

"What say they here of that deed?"

"My brother and his wife? They say it was well done."

"They are right. There have been many such in other parts. The Prussian

"But not murder," said Jules.

"Ah, bah! Look at my captain. He was liberated on parole, yet he went back and fought, in Paris. He fell in a sortie. He is a martyr of France!"



"Hold here thy cigarette," he said; and he counted the bank-notes on the table, amongst his paints.—Page 306.

passes a peasant in a blouse. The peasant turns. Pang!"

"Yes," said Jules. "It is natural the Prussian should kill such a peasant, if he can."

"Possible. Thou art not a good Frenchman to say so"—the garde-chasse flashed a black look from his black eyes. "War is war."

"I am no judge. I understand nothing of what now happens. I am a man of peace," said Jules.

"Excellent. Thou art but a poor creature," replied the keeper. "I, like thy brother, I have seen the war. And better than he—the Prussian bullet, eh?" Pierre slapped his neighbor on the knee.