

to mind anything. The trooper over there, whom you said would not live through the day, just opened his eyes as the bugle sounded, but he closed them again. The lance-corporal is spitting blood, a whole pailful, and it is all over his bed. Josephine is sitting with him."

*"Ah! le sang, le sang! Que Dieu punisse celui qui fait couler tant de sang!"*