



The marble ladies were ignominiously dragged to the other side, in the shrubbery.—Page 306.

“Thou hurtest me,” said Jules.

“Ha, coward, thou dreatest pain?”

“Useless pain, yes.”

“Not I! I will tell thee news. In a few days I go to Paris. I am sorry the little lawyer, Thiers, has made peace there. I would gladly have fought some more, on the Federals’ side or his!”

“Hush!” The worker glanced round.

“Pooh—art thou fearsome! I am not afraid, least of all with thee. I know thou keepest secrets. I will tell thee one, for I am bursting to tell it! If not thee, I would tell the Prussians!” he whispered.

“I will tell thee why I go to Paris. It was I that shot the square-head; what sayest thou now?”

“I say, why?” answered Jules.

“Because he came after Anastasie. She is a woman; one never can know.”

“I would not say thou didst wrong,” answered Jules.

“But I would have done it without: he was a Prussian!”

“Be content thou hadst a reason. She is thy sweetheart,” reasoned Jules. To

him a sweetheart was a sacred thing: he had none.

“I go, then, to Paris, till all this is over. The Prussians will not be here long. As soon as the first payment is paid they must fall back.”

Jules laid down his bit of silver. “Five milliards! It is enormous!” he said. “Is there so much money in the world?”

“Psha! We will raise fifty to fight them afresh.”

“No, no! Listen. Thou art going to Paris? Then at last I have found what I sought.”

The garde-chasse lighted a cigarette.

“Thou wilt take money for me to the government. It is simple. We must all make work of patriotism, as the newspaper says.”

“*Tiens*, thou art a brave! I too will give my twenty francs.”

“That is good. That is much. Thou hast a future. A home.” Jules leaned back against the trellis, in the mellow night. He added slowly: “I have only myself.” And he extinguished his lamp.