

of his sword-hilt—the old caretaker just entered the drawing-room in time to witness this performance.

I am glad at least to be able to hail his comrade-in-arms, the Adalbert of this book, by his well-fitting Christian name; his family name was too long to remember, I have had to shorten it here for convenience sake. I know well he is a rather unusual type of German officer, but since I had the good luck to have half an hour's conversation with this phenomenon I do not see why I should not let the reader share the pleasure of his acquaintance. Moreover, I was told by Dr. Marvin, who knew the Germans far better than I do, that after all Adalbert was not such an uncommon type of German officer as I seemed to think—I was delighted to hear it, so much the better for us. He wanted to know if I was a nobleman: *sind sie Adel?* He seemed to have his doubts about it. It would amply satisfy all my literary ambitions were I able to present him with this photograph of himself, slightly retouched by a lenient hand, but very like him. I wish I knew where he was, he ought not to be difficult to trace. Maybe "Potsdam" would find him . . .

But the others, the dear old village doctor, the white-haired Curé, Sœur Marthe and