

smiling: and leaning over the lovely maid he kisses her. At the same moment, as if the kiss had been a signal which the wretch was waiting for, he throws himself like a thunder bolt upon his two victims. Leocadie has recognized the stranger. A knife gleams in his hand. She recalls the blood red sun, screams, turns pale and falls unconscious and lifeless at the feet of the assassin, who has stabbed her to the heart. Joseph springs upon him. He is unarmed, but he wishes to avenge Leocadie, or else to die with her whom he loves more than his life. There is a violent struggle, and the stranger lifts up Joseph with his strong arms and throws him to the ground beneath him. One knee upon his chest, he seizes him by the throat. The unhappy man makes vain efforts to free himself from the iron grip which is strangling him. His eyes roll convulsively in their sockets, his nerves stretch and all his limbs twist frightfully; the assassin does not lose his hold until the death rattle is heard, and then he knows that his vengeance has been satisfied!

The concluding chapter is short, and is entitled "The Locket." It is as follows: Having finished the story, he folded with care the half torn leaves and returned them to a box from which he took out a kind of small locket. "See" he said, "this is Leocadie's hair. She wore this on her neck, and what you see on the other side is in the hand writing of Joseph."

The following acrostic appeared beneath the miniature of Leocadie :

Le Dieu qu'à cythère on adore  
 En tes yeux fixa son séjour;  
 Ornés de cils, mouillés encore,  
 C'est là que repose l'amour.  
 Ah ! qui peut égaler les charmes  
 De ces yeux qu'amour embellit,  
 Iris devant eux rend les armes  
 Et va se cacher de dépit.