

dashed the tears from his eyes, and touched Gretta to show that all was over, and that she must go. Gretta rose mechanically and left the cottage, just as the sun was rising. Only a few hours had elapsed since she had entered it, but with what different feelings to now. Hans thought her unfaithful, and then came the thought that she would never see him again, and perhaps, he was even now dead. What agony that thought brought to her.

Several days had passed since Gretta's visit to the cottage. It was evening; the doors were closed, and they were about retiring to rest, when they were startled by a noise like horses hoofs outside, and immediately after, there came a loud knock at the door. Christian opened it, and a French dragoon officer strode in, and ordered them to give him provision for his men. Christian very politely asked them in, and several weary men followed their officer. Christian ordered Catherine, the maid, to help them; but, seeing how frightened the poor thing was, he attended to them himself, and placed a well loaded table for them. When they had satisfied themselves, and had given as much trouble in doing so as possible, they went out, and Christian was just feeling thankful that they had behaved so well when one of the men returned, and ordered him to deliver up an old piece of fire-arms that was hanging over the fireplace, and he gave the order in his officer's name. Christian was very indignant that after they had eaten his food and wasted what they could not eat or carry away, they should come and order *him* to give up what was his own, and he refused to do so. The officer then ordered the soldiers to fire the house, and as soon as they had done so, they mounted their horses and galloped away. All efforts to save the house were unsuccessful for it was burning in different places, but the family worked energetically to save their furniture, until Christian declared it no longer safe to enter the house; then they stood in the vintage with their goods around them, and watched the burning of their home. The flames were lulled for an instant, then burst out with renewed force and showed in brilliant relief the dear old vine-clad porch where they had so often sat a united family in the happy days gone by. When Christian saw this, his indignation burst forth. "The *cowards*, they cannot conquer in the field and they revenge themselves by destroying the homes of defenceless women, but they will not have a chance for much more of such work, they had better look to their own borders." Then seeing