

remarking at the same time, that it is his intention to compel the lieutenant to fight on the German side, should the war which is threatening to spring up between France and that country materialize.

"Only Buston resents this, and swears he will never comply with my request," the count adds contemptuously.

"Noble lad," the general exclaims, "And he shall not! Not if I can prevent it!"

"You will take extraordinary pains to prevent me carrying out my wish, I have no doubt. Be assured that you are welcome to all the satisfaction you will receive by doing so!"

"I am not so sure of that. If you execute your threat of placing Lieutenant Buston in front of your army, I will have the satisfaction of carrying him from out of your clutches, and if you attempt to interfere, I will run my sword through your lank body?"

Exasperated beyond all bounds by this speech, Count Vensieque, with a face livid with rage, lays his hand on the jewelled hilt of his sword, and attempts to draw it. But Natells, noticing the action, steps hastily forward and throws him heavily to the ground. The count rises, covered with dust, and bleeding, but does not attempt to proceed with the quarrel, merely remarking in a