

ished at the coolness he displayed in this hour of extreme peril, the commandant had ordered that the fatal verdict should, as far as he was concerned, be suspended for the moment, and that he should be kept a prisoner until his companions had met their fate at the foot of the neighboring barricade.

Apparently quite calm and resigned, his large eyes and his face — the pale face of a Parisian child — showed neither emotion nor anxiety. He seemed to watch all that was passing around him as though it had no concern for him. He heard; without moving a muscle, the sinister report of the rifles which hurled his companions into eternity; his calm, fixed gaze seemed to be looking into the great "hereafter," which was soon to become the "present" to him also. Perhaps he was thinking of his happy, careless childhood — he had hardly outgrown it; perhaps of those near and dear to him and their sorrow when they heard of his fate; of the fatal circumstances which had tossed him into the seething turmoil of civil war, and now demanded his life at the hands of fellow-countrymen.

At the time war was declared he was living happily with his father and mother, honest working folks, who had apprenticed him to a painter; politics never troubled that little household.

It was not long, however, before the Prussians had slain the head of the family. The privations of the siege, the long and weary waiting at the butchers' and bakers' shops when the scanty dole of food was distributed in the rigor of that terrible winter, had stretched his mother on a bed of suffering, where she lay slowly dying.

One day when Paul had gone with others to dig potatoes in the frost-bound plain of St. Denis, a Prussian bullet broke his shoulder, and afterward, driven partly by hunger, partly by fear of his companions' threats, he had enrolled himself in the army of the commune. Like many another, fear and fear only had led him into and kept him in the ranks; he