

returns in perfect safety. The minute she arrived Blanchette smelled the sweet clover, and before her little mistress had time to give it to her, put her white nose into the lapful of verdure, helping herself to such big mouthfuls that Annette screamed with laughter.

From this out Blanchette recovers her gaiety, and becomes as frolicsome as ever. Annette goes every evening to the chateau, and enjoys immensely her little excursions in the light of the moon and stars. It happened one night as she was kneeling on the ground, gathering the goat's supper, she heard a movement at some distance from her, and looking very keenly in the direction from which it came, saw in the indistinct light, two forms, which she soon discovered were soldiers. They were hiding behind a tree, and watching her.

Now, Annette was a child who had been very carefully brought up, and among the lessons deeply impressed on her young mind was the advantage of self control; so in this danger, she did not start, nor scream, nor in any way betray herself. Although her little heart was beating painfully, almost enough to take the sight from her eyes; she gave no outward sign of fear, but continued gathering the herbs, all the time moving farther away from the path in which lay her only safety, she remembered her promise, and never for a moment thought of breaking it. She only thought of leading the enemy in the wrong direction, and praying all the prayers she knew; when she got to a good distance from the soldiers, she ran boldly for the open morass which surrounded the fortress on all sides, and plunged into the mud and slime, holding on to the rushes and willows which lined the banks to keep herself from sinking.

As soon as she commenced to run, the soldiers shouting loudly, ran after her, but being much heavier with their long boots and their arms, on jumping into the morass, sunk at once.

This morass was a very dangerous place, and so many had been lost in it, that the countess had, some years before, erected a large stone cross on a high rock overlooking the morass, as a monument to the dead and a warning to the living.