

Colonel were more than realized when his visitor appeared. A poor, little, old, country woman, shrivelled and bent in two like a willow twisted by the storm, with skin like parchment. A nose long ago wedded to the chin ; a face seamed with deep wrinkles, in which one could put a finger, hard knotted hands trembling with age. The living picture of the wicth of Carabos.



Without the least timidity, the old woman advanced towards the Colonel, her cane resounding on the hard polished floor. Unabashed by the brilliant uniform she made a kind of bow by bobbing down and began without any preamble.

"So you are my grandson's great chief?"

"Who is your grandson?" asked the astonished colonel.