bour. It is sufficient for vengeance." Slivere placed his hand on the shoul-der of the spy and bound his hands. The duke, with his hands to his head, dropped upon an oak bench, and the als, impassive, waited for Colette

to proceed. "You remember, gentlemen," she said, "our departure from Paris, our rapid journey to Strassburg, the ingenruse by which we escaped the illance of the man who shadowed na ruse A few days after my arrival I had nterview with monseigneur the an interview with monseigneur the duke to communicate your projects. Upon leaving him, and just as I had fixed the day and the hour for this in-terview, what was my surprise in per-ceiving, spying upon us, the same per-ren who had followed us on our jour-

"Who was he, and what was he doing at the chateau? "I asked myself these two questions,

"I asked myself these two questions, which were subsequently answered, "I met him twice again. Of my first meeting I will speak briefly, for T re-ceived a gross insult from him. I ceived a gross meeting speak of will therefore especially speak of my gecond meeting with him. It was at the fete given last night. I rolling by the absence of the serv-ants, who were attending upon the guests, I went to the apartments of the whom I had seen occupied with uests. I intended to give him the nessage which I had obtained a few his guests. days before at Vienna. 1 entered his have before at vienna. I entered his room by a secret passage which Slivere showed me, and, approaching the desk where he kept his papers, I was about to lay upon it my letter when a noise of some one twing to force the to lay upon it my letter when a holse of some one trying to force the door obliged me to conceal myself before having placed the letter. I held my breath and trembled. Judge of my surprise when by the pale light of the night iamp I saw Prince Metternieh hight lamp I saw Prince Metternieh enter, accompanied by this man. Their presence in that part of the chateau puzzled me not a little, but at the first words they uttered I shuddered and grew faint. I steadled myself, for I wished to hear the verdict which would out on and the all our bones. It was put an end to all our hopes. It was then I learned that this spy followed us from our departure from Paris. Diais from our departure from the our hasty concerted for a moment by our hasty right he regalined his courage, for for-tune threw me in his way. Desiring to the cause of my presence at abrunn, he approached me and schambrunn, he approached life and the duke, learned our secret and has-tened to carry it to his master. Con-cealed behind the hangings, powerless, suppressing my sobs, I felt as if in a sightmare. When at break of day, the two nich quitted the place, I had de-elded upon my course. I had contwo men quitted the place. I had con-sided upon my course. I had con-demned the spr and laid a snare for min. Blinded by his success, he fell pendiong into it. If the throne is lost, vengeance is ours."

CHAPTER XI.

Punishment.

The duke, who thus far had listened to Colette without making any motion which bespoke his intentions, rose from his seat and, turning toward Otto, said: "You have heard the accusation of this young girl. It is a grave charge, and for you to deny it would be use-less. But I have something to say to you for myself. Under the auspices of the emperor, my grandfather, you have betrayed my confidence in order to de-You have watched me secretiy. You have done more. You have destroyed my faith in friendship, a crime for one who is noble and bears a stroy me.

SWOR On hearing these words Silvere departed from the shadow in which he

had been standing and exclaimed: "He noble, monseigneur! Oh, no! Listen. The other evening after sun-set I was in my garden when I heard persons speaking. I am not especially curious, but a name they pronounced caught my attention. They were speak-ing of this spy. They were two valets speaking of their masters, and upon mentioning this man here one of them said he is no noble, no count, and the sword that he carries is like his nobility a fraud. They also said that he was a criminal pardoned from jail

when spies were needed." oward Otto, who in his rage vas endeavoring to break his cords, he added, "What do you think of this, monsieur le count?" The player who had lost this game upon which his life depended stepped toward his judges, but the duke arose again and, turning toward the generuls, said

say. The duke was the first to recover his self possession. "My dream," he said, "is over. Unpitying fortune has declared herself my enemy. In a short time I must put on the odious yoke which I had hoped on the odious yoke which I had hoped to cast off. Oh, my father, if you could see me, how you would suffer! The throne intended for me will continue in the possession of another. My grief is so great that I fear even to weep." And, broken hearted, the duke laid his head on Colette's bosom and sob-

The young girl took his hand in hers

and gave it a chaste kiss. "Dear duke," she said, "your sorrow "Dear duke," she said, 'your sorrow grieves me, and your tears are pitable to see, I would give my heart's blood for you. Your throne is lost, but Co-lette remains-Colette, who loves you so much that she will make you forget your mistortune, and some day, con-soled, you will remember this period

soled, you will remember this period and laugh at your tears and wonder that a purple ribbon was worth weep-ing for. In beautiful Italy we will spend happy days, and when winter comes in the bay of Naples we will listen to the singing of the boatmen. Wa will grow old together, and when We will grow old together, and when our heads are snowy white we will go to dwelt with God and continue our iream of love commenced here.

The duke, consoled, listened, smiling, to the sweet song till the birds wel-coming the sun warned them that it was time to depart. Reichstadt and Colette returned quiet-

ly to the chateau of Schonbrunn as if nothing special had happened and resumed the monotonous existence to which they were condemned. This was not so with Metternich. The chancellor, after having discovered that he had been foiled, returned to the palace in a state of indescribable irritation. He had been compelled to accept the ex-planations of Reichstadt and Colette. He had been the dupe of two children. He who had for years been master of the game played on the European checkerboard had been tricked like a countryman in a play. At the moment when he was about to put his hand on these accursed Frenchmen they had disappeared. And this stupid spy, puffed up with

And this stupid spy, pulsed up with yanity, sure of success, ready to claim his reward, must make a pitoous fail-ure. Doubless he would not return, fearful of being punished, and would go to play the same game in some oth-er place. It had been a terrible check to this man, before whom every one must hear down. And the ables aboutd he bow down. And the duke-should he leave him to come and go over the vast domain of Schonbrunn, the chancellor shutting his eyes to his desire for independence, although he had never ceased in his surveillance? This indulgence had proved to be unwise. If he had fixed his residence in a cell at Spiel-berg instead of in apartments open to all comers, how much more prudent it would have been! But to make the

duke a prisoner of state was dangerous. Europe, which breathed again the joy of peace, would not listen to a res-toration which would end all its blessings, but, on the other hand, would de mand a rigorous account of the shed-ding of innocent blood.

He would think it over. Meanwhile, wishing to expend his ill humor on some one, he sent for Stivere. The soldier, after having plac-

Silvere. The soldier, after having plac-ed his two companions in safety, has-taned to his coltage, resolved to brave-ly breast the storm. Fearless, with a conscience that did not reproach him, he hastened to obey the orders of the prince. On seeing him enter, Metter-nich, who was striding back and forth to big cabinet in a fury which had in his cabinet in a fury which had continued already too long, crossing his

arms, gave Silvere a look which would have made any one else tremble, but did not intimidate the old soldier, and said to him harshly: 'Perhaps you wonder why I have

sent for you?" Without losing his equanimity Silvere answered:

"If your excellency has any charge against me, I will listen to it respect-fully, but as an accused person I would be permitted to make an appeal in my defense." 'You talk too much," replied the

iolently.

the prince had occasioned, commenced the interview. "Your excellency must have some grave matter on hand to come here without having been summoned. Does some danger threaten the monarchy?

some canger threaten the monarchy? Is some new complication about to put an end to the peace which we have had so much trouble to establish?" "Sire," replied Metternich, "you are aware of the difficulties that I and the allies have had in imposing this peace. The death of Bonaparte had rendered my task less difficult. Fu-

rendered my task less difficult. Eu-rope breathed freely. The wars of the past had left but confused mem-ories. Little by little these were passing away. Everything went well until yesterday, when one of those unex-

ected events hapened which have almost overturned our work. "A young man, a child, was the cause of it all. But I was watching him. Juknown to him, my surveillance folof it all. owed him step by step. I knew each our what he did, and when the critial moment came I stretched forth ny hand, and the plot vanished. But But the knows if another time I shall be o fortunate? "You make me tremble," said the

Your majesty may reassure yourself," replied Metternich. 'But I must tell you what would have resultedhe restoration of the empire. With he treaty of Paris broken, the monarchy of July upset, the king of Rome would have returned to the Tulleries

to the heat of the drum. "That is what we have escaped, but your majesty has not asked me the name of this young man." "Your excellency doesn't need to name him,' said the emperor. "But

what do you propose? "I have reflected deeply," replied Metternich, "with this result: Will your majesty place your signature up-on this paper? It appoints to the post of maid of honor attached to the per-son of the Archduchess Sophia the Counter Mark Assunts Can Savel Countess Maria Assunta San Severi-The emperor took up a pen and wrote his signature. Then he added:

"You have little to hope from this, but that is your secret." Metternich, without replying, took the paper and, bowing respectfully to his master, made his departure.

CHAPTER XIV. The Tempter.

Maria Assunta San Severina was the daughter of Count Orio San Severina and a bailet girl. Left an orphan at 16, with no one to protect or guide her. her father's family endeavored to cheat her out of her estate. Metternich having met her, struck with her beauty, thought to use her to make Reichstadt forget Colette. He stopped the pro-ceedings of her father's family, thus putting her under an obligation.

The young girl, upon receiving the letter which commanded her presence at the imperial residence of Schon-bruna, was both astonished and de-lighted in lighted. It was not surprising that the chancellor had constituted himself her defender in a cause which would have been lost without his intervention, be-cause of his pleasant remembrance of her father; but it was not to be sup-posed that his protection should be so far extended as to draw her from the obscurity in which she had been living at Venice to attach her as maid of honor to the Archduchess of Austria.

honor to the Archduchess of Austric. She certainly was much pleased, for, having lived up to that time in seclu-sion with her father, she had not en-joyed the charms of Venice and did not fully recognize the treatment she would receive. Yielding to destiny, she put her affairs in order, made her preparations to depart and, after a last visit to the cemetery where reposed those whom she loved, set out with a confidential attendant, who had been sent by Prince Metternich to accom-

She had been scarcely an hour in the apartment assigned her when she re-ceived an order to attend the chancellor. Metternich, in order to win the young girl, threw off the austere mask which he could assume at will, and in a fatherly manner asked after her French girl whose dwelling you can chateau to report to her protector the shipwreck of their hopes. see from here." And Metternich, raising the window, showed the young girl the cottage of

CHAPTER XVL

The Vision.

lette, he counted the hours till his re-ise. A terrible malady rendered his

eaves are fallen, chased by the bl

park and gardens of Schonbrunn.

The Eaglet!

"It is there," he continued, "that our

"But you-how beautiful you are!" I am sure that you can help us." And as the young girl did not answer he pressed her hand and said; "Be irresistible and you shall be a duchess. Now go to rest. Fatigue too prolonged

Now go to rest. Fatigue too prolonged will spoll your complexion. "Adleu till we meet again." The girl withdrew. Metternich rub-bed his hands and laughted--a very Methistopheles. The tempter relied upon winning to his purposes that young soul by ambition. If events re-seard to his bares the delegement pond to his hopes, the duke, ensnared in a new intrigue, captivated by the charms of the siren whom the chancel or had placed in his way, would bid adjeu to all his foolish ambitions. Colette, wounded in her love, her feelings outraged, would disd., im after the triumph of her rival. She would quit Schonbrunn and take Silvere with her. Thus he would gain his point by di plomacy.

CHAPTER XV. Deception.

The chancellor, in planting in the heart of the young girl the seeds which were to bear the fruits of his ambitious designs, had been goiled by that marvelous insight in which he was nev-er at fault in choosing his instruments. What would have been his joy if he could have read in the depths of her soul how everything had yielded to his purpose! Maria Assunta, living a caim and retired existence, ignorant of the affairs of life-cloistered, so to speak-absorbed in the studies which took up fact, since that memorable night when he returned to Schonbrunn after havher time, had never considered her future. The proposals of Metternich had astonished her. But her astonishment ing been betrayed he had fallen into a deep hasitude. He could not long sup was of short duration. She quickly stilled the voice of conscience which warned her that she was doing wrong port a monotonous existence, and in spite of the encouragement of Silvere, in spite of the tender consolation of to become an accomplice in an affair the end of which was not difficult to divine, but ambition spoke to her heart and she resigned herself to play the part which had been assigned her. Ev. last days gloomy in the extreme. It sat upon his pillow and deprived him of sleep. It besieged him without ces-sation. It furrowed his cheeks and erything was made easy for her, On the morning of her arrival the chancel. chiseled deep wrinkles on his brow, and, raising the vell of the future, it showed lor placed at her disposal a modista who came from Vienna with costumes of great richness and splendor, him death waiting for him.

The fetes began with a series of hunting parties. Not knowing how to ride-an accomplishment not required in Venice-she remained at the cha-teau, and, thanks to this circumstance, ady grows upon him every day, familiarized herself with her surroundings. The duke up to this time had paid little attention to what was going on about him; but, meeting the countess one day in the galleries, struck by her beauty, he inquired who she was. From that time she had a vague feeling that he was interested in her. Something that happened a few days ater confirmed her in this opinion. The women of high birth attached to

the person of the archduchess at the chateau had beheld with secret spite the entrance of this stranger whose charms had eclipsed their own. The alds-de-camp, who comprised the prin-Like the trees, his love is despoiled of all that made it young. Under the elpal part of the household, in defer-ence to their wishes, entered upon a plot with them, and one evening Metternich's protege found herself face to face with that of which he had warned her. By the order of the Archduchess Sophia she was to sing an aria from a prominent opera. The ability which she showed in the interpretation of the difficult piece should have enlisted the enthusiastic applause of the assembly Instead the last notes were received with the silence of death, and when the countess left the harpsichord to return to her seat no one offered to conduct her there.

The duke, who was present, perceiv-ing the outrage and wishing to give a lesson to the Austrians, whose insolence had exasperated him, stepped quickly to her and, consteously offering her his arm, conducted her to the chair which the storm she had occupied behind the archduch- storm ess

'What marvelous spectacles do my hehold! The fogs of winter have disappeared forever, and the balmy air of spring floats over my face, caressing my hair, "I have had a sad dream; God, how long it lasted!



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THIS valuable magazine which was published from 1879 to 1896, and the contributors to which included all the foremost thinkers and writers of the Church during one of the most interesting periods of its history, is now rapidly going out of print. No copies of volumes 3 and 4 are now to be purchased. Volumes 1, 2 and 5 are very scarce and command a premium. The News will sell



"Do you think that death will be suf-ficient punishment for the man?" The two soldiers nodded affirmative-ly. Colette, taking off the crape veil with which her splendid hair was covered, mounted the steps of the altar and covered the immense bronze cruci-fix. When she returned, Silvere said to the duke:

"Monseigneur, if you desire it, I think we may put out of existence this unworthy creature without solling ur hands with his blood. Below this church is a dry subterranean crypt. The monks who formely inhabited the monastery, following a custom common among certain houses of Spain and Italy, instead of burying their dead in holy earth placed them in the stalls of the subterranean chap-d. It is a domain of the dead from which they are not likely to return. I alone know of this crypt, and I will

eestow the secret upon you." And, suiting the action to the word, the old soldier stooped and drew from beneath the steps of the altar a crow bar and by a light pressure moved the stone. The slab removed, a yawning cavity appeared. Then, seizing a stout cord at his feet, he pased it un-der the shoulders of the spy. Otto, pale and trembling, saw that his last hour had come, but was silent. The duke the addressed his duke then addressed him for the last

"If you have any request to make, any prayer, now is your time, for, I regret to say, we have but little time to snare."

Otto merely shrugged his shoulders. One of the generals made a sign with his band to Silvere. Otto disappeared in the cavity, and the stone was put in the cavity, and the stone was put back in its place. It was time. In the distance was heard the roll of drums. Silvere had only time to embrace Co-lette, to press the hand of the prince, and, setzing a torch, which he lighted by a lamp, entered the secret passage, followed by the gamerals

followed by the generals. Some minutes later Metternich, accompanied by the general command-ing the troops, entered the chapel and, to their great surprise, found the duke and Colette sitting on an old oak bench ing to them that they did not notice the interruption even when the chancellor advanced to speak to them.

CHAPTER XII.

Love.

The conversation between the duke and Colette upon the arrival of the Austrian chancellor was not a ruse to divert suspicion. They were both too high minded to descend to such a subterfuge. The young girl, who had met with such a reverse, instead of yieldng to despair, forgot her own troubles in consoling her companion. The duke, whom she had hoped to call emperor and whom she loved, had lost all, and the resolved that she would heal his wounds with her love.

Without raising his head the duke offered her his arm, and, passing the group of officers who had come to sur-prise them, they quitted the ruin in which had failed their project to over-turn the world. turn the world. moon had descended almost to

horizon, and in this solitude, embalmed by the perfume of flowers, the two young people moved as in a dream. The duke, his arm about the walst of Colette, supported her upon the mossy particle, a true follow A tree fallen across the road nished them a seat. With eye to and hand in hand, trembling, they Rinishad hat down, but they did not speak. Their hearts were full, and without words each knew what the other would

has been too long tolerated. Tomorrow you depart." "Will you send me away".

replied Metternich, "and my only regret is that you were ever permitted to enter the chateau. If my august master, the emperor, had demy ferred to my advice, you would have gone long ago, but his majesty, fear-ing to displease his grandson, hesitated to adopt a measure which I thought necessary. I propose that you shall necessary. leave today. I am going to the em-peror and think I shall have little trouble in securing his consent to your departure.

"Ah, monseigneur," cried Silvere, 'you will not do that! Do you wish to kill my master by taking from him the old servitor who has never quitted him? You would kill me also. I could not live separated from him. If you drive me away, it is because I am a watchful sentinel, a witness to your sinister de-signs. Listen to what I am about to say to you. A gamin upon the streets of Paris, I was ignorant of caresses. I never received a kiss. I was brought up by charity and never had enough food to appease the hunger which tan-talized me. Often in the night I went

tanzed me. Orten in the might I were out to hunt food with the dogs in the gutter. I had no name. I called my-self Silvere. One day I became a sol-dier and, forgetting my troubles, did my duty, giving and taking many wounds. One day in battle the emper-or, passing, called me from the ranks, gave me his hand and pinned upon my breast the badge of honor. From this hour I became a new man, and I swore to die for my emperor. God would not permit that, but has given it me in-stead to protect the son. I have sworn never to leave him. This is all I have

to say to you." Metternich made a sign, and Silvere departed Had he gained his cause?

CHAPTER XIII.

With the Emperor.

His majesty the emperor had just re-turned from hearing mass in the pri-vate chapel and was about to walk, as was his daily custom, in the park when,

to his surprise, the confidential valet attached to his august rison announc-ed that the chancello, if the empire was in the antechamber and desired an audience. Puzzled to receive such a request at such an hour and suspect-ing that some important matter of state was to be discussed, he ordered that the minister be admitted at one The chancellor hastened to enter, still bearing on his face the ire which had

agitated him. It did not escape the noice of the emperor. After Silvere's departure Metternich

had fallen into one of those reveries

from which he always energed or a with resolution to overcome all o stacles. He had listened coldly to b protest of the old soldier. In his long career he had thrust aside human feel-ing with supreme indifference and regarded only what would assist him in his projects. Yet there was one passion he might use-love. The duke loved. The chan-

cellor had not failed to potice his at-achment to the adopted daughter of Silvere. Animated by his passion, might he not regain the energy neces-sary to still burst his shackles? To turn away Silvere, to forbid Colette to enter the park and the chateau, he would only arouse the anger of the duke, who might be incided to some of

those desperate remedies of persons crossed in love. What would be the use of this? But to bring her to the chateau, where Reichstadt would meet her daily, it would be necessary to attach to the person of the archduchess residing in the palace, and this would require the consent of the sovereign. This is why the chancellor had demanded an audience with the emperor. The latter, wishing to put an end to the perplexity which the presence of

health and the incidents of her jour-

'I cannot express," he said, "my gratitude at your prompt response to my request, but I do not doubt I shall be able to prove it. Take a few days of rest, meanwhile familiarizing yourself with affairs here with which it is necessary that you should become ac quainted. I sent for you promptly in order to have time to prepare you'for your installation. Remember that, above all things, I have laid down a course for you in your relationship with the people whom you will meet

But before any further explanahere. tion I must impress upon you the necessity of blindly obeying my instruc-tions if you wish to live here in peace and not become a victim to feminine intrigues. Such things are not only dangerous, but would weary you and necessitate your giving up your posi-

"Monseigneur," replied the young girl, "I promise you that you shall be satisfied with me in all these matters

"I did not expect less," replied the "I did not expect less, replied the chancellor. "Now let us go back to cur first meeting in the Place St. Mark in Venice. At that meeting I was liter-ally dazzled by your beauty." Seeing that the young girl blushed, he hastened to add:

"My age and my friendship for your father permit me to speak thus without offense. I made inquiries about you and had little difficulty in learning out offense. of your situation. Then I set myself to terminate the unjust proceedings with which your father's family threat-ened you. If I refer to these facts, it is not to place you under obligation. but to more satisfactorily explain my Intentions for you. When destiny put an end to the power of Bonaparte and banished him to that isle where it was fated he should die, the Emperor Fran

is, my august master, was placed un der the necessity of receiving to this court his son, a child born of the un-fortunate union of his daughter, the Archduchess Marie Louise, with the At first there was little trouble re-

sulting from this forced adoption. The son had little recollection of his father, and that would have been effaced in Unfortunately, the archduche when she set out from France, brought

in her suit two Frenchmen who estab lished themselves here, and on their account the tranquility which we might have enjoyed here was rendered impossible. They interested themelves in the studies of the young Duke de Reichstadt (so called from the city of Reichstadt). At all hours of the day

they came to the chateau horseback under the pretext of parfecting him in physical exercise thes opened his eyes o new truths by recounting to him the eds of his father. I was not formed until too late what was passnen back to their own country, but the vil was done, and since then matters

"But I have chu I have chosen you to remedy this matter

this chateau, which seems to be petrified, and where everybody has gone to sleep, there is going to be a great awakening. There will be hunt-ing, tournaments and fetes, but it is necessary to have a queen (of beauty, measuring ma) and you are to be the understand me), and you are to be this

Will you refuse? I hope not. The duke is amiable, young and handsome, Besides, a ducal crown is not to be despised. Perhaps you may be a duchess, a better title than that of countess, which is more or less unstable.

"You do not answer, but I see in your eyes that you accept.

"I suppose I should warn you that you will have no easy task. You will meet with opposition for you have a rival. Before you came the duke had The fce was broken.

Early in the morning the countess' attendant knocked at her door and handed her, from Prince Metternich, a perb fan adorned by miniatures Watteau. At the bottom of the sandal. wood box in which it was contained was a short note in the handwriting of the chancellor:

"The hour has come! Act!"

It was the middle of September and the wood in which two incidents in this story have already occurred had not yet lost its leaves. Their tints had changed, and the gold of autumn had succeeded to the green of summer. The duke, remembering the place where he had lost his heart, strolled mer. thither. He wished to dream, Perhaps he hoped to meet Colette. He was much surprised to see what he found there. The Countess San Severina was seated upon the marble bench. On perceiving the duke she flushed, as if surprised in a fault, and made a move-ment to retire. The duke begged her.

not to go and sat down beside her. "Monseigneur," said she, waving the fan which she held in her right hand "I am fortunate in meeting you here. I shall never forget the signal service our excellency rendered me to putting an end to the outrageous scene of which I was the victim and which, I beg you will believe. I had not in any wise provoked. My distress was so great that I may have neglected to thank you, I do so now, from the bot-tom of my heart. I have been told

you were generous and good, and in this I am not deceived." "Mademoiselle," replied the duke, think you exaggerate the service which had the good fortune to render you You were alone the subject of those who did not take the trouble to con-

ceal their malevolence. I was an in-dignant witness of that cowardly act. I only remembered I was a French-man, a gentleman. If you had had a brother, he would have done the same thing 'A brother," said the young girl,

"Alas, I have none. I am alone in the world. If I had a friend"- She accompanied the word with a languorus regard and moved nearer to his side

"Some day," replied the duke, "you will have one, faithful and devoted, and then you will laugh at the despicable people who insulted you. You will be everything to him, and, except his nothing will be so dear to Each day, each hour, your dear image will be present to him, and he will tremble at the sound of your footstep.

"What you say," replied the count "makes my blood move like burning lava through my veins. A new sentiment, unknown till now, prevents my finding words to express what I feel Oh, what a lover, and how happy wi be the life of one who loves you! She will know neither envy nor hate. You will be her god and her king, and when you come to die she will grieve for you, for the sun of her life will have set

The duke did not reply Disconcerted and mortified by his stlence, she arose. Reichstadt took her hand and begged her to be seated. "I understand your emotion," he said, "but I did wish you to think that I leved in that manner. She who pos sesses my heart is a humble child, the daughter of a soldier. If you move your head, you can see her dwelling, One morning in May in this same wood gave her my heart, and I have neve withdrawn it. Fortune has separated us, but in spite of obstacles I still love her, for she is simple and good, and her lofty soul is the emblem of my lost France."

The counters' understood that the broken heart had been given to Colette and the coquetry she had displayed had been wasted. She bowed respectrival. Before you came the duke had had been wasted. She bowed respect- Price 50 cents in bottles. The entered upon an intrigue with a young fully to the duke and returned to the cents. Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept.

dreamed that I was sad, alonethat I was a slave.

I was chained to a rock beneath which the waves beat. "The sea, receding, left at my feet

odlous monsters, which seemed to mock me, powerless and disarmed.

"This dream is finished. A gigantic eagle, with outstretched wings, decended from the abyss of heaven and, breaking my bonds, chasing away my enemies set me at liberty. "Since that blessed day how far I

have traveled! "It seemed that a gentle hand guided

my trembling steps. "In moments of repose at night on the field, the stars for lamps, how often have I felt a caressing breath fanning my brow

"But the end has come, "The old chateau has disappeared, and the people of France have assembled as though waiting for some one. "He whom they await is myself, the son of the Eagle.

"I feel my wings. But who are these two women who are walking at my side? Silently they advance. I rememher one day a young girl whom I had loved told me that in winter nights her mother had read to her about the young shepherdess who was to deliver France from the yoke of the stranger It is she at my right, Joan, the shep-

hordess But the other-who is she? The

child of the people who stopped the Huns and said to the conqueror Attila, 'You shall go no farther." She saved Paris from being pillaged, "Sweet flowers of the country! God

sent them and gave the hand to conduct me to him.

But a black cloud covers the sky. I see a marsh frozen in winter, and from it serpents come toward me. Good God, grant that they do not come upon me

They are gone

"Oh, my dear Colette, do you remem-ber those fleeting hours when we sat together under the stars? "One night we departed for the home of God, where we were to remain for-

ver, to live on the beautiful dream of

"My father awalts me, and I must join him, but you will come, too, for I love you so well." The dream had ended. The Eaglet

was dead.

Silvere, restraining his tears, left Co lette to her grief and, drawing a tri-color from a secret drawer of the desk piously covered the body of the duke. In its folds, blackened by powder and torn by shot. Reichstadt was to sleep forever, carrying with him to his forsign grave something of his lost country

As the old soldler finished his task the door opened softly. On the thresh-old stood Metternich. At the sight the soldier started and placed himself he-fore the couch on which reposed The Englet.

'Monselgneur," he said, "your task is do not anger God by remaining here, Do you see that kneeling woman? It is France who weeps. Go! Your pres-ence is an insult to her woe." The End.

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