

*jours,"* said De Forsac, pointing to a nearly empty *flacon* that lay on the breakfast-table, "*et te voilà déjà à moitié gris.*"

"*Ah, dame! Voyez-vous, mon officier, c'est l'habitude, et voici Pauline, qui n'en boit pas mal non plus. Voulez-vous que je vous verse à boire, mon capitaine?*" he pursued, taking up the brandy bottle, and filling two small coffee cups, which were made to supply the absence of glasses.

De Forsac at first declined; but observing that his old *camarade* seemed half offended, he finally accepted the challenge. "*Allons, Précourt, à ta santé, et à celle de ta Pauline.*" He had, however, scarcely tasted it, when he felt his mouth and throat almost on fire with the liquor, and he threw down the cup with a movement of impatience.

"*Quoi, gredin!*" he exclaimed, as soon as he could find breath to articulate, "*est-ce que tu me donne celui pour de l'eau-de-vie?—c'est de l'eau-forte.*"

"*Je demande excuse, mon officier, c'est de la bonne eau-de-vie, et cela nous coûte toujours vingt sous le litre,*" replied the soldier, putting down his cup, which he had emptied at a draught; and without moving a muscle of his countenance, "*N'est-ce pas, mamie,*" he inquired, turning to Pauline, "*que cela nous coûte vingt sous le litre?*"

"*Ah! dame, oui,*" said the *grosse figurante*, in a voice nearly as powerful as his own. "*C'est moi qui l'achète, et j'en bois toujours.*"

"The devil you do," thought De Forsac; and as he only wished to satisfy himself that he had not swallowed vitriol instead of brandy, as he had almost feared, his mind was now at rest on this score, and he proposed to take leave of the worthy and well-assorted couple.

"*Ah, ça,*" he demanded, pulling out his purse, and putting a five-franc piece into the hand of Précourt, "*peux-tu m'indiquer l'appartement d'un nommé Pierre Godot, qui doit demeurer sur cet étage?*"

"*Si je le puis, mon officier,*" replied the *militaire*,