

blew through his pipe to expel a bit of ashes, fumbled in his pocket with his one remaining hand till he found his tobacco and his flint and steel, and at length replied with great deliberation.

"As you know, I am the foster-brother of our late captain; I was brought up in his house; I have followed him in every campaign that he has made; I have trained his two children; I have begun, do you see, upon a new charge, the care of his grandchildren. Very well, then! As long as a D'Haberville needs my services, I don't propose to leave."

"Do you think, then, that you will live as long as the late Maqueue-salé [Methuselah]?" asked the neighbor.

"Longer still, if need be," replied José.

Then, having taken from his pocket everything which he needed, he filled his pipe, put a bit of lighted tinder on the bowl, and applied himself to smoking while he regarded his friend with the air of a man convinced of the truth of everything which he has said.

José kept his word for a dozen years; but it was in vain that he endeavored to strengthen himself against old age by occupying himself with his usual tasks, despite the remonstrances of his masters, and at last he was forced to keep the house. All the family were anxious about him.

"What is the matter, my dear José?" said Jules.

"Bah! only laziness," replied José, "or perhaps my rheumatics."

But José had never had an attack of that malady. This was only an excuse.

"Give the good old fellow, ma'am, his morning glass, it will revive him," said Archie.

"I am going to bring you a little glass of excellent brandy," said Madame Jules.

"Not just now," replied José, "I always have some