

cated as the son of poor peasants in Italy. No one knew of his birth save the companions in exile of the Great Emperor. All of them, with the exception of Count Bertrand, believed, as Valmond said, that the child had died in infancy at St. Helena.

"Prince Lucien had sworn to the mother that he would care personally for the child, and he fulfilled his promise by making him a page in his household, and afterwards a valet—a base redemption of the vow.

"But, even as Valmond drew our hearts to him, so at last he won Prince Lucien's, as he had from the first won Prince Pierre's.

"It was not until after Valmond's death, when receiving the residue of our poor friend's estate, that Prince Pierre learned the truth from Count Bertrand. He immediately set sail for New York, and next week he will secretly visit you, for love of the dead man, and to thank you and our dear avocat, together with all others who believed in and befriended his unfortunate kinsman.

"Ah, dear Curé, think of the irony of it all!—that a man be driven, by the very truth in his blood, to that strangest of all impostures—to impersonate himself! He did it too well to be the mere comedian. I felt that all the time. I shall show his relics now with more pride than sorrow.

"Prince Pierre dines with us to-night. He looks as if he had the Napoleonic daring—or rashness—but I am sure he has not the good heart of our Valmond Napoleon. . . ."