



HIS WORD OF HONOR.

PAUL D'ALVILLE was a boy not yet sixteen, but Parisian soldiers were going to shoot him, nevertheless. He had been taken, red-handed, with several others during the September riots and there was no other fate awaiting him. Already three had paid with their lives the penalty of their crimes.

Paul had had better training than he now gave signs of. After the death of his father who had fallen in a skirmish on the Alsatian frontier, his pious mother had given all her time to the cultivation of his soul. Honor and religion had been instilled into him, not without success, for up to the Parisian outbreak Paul had been a model boy. But when his mother became an invalid, Paul gave himself to more or less liberty. Bad companions soon did their work with him, and he was now on the verge of disgracing an honorable family by the death of a *communard*.

People behind prison walls have time to reflect. Paul had now been lying in prison for three months, and what passed between himself and God it is easy to surmise.

The day had at last come when summary justice would be done. The city was still under martial law, and Paul d'Alville, with several companions, was brought to the commandant's office in the Eleventh District.

Struck by the boy's youthful appearance, and also aston-