

TOLD IN A FRENCH GARDEN

conversation, in which the Critic and the Journalist joined. When it was over, the Doctor said, "I understand," and returned to our group.

"Well, good friends," he said, "it really is farewell to the garden! The Critic and I are going to stay a bit. We are needed. The Youngster will drive one car, and the Lawyer the other. Get ready to start by three,—that will be just before daylight—and get into the house, all of you. You are in the way here."

Everybody obeyed.

We had less than three hours to get together necessary articles and all the time there was the steady marching of feet in the road, where what servants we had were standing with water and such small help as could be offered a tired army, and bringing in for first aid such of the exhausted men as could be braced up.

Long before we were ready, we heard the rumble of the artillery and the low commands of the officers. In spite of ourselves, we looked out to see the gray things being driven into the gate, and down toward the hillside.