

grand Kaisersaal, and the new Empress rose from her chair, standing there, her face white as the costume she wore. Mayence advanced to her, bending his gray head over the hand he took in his own.

"Your Majesty," he said gravely, and this was her first hint of the outcome, "I congratulate you upon your marriage, as I have already congratulated your husband."

"My Lord Archbishop," she said in uncertain voice, "you cannot blame me for obeying you."

"I think my poor commands would have been futile were it not for the assistance lent me by his Majesty."

The salutations of the others were drowned by the cheers of the great assemblage in the Romerberg. The red wine and white had begun to flow, and the people knew what had happened. In the intervals between the clangor of the trumpets, they heard that a Prince of their own town had been elected, so all eyes turned to the Romer, and cries of "The Emperor! The Emperor!" issued from every throat. The multitude felt that a new day was dawning.

"I believe," said Mayence, "that hitherto only the Emperor has appeared on the balcony, but to-day I suggest a precedent. Let Emperor and Empress appear before the people."

He motioned to Herr Durnberg, and the latter flung open the tall windows; then Roland taking his wife's hand, stepped out upon the balcony.

THE END