

*Conjuror's House*

her head bent forward in the attitude of listening.

"Achille!" she called, "Achille! Come here!"

The young fellow approached respectfully.

"Mademoiselle?" he asked.

"Don't you hear?" she said.

Faint, between intermittent silences, came the singing of men's voices from the south.

"*Grace à Dieu!*" cried Achille. "Eet is so. Eet is dat *brigade!*"

He ran shouting toward the factory.