

Boches were holding the bridge and they had shot at him as he tried to pass. He said the whole sky was black with smoke in the direction of Ste Geneviève, and he had heard that the town had been set on fire in the night. In the afternoon the Boches came here and took possession of the house; four officers, all wearing the Iron Cross, and lots of soldiers. I asked an officer for God's sake to send somebody to inquire if the children were safe with the nuns. He did send somebody, and I could see he was ashamed when he told me next morning that Ste Geneviève was in ruins and the Convent had been destroyed by fire. I begged him to help me to send a telegram to Madame la Comtesse, but he said all the wires were cut. He said it was a folly to send the children away that night and that no harm would have come to them here.

“ ‘Since then everybody in the Château has been out in search of them, but nobody has seen or heard anything of them, nobody knows if they are dead or alive.’

“ The sun had gone down and twilight was falling over the nursery. I looked at the three children on the white wall. A weird sensation came over me that I knew these three children, that I had seen them