

Commentation and a second a second

CHAPTER L

10

The Son of an Emperor, It is the revolution of July . The Bourbon dynasty restored to the throne iny loneliness, she has come to console of France with great trouble by the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance has just disappeared. Let us enter the old Chateau of Schönbrunn, the Imperiai residence of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In a lofty chamber over-looking the terraces and gardens of the palace, beneath that celebrated plat-form La Gloriette, where in clear weather one can see the spires of St. Ettenne, the cathedral of Vienne, c just disappeared. Let us enter the old Etienne, the cathedral of Vienna, a young man sits reading by the light of Imaginal highness permit me to offer you these fowers. When shout to a lamp. The great clock of the chateau has-just sounded the hour of midnight, the heavens are studded with stars. and through an open window one may | watched over my young years. hear distinctly the calls of the sentinels principal of the school left me for a as they pass each other, thus keeping themselves awake. The young man, distinguished looking, pale and slender, raises his head. He is dreased in the Austrian uniform, and his brow, grave and sad, seems to indicate noble but bitter thoughts. With feverish hands he turns a pile of parchment before him, and the further he reads the more his countenance contracts and his brow darkens.

'Marengo! Wagram! Austerlitz!" he mutters in a low volce. "Water-loo!" and his head drops: a hot tear comes into his eye. At each vibration of the clock he trembles as if his heari were too big for his body and about to burst, as if despite his youth his illu-sions had passed and he only waited death

Meanwhile the voices of the sentinels break in upon his meditations and rise, melancholy appeal, in the silence of the night.

to have been present at any of them. His small hand could not wield the sword the handle of which, inlaid with precious stones, glitters at the head of

precious stones, glitters at the head of his bed in a corner of his chamber. He continues reading as he proceeds, casting the pages he has been reading on the floor of his chamber. But the cold night air interrupts. He rises, trembling. Who is this youth who dreams of battles and sheds tears at the remembrance of Waterbo-an Aus-trian effect doubtless as his uniform trian officer doubtless, as his uniform would indicate, an aid-de-camp of the Emperor Francis II, chief of the Aus-trian dynasty in the chateau of Schon-

No. Listen:

On a beautiful morning in the year isii the people of Parls swarmed into the streets like a river that has burst its banks. On their faces one might see joy and anxiety. In the Tulleries the doctors surrounded the Empress Marie Louise, awalting her deliver-ince. Soon after the sounds of bronze cannon at the Invalides announced to France and to the world that an heir was born to the soldier whom fortune had crowned caesar. He who was called the king of Rome had, appeared in the world

His infancy was much like that of other princes. His mother had a narrow character, which was not improv-ed by the rigid etiquette of the court of Austria. He seldom saw the man-god whom trembling, he called "father." Then came evil days-lost battles, ex-Then came evil days-lost battles, ex-ile and the bitter thought, always present, that he could not give a single kiss to the dying Prometheus. But destiny interfered.

her teachers, at last not being able to] and the injuries of his enemies, also instruct her further, wished to find a hushand for her. But her heart fol-lowed the old soldier, and, learning of

"You come from France, mindemol-

funce, although faded. "Monseigneur," said she, "will your noment to gather some flowers from the garden of St. Dents and, knowing well where I was going, gave them to well where I was going, save them to me with this letter, saying to me. "They are for an exile, and when you meet him tell him that he is not for-goiten and that we often think of him, and that these flowers of France and the letter bear evidence that he is not force the set of the se forgo, an

Silvere brusquely broke off the interview, for his eyes, in spite of his years, were sufficiently acute to see that Prince Maternich was looking at him from an open window of the chatcau and seemed not to have lost any detail of the seeme which had massed of the scene which had passed.

CHAPTER III.

Metternich. Old Silvere was wise in interrupting

the interview, In this vist and lux-urious imperial residence, where le-gions of valet were moving at all hours of day and night, where the walls had ears, he knew that he was hardly tolerated, that he was watched every hour, for no one was ignorant of his tenderness for the young prince. Poor Silvere! What would he have thought if on returning to the cot-tage with Colette after the departure of the prince he could have pene-trated to the apartment where Prince Metternich, returning to his desk, sitting opposite his sacretary, rapidly tore open the voluminous correspondence which he had just received from all the capitals of Europe. Crouching like an immense spider in the midst of a diplomatic web, loaded with honor and riches, possessing the grand cross of all the orders of Europe, Prince Metter-nich, minister of state and grand chancellor, was troubled by day and his re-lisf broken by night. It was the spec-ter of Nappleon that troubled him. Yet the emperor was dead.

On this special day the chancellor was more gloomy and nervous than usual. Locking from his window, he had seen the son of the man he had abhad seen the son of the man he had ab-horred talking with the old soldier who was perpetually turning up in his path. The thought of the man who made kings tremble and the servitor of the young prince equally disturbed him. He, Metternich, a master whom no one could resist, was constrained to lower his eyes before the old man, and often he had gone out of his way to avoid he had gone out of his way to avoid meeting him in the park. And who was this young girl con-

magnanimous enough to pardon. A moment before, he had entered the room a pale, timld child. Now a man with haughty brow and determin-NOW R mien, he was ready to leave The prince bowed respectfully to the | battle courageously and fear nothing

CHAPTER V.

The Count of Falkenstein. When Fouche, duke of Otranto, for-merly imperial chief of police and, af-ter the restoration, charged by Louis XVIII with the same office, had tailen into disgrace with his royal master, he felt it necessary to leave Paris, and fixed her residence in Austria. He had a natural son. Otto, who possessed

a predisposition to evil. One night Prince Metternich, in need of a tool, had cast his net into the depths of Vienness society and by chance drew out the kind of man he required, this same Otto de Falkenstein, whom he had summoned. When he knocked at the door of the

prince's apartment, the latter was pac-ing back and forth, crushing in his

ing back and forth, crushing in his feverish hands a letter which a courier had just brought to the chaleau. The news from his correspondent, the prefect of police in Paris, was not at all reassuring. A Bonspartist con-apiracy was on the point of breaking out, for the purpose of getting rid of the present government and re-estab-lishing the empire. A number of em-issaries had crossed the frontier. The noise also reported the simultaneous police also reported the simultaneous disappearance from Paris of certain disappearance from Paris of certain generals of the empire, secret partisans of the old regime, and who without doubt were coming to see the prince. They yere hoping to win him over, to kidnap him if necessary, and to carry him to some place on the frontier where certain regiments whose loyalty to the monarchy of July was suspected were stationed. Inspired by this return from the Isle of Elba, as it were, they would advance by forced marches up on Paris, exciting the people and troops by the way to insurrection. King Lou-is Philippe (continued the prefect of police) had not at first placed much confidence in these rumors, but little by little they assumed such proportions that a council was held in the Tuileries to arrange with the minister of for-eign affairs for dispatching a secret lomatic note to the chancellor of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. It was the intention to advise him of the conspiracy, begging him to use all his in-fluence with the Duke of Reichstadt to dissuade him from an undertaking which threatened to revolutionize Europe and, in any case, would result in the shedding of streams of blood. The prefect added in a postseript that

a young girl charged with a preparate-ry message to the young Napoleon pre-ceded the generals. She was to in-struct him of the intended project and to arrange with him a rendezvous near the chateau where they could concert measures to bring the enterprise to a bead and place the Duke of Reichstadt

on the throne of his father. "You have taken your time to comply with my order to come to me," said the prince to Otto after his arrival.

"Your excellency." replied the young man, "will not only excuse the delay with which I have accomplished your orders, but, on the contrary, will com-mend me when you hear my report. Last night I arrived at the chateau about 10 o'clock and repaired to the sult of apartments reserved for me At so late an hour and covered with dust after my long journey I was scarcely presentable to your excellen-

esolute before, he was now bold and One spring morning, after having passed a sleepless night, he entered the park. Colette, who had just returned from Vienna, sceing him from her windecided.

from Vienna, seeing him from her win-dow, went toward a shady marble seat where sha knew the duke was accus-tomed to read and dream. Two days before a beggar at the park gate. In thanking her for a florin which she had given him, made a mysterious sign, and after a conference with Silvere she had gone to Vienna. There, in an in-terview with her two traveling com-panions, the generals. It was decided she should induce the duke to meet them on the 5th of May at midnight in the Monastery of Camaldules, off the Monastery of Camaldules, off the

ad to Wagram. When the duke, raising his eyes, saw Colette coming toward him, he was so surprised that he dropped the book which he was reading. He quickly re-covered himself and, going to her, invited her to be seated on the marble

"Why have you come?" he said. " Why have you come: he said. hope there is nothing the matter. Is Silvere ill? I saw him here yesterday walking in the garden. But your hand trembles. Do you fear me? Caim your-'Monseigneur," said Colette, "when

you know, you, too, will be excited." "Have you received news fro "Have you received news from Prance? Has anything happened to in-effere with our plans or to interfere with our departure?"

with our departure?" "Yes." replied Colette, rising, "it is about a departure, but not mine; yours, But before telling you about it I wish to inspire you with the same feelings that unimate me. When I was a child, my mother on winter nights read me the story of 'Joan of Arc,' who was rent from heaven to place the king back upon his throne and drive out the English. How I wished to be that at all times, their general, who wished to be alone, putting aside ceremony, was accustomed to descend into the park to breathe the night air and drive Suck upon his throne and drive out the Snglish. How I wished to be that heroine, that I could wield the sword gainst the enemies of France and be with the king in the hour of his tri-imph! God bus favored me. for, if ou are willing, in two days we will at out Two generals, loval to your cealed by tapestry. Silvere, whom the emperor had attached to his person and from whom he had nothing to conceal, knew of this passage. When, therefore Colette returned to the cottage after her interview with Reichstadt and told Two generals, loyal to your await us. I wish to be the her adopted father that she had failed irst to salute you as emperor. did not hesitate to confide the secret to Suiting the action to the word. Colette seized the hand of the duke and carher. Colette profited by the informa-tion and on the night of the ball stole tion and on the hight of the ball stole through the passage to the apartments of the prince to deposit the letter of the conspirators. The presence of Metter-nich and Otto and their discovery of the plate which would be apart of the store of the store

ried it respectfully to her lins. Reich-studt, overcome by emotion and sensible that it was unsafe to remain longer in the wood, offered her his arm. In taking leave of her he asked the place and hour of rendervous. It was then

that the spy heard the words: "The 5th of May-Camaldules." The great windows of the Chateau of Schonbrunn are resplendent with lamps. The vast building, the park, the terraces of the garden, are bathed to the vening both of a script evening. the terraces of the garden, are bathed in the pale light of a spring evening. The orchestra is discoursing redowas and polonaises. On the floor of the salon, standing by his grandfather, the Emperor Francis II, is the Duke of Reichstadt, the recipient of many hon-ors from the invited guests. Under the chandellers figures are whirling in the dance and uniforms of all colors. the dance, and uniforms of all colors, covered with gold and silver lace, contrast with the white shoulders and jewels of the women.

Near a window apart from the throng the Frince of Metternich and Otto de Faikenstein are talking in a low voice, and when at midnight the chateau clock announces the hour for supper the dancers, preceded by the empero and the archduchess, proceed towar the dining hall, the doors of which ar open by lackeys. Metternich and his tool slip out and proceed toward the right wing of the palace. There under the platform of La Gloriette are the apartments of the Duke of Reichstadt.

ed through many revoltions and wars. Its location at some distance from the The galleries and staircases are de Its location at some distance from the road had been a safeguard, the ava-lanche of armies which for centuries had passed and repassed its walls not suspecting 'Its existence. It was not until the imperial wars, when laborers were needed, that the monks left the monastery and dispersed, to other serted, and everything seems to the nocturnal expedition of the prince of the Austro-Hungarian empire, who, a demi bravo, a demi spy, a prey to hate and resentment, has descended so led so low that he is going at night, like a burglar, to pick a lock and possess himmonastery and dispersed to other abodes of their order. The monastery, thus abandoned, fell a prey to the rav-ages of time. Its bells were slient, the self of the secrets of the grandson of his muster, the emperor,

All is silent. Through an open win-dow comes the sound of tuning violins. Supper is finished, and the dancers are about to recommence, not to finish until daybreak. The light flashes upon a tool in the

ulned cells. But the ruin was not absolutely de-

Slivere, deeply touched by the words ng the time of Napoleon had nothing of the monk and understanding the at-achiment of the hermit for the place the timidily of the young sirl of today. Besides, the brief time which mained did not admit of hesitation which rethere he had passed his life, gave the mained did not admit of restruction of scruples. The preparations for taking away the duke had all been made, the day had been fixed, and it was too late to receide. It was her part to act rapidly and without hesitation or fear. equired promise, and when, a few iays after, the hermit died he deposit-d his remains beside his former comrades. This is how Slivere came to know the monastery in all its various parts and why he had chosen it as a rendezvous for the son of Napoleon and the generals. We shall see later on what use they made of the subtr-Unhappily, the interview between the luke and Colette in the wood had been nterrupted. Beichstadt, carried away y enthusiasm for Colette, had no ob ection to the plan, but was too much weited to remain sufficiently long in raneous chapel. he park to permit the young girl to the him any explanation of the de-CHAPTER VIII.

alls. It was to repair this omission but Colette, intending to instruct the

ad been a witness to the sacrilegious earch of Metternich and Otto de Falk-

the conversation between the two id understood that the secret of the

But how, considering that the door

aving been obliged to force it in orde

ad been locked (the two accomp

carry out their infamous pr

and Colette been able to enter and con

ceal hereelf in the duke's apartments It was thus: When the Emperor Na-poleon, the conqueror of the Austrians, fixed his residence, between two victo-

partments which by chance years af eward fell to his son. But, the officers the staff necessarily coming to him

way the austere thoughts which are he companion of power. So he caused

he constructed a secret passage, con

fully accomplish her mission, Slivere

the plot, which would ruin everything.

Monseigneur-Meet tomorrow night, the 5th of May, not at midnight, but at

At the ruined convent of Camaldules, At the runners must be accompanies Your highness must be accompanies by some one. I insist that it be the Count as Falkenstein. COLETTE.

Then, raising the bronze mask, she blaced the note where it would be

found. Knowing by the sound of carriage wheels that the guests were departing, the ball was finished and the duke would soon return, she raised the hang-

ings and disappeared, saying: "I have two hours-two hours. God

A league from Schronbrunn, in a

wooded valley separated from Wagram by high hills, stands the monastery of Camaldules. It was built in the early

part of the twelfth century by the fol-lowers of St. Romuald and had pass-

organ was mute, and moss grew in its

feverish hand:

ount de Falkenstein.

is just, Hope!"

at Schronbrunn, he occupied th

ustain herself

A Lesson.

When Prince Metternich brusquely lismissed the spy after having receiv-d his report, he laid out a course to be followed during Otto's solourn in ike, had entered his apartments and the chateau. He had arranged that Ot-to should be presented to the Duke of astein. When she heard the last part Reichstadt, had impressed upon him he necessity of gaining the duke's onspirators was known, a cold per-stration stood upon her forehead. She good graces, to watch all his actions and to give warning in time of the ex-ecution of the plot. eized upon the curtains behind her to

Otto had no trouble in following these instructions. The duke, who was by nature very amiable, received pleasantly the advances of the spy and soon admitted him to the number of his inlimite friends. The pseudo Count de Falkenstein, while serving the purposes of his master, had other projects for himself. The beauty of Colette had rupt being, and he thought that his intimacy with the duke might give him an opportunity to approach her and execute a plan of seduction which he contemplated. But Colette remained within the cottage of Silvere or in the garden where the old soldier cultivated his roses. To waying her when she was taking her daily walk was out of the question. The presence of the servants rendered such a course not only difficult, but impracticable. Be-. Silvere was watchful. He never guitted his adopted daughter, and at an appeal from her he would have hastened to her assistance, and then, in case of his waylaying her, how could be explain his presence in this part of the park to the old soldler, who would have immediately punished any affront to his adopted daughter?

One night Colette, tired of her voluntary seclusion, resolved to take a walk in the park. It was the night of the fete mentioned in a preceding ter. Not knowing what might happen she wished to visit for the last time instantly changed her plan. Taking counsel with no one but hersolf, she re-placed in her bosom the letter which she had taken out. Then, approaching the table and seizing a pen which lay Taking the park and the solitary wood where, one beautiful spring morning, she had kissed the hand of the duke in her en-thusiastic devotion. But devotion was not all. A sentiment of a more tender upon a silver escretoire, she wrote with nature had taken possession of her heart. That pity which every woman feels for the unfortunate had been suc-ceeded by a new sensation, both melancholy and sweet. She had suffered a wound which had brought to her heart

for the first time both joy and fear. Seated on the white marble bench. seated on the white that one because the young girl, absorbed in her reflections, seemed oblivious to all about her as if her soul had already taken leave of the disappointments and miseries of life. A shadow coming between her and the rays of the setting sun, filtering through the branches of the trees, caused her to raise her head. A few steps before her, his arms crossed upon his breast, stood the stranger whom she had met in taking leave of the duke just as she had appointed the hour and Jace of intended interview. She had also recognized him as the man who had been hanging about Silvere's cottage. At the same time a light broke in upon her mind,

Where had she seen this man? Passing recent events rapidly in review suddenly remembered—it was the trav-eler who had been watching her and her traveling companions and on whose account they thought it necessary on their arrival at Strassburg to depart in the early morning and cross the Rhine. These recollections brought a feeling of repulsion against this disagreeable creature, and her countenance contract-ed, her black eyes flashed, in short, her visage bespoke the tempest which was in her heart. The young man, perceiv-ing the effect his presence had produc-ed and wishing to change so unfavor-able a reception, advanced and ad-

themselves you have been successful. When the cells of Spielberg shall close upon these accursed Frenchinen, when tranquility shall have been restired and when my imperial charge, disa-bused and disgusted with all these consparices, shall have returned to his obedience and a just appreciation that what he desires is impossible, I will recompense, you royally. But befory ending this interview, if you have any favor to ask, speak, for I am in a mood to grant your request." "Monseigneur." replied Otto, "the en-

comium you have given me is quite recompense enough for my services, and the request which I am about to make will be a new proof of my devo. tion to your interests. At the park gate, at a cottage occupied by the chief gardener, you have an enemy who is a conspirator. Your excellency said that you have Spielberg in which to place the French generals. Let a third be opened to receive this other conspira-tor forever." or forever.

"His name?" Metternich demanded,

"Silvere," responded the spy. And he departed, gloating upon his revenge, for, the old soldler once in prison, his ward would not be long in falling into the clutches of one whom she had mortally offended.

It was 9 o'clock at night, and the moon had risen, its soft, pale light 0-lumining the valley where the old ruin-ed abhey seemed to be sleeping under its minitle of moss. At the entrance of the pass which led to it rode two horse-men, side by side, silently, absorbed each in his own thought. They ware the Duke de Reichstadt and the Count Otto de Falkenstein. The spy feit that he had reached a

The spy felt that he had reached a decisive hour. He was about to play his trump card. Up to this time in his machinations, luck had favored him, but now, at the last moment, he trembut now, at the last memerit, he trem-bled lest some unforeseen happening might interfere with his success. He thought of the promises of Motternich and the recompense which awaited him, but his knowledge of men and the contempt he felt for them rendered him perplexed and agitated. After al, what faith could be placed in the chan-cellor? The disdalit which Motternich had aways manifested for him ber had always manifested for him, his sudden change of humor, the profound aversion which had often been mani-fest under his icy politeness, almost insulting-all these things cast a shad ow over him at the moment when h was about to gather the fruit of so much pains.

much pains One thought especially distressed him-he was a spy, one of those vile instruments of whom the great make use, but whom they throw over as woon as they are through with them. The more be listened to such thoughts the more uneasy be became. What he feared above all things was his com-elicity in that vile action in catering the duke's apartments. The chancellor the duke's apartments. The chancelle of Austria, the prince of the Holy En pire, had been his accomplice. For one hour this man had been on his own evel, when he had looked upo the mask of one who for so many year had made Europe tremble. Reichstadt rode on, his head aloft, breathing the baimy evening air, his thoughts of an entirely different nature. He blessed the hour which he had so long expect-ed and which was now about to arrive This uniform of an Austrian officer the livery of a slave, he would soon cast off. When he placed his foot in the stirrup at the moment of quitting the imperial prison, where he had passed his melancholy youth, that white sepulcher in which he had lived for twenty years, he had cast an adleu with all the hatred he feit in his heart.

And tomorrow, that tomorrow which he had so long awaited, the son of the Eagle, with spread wings, would soar into space in the presence of battles. In his heart sang the bugle of armies He saw immense plains covered with soldiers, who were shouting their aclamations, with drums beating and banners displayed. He saw masses of troops advancing in the burning sun, the flash of steel, and heard from afar the sound of canon. Dreaming, in-sensible to all that was about him, the son of Napoleon passed over the road, led on by destiny. A hand seizing his bridle rein recalled him from his dream. Silvere spoke to him. He had reached his destination,

CHAPTER X

The eagle conquered-nailed, so to speak, to the barren rocks of southern solitudes-had spent his last days hoping for a great destiny for his son, whom he was destined never to see again.

As a bird that the wind has blown from its nest and that a laborer finds and gives to his children for a toy, the eaglet fell to the earth when the eagle was carried away and concealed his grief and aspirations in the chateau of Schonbrunn, where he spent many weary days with the old man, the Emperor Francis II, his grandfather, and Prince Metternich, prime minister of Austria.

It is the eaglet whom we have just seen, dressed in the Austrian uni-form, looking over the bulletin of the Grand Army, trembling at the account of his father's victories and shedding a terr at the remembrance of Water tear at the remembrance of Water-

CHAPTER IL. The Violets.

On the morning following that when we saw the son of Napoleon, to whom his grandfather had given the title of Duke of Reichstadt, reading feverishly the bulletins of the Grand Army and regretting with tears the inaction to which he was doomed, the prince de-scended into the garden and, crossing the white marble terraces, entered the

park where stood the cottage of the chief gardener. In this modest lodge in the midst In this modest lodge in the midst of flowers lived an old soldier of the imperial wars who had been badly wounded at Waterloo. Old Silvere lived moderately on his pension of the grenadier guard and his pay as ohlef gardener at Schonbrunn. A foundling discovered on the steps of the oburch of St Submee, picked up by a church of St. Sulpice, picked up by a flower girl, at the death of his mother by adoption, he went at the sound of the drum to campaign through Europe, receiving numerous blows and returning them with usury. The em-

Schonbrunn. When the prince arrived at the bridge which separated the road from the gat-den where Slivere cultivated his mess-the saw the oid servicer walking in his little domain in commany with a young drf whom he had never seen before benuts, the unknown, as she walked atooped toward the roses to breather the prime a bluck which and used her the prime a bluck which and the set of the time and would inform hib of the time and the there is prime a bluch which and the set of the prime a bluch which and the time and would the prime a bluch which and the of the time and the of success. Then as Scall upon the road to Da-muscus on the day when the light of

adopted daughter, who, having finished her studies, has come to relieve my sol-titude? She is the daughter of one of my commades killed at my side, and I have supplied the place of father to her. The emperor recognizing the bravery of her father, permitted her to enter the academy of St. Denis, and

And this letter-was it a petitance? tion, as the supplicating attitude of the young girl seemed to indicate? At least t must have been a letter from France

Arousing himself, Metternich turned toward his secretary.

"We will work no more today," he said, rising and pushing away a pile of letters. It is a fine day; take a holiday, but be here early tomorrow to make up for lost time." The young man rose, bowed respectfully and left the room. When the sound of his footsteps had died away, Metternich rose guickly from his table and rang the bell; a lackey appeared and stood be fore the prince, awaiting his order. Deep in his reflections the diplomat seemed to have forgotten his presence. hen, raising his head and perceiving

the servant, he said quickly? "Pierre, Count Otto de Falkenstein, is he in the chateau? Go and find him and tell him that I desire his presince immediately. The valet hurried off to give the or-

der, and the chancellor, more somber than ever, seated himself at his table and began examining the numerous documents before him,

CHAPTER IV.

The Letter.

When Reichstadt had left Silvere and Colette he regained his apartgirl who had spoken to him of his country in so touching a manner made his heart beat quicker and his heart beat quicker and gave birth to sentiments which up to this time he and not experienced. Taking the bunch of violets, he placed them be-fore him on his desk. The view of these flowers, faded after a long jourfrom France, cast him into a rev-in which melancholy was not rie in nexempt from gweetness. Did they not typify his own des-

tiny

His life had been a troubled one and at 20 years, an age ordinarily joy-ful to young hearts, had brought him rope, receiving númerous blows and returning them with usury. The em-peror, who admired brave men, had noticed him, and when the king of Rome, in his baby carriage, went for the daily airing on the terrace of the fut more inaportant matters ciaimed his meditations. He thought thin he lefter which Collette had given him he the recommanies while a here with the the mean who had left en the lefter which at time shone his young master and in beilt of the spool mean is seven and believe here was here and in the brief and concles style of a sol-ter the use here was and followe to prove the emplan of restor-the they might make there peace with new rulers, the aid sollier followed inc, he athered the should not hesitate hour should come he should not hesitate hour should come he should not hesitate here reviewed etch by son that when the son hau decomb he should not hesitate here reviewed etch by son that when the son should come he should not hesitate here whim to as wither peace he urdens almost impossible to be borne

the prime a bush which shaded her check made her still more attractive. "Monsigneur," said Silvore, unever-ing his white head, "will your high-ness allow me to present Coletto, my adopted daughter, who, having finished

This morning at an early hour I was up and waiting to be summone when an unexpected circumstance-the meeting of a person whose here I was far from suspecting-But I am wandering from my subject."

"Collect your thoughts," said the prince. "Give me an account of your journey to Paris and the news which you have to report. What did you

"Surprising things, which I will recount to you. Arriving there toward noon on Monday, I went to report to our embassador, whom I found in an unquiet state of mind and preoccupled. He quickly made me acquainted with the news of the day, the floating rumors and the projected plot. He gave me the names of those impliated and told me that he had put ipon the case all the police force at his disposal, but that the conspirators had acted with so much prudence that they had foiled him in his inquiries. After a few words of consolation quitted him, promising to see what could do in the matter on my own ac I betook myself to the Palaia where I scauntered for some Suddenly I saw Bertrand and time. Suddenly I saw Bertrand and Mantholon pass me, dressed in travel-ing costume. On the arm of one of them was a young girl, scarcely 20 years of age, a brunetic and ravishing-iy beautiful. Behind them, perhaps twenty paces, came Savoyard, carrying a value. At the Court of Fontaines the two scarces is their scours pion and Sa two generals, their companion and Sa-voyard, whom I shadowed, turned off at the street of 'Our Mother of Victories,' where, after walting a few minutes at the office of conveyances, they went toward the Strassburg diligence, which was about to depart and in which three places in the coupe had been engaged for them. I got into the diligence, but, fearing recognition, took a different compartment and was soon rolling toward Strassburg, where I arrived, elated with my success. Through the partition of the diligence I had overheard bits of conversation, and judging from the laughter of the young girl, she was far from suspecting my

dangerous presence. "At Strassburg I put up at the same "At Strassburg I pull up at the game hotel as the conspirators. The next marning I avershept myssif. When I descended to the office, my fellow travelers' had departed. In the court a groom was washing a carriage. It had taken them to Kiel. At an early hour they had crossed the Rhine. "I mounted a horse and followed them, but found as trace of them." I

returned to Schoobrun in despair This morning, taking the air in the This morning taking the air in the ganden. I met ny unknown traveling commention walking elseurely in the park. She was not alone. The Duke of Reichstadt accommanied her. As I massed them I heard the young girl say in a low voice. 'Ar Camuldules-the bit of May at midnight.'

Mutternich rose, but hefore disas you say, thance has played an important part. Come again soon for new instructions. Keep your eyes open. Thin the duke's confidence. He does not know you, but I will see that you have an introduction to him. Good morning. I desire to be stone."

CHAPTER VL

In the Grove, After his meeting selfb Colette, which Otto had observed and reported to Met-ternich. Reichstaft begau to experiternich. Relehataft begau to experi-cuce the limit mysterious symptoms of the melidy called low. Although he resolved not to yield to temptation, the sight of this chaste and beautiful girl and her devotion to his old servi-tor had kindled a flame in his breast which increased daily. Since the day when he fail upon his knees before the latter of his chart man resolution.

hand of the spy. Under his touch, which does not appear to be unfamiliar with the work, the lock gives way, and the interior of the chamber appears fluminated by the pale light of a night lamp which burns at the head of the bed and casts a dim light about the apartment. Metternich, paralyzed, has only to stretch forth his hand to pos-sess the accursed letter which has troubled him by day and chased away sleep by night. He trembles. He hesi-

He sinks into a chair.

Suddenly he arises and starts as if confronted by a serpent. On the desk scarcely two steps away from him is the bronze mask of the Emperor Na-noleon in the talons of an immense eagle, which seems to protect and de-

It is the only souvenir which the young man has retained of his father. A plous servitor preserved the death mask from oblivion. More fortunate than his master, he returned to France and, seeking a great artist, confided it

From this plaster mask came forth the masterpiece, after which the orig-inal mold was immediately destroyed. The bronze image the young man kept by him to remind him of his father. At sight of it the remorse which had

ande Metternich tremble for the cow-rdly and dishonorable action in which made Metternich tremble for the was engaged in company with the set was replaced by hate and rage. The burden of years dropped from als shoulders, and, advancing, he stretched his hand toward the mask. claiming: "Even in this palace your tested image comes to trouble me. your tomb so lightly closed that your ursed countenance comes through ars and the depths of space to awakbitter memories in my soul? Your orred image may inspire your son, t you have not counted upon me. I there to watch you." Then, turning away from the rigid

mask in a burst of wrath which he endeavored to conceal from his companion in guilt, he turned toward Otto and in a troubled voice, said;

"What we are looking for ought not be far away. Raise the brenze and ook under it." Otto obeyed, and, having lightly rais-

i the bronze, there upon the desk Metternich seized it and preiedly cast his eyes over it.

The further he advanced in the read-s the deeper became his frown. When he had finished, he turned to tto and said:

Your reports and the inferences I have drawn from them are fully con-firmed. We are on the eve of a plot, all the intricate facts of which are in iny possession. Have you not told me that the adopted daughter of this soldior-gardener has arranged for the dulke a meeting in the ruined monas-tery off the road to Wagram, a few leagues from here? I forget the date.

Tomorrow, the 5th of May, at midnight, and I have good reason member. It was chosen because-it is the day"-

Enough!" said Metternich. the date of the emperor's death. Well, if that anniversary suits them. I am

ir that anniversary suits them. I am sotialied. I shall make such arrange-ments that they shall not forget it. But time masses, Let us go before our plasence here is discovered." When the two men had departed and their footsteps had died in the dis-tionce a frightened face emerged from an anale of the apartment covered with a heavy drapery, and Colette ap-peared in the rays of the rising sun.

serted. One of the monks, almost a hundred years old, obtained permission from his superiors to await death in the cloister where he had lived. In his youth he had studied the effects of herbs and had numerous patients of herbs and had numerous patients among the poor. He also acquired a knowledge of the treatment of wounds and made a reputation which at last extended beyond his first limited field. extended beyond his first limited beid. Silvere, who was suffering from nu-merous wounds, having heard of the mank physician, visited him and re-ceived beneficial treatment. After that the two met often. Although living different lives, there grew up between the local creatures a sincere the lonely old creatures a sincere friendship. On bright duys the soldier, seated on a broken column, told stories of his battles to his compan-ion. The monk, counting the beads of his resary, often interrupted him to speak of God. When night came, they bade each other adieu, the soldier-garner returning to the chateau, while e hermit entered his abode and and tretched himself on a mat of rushes, thich, with a rustic bench, was the nly furniture in his narrow cell. Dur-ng these visits Silvere came to know about the monastery and its most

oref recesses. winter night (it was Christmas ve, the snow had been falling for sevral days and made the roads impassa-ie) the monk insisted that his friend hould sleep at the monastery. Silvere llowed himself to be persuaded, so cold was the night, though he would have preferred his own bed to the hard nave preferred his own bed to the hard couch offered him by his host and to this rickety abode. He tried to sleep, but in vain. The bells of Vienna, call-ing the faithful to midnight mass, came lightly muffled by the intervening hills. Not being able to sleep, he was tossing on his couch when the door opened and there, by the light of a torch, he saw the monk beckening him to rise and follow him. Silvere rose, and the two, climbing over the wreck of clois-ters, entered the chapel. The monk, taking a crowbar from

under the altar, pushed aside a large stone running on grooves, which, with the aid of the instrument, could be easily displaced. An loy draft, impreg-nated with the odor of decaying fiesh, blew in their faces, and they instinctively recoiled. The monk first recover-ed his equanimity and, followed by the soldier, advanced to the opening. By means of a ladder they descended subterranean chapel, the walls of which were of rarest murble. At one nd of the chapel was an altar, coverd with vestments and such things as re used in masses for the dead. rucifix was- covered with a crape here were also wax tapers and silver andlesticks. On the farther side of choir, placed on oaken supports, their cowls covering their foreheads, were a hundred monks, who seemed to be awaiting the signal of their abbe sing the hours.

Silvere looked upon the spectacle ith astonishment, but the odor of but the odor of putrid desh rendered any prolonged stay in the chapel dangerous. The monk realized the danger on seeing the light of the torch grow dim. Seizing he soldier by the arm, he drew him uickly to the foot of the ladder, and oth remounted to the domain of the ving. The monk moved the stone nto its former position and replaced he crowbar under the steps of the ultar. Then turning to Silvere he

"My friend and brother, when I int sisted on your keeping me company to-night I had grave reasons for doing so. t is time that I should explain myself. My years are numbered, and I believe that death is not far away. You are courageous and will be faithful to an oath. Will you swear upon the cruci-fix which s before us that when I am dead you will take me in your arms and place me in the empty cell at the right of the choir? I have endured to live here alone that I might at last rest there. I await your answer." od her!

This is a beautiful evening, mademolselle, to be isolated from the world and to dream of love. What a delightful place! How the trees surround and screen us! May I sit down by you awhile-that is, unless you may be expecting some one?" This unpleasant meeting broke in up-

on Colette's dreams. She arose to give up her place, but this was not what the intruder wished.

'You are not afraid of me?" he asked.

ed. Colette, who had moved away, sud-denly stopped. A few days before a young man had been there who had noticed her blushes, the beating of her heart and had feeiginly asked the cause. His voice was soft and tender This man who had asked the same question made her tremble with anger What a difference!

The crafty wretch who sat before her on the bench deserved a lesson and she was the woman to give it to

"Pardon me." said she, "You have asked if I am afraid of you. Fear is a sentiment of which I am ignorant, for until now no man or woman has dared to insult me. From this moment that gnorance ceases. I have received an affront, and I have but one feeling in my heart-profound contempt. But before quitting this wood, which you consider such a fit place to dream of love. I would like to know who you are and by what right you are following me about. I am not aware that I have done anything to encourage you. I would advise you in future to leave me unmolested. Now as to your iden-You carry a sword, a mark of tity. honor. You are therefore a gentleman, but your conduct causes me to doubt it.

Are you a spy? Monsleur, I am your humble servant." Colette, disdainful, haughty, And passed before his excellency Count Otto de Falkenstein and without further noticing him departed from the wood.

CHAPTER IX.

On the Road to the Throne.

At 10 o'clock in the morning on the 5th of May Metternich summoned Count Otto de Falkenstein to his cabinet to make final arrangements to thwart the plot which was to be carried out that evening and to strike a blow at the meeting of the conspira-tors. The spy hastened to his master, and for the first time the diplomat departed from the haughty mien with which he had treated his subordinate. "Well, well," he said, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, "this is the night, this 5th of May, that we are go-ing to put an end to the hopes of those fools who think they are to give us a second edition of the empire, a revised and corrected edition. It is time to clip the wings of the young Eaglet that Europe has placed in my charge. have sent for you to consider the mat-

Have you any news?" "Monseigneur," replied Otto, "I think I can reassure you beyond your best hopes. I bring you news which will show you that I have followed your instructions to the letter. After having been presented, as your excellency ar-ranged, to the Duke of Reichstadt I gained his confidence and won his friendship easily. This morning the duke sent for me to come to his apartments and after impressing upon me the necessity of discretion made me promise to accompany him tonight on a journey which he proposes to make from the chateau. Now I am in the from the chateau. Now I am in the plot, what do you think, monseigneur?" "I am satisfied with you," replied the prince. "You have played a the first role. I must admit that from the first essary for us to know. Although a sub-ordinate, you have left experienced diplomats far behind. While they have been waiting a providential solution to a problem which they could not solve

An Explanation. Preceded by Silvere, the new arrivals entered the chapel, which was feebly lighted by lamps. Near the ruined steps formerly used for mounting to the altar, silent, enveloped in their loaks, stood two men. At the entrance of the duke they quickly uncovered and displayed the figures of soldiers. pon seeing him their faces lighted up. out their brows contracted the moment they perceived his companion. Reich-stadt, perceiving the bad impression produced by his attendant, hastened to reassure them. "Gentlemen," said he, "do not think that in a matter so important I would

permit myself to act except circumspectly. I know very well that the least indiscretion might cause the greatest trouble. It might cost you your heads and me perpetual imprisonment. But do not disturb yourselves. This But do not disturb yourselves. This person who accompanies me has come here at my request, and if it seems like disregarding simple prudence to introduce a stranger to our secret meeting I must tell you that I have invited him expressly at the request of a young girl devoted to our cause. I refer to the adopted daughter of my old servitor Silvere.'

At the mention of Colette and learning that it was she who advised the duke the spy trembled. Why had this young girl, who had only reason to de-spise him, who the evening before had cruelly ridiculed him, why had she brought him into the midst of a plot

which thanks to him, would be thwart-ed? Here was a mystery. The duke, who feared that the ex-planation that he had given might be received with reserve, and realizing that he might have acted hastly in honoring with his friendship a man who had given no proof that he deserved it, did not remark the terror of his companion. Leaving the spy in com-pany with Silvere, the duke retired to a corner of the chapel and began to converse in a low voice with the two conspirators. Finally the interview was ended; everything appeared to have been arranged. Silvere had light-ed a torch in order to guide the duke and his companions away, when one was not expected made her apwho pearance.

It was Colette. What was the meaning of her ap-pearance there at such an hour? Did she come to bid the duke farewell, or was she intending to attach herself to his fortunes? These questions suggested themselves to those present. Their suspense did not last long. Coette, pale and resolute, turned toward the generals, who regarded her with stupefaction.

"Gentlemen," she said, "your traveling companion has come to you to ful-fill a sad duty. Your devotion has led you to engage in an enterprise worthy of your courage and energy. Faithful to your word given at the deathbed of the emperor, you have done your best for some years to return the son to the throne lost by the father. You have risked your heads and have acted even ashiy in coming so near to Schonbrunn o rescue the captive Eaglet. But solilers ignorant of small ways, lions who light in the open field, your work is destined to disappointment. Your plan is known, and in an hour an army will ome to take you and make you pay dearly for the terror you have caused in your project of restoration. Silvere, who is familiar with this place, will conduct you from the abbey, where your enemies had expected to find you An asylum awaits you, where you may remain till the storm passes. The fron-tier is guarded. Your task is finished-

commenced. mine Turning toward Otto, who listened in

a cold perspiration: "Arrest that man! We have still an