

her illness, asked her hurriedly what it was. "What is it, mother?" she said, leaning over her, and following the direction of her eyes. "Is it the great pot you are looking at?"

"Ay," Madame Royaume answered slowly. "How comes it here?"

"There was no one below," Anne explained. "I brought it up this morning. Don't you remember? There is no fire below."

"No?"

"That is all, mother. You saw me bring it up."

"Ay?" And then after a pause: "Let it down by the hook."

"But——"

"Let it down, child!" And when Anne, to soothe her, had obeyed and let the great pot down until the fire had licked its sides, "Is it full?" Madame asked.

"Half-full, mother."

"It will do." And for a time the woman in the bed was silent.

Outside there was noise enough. The windows in the room looked into the Corraterie, from which side more than passing sounds of conflict rose to them; the pounding of running feet, sharp orders, a shot, and then another. But the landing without the bedroom door looked down by a high-set window into the narrow Tertasse; and from this, though the door was shut, rose an inferno of noise, the clash of steel, the cries of the wounded, the shouts of the fighters. The townsfolk rallying from their first alarm, were driving the enemy out of the Rue de la Cité, pouring him into the Tertasse and preparing to carry that street.

On a sudden there came, not a cessation of the uproar, but a change in its character. It was as if the current of a river were momentarily stayed and per-