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the last to hear. It is usual. But one afternoon I return home an hour before my ordinary time and do not find Susanne. That was nothing. But it was a very fine something, I think, when I hold my breath and listen, and am sure I hear Susanne's voice of finest music in the room that was over ours.

"My friend, in that moment I am jealous for the first time. It is horrible, that first jealousy. It is like the grave made for one's body and that a person points to and says: 'That is for you. It is quite ready. You have no more life to live. Lie down and depart.'"

"I choke and gasp and hold my heart, and still I listen. Then I resolve and on tiptoe I creep up the stairs to the etage of the painter's room, and there I see my Susanne with her little hand on the door, which she hold open, and I hear her say oui and non, and all so kind that I am sure I do right to suspect. And, choking still, I rush at her and cry 'Traïtresse!' and take her by the arm and pay no notice to her words of 'My dear Napoleon!' and 'What is the matter, cheri?' and drag her down stairs, and lock the door and ask her how she dare be unfaithful, with our gold-haired baby playing on the carpet in the sunshine.

"That, my friend, is jealousy.

"It was the beginning.

"It was the beginning.

"For this time I forgive my poor Susanne. She go on her knees to me and cry and swear she love me more than all the world, and that she go to see the painter's pictures only because he plead so earnest, and that, if I say the word, she will die to show her truth to me, though it mean to her the leaving me and la petite alone in the world. I make a pretence to be satis-

tiny little grain of true bravery in the soul. I say it from what I have known, for though a senseless beast where it concern my poor Susanne, I was not a poltroon; ma foi, no!

"I go through my exercises again in Paris, and I never look once where the houses of the Rue des Martyrs can be seen. One day I am told that a woman inquire for me with tears on the cheek. 'Your wife,' they said, 'she pretended to be.' But I laugh and tell them to refuse her, and that it is only a pleasantry when she call herself my wife. Besides, it no matter much, for the bad news have now come from Lorraine, and France asks for the blood of her sons and do not mind much if a woman weep for her husband.

"It soon arrive—the order to march, which I desire. We go in spirits, for it seem to us that we are the ones who shall do the great and noble work and save France. Our fine colonel, Mazare, that was afterwards cut in twos by a cannon ball, he keep us in that mind, and so we sing Vive la gloire, make a dust on the road, pick the grapes where we can, and come one gay evening to where we see a forest of white tents on the hill slopes and hear the "boom! boom!" that the soldier never afterwards forgets, and all the time, though I smoke cigarettes and sing and make myself bon amade with the rest, and cry 'Traïtresse! traïtresse!' to my wounded heart—all the while, I say, I see poor Susanne on her knees in tears, beseeching as she exclaim, 'Napoleon! Napoleon!'

"It is well to have the impressionable heart if fortune give you felicity to go with it; but it is a true misery to have the impressionable heart, and be torn away from the beloved one who has nursed it and taught it to love. I hope,

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fied. We embrace, and I forgive, and then we pass a happy evening together looking into each other's eyes and playing with baby. We wonder how we can ever have quarreled, and all is joy. That is life, my friend.

"The next day my Susanne hang long on my shoulder before I go, and she caress my cheek and hair with tears in the eye.

"You will never, never again be so bete?" she ask.

I say a thousand times not, and so we part with many kisses.

"But I am a jealous man, not the less. You shall see.

"It is only four days and I strike Susanne. I strike her on her mouth, her rosy mouth with the white pearls in it. And I do more, besides. It is the war time, and the Prussians are at Saarbrück, where we think we settle them. We do not believe the war last. It is only a parade across the Rhineland to Berlin; then a fine peace and La France gives the law to Europe. That was the dream, my friend.

"I strike my Susanne because the concierge tell me she and the diable over us leave the house together that morning, and afterwards I wait for no more. 'I have done with you, perfide!' I shout and strike her once more. 'I go to the war and forget you for ever.'

"And then, with wicked unmasterable anger boiling in me, I rush from the house of our first happiness, and present myself, all red-faced, hot, and with broken words on my tongue, at the nearest barrack.

"Will monsieur be good enough to enroll me as a soldier for the seat of war? I say to the sergeant. Ma foi! it is soon done. I am no longer a coiffeur, but a soldier.

* * * * *

"My friend, the desperate man makes a terrible soldier if he only have one

my friend, you will never understand the truth I speak. I, Napoleon Bouget, say that from the soul.

"Let us save Metz, my children," cry Colonel Mazare to us; "that is the duty France has given you." Perhaps the good colonel speak the fact, but if so, our dear land give us a work that is too strong for us. It was different if there had been another incide with the eight score thousands of soldiers; another and not Bazaine. But we have to fight France as well as the sacree Prussia, for that reason, and it is too much. They shoot straight, those infernal needle-guns of the sausage-eaters, and we lose men when not able to take vengeance. It was so the good Mazare die. 'Steady!' he cry as he sit on his horse and keep up on our fronts level on the cut corn of the field. We hear one long bombard and the shots hiss over our heads; then someone exclaim and we look up with caution, and there he lie in two parts, with his eyes not yet settled whether to stay open or shut.

"It was to revenge our Mazare that we then rise and throw ourselves forward. They cut us down; ciel! how they do it while we run into the smoke and the Prussian voices behind. We stab at them with our bayonets. But they are so many as moths on a summer night, and the sauve qui peut sound. When we start there was five hundred and seventy of us, but afterwards only one hundred and fifty remain fit to fight. I get not one scratch. That is the way. Mother Fortune protects the reckless ones and takes the blood of the ones who plead so hard not to be hurt.

"And now the bad time begins, and we eat and sleep how we can and do nothing much except fight. The spaces in the ranks we fill with peasants and others; some from Paris and most from God knows where. I think not much of Susanne now, but all of