

time to see the five officers spring to their saddles and gallop down the village street.

They stood still and listened.

The storm came thundering along, nearer and nearer, gradually growing into a rhythmic roar like angry waves breaking against the rocks. Suddenly the night resounded with the furious beating of thousands of horses' hoofs against the hard pavement of the *chaussée*!

"Cavalry! Cavalry!" cried the Curé, lifting his hands to heaven.

The Mayor in his tricolour scarf, with the Curé at his side, stood in front of the church.

"*Vive la France!*" he called out, as line after line of stalwart cuirassiers galloped past *ventre à terre*, their steel breastplates glistening in the dark and their black *crinières* floating in the wind.

"*Vive la France!*" the men joyously called back, leaning forward on their foaming horses.

"Yes! *Vive la France!*"

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The Doctor went back into the church.

"No, nobody has stirred," said the nun, "they are all just the same; they don't seem