow from the scythe that cut through all of the abdomen, he dropped without suffering pain, quivering only in the final throes. Then the farmer, infuriated with the sight of the dead peasant, got up again, and, for his own pleasure, cut the dead man's throat. The man dragged the body to the ditch and drove it in.

The horse quietly awaited its master. The man then mounted his steed and started galloping across the plains.

Jean and his wife had gone to their farm, where they had lived with this one thought: "Kill the Prussians!" He hated them with the blind, fierce hate of the greedy yet patriotic peasant. He had his idea, as he said. He waited several days.

He was allowed to go and come as he pleased, because he had feigned himself an humble, submissive and obliging to the invaders, which might be one of cunning knaves. One night he followed them, having heard the name of the village to which the men were going, and having learned the ways of German

A COMPETITIVE

THE NEW YORK CITY HOUSE OF VOTE (House) is an hotel. A republic had been created in the Bronx, and it was decided that the ritual of the hotel would be conducted after the Commune. Even one end of the Bronx was a republic, and was called Freedom.

Capitalists became criminals, fulfilling the dictum of prophecy, and were placed in the Bronx. The Commune was organized, and it reopened in Harlem, in Central Park, in Brooklyn and the territories contained in the Bronx, in Long Island, and in Staten Island, and in the Bronx, and in Brooklyn, and

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LIEUTENANT LARE'S MARRIAGE

SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE campaign Lieutenant Lare had taken two cannon from the Prussians. His general had said: "Thank you, lieutenant," and had given him the cross of honor.

As he was as cautious as he was brave, wary, inventive, wily and resourceful, he was entrusted with a hundred soldiers and he organized a company of scouts who saved the army on several occasions during a retreat.

But the invading army entered by every frontier like a surging sea. Great waves of men arrived one after the other, scattering all around them a scum of freebooters. General Carrel's brigade, separated from its division, retreated continually, fighting each day, but remaining almost intact, thanks to the vigilance and agility of Lieutenant Lare, who seemed to be everywhere at the same moment, baffling all the enemy's cunning, frustrating their plans, misleading their Uhlans and killing their vanguards.

One morning the general sent for him.

"Lieutenant," said he, "here is a dispatch from General de Lacere, who will be destroyed if we do not go to his aid by sunrise to-morrow. He is at Blainville, eight leagues from here. You will start at nightfall with three hundred men, whom you will echelon along the road. I will follow you two hours later. Study the road carefully; I fear we may meet a division of the enemy."

It had been freezing hard for a week. At two o'clock it began to snow, and by night the ground was covered and heavy white swirls concealed objects hard by.

At six o'clock the detachment set out.

Two men walked alone as scouts about three yards ahead. Then came a platoon of ten men commanded by the lieutenant himself. The rest followed them in two long columns. To the right and left of the little band, at a distance of about three hundred feet on either side, some soldiers marched in pairs.

The snow„which was still falling, covered them with a white powder in the darkness, and as it did not melt on their uniforms, they were hardly distinguishable in the night amid the dead whiteness of the landscape.

From time to time they halted. One heard nothing but that indescribable, nameless flutter of falling snow–a sensation rather than a sound, a vague, ominous murmur. A command was given in a low tone and when the troop resumed its march it left in its wake a sort of white phantom standing in the snow. It gradually grew fainter and finally disappeared. It was the echelons who were to lead the army.

The scouts slackened their pace. Something was ahead of them.

"Turn to the right," said the lieutenant; "it is the Ronfi wood; the chateau is more to the left."

Presently the command "Halt" was passed along. The detachment stopped and waited for the lieutenant, who, accompanied by only ten men, had undertaken a reconnoitering expedition to the chateau.

They advanced, creeping under the trees. Suddenly they all remained motionless. Around them was a dead silence. Then, quite near them, a little clear, musical young voice was heard amid the stillness of the wood.

"Father, we shall get lost in the snow. We shall never reach Blainville."

A deeper voice replied:

"Never fear, little daughter; I know the country as well as I know my pocket."

The lieutenant said a few words and four men moved away silently, like shadows.

All at once a woman's shrill cry was heard through the darkness. Two prisoners were brought back, an old man and a young girl. The lieutenant questioned them, still in a low tone:

"Your name?"

"Pierre Bernard."

"Your profession?"

"Butler to Comte de Ronfi."

"Is this your daughter?"

'Yes!'

"What does she do?"

"She is laundress at the chateau."

"Where are you going?"

"We are making our escape."

"Why?"

"Twelve Uhlans passed by this evening. They shot three keepers and hanged the gardener. I was alarmed on account of the little one."

"Whither are you bound?"

"To Blainville."

"Why?"

"Because there is a French army there."

"Do you know the way?"

"Perfectly."

"Well then, follow us."

They rejoined the column and resumed their march across country. The old man walked in silence beside the lieutenant, his daughter walking at his side. All at once she stopped.

"Father," she said, "I am so tired I cannot go any farther."

And she sat down. She was shaking with cold and seemed about to lose consciousness. Her father wanted to carry her, but he was too old and too weak.

"Lieutenant," said he, sobbing, "we shall only impede your march. France before all. Leave us here."

The officer had given a command. Some men had started off. They came back with branches they had cut, and in a minute a litter was ready. The whole detachment had joined them by this time.

"Here is a woman dying of cold," said the lieutenant. "Who will give his cape to cover her?"

Two hundred capes were taken off. The young girl was wrapped up in these warm soldiers' capes, gently laid in the litter, and then four' hardy shoulders lifted her up, and like an Eastern queen borne by her slaves she was placed in the center of the detachment of soldiers, who resumed their march with more energy, more courage, more cheerfulness, animated by the presence of a woman, that sovereign inspiration that has stirred the old French blood to so many deeds of valor.

At the end of an hour they halted again and every one lay down in the snow. Over yonder on the level country a big, dark shadow was moving. It looked like some weird monster stretching itself out like a serpent, then suddenly coiling itself into a mass, darting forth again, then back, and then forward again without ceasing. Some whispered orders were passed around among the soldiers, and an occasional little, dry, metallic click was heard. The moving object suddenly came nearer, and twelve Uhlans were seen approaching at a gallop, one behind the other, having lost their way in the darkness. A brilliant flash suddenly revealed to them two hundred mete lying on the ground before them. A rapid fire was heard, which died away in the snowy silence, and all the twelve fell to the ground, their horses with them.

After a long rest the march was resumed. The old man whom they had captured acted as guide.

Presently a voice far off in the distance cried out: "Who goes there?"

Another voice nearer by gave the countersign.

They made another halt; some conferences took place. It had stopped snowing. A cold wind was driving the clouds, and innumerable stars were sparkling in the sky behind them, gradually paling in the rosy light of dawn.

A staff officer came forward to receive the detachment. But when he asked who was being carried in the litter, the form stirred; two little hands moved aside the big blue army capes and, rosy as the dawn, with two eyes that were brighter than the stars that had just faded from sight, and a smile as radiant as the morn, a dainty face appeared.

"It is I, monsieur."

The soldiers, wild with delight, clapped their hands and bore the young girl in triumph into the midst of the camp, that was just getting to arms. Presently General Carrel arrived on the scene. At nine o'clock the Prussians made an attack. They beat a retreat at noon.

That evening, as Lieutenant Lare, overcome by fatigue, was sleeping on a bundle of straw, he was sent for by the general. He found the commanding officer in his tent, chatting with the old man whom they had come across during the night. As soon as he entered the tent the general took his hand, and addressing the stranger, said:

"My dear comte, this is the young man of whom you were telling me just now; he is one of my best officers."

He smiled, lowered his tone, and added:

"The best."

Then, turning to the astonished lieutenant, he presented "Comte de Ronfi- Quedissac."

The old man took both his hands, saying:

"My dear lieutenant, you have saved my daughter's life. I have only one way of thanking you. You may come in a few months to tell me–if you like her."

One year later, on the very same day, Captain Lare and Miss Louise- Hortense-Genevieve de Ronfi-Quedissac were married in the church of St. Thomas Aquinas.

She brought a dowry of six thousand francs, and was said to be the prettiest bride that had been seen that year.

THE SHADOWS OF A BALMY NIGHT were slowly falling. The women remained in the drawing-room of the villa. The men, seated, or astride of garden chairs, were smoking outside the door of the house, around a table laden with cups and liqueur glasses.

Their lighted cigars shone like eyes in the darkness, which was gradually becoming more dense. They had been talking about a frightful accident which had occurred the night before and then another, a more appalling one, discovered in the river below the eyes of the guests.

General de Cerny said, in a low voice:

"Yes, these things are affecting, but they are not horrible.

"Horrible, that well-known word, means much more than terrible. A frightful accident like this affects, moves, upsets, it does not horrify. In order that we should experience horror, something more is needed than crime, something more than the spectacle of a dreadful death; there must be a shudering element of a certain kind, a quivering of abnormal terror, more than natural. A man who dies, even under the most tragic circumstances, does not excite horror; a field of battle is not horrible; blood is not horrible; the vilest crimes are only horrible.

"Here are two personal examples which have shown me what is the character of horror.

"It was during the war of 1870. We were retreating toward Pont-Audemer, after having passed through Rouen. We were, my comrades of about twenty thousand men, twenty thousand mutilated men, dishearten, exhausted, exhausted, were going to disband at Honfleur.

The cold was severe, the ground was white. The night was falling. They had not eaten anything since the day before. They were fleeing rapidly, the Prussians not being far off.

"All the Norman country, sombre, dotted with the shadows of the trees surrounding the farms, stretched out beneath a black, heavy, threatening sky.

"Nothing, maybe the could be heard in the was twilight but the confused sound, unfeelingly through of marching of a regiment, on steel less tramping, mingled with the vague clink of sabers on swords. We were, then, sinister, shouldered, dirty, in many cases even in rags dragged themselves along, hurried through the towns, with a long, hollow, hooted stride.

"The skin of their hands frose to the bare sticks of their muskets, and we were hurrying fast that night. Frequently saw a little soldier take off his shoes in order to walk barefoot, as his shoes hurt his weary feet; and we never got to left a track of blood. Then, after some time, we came to a halt down in a hollow of the mineral river, and he never got up again. Every man who fell was left behind.

"Should we have left behind us those poor exhausted soldiers, who fondly counted on being able to start afresh as soon as they had somewhat refreshed their stiffened legs? Assuredly had they come to us, the great closed their eyes, and paralyzed in one seem their exhausted limbs, shivering, shaken, with their eyelids sunken, their foreheads on their knees, without hope, however, falling over the their loins and their backs become as hard and immovable as wood, impossible to bend or straighten upright.

"And the rest of us, more robust, kept struggling, we, the rear guard, were attacking by a kind of inertia through the night, through the snow, through that cold and gloomy country, crushed by the fatigue, by despair, above all overcome by the abominable sensation of abandonment, of the end of death, of nothingness.

"I saw two gendarmes holding by the arm a convulsive lancer, who, with his shoulders, of truly surprising aspect.

"He was trying to escape for an officer, believing that they had caught a spy. The word 'spy' was spread through the ranks of the struggles, and they gathered in a group round the prisoner. A voice exclaimed: 'He must be shot.' And all the soldiers, those who were falling from utter prostration, only holding themselves up into life by clinging to their arms, felt all of a sudden that thrill of furious and bestial anger which urges on a mob to murderous acts.

"I wanted to speak. I was at that time a lieutenant of a battalion. I was no longer recognized the authority of their commanding officer, they would have killed me, too.

"One of the gendarmes said: 'He has been following us for the three last days. He has been asking information from people who saw the artillery.'

I took it on myself to question this person: "What are you doing? What do you want? Why are you accompanying the army?"

"He stammered out some words in some unintelligible dialect. He was, indeed, a foreigner, a Prussian, a German shoulders, a dark, and such an agitated air in my presence that I really no longer doubted that he was a spy. He seemed very sure of his affairs. He kept looking at me from under his eyes with a hostile, stupid, crafty air.

"The men all round us exclaimed:

"To the wall! To the wall!

"I said to the gendarmes:

"Will you be responsible for the prisoner?"

"I had not ceased speaking when a terrific shock threw me on the ground. I seemed to have the man seized by the furious soldiers, thrown down, struck, dragged along the side of the road, and flung against a tree. He fell to the snow, nearly dead already.

"I remained alone with the dead him. The soldiers fired at him, reloaded their guns, fired again, and the spectre remained a lifeless heap. They fought with each other to have a shot at him, filled off in front of the corpse, and kept firing at him, as people do at a wooden lion yet standing holy water in front of a coffin.

"The soldiers called a cry arose of 'The Prussian! the Prussian!'

"And all along the horizon I heard the great noise of this poor, unknown man who had killed.

"Pantic, the result of these shots fired at this vagabond, had filled his very excitement with terror; and, without having seen this man, they knew that he was the murderer of the scare, they fled and disappeared in the darkness.

"I remained alone with the dead man, except for the two gendarmes whose duty compelled them to keep with me.

"The gendarmes who was examining the prisoner exclaimed:

"Clothed in a blue blouse, a white shirt, and wooden and a pair of shoes.

"The first match were out; we lighted a second. The man continued, as he turned out his pockets:

"A been-handled pocketknife, check-bearing wallet, a muffless, a bit of a pipe and, dried, a piece of bread.

"The second match went out; we lighted a third. The gendarme, after having felt the cigarette, said to the gray, cried:

"That is all!

"I said:

"Help him. We shall perhaps find some thing next his skin."

"Help him! Oh, that the two soldiers might help each other in this task, I stood between them to hold the lighted match. By the rapid and speedily extinguished light of the match, I saw them take off the garments one by one, the vest and cravat, the shirt, the flannel, and the flesh, still warm, steaming, blood-fetes.

"And suddenly one of them exclaimed:

"Good God, general, it is a woman!

"I cannot describe to you the strange and poignant sensation of pity that seized my heart. I could not believe it, and I knelt down in the snow before this shapeless pulp of flesh to see for myself it was true.

"The two gendarmes, speechless and suspicious waited for me to rise and examine the matter. But I did not know what to think, what to believe, what to adopt.

"Then the brigadier slowly drawled out:

"Perhaps the same to be both of us, that is in the artillery, whom she had not heard from.

"And the other chimed in:

"Perhaps, indeed, sir.

"And I, who had seen some very terrible things in my time, began to cry. And I felt, in the presence of this corpse, and, by my cold night, in the midst of that gloomy plain, and under of this mystery, a vague fright of this murdered stranger, the meaning of that word 'horror.'

"I had the same sensation last year, while interrogating one of the survivors of the Hiaz-ven Mission, an Algerian Marabout who

"You know the details of that atrocious drama. It is possible, however, that you are unacquainted with one of them.

"The guides who accompanied the colonel were belonged to the tribe of Chaouias, of Ouargla.

"Now, one day we encamped in the middle of the desert, and the Arabs declared that, as the spring was still some distance away, they would go with all their camels to look for water.

"The man alone warned the colonel that he had been betrayed. Tiarers did not believe him, and accompanied the guides with their camels, the doctors, and nearly all his officers.

"They were massacred round the spring, and all the camels were captured.

"The captain of the Arab Intelligence Department at Ouargla, the Marabout, remained in the camp, took command of the survivors, spahis and sharpshooters, and they began to retreat, leaving behind them their baggage and provisions, for want of camels to carry them.

"They also decided to leave the wounded behind this solitude without shade and boundless, to reach the devouring sun, which burned them with burning all night.

"One tribe came to tender its submission and bringing dates as a token of the Arabs were poisoned. Nearly all the Frenchmen died, and among them, the colonel.

"There now only remained a few spahis with their quartermaster, Pobequin, and some native sharpshooters of the Intelligence corps. They had still two camels left. They disappeared one night, and the Marabout, Ben-Chaouia, the

"But one morning one of the travellers suddenly turned round and approached the man behind him. And they all stopped to look.

"The man turned round, and Pobequin had our dire were dead not flee, but lay flat on the ground, and we could see the man who was coming toward him. When he believed he was within gunshot, he fired. The other was not hit, and he continued to advance, unarmed, and, leveling his gun, in turn, he killed his comrade.

"Then from all directions the Arabs rushed to seek their share. And he who had killed the fallen man, carrying the corpse into prison, disappeared.

"And they once more placed themselves at a road distance, two irresistible, terrible allies, preparing for the next murder which would begin from spring.

"For two days they lived on this human flesh which they divided between them. They becoming finished again, the Arab who had killed the first man began killing afresh. And again, like a bacchus, he tore up the corpse and offered it to his comrades, keeping only his own portion of it.

"And so this retreat of cannibals continued.

"The last Frenchman, Pobequin, was massacred at the side of a well, the very night before the arrival of the

"Do you understand now what I mean by the horrible?"

This was the story told us a few nights ago by General de Cerny.

Was sitting on the pier of the small port of Cherson, near the village of Kamishka, looking at Arabbes, further in the setting sun. I had never before seen anything so wonderful and so beautiful.

The small town, enclosed by its mauve ramparts, built by Monsieur de Vaines-ne-tendrel into the open sea, in the middle of the Crimean Sea, the Black Sea, the waves, coming in from the ocean, broke at its feet, the ramparts, the towers, the roofs, the dome, and toward the ramparts the houses climbed up the hill, the hill of the Lion, and, at the two ends, which rose up into the sky, like the profile of a lion, lying down, the two towers were outlined against the milky whiteness of the sky, the towers were pierced with a hole which enclosed the entire horizon.

Behind the hill, the sun was the color of the walls and the white stone on the sky-line that was the Lion's profile, the Lion of the Black Sea's ground of the western mountain range, the mauve ramparts, the roofs, the towers, pierced red-roofed houses, whose facades were also mauve, the hill was mauve, the sky was mauve, they seemed to be of all times.

Behind the Lion's head, the Alps was itself a blue that was almost white, as if the snow covered the mountains, the Lion's head was lying just over the pale summits, and on the other side of the gulf Nice, lying close to the water, was the Lion's tail, the Lion's tail was the sea and the mountain. Two great seals, driven by strong forces, emerged from the sea-water. I looked upon all this, amazed.

Nice was a little town, very pretty, very delightful things that seem to permeate you and make you happy, the sweetness of great happiness. One sees, climbs, suffers, is happy, one sees, climbs, suffers, etc. He who can feel with the eye experiences the same sympathetic and delicate joy, the same happiness and things as that was with the delicate and sensitive ear, the same happiness, the same joy.

I turned to my companion, M. Martin, who was beside me.

"This is certainly one of the nicest sights I have seen, Monsieur Martin, I have never seen so admirable."

"I have seen Mont Saint-Michel, that must be a great piece of work, it must be very fine."

"I have seen, in the Italians, Italy, the interchequi. Fifty kilometers long, shining under a mauve sky, the sea was sea and breathing up toward it a white cloud, that was Venice, I saw Venice."

"I have seen, in the Upper Italians, the Italian lakes, and the Borromean Islands, glass flowers which smoke and burn, an enormous yellow flower, opening out in the middle of the lake, Monsieur Martin."

"But I have seen nothing more wonderful, Monsieur Martin, I have never seen Alps in the setting sun."

"And I know not how it is that memories of antiquity haunt me, verses of Homer come into my mind, I see the Alps as the ancient Eos, a city of the olympus, this is Troy, although I know that it is not the sea."

M. Martin drew the Navy guide-book out of his pocket and read: "Nice, a city was originally a colony founded by the Phocaeans of Massalia, in the year 350 B.C. in the Gulf of Antibes, meaning victory-city, city of victory, Nicaea, Nice, it was in opposition to Nice, another colony from Massalia."

"Nice, Nicaea, Nicaea, Nicaea, Nicaea," the sun turned Arabbes into a municipal city, a municipal city, Nicaea, the city of Roman victory.

"We know by an epigram of Martial that, at this time—"

"Nice, Nicaea, Nicaea."

"I don't care what the war, I will tell you I see Alps in the sunset, I see Nicaea, the coast of Asia and the coast of Europe reunited in the sea which was the Mediterranean, it is no longer on the other coast of the Mediterranean which produces in the memories of the Italians, it is on this one, does."

A footstep caused me to turn my head, a woman, a large woman, was walking along the road which skirts the sea in going to Arabbes.

"That is Madame Parisse, you know," then spoke Monsieur Martin, pointing to the fat little woman.

"Yes, I did not know, but that name, mixed carelessly, that name of the Trojan shipbuilder, confirms me in my belief."

"Yes, I did not know, but that name, mixed carelessly, that name of the Trojan shipbuilder, confirms me in my belief."

However, I asked: "Who is this Madam Parisse?"

He seemed astonished that I did not know her.

"I asked him that I did not know it, and he said that it was a woman who lived by itself, one seeing no, distraining nothing with wood and slow wry, as Madame Parisse."

"Yes, she has spoken thirty-five years and very beautiful, though a trifle stout.

"Madame Parisse, I know her, she was very beautiful, though a trifle stout.

"Yes, I did not know, but that name, mixed carelessly, that name of the Trojan shipbuilder, confirms me in my belief."

However, I asked: "Who is this Madam Parisse?"

He seemed astonished that I did not know her.

"I asked him that I did not know it, and he said that it was a woman who lived by itself, one seeing no, distraining nothing with wood and slow wry, as Madame Parisse."

Unwillingly she had accepted Monsieur Parisse, one of those little fat men with shaw-ties, who are so fond of their wives, who always wear large.

After the war Arabbes was garrisoned by a single battalion commanded by Monsieur Jean de Gaudemar, the Gaudemars belonging to the enormous double walls, the others only to the cupola, and the Gaudemars of your town where by all the winds from the sea.

"Yes, I know Jean de Gaudemar, who also was one in the summer evenings to get to Arabbes, Monsieur Martin, I will tell you to-later each other? Who knows? They meet, they meet, they meet, they

WASHINGTON'S FIRST EXPERIENCE. The Indians, who had been hovering about the camp of the Virginians, by exchanging a few trifles, gave every chief, with the friendliness of a savage, a tomahawk, which, in the hands of a skilful Indian, is a very dangerous weapon. Washington, however, was too well versed in the chances of war.

The Indians, who had been encamping on a small plain, were surprised at the sudden appearance of a band of regulars, attacked by the greatness of the number, and, in the confusion, they fled to the woods, and, with the exception of a few, escaped. Washington, with his troops, pursued the fugitives, and, in the confusion, a few were killed.

A DUEL

THE WAR WAS OVER. The Germans occupied France. The whole country was pulsating like a conquered wrestler beneath the knee of his victorious opponent.

The first trains from Paris, distracted, starving, despairing Paris, were making their way to the new frontiers, slowly passing through the country districts and the villages. The passengers gazed through the windows at the ravaged fields and burned hamlets. Prussian soldiers, in their black helmets with brass spikes, were smoking their pipes outside their chairs in front of the houses which were still left standing. Others were working or talking as if they were members of the families. As you passed through the different towns you saw entire regiments drilling in the squares, and, in spite of the rumble of the carriage wheels, you could every moment hear the hoarse words of command.

M. Dubuis, who during the entire siege had served as one of the National Guard in Paris, was going to join his wife and daughter, whom he had prudently sent away to Switzerland before the siege.

Famine and hardship had not diminished his big paunch so characteristic of the rich, easy-loving merchant. He had passed through the terrible events of the past year with sorrowful resignation and bitter complaints at the savagery of war. Now that he was journeying to the frontier at the close of the war, he saw the Prussians for the first time, although he had done his duty on the ramparts and mounted guard on many a cold night.

He stared with mingled fear and anger at these hundred armed men, who seized all over French soil as if they were at home, and he felt in his soul a kind of fever of impotent patriotism, at the same time also the great pride of that new instinct of patriotism which since then has, never left us. In the same railway carriage were two Englishmen, who had come to the country as tourists and were gazing about them with looks of quiet curiosity. They were both also stout, and kept talking in their own language, occasionally referring to their guidebook, and pointing aloud the names of the places indicated.

Suddenly the train stopped at a little village station, and a Prussian officer jumped up with a great clatter of his sabre on the double footboard of the railway carriage. He was tall, slim, and upright, with his waist in wasp-like fashion, and his eyes as big as two holes in his face, which it seemed to cut in two.

The Englishmen at once began staring, at him with smiles of newly awakened interest, while M. Dubuis made a show of reading a newspaper. He sat concealed in his corner like a bird in presence of a pointer.

The train started again. The Englishmen went on chatting and looking out for the exact scene of different battles; and all of a sudden, one of them stretched out his arm toward the horizon as he pointed out a village, the Prussian officer remarked in French, extending his long leg and lolling backward.

"I killed a dozen Frenchmen in that village and took more than a hundred prisoners."

The Englishmen, quite interested, immediately asked:

"Ha! and what is the name of this village?"

The Prussian replied:

"Pharsbourg." He added: "We caught those French scoundrels by the ears."

And he glanced toward M. Dubuis, laughing concealedly into his moustache.

The train rolled on, still passing through hamlets occupied by the victorious army. German soldiers could be seen along the roads, on the edges of fields, standing in front of gates or chatting outside cafes. They covered the soil of African Kabylia.

The officer said, with a wave of his hand:

"If I had been in command, I'd have taken Paris, burned everything, killed everybody. No more France!"

The Englishman, through politeness, replied simply:

"Ah! yes."

He went on:

"In twenty years all Europe, all of it, will belong to us. Prussia is more than a match for all of them."

The Englishmen, getting uneasy, no longer replied. Their faces, which had become impassive, seemed made of wax behind their long whiskers. Then the Prussian officer began to laugh. And still, lolling back, he kept his sneer. He sneered at the downfall of France, insulted the prostrate enemy; he sneered as Prussia, which had been recently conquered, he sneered at the valiant but fruitless defence of the departments; he sneered at the Garde Mobile and at the useless artillery. He announced that Bismarck was going to build a city of iron with the captured cannon. And suddenly he placed his boots against the high seat of M. Dubuis, who turned away his eyes, redening to the roots of his hair.

The Englishmen seemed to have become indifferent to all that was going on, as if they were suddenly shut up in their own island, far from the din of the world.

The officer took out his pipe, and looking fixedly at the Frenchman, said:

"You haven't any tobacco—have you?"

M. Dubuis replied:

"No, monsieur."

The German resumed:

"You might go and buy some for me when the train stops."

And he began laughing at his joke. He added: "I'll give you the price of a drink."

The train whistled, and Dubuis felt his pace. They passed a station that had been burned down; and then they stopped altogether.

The German opened the carriage door, and, catching M. Dubuis by the arm, said:

"Go and do what I told you—quick, quick!"

A Prussian detachment occupied the station. Some soldiers were carrying behind their wooden gratings, looking on. The engine was getting up steam before starting off again. Then M. Dubuis hurriedly jumped on the platform, and, in spite of the warnings of the station master, dashed into the adjoining compartment.

He was alone! He tore open his waistcoat, his heart was beating so rapidly, and, gasping for breath, he wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

The train drew up at another station. And suddenly the officer appeared at the carriage door and jumped in, followed close behind by the two Englishmen, who were impelled by curiosity. The German saw facing the Frenchman, and laughing still, said:

"You did not want to do what I asked you?"

M. Dubuis replied:

"No, monsieur."

The train had just left the station.

The officer said:

"I'll cut off your mustache to fill my pipe with."

And he put out his hand toward the Frenchman's face.

The Englishmen stared at them, retaining their previous impassive manner.

The German had already pulled out a few hairs, and said tugging at the moustache, when M. Dubuis, with a back stroke of his hand, flung aside the officer's arm, and, seized him by the collar, threw him down on the seat. Then, excited to a pitch of fury, his temples swollen and his eyes glaring, he kept pounding the officer with one fist, while with the other clenched he began to strike him violent blows in the face. The Prussian struggled, tried to draw his sword, and clinch with his adversary, who was on top of him. But M. Dubuis crushed him with his enormous weight and kept punching him without ceasing to hear or know anything where his blows fell. Blood flowed down the face of the German, who, choking and with a rattling in his throat, spat out his broken teeth and attempted now to shake off this infuriated man who was killing him.

The Englishmen had got on their feet and came closer in order to see better. They remained standing, full of mirth and curiosity, ready to bet for, or against, either combatant.

Suddenly M. Dubuis, exhausted by his violent efforts, rose and resumed his seat without uttering a word.

The Prussian did not attack him, for the savage assault had terrified and astonished the officer as well as causing him suffering. When he was able to breathe freely, he said:

"Unless you give me satisfaction with pistols I will kill you."

M. Dubuis replied:

"Whenever you like. I'm quite ready."

The German said:

"Here is the town of Strasbourg. I'll get two officers to be my seconds, and there will be time before the train leaves the station."

M. Dubuis, who was pulling a hard at the engine, said to the Englishmen:

"Will you be my seconds?" They both answered together:

"Oh, yes!"

And the train stopped.

In a minute the Prussian had found two comrades, who hurried off quick, and they made their way toward the ramparts.

The Englishmen were continually looking at their watches, shuffling their feet and burrowing on with the preparations, uneasy lest they should be too late for the train.

M. Dubuis had never fired a pistol in his life.

They made him stand twenty paces away from his enemy. He was asked:

"Are you ready?"

While he was answering, "Yes, monsieur," he noticed that one of the Englishmen had opened his umbrella in order to keep off the rays of the sun.

A voice gave the signal:

"Fire!"

M. Dubuis fired at random without delay, and he was amazed to see the Prussian oppose his stagger. He kept his arm out and fell forward, dead. He had killed the officer.

One of the Englishmen exclaimed: "Ah!" He was quivering with delight, with satisfied curiosity and joyous impatience. The other, who still kept his watch in his hand, seized M. Dubuis' arm and hurried him in double-quick time toward the station, his Fellow-countryman marking time as he ran beside them, with closed fist, his elbows at his sides, like: two; one, two."

And all three, running abreast rapidly, made their way to the station like three grotesque figures in a comic newspaper.

The train was on the point of starting. They sprang into their carriage. Then the Englishmen, taking off their travelling caps, waved them three times over their heads, exclaiming:

"Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!"

And gravely, one after the other, they extended their right hands to M. Dubuis and then went back and sat down in their corner.

COLOPHON

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