

"Not this time. We've made too clean a job of it. Fall in!"

The old fusilier slowly obeyed.

"Now for breakfast, lads!" Boucherat said jauntily.

"Shoulder arms. Quick mar-r-ch!"

The rattle of muskets; then the swing of retreating steps; and in a second or two total silence reigned over the arsenal court and a grave. The dead leaves from the plane trees beyond the wall were already beginning to fall on the two slabs.