

"Ah! the charms of the twenty livres?

as I should be ashamed to sell myself, I shall

"Well, Natalis, you shall come with me."
I am delighted to go with you, captain."
And if you choose to follow me you will

'I will follow you wherever the drum

"I tell you beforehand that I am going to

leave La Fère, to go aboard ship. You do not

"Good! you will cross it. Do you know that a war is on to drive the English out of

And in truth I had never heard tell of

Linois, "which is fighting for its indepen-

dence. For the last two years the Marquis de Lafayette has been making himself talked about over there. Last year King

Louis XVI. promised to send soldiers to help the Americans. The Counte de Rochambeau

is going with Admiral de Grasse and 6,000 men. I am going with him to the New World, and if you will come with me we shall go and deliver America."

And that, not to be long over it, is how I came to be engaged in the expeditionary force of Comte de Rochambeau, and landar

at Newport in 1780.

There for three years I remained far away

from France. I saw General Washington— a giant of five feet eleven, with large feet,

large hands, a blue coat turned up with wash leather, and a black cockade. I saw

the sailor Paul Jones on board his ship the

Bonhomme Richard. I saw General Anthony

I fought in several encounters, not without

making the sign of the cross with my first

cartridge. I took part in the siege of York-town, in Virginia, where, after a memorable

defence, Lord Cornwallis surrendered to

Washington. I returned to France in 1783.

I had escaped without a scratch; and I was

a private soldier as before. What would

The Comte de Linois came back with us. He wished me to enter the Regiment de la

Fère, in which he was to resume his rank.

But I had an idea of serving in the cavalry. I had an instinctive love of horses, and for me to become a mounted officer of infantry I

should have to pass through many steps,

very many steps!
I knew that the uniform of the foot-

I knew that the uniform of the footsoldier was a tempting one, and very becoming, with the queue, the powder, the side
curls, and the white eross belts. But what
would you have? The horse, the horse for
me, and after much thinking I found my
trade as a horseman. And I thanked the
Comte de Linois, who had recommended to
the his friend Colonel Letters and Linia

to his friend, Colonel Lostanges, and I joined

I loved it, this splendid regiment, and you will pardon me if I speak of it with a tenderness that is ridiculous perhaps. In it I served nearly all my time, thought much of

by my superiors, whose protection was never denied me, and who, as they say in our village,

ly in its dealings with the Austrian general, Beaulieu, that I am not sorry I left it. I

will say no more about it, but return to the Royal Picardy. No finer regiment could be seen. It became as it were a family to me. I remained faithful to it until it was disbanded. I was happy in it. I whistled all its functors and days could be far in the farmers and days could be seen.

its fanfares and drum-calls, for I always had the bad habit of whiseling through my teeth.

For eight years I did nothing but go from

For eight years I and nothing but go from garrison to garrison. Not an occasion offered itself for a shot at an enemy. Bah! Such a life is not without its charms for those who know how to make the best of it.

And besides, to see the country was some-

thing for a Picard picardizing as I was. After America, a little of France, while we

were waiting to cover step on the main roads

were waiting to cover step on the main roads across Europe. We were at Sarrelouis in '85, at Angers in '88, in '91 in Brittany, at Josselin, at Pontivy, at Plermel, at Nantes, with Colonel Serre de Gras, in '92 at Charleville, with Colonel de Wardner, Colonel de

Lostende, Colonel La Roque, and in '93 with

But I forgot to say that on the 1st of January, 1791, there came into force a law which

changed the composition of the army. The

Royal Picardy became the 20th regiment of

the cavalry of the line. This organization lasted till 1803. But the regiment did not

lose its old title. It remained the Royal

Picardy, although for some years there had been no king in France.

It was under Colonel Serre de Gras that I

was made a corporal, to my great satisfac-tion. Under Colonel de Wardner I was made quartermaster, and that pleased me

We were in garrison at Charleville when I asked for two months' leave, which was

Colonel le Comte.

put their shoulders to the wheel for me. And besides, a few years later, in 1792, the Regiment de la Fère behaved so strange-

the Royal Picardy Regiment.

you have? I did not know how to read!

Wayne, who was known as the Madma

"Go and deliver America!"

not take your twenty livres.

"What is your name?"
"Natalis Delpierre."

go far.'

dislike the sea?

America!

" Not at all."

America?"
"What is America?"

No, the wish to serve my country. And

My name is Natalis Delpierre. I was born in 1761, at Grattepanche, a village in Picardy.
My father was a farm labourer. He worked
on the estate of the Marquis d'Estrelle. My
mother did her best to help him. My sisters and I followed our mother's example.

My father never possessed any property.

He was precentor at the church, and had a powerful voice that could be heard even in the graveyard. The voice was almost all I inherited from him.

My father and mother worked hard. They both died the same year, 1779. God has their souls in His keeping!

Of my two sisters, Firminie, the eldest, at this time was thirty-two; the younger, Irma, was twenty seven, and I was eighteen. When our parents died, Firminie married a man at

Escarbotin, Benoin Fanthomme, a working blacksmith, who, however clever he might be, was never able to start in business on his own account. In 1781 they had had three children, and a fourth came a few years later. My sister Irma remained unmarried. Neither on her nor on the Fanthommes could I depend for my living. I had to make my own way in the world. In my old days I could then come back to help them.

My father died first; my mother six

months afterwards. It was a great blow to me. But such is destiny! We must lose those we love as well as those we do not love. Let us, however, strive to be amongst those that are loved when our turn comes to depart. The paternal inheritance amounted when

all was paid to 150 livres—the savings of sixty years of work. This was divided between my sisters and me.

At eighteen I thus found myself with practically nothing. But I was healthy, strongly built, accustomed to hard work, and I had a splendid voice. But I did not know how to read or write. I did not learn to do so till later, as you will see. And when one does begin early at those things, the task is a hard one. I have always felt the effects of this in trying to express my ideas-as will appear clearly enough in what follows.

What was to become of me? Was I to continue in my father's trade? A hopeless lookout, indeed! And one I did not care to Something happened which decided my fate.

A cousin of the Marquis d'Estrelle, the Comte de Linois, arrived one day at Gratte-panche. He was an officer, a captain in the Regiment de la Fère. He had two months leave, and had come to pass them with his There were great huntings of the boar and the fox, with the hounds and with-out, there were parties to which the great world were invited, and many fine folks, to say nothing of the wife of the marquis, who

was as beautiful as any of them.

Among them all I only had eyes for Captain de Linois—an officer very free in his manners, who would speak with anybody. The idea came to me to be a soldier. Is it not best when you have to live by your arms, that your arms should be fixed to a solid body? Besides, with good conduct, courage, and a little by luck, there is no reason to stop on the road, particularly if you start with the left foot and march at a good pace.

There are many people who imagine that before 1789, a private soldier, the son of a

tradesman or peasant, could not become an officer. It is an error. With perseverance and good conduct, he could without very much trouble become a sub-officer. That was the first step. Then, after he had acted as such for ten years in time of peace or five years in time of war, he was in a position to obtain his epaulette. From sergeant he became lieutenant, from lieutenant captain.

Then—but hait! we must not go further than that. The outlook is promising enough!

The Comte de Linois, during the shooting parties, had often noticed my strength and activity. Likely enough I was not so good as a dog for scent or intelligence, but grand days there were none of the beaters who could teach me anything, and I scampered about as if my breeches were on fire. You look like a stout-spirited fellow,"

- said the Comte de Linois to me one day. 'Yes, sir."
- "And strong in the arms?"
 "I can lift 320."
 "I congratulate you."

there, as you will see.

And that was all. But it did not rest

At that time there was a curious custom in in the army. The way in which soldiers were enlisted was this. Every year recruiters were sent out into the country places. They made men drink more than was good for them;

and got them to sign a paper if they knew how to write, or to mark it with a cross if they did not. The cross was as good as a signature. Then they were given a couple of hundred livres, which were drunk almost as soon as they were pocketed, and then they were off to have their heads broken for the good of their country.

That style of proceeding did not suit me.

If I wished to serve my country I did not wish to sell myself to it; and I fancy that all who have any dignity or respect for themselves will be of the same opinion.

Well, in those days, when an officer went away on leave, it was his duty to bring back with him on his, return one or two recruits. And the sub-officers were under the same obligation. The bounty then varied from twenty to twenty-five livres.

I was not ignorant of all this, and I had

made quartermaster, and that pleased me more. I had had thirteen years' service, been through a campaign, and received no wound. That was a great advantage, as you may suppose. I could not rise higher, for, I repeat it, I could not read or write. And I was always whistling; and it is not quite the thing for a sub-officer to go about like a blackbird. my plan. When the leave of the Comte de Linois had nearly expired, I went boldly to him and asked him to take me as a recruit.

- You?" said he.
 "Me, sir."
 "How old are you?"
- " Eighteen."
- "And you would be a soldier?" " If it pleases you."

" It is not if it pleases me, but if it pleases

are my reasons for doing so.
Since I have retired from soldiering I have often had to tell the story of my campaigns during our evening meetings at the village of

granted to me. It is the history of this leave

that I am going to relate faithfully. These

Friends have misunderstood me, or no understood me at all. Some have thought I was on the right when I was on the left, some that I was on the left when I was or the right. And thence have come disputes which have not ended over two glasses of cider or two coffees-two small pots. Above all, what happened to me during my leave in Germany they seem never to understand. And, as I have learned to write, I think it best to take up my pen and tell the story of my leave. I have thus set to work, although I am seventy years old this very day. But my memory is good, and when I look back I can see clearly enough. This recital is thus dedicated to my friends at Grattepanche, to the Ternisiens, Bettemboses, Irondarts, Pointe-

fers, Quennehens, and others, who will, I hope, leave off disputing on the subject.

It was the 7th of June, 1792, then, that I obtained my leave. There was then certain rumours of war with Germany, but they were still very vague. It was said that Europe looked with an evil eye on what was passing in France. The King was at the Tuileries, it is true. But the 10th of August was being scented from afar, and a breeze of republicanism was sweeping over the

country.

Had I been prudent I should not have asked for leave. But I had business in Germany, in Prussia even. In case of war l should find it difficult to get back to my post. But what would you have? You cannot ring the church bell and walk in the procession at the same time. And, although my leave was for two months. I had decided to cut it short if uccessary. All the same I hoped the worst would not happen.

Now, to finish with what concerns me, and

what concerns my gallant regiment, this is what, in a few words, I have to say:

First, you will see how it was I began to learn to read, and then to write; and thus gained a chance of becoming officer, General, Marshal of France, Count, Duke, Prince, like Ney, Davout, or Murat, during the wars of the empire. In reality, I did not get beyond the rank of captain; but that is not so bad

for the son of a peasant, a peasant himself.

As for the Royal Picardy, a very few lines will suffice to finish its story.

It had in 1793, as I have said, Monsieur le Comte for its colonel; and it was in this year, owing to the decree of the 21st of February, that the regiment became a demibrigade. It then went through the campaigns with the army of the North and the army of the Sambre and Meuse, until 1797. It distinguished itself at the battles of Lincelles and Courtray, where I was a lieutenant. Then, after staying in Paris from 1797 till 1800, it joined the army of Italy, and distinguished itself at Marengo in surrounding six battalions of Austrian grenadiers, who laid down their arms after the rout of a Hungarian regiment. In this affair I was wounded by a ball in the hip, which did not trouble me much, for it caused me to get my cap-

The Royal Picardy being disbanded in 1803. entered the dragoons, and served in all the wars of the empire until I retired in

Now, when I speak of myself, it is only to relate what happened during my leave in Germany. But do not forget that I am not a well-educated man. I hardly know how to tell well-educated man. I hardly know now to ten those things. And if there escape me a few expressions or turns of phrase that betray the Picard you must excuse them. I cannot speak in another way. I will get along as fast as I can, and never stand with two feet in a shoe, I will tell you all, and if I ask you to allow me to express myself without reserve, I hope you will reply, "You are quite at liberty to do so, sir!"

CHAPTER II.

At the time I speak of, as I have read in history books, Germany was divided into ten circles. Later on new arrangements were the Rhine in 1806 under the protectorate of Napoleon; and then came the Germanic Confederation of 1815. One of these circles, comprising the electorates of Saxony and Brandenburg, then bore the name of Upper

This electorate of Brandenburg became later on one of the provinces of Prussia, and o districts, the district of Brandenburg and the district of Potsdam. say this so that you will know where to find the little town of Belzingen, which is in the district of Potsdam, in the north-western part, a few leagues from the frontier.

It was on this frontier that I arrived on the 16th of June, after traversing the 150 leagues that separated it from France. I had taken nine days on the journey, and that will show you that the communications are I had worn out more nails in my boots than in horses' shoes or wheels of car riages—or rather carts, to be more correct. I was not quite reduced to my eggs, as they say in Picardy, but I had not saved much from my pay, and wished to be as economical as possible. Fortunately during my stay in garrison on the frontier I had picked up a few words of German, which came in useful in getting me out of difficulties. It was, however, difficult to hide that I was a Frenchman; and consequently more than a passing look was given to me as I went by.

With it was a weman, a tall, strong, wellbuilt woman, with a corsage with laced straps, straw hat with vellow ribbons, and red and violet banded skirt, all well fitting and very clean, as if it was a Sunday or

holiday costume.

And it was a holiday for the woman, although it was not Sunday.
She looked at me, and I looked at her look

ing at me. Suddenly she opened her arms and ran to wards me, exclaiming, --

" Trina !" It was my sister. She had recognized me. Truly women have better eyes for remembrances that come from the heart—or rather quicker eyes. It was thirteen years since we had seen each other. How well she had kept herself! She reminded me of our mother, with her large, quick eyes, and h black hair just beginning to turn grey on the temples. I kissed her on her two plump cheeks, reddened by the morning breeze, and I leave you to imagine what smacks she gave

It was for her, to see her, that I had ob tained my leave. I was uneasy at her being out of France now the clouds had begun to gather. A Frenchwoman among the Germans would be in an awkward position should war be declared. It would be better for her to be in her own country; and if my sister chose I intended to take her back with me. To do that she would have to leave her mistress, Madame Keller, and I doubted if she would consent. That was to be inquired

"How glad I am to see you, Natalis," she said; "to find ourselves together again so far from Picardy! It feels as though you had brought some of our native air you! It is time enough since we saw each

"Thirteen years, Isnta!" "Yes, thirteen years! Thirteen years of separation! That is a long time, Natalis!" Pear Irma [" I replied." And there we were, my sister and I, with arms linked together waking up and down

"And how are you?" isked I.
"Aiways pretty well, Natalis.

you ? " The same !" "And you are a quartermaster! There is

an honour for the family! "Yes, Irma, and a great honour! Who would have thought that the little goose minder of Grattepanche would become a quartermaster! But we must not talk about "Why not?"

"Because to tell everybody I am a soldier would not be without its inconveniences i this country. When rumours of war are fly ing about it is a serious matter for a French man to find himself in Germany. No 1 I am your brother, Monsieur Nothing-at-all, who has come to see his sister.

"Good, Natalis, we shall be silent about it I promise you. "That will be best, for German spies hav

good ears." "Do not be uneasy."

"And if you will take my advice, Irma, will take you back with me to France."
A look of sorrow came into my sister's eyes as she gave me the answer I expected,—
"Go away from Madanie Keller, Natalis when you will see and understand that I cannot leave her alone."

I understood this as it was, and I thought it best to postpone what I had to say. And then I ma resumed her bright eyes and sweet voice, asking me for the news of

the country and our people,
"And our sister Firminge?" "She is well. I have had news of her from our neighbour Letocard, who came to Charle ville two months ago. You remember Leto

"The wheelwright's son?" "Yes! You know, or you do not know that he is married to a Matifas!"

"The daughter of the old woman at Fou "Herself. He told me that our sister does not complain of her heal. Ah! they have to work, and work hard at Escarbotin

They have four children now, and the last one—a troublesome boy! Luckily, she has an honest busband, a good workman, and not much of a drunkard, except on Mondays. But she has had much trouble in her time." "She is getting old."

"She is five years older than you, Irma and fourteen older than I am! That is some thing! But what would you have? She is a brave woman, and so are you.

"Oh! Natalis! If I have known sorrow, it has only been the sorrow of others. Since I left Grattepanche I have had no trouble of my own. But to see people suffer near you when you can do nothing—" My sister's face clouded again. She turned the conversation.

"And your journey?" she asked.
"All right. The weather has been good enough, for the season. And, as you see, my legs are pretty strong. Besides, who cares for fatigue, wher he is sure of a wel-

come when he arrives? "As you are, Natalis, and they will give you a good welcome, and they will love you in the family as they love me."

"Excellent Madame Keller! Do you know, sister, I shall not recognize her. For me she is still the daughter of Monsieur and Madame Acloque, the good people of Saint Sausieu. When she was married, twenty-I took care not to say that I was Quarter five years ago, I was only a boy. But father master Natalis Delpierre. You will think and mother used to tell us about her." Poorwoman," said



me wise under the circumstances, when a war was threatened between us and Prussia and Austria, the whole of Germany in fact.

At the frontier of the district I had a pleasant surprise. I was on foot. I was walking towards an inn to get my breakfast, the inn of Ecktvende-in French the Tourne-Coin. After a coldish night a beautiful morning. The seven o'clock sun was drinking the dew of the meadows. There was quite a swarm of birds on the beeches, oaks, elms, and birches. The country was but little cultivated. Many of the fields lay fallow. The At the door of the Ecktvende a small

"Comealong, then."

"In a minute !-

"I will do it quicker

" No, on my horse's

gen. I started early this morning, and I was here at seven o'clock to the minute. And if the letter you sent had come sooner Ishould have gone further to meet you." "Oh! there would have been no good in that. Come, let us get off. You have nothing to pay at the inn? I have a few

kreutzers—

the Eckvende, leaning against the door, seemed to be listening, without taking much notice of us. I thought this unsatisfactory. Perhaps it it would have been better for us to have spoken to each other further off. He was a fat man, quite a mountain, with a disagreeable face, eyes deeply set, folded eyelid, small nose, and a large mouth, as if he had eaten his soup with a

sword when he was young.

After all, we had not said anything that could damage us. Perhaps he had not heard all that passed? If he did not know French he would not know that I came from France.

We got into the carriole. The innkeeper saw us leave without making the slightest

I took the reins. I started the nag briskly wespun along like the wind in January. That did not hep us from talking, and Irma told me how matters stood. And from what I knew already, and what she told me, I will now say something about the Keller family. CHAPTER III.

Madame Keller was born in 1747, and was then forty-five years olds. A native of Saint Sauflieu, as I have said, she belonged to a family of small proprietors. Monsieur and Madame Acloque, berfather and mother, had a very modest competence, but saw it grow less year by year. They died, one shortly after the other, in 1765. Their daughter remained in the care of an old aunt, whose death would soon have left her alone in the world. It was under these circumstances that she

was found by Monsieur Keller, who had come to Picardy on business. He established him self for eighteen months at Amiens, where he was engaged as a forwarding agent for goods and increhandise. He was a man of serious mind, good bearing, intelligent, and active. At that time we had not that repulsion towards the German race which grew later out of national hatred fostered by thirty years of war. Monsieur Keller possessed r certain amount of fortune, which could not but be increased by his zeal and business capacity. He asked Mademoiselle Acloque to become his wife.

Mademoiselle Acloque hesitated, because

she would have to leave Saint Sausieu and the Picardy she loved. And would she not by this marriage cease to be a French-woman? But then all she pessessed was a small house, which she would have to sell. What would become of her after this last sacrifice? And Madame Dufrenay, the old aunt, feeling that death was approaching, and alarmed at the position in which her niece would find herself, pressed her to con-

Mademoiselle Acloque consented. The mar riage took place at Saint Sanflien. Madame Keller left Picardy a few months later, and followed her hasband beyond the frontier. She never repented the choice she had made. Her husband was good to her and she was good to him. Always attentive to her, he so won her love that she seldom thought of having lost her nationality. The marriage was one of reason and expediency, and yet it turned out happy, which such marriages rarely did then or do in our time.

A year afterwards, at Belzingen, Madame Keller had a son. She resolved to devate herself entirely to the education of this child, who will fill a prominent part in our story.

It was some time after the birth of this son, about 1771, that my sister Irms, then nineteen, went into service at the Kellers.

Madame Keller had known her as a child. Our father had been occasionally employed by Monsieur Acloque, whose wife and daughter toook an interest in us. From Grattepanche to Saint Sauflien is not very far. moiselle Acloque often met my sister, kissed her, made her presents, and admitted her to a friendship which the truest devotion was one day to repay.

When she heard of the death of our father

and mother, which left us almost without means. Madame Keller thought of taking Irma into her service. Irma was then in the service of a family at Saint Sauflieu, but she gladly accepted the offer-and she never had cause to repent doing so.

Monsieur Keller was of French descent.

About a century before, the Kellers lived in

French Lorraine. They were well-to-do com-

mercial people of markad ability. And they were prospering, when there occurred that grave incident which changed the inture of thousands of the most industrious families of France.
The Kellers were Protestants, much attached to their religion, whom no question of self-interest could induce to be renegades.

This was clearly shown when the Edict of Nantes was revoked in 1685. Like many others they had the choice of quitting their

zerland, Gong and particularly Franden-burg. There they received thearty welcome from the Elector of Prussia and Potsdam, to Berlin, Magdeburg, Stettin, and Frankfort-on-the-Oder. Twenty-five thousand natives of Metz, I am told, went to found the flour-ishing colonies of Stettin and Potsdam.

The Kellers then abandoned Lorraine, not without hope of return. Meanwhile they took up their goode with the stranger. New relations grew up, new interests arose. Years rolled by, and still they remained.

At this time Passia, the foundation of which as a kingdom dates only from 1701. possessed on the Rhine only the ducby of Cleves, the county of La Marck, and a part of Gueldres. It was in this last province that the Kellers sought refuge. There they founded factories, and got back the trade interrupted by the iniquitous and deplorable revocation of the edict of Henry IV. Generation followed generation and alliances were formed with the new countrymen, and gradually the Franch sefurces became German dually the French refugees became German

subjects. About 1760 one of the Kellers left Gueldres to establish himself in the little town of Belzingen, in the centre of the circle of Upper Saxony which comprised a part of Prussia. He succeeded in his enterprise, and was thus enabled to offer Mademoiselle Acloque the comfortable home she could not find at Saint Sauflieu. It was at Belzingen that her son had come into the world, a Prussian on his father's side, although through his mother's French blood flowed in his veins.

And. I say it with emotion that still makes my heart leap, he was a French to the soul. spirit lived again. She had fed him on her milk. In his first childish words he had lisped in French. It was not "mama" he said, but "maman!" Although Madame

French was the first language he heard.

frontier has not been able to alter?

be great when she could ugain look

before I met my sister.

The boy was rocked to sleep with the songs

tongue which is so French, and the purity of

which the neighbourhood of the German

And it was not only with her milk, but with her own ideas that Madame Keller had

nourished the child. She was deeply attached

to her native country. She had never given up the hope of one day returning to it. She

never concealed the fact that her joy would be great when she could

old lands of Picardy. Monsieur Keller in no way objected to this. When his fortune was

made he would willingly leave Germany and settle in France, but he must work a few

more years yet to make sure of a proper posi-tion for his wife and child. Unfortunately

death had surprised him about fifteen months

Such were the trings she told me as we

rolled along in the corriole to Belzingen. This unexpected death had delayed the re-

turn of the family to France—and what mis-fortunes followed! When Monsieur Keller

died he was engaged in a lawsuit against the

Prinssian Government. For two or three years, as contractor of stores for the Govern-

The lawsuit dragged on.

It is not a wise thing to go to law with a Government in any country. The Prussian judges showed uninistakable ifl-will towards him, although Monsgeur Kolier had faith fully fulfilled his engagements, for he was an honest man. A sum of twenty thousand

florins was in question—a fortune in those days—and the less of the lawsuit would be his ruin. Had it not been for the delay in this matter the position of affairs at Belzingen would have been settled for the best, and Madame Keller's wish to return to France after her husband's death would have been accomplished.

This is what my sister told me. Her own place in the family can be imagined. She had brought up the child almost from his birth,

had at last to appeal to the judges at Berlin.

and loved him with truly maternal affection. She was not looked upon as a servent in the house, but as a companion, a humble and modest friend. She was one of the family, treated as they were, and devoted to them. If the Kellers left Germany it was with great joy she would go with them. If they remained at Belzingen she would remain with them. Separate me from Madame Keller! It

would be like death to me!" said Irma.
I saw that not nothing would persuade my sister to return with me, so long as her mis

reas was forced to remain at Belzingen.
But to see her in the midst of a country ready to rise against ours gave me great untersiness, and pardonably so, for if a war began it would not be a short one.

When Irma had given me all the news about the Kellers she asked.

about the Kellers she asked-You are going to stay with us during the whole of your leave?"
"Yes, all my leave, if I can."

"Well, Natalis, it is not unlikely that you

will be asked to a wedding."
Whose? Monsiaur Jean's?"

"And who is he to marry? A German ?" "No, Natalis, and that is why

we are pleased. If his mother married a German, he is going to marry a Frenchwoman. A good-looking one?"

"Beautitul as an "angel." "I am glad of that, Irma."
"And so are we. But are you

never going to get married, Na-46 T 1 3 Are you married?"

"Yes, Irma."
"And to whom?" "To my country, sister ! And what else can a soldier want?" CHAPTER IV.

Belzingen is a little town net quite twenty leagues from Berlin, and near the village of Hagelberg. where in 1813 the French fought the Prus sian Landwehr. It is picturesquely stinated at the foot of Flameng, and is commanded by its ridge. Its trade is in horses, cattle, speak German, French was the language usually heard in the house at Belzingen, and flax, clover, and cereals.

My sister and I arrived there about ten of our country. His father never thought of objecting. On the contrary. Was not the language of his ancestors that Lorraine

o'clock in the morning. In a few minutes the carriole had stopped before a house that was very clean and attractive, though unpre-

tending. It was Madame Keller's.

In those parts you would think you were in Holland. The country people have long bluish coats, scarlet waistcoats, with a tall thick collar that would protect them splendidly from a sabre-cut; the women have double and triple petticoats. Their caps, with white wings, would make them look with white wings, would make them look like sisters of charity were it not for the bright-coloured dresses that fit tight to the figure, and the coreage of black velvet, which ans nothing about it of the nun. At least that is what I saw as I went along.

The welcome I received may be imagined. Was I not Irma's own brother? I saw at once that her position in this family was not inferior to what she had told me. Madama Koller honoured me with an affectionate smile, and Monsieur Jean with a hearty shake of the hand. My being a Frenchman stood me in good part.
"Mozsieur Delpierre," he said to me,

"my mother and I expect you to pass all your leave amongst us. A few weeks is not much to give to the sister whom you have not seen for thirteen years."

ment, he had embarked not only his own capital, but certain funds that had been entrusted to him. From his first receipts he had been able to pay back his partners, but the bulk of the amount. country or changing their faith. Like many others they preferred exile.

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Quartermaster Natalis Delpierre! That was something to be proud of—something impressive! And deep was my gratitude to Colonel de Wardner, although he was as rough as barley-bread, and it was "attend to the word of command" with him! climate is a severe one in these parts. That day the men of my company fusilladed my knapsack and I put on my sleeves the lace which could never rise to my elbow. ing nag, able perhaps to do a couple of leagues an hour if there were not too many hills.

"Did you come to look for me in that "Yes, Natalis; to bring you to Belzin

"Thanks. Natalis, it is don, and all wee While we were talking the innkeeper of

have to do is to start.