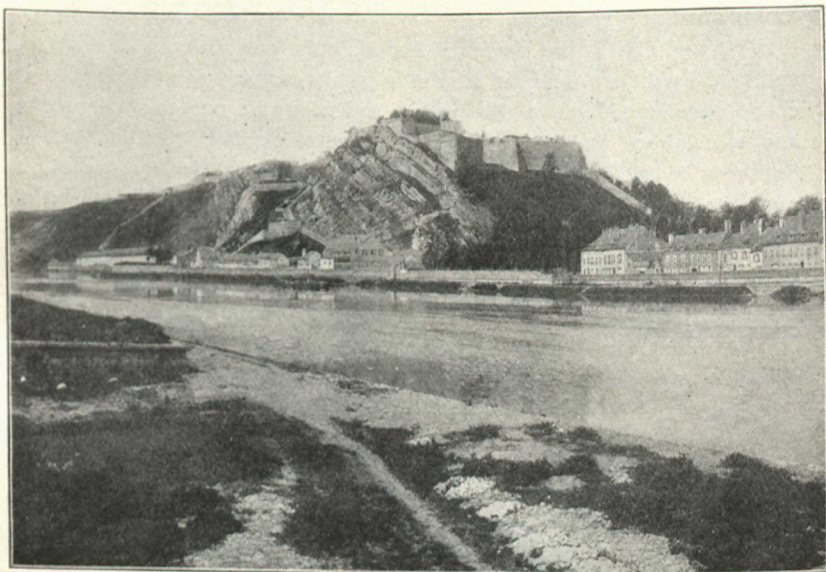


windows, set in a wall two feet thick, let in just enough of the gray light of a cloudy sky to make things visible.

But such a breakfast as they gave us! Soup, five courses of meat, fruit, cheese of an odorous kind, coffee for an extra half franc, red wine and white wine and beer—food for a week. M. Gosselet, who had often been there before, told us that in winter the snows, driving from the chill German Ocean, were heaped above the low windows, almost burying the house in the forest. The few fields to be seen showed the



GIVET—LE FORT DE CHARLEMONT.

effects of their 1,500 feet of elevation in the late and scanty harvest, so unlike the rest of sunny France.

The Ardennes are on a European frontier, and even though little Belgium offers no menace to France, every valley entry has its doorway guarded with sentinel forts, like the picturesque fortifications of Givet on the Meuse, where sentries march to and fro. By special permission, we were allowed to enter that fortress to collect fossils; but a natty officer watched us all the time. He chatted with our leader, and I overheard M. Gosselet telling what nationalities we were of, making a special point of having a Canadian in his party, on which the officer