

seemed rather to agitate his poor friend than to soothe him, and he thought it wiser to leave him alone, hoping he would calm down from sheer exhaustion.

He had hardly had time to sink down again on the bench in the sacristy when Anatole rushed in wild with excitement.

"*Ah! les assassins! les assassins!*" cried he, "they have murdered Pierre. He was brought in by a patrol an hour ago; they found, sewn in the lining of his waistcoat, a letter to the Commandant of the Fort, and they said he was a spy communicating with the enemy, and they shot him in the Square in front of his mother's house. *Ah! les assassins, les assassins!* Now they are going round searching every house for food. Their Commandant says that if they don't get what they want the Mayor will have to pay a ransom of five thousand francs to-morrow morning. They have found a cask of wine in the cellar of the inn and they are all getting drunk. The Mayor asked me to tell you he dared not go away and begged you to speak to the German surgeon for him."

"Come quick!" called the nun from the door.

The Bavarian had torn away his bandage and blood was streaming from his frightful wound. The Doctor bent over him, trying