

of this gem of a chateau was for a long time a thorn in the side of Catherine, but her turn came at last, after long waiting, upon the death of Henry II., when the power of the fascinating Diana was over, and Chenonceaux and all else possible were taken from her. But her memory will always cling to its walls and pervade the shady walks and secluded nooks of the surrounding garden.

No horror such as the massacre of the Huguenots at Amboise or the murder of the Duc de Guise, darkens the history of Chenonceaux. Interwoven with its shades are memories of gay garden fetes and water-masques, such, for example, as the one ordered by Catherine to celebrate her triumph over her fallen rival when she first came to take possession of this long-coveted domain. Catherine, surrounded by her bevy of feminine charmers, was accompanied by a gallant band; the young king, Charles IX., two cardinals, Lorraine and D'Este, and the two poets, Ronsard and Tasso. When darkness had come, torches were lighted

and myriads of lights shone forth from the windows of the chateau and blazed from the boats on the river. The hunting-horns resounded through the wooded banks and from under the arches of "Diana's Folly," shot barges gaily decorated and devised in fantastic shapes of birds, shells and butterflies. Farther out to one of the secluded nooks in the tangled coppice, stole the gay young princess, Marguerite, to meet by stealth her lover, the Duc de Guise, who had come hither uninvited, and indeed against the command of Catherine, who regarded with disfavour the idea of an alliance between the houses of Valois and Lorraine. In the shadow of a shell-grotto beside the dashing spray of a fountain, they sit together, pouring out their mutual love, until the spell is broken by a message from the imperious Queen, who suspects the cause of her daughter's absence. Hurriedly they separate, Marguerite seeking one of the gaily-painted barges, while the duke strides off and is lost in the darkness of the forest.

