

have nobody to send; you know what has happened to poor Pierre, and God knows what has become of the two messengers I sent before. Will you undertake to deliver the letter?"

This settled the question, and the Mayor called out for Armand. A bright-eyed, charming-looking boy appeared at the door. After having ascertained that he was quite familiar with the road, the Mayor told him to go down to old Anne to get a good supper and wait in the kitchen till he was sent for without saying a word to anybody.

"Have you got a revolver?" asked the Mayor.

"No, and I don't want one," said the Doctor. "I have seen so much blood this last week, and so many wounds, and so many deaths, that I do not think I would feel like using it even if it came to the worst. Besides, as long as I wear this"—pointing to his Red Cross brassard—"I prefer not to carry arms. If I have to choose between the two I believe I am safer with the brassard than with the revolver. As for the boy, he is too small to carry a weapon and I believe that he also is safer unarmed."

"You are right as far as the boy is concerned, but you are wrong with regard to yourself," said the Mayor. "You know as