

OUR HOME

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THE CARDINAL'S GODSON.

One evening, in the year 1649, M. Roullard, a rich goldsmith in Paris, was standing in the parlor behind his shop, busily engaged in reading a large and handsomely engrossed document. His niece, Jeanne, a pretty girl of eighteen, was seated near him, holding a piece of delicate embroidery in her hand; but her fingers were idle, and her eyes strayed continually towards the open window. Master Roullard at length folded up his paper, and with a satisfied smile exclaimed:—

"'Tis perfect! The cardinal certainly cannot refuse!"

"Are you then so anxious, uncle, to obtain the title of Goldsmith to the Court?"

"Anxious indeed! A wise question, girl! Know you not that if I obtain it, my fortune is made?"

"But it seems to me," said the young girl, hesitating, "that the title would prove embarrassing."

"And wherefore?"

"Because you have hitherto had the custom of all the great personages of the prince's party."

"Well?"

"You have been accustomed to hear and to speak so much evil of the cardinal—"

"Hush, hush!" interrupted the goldsmith: "We must not think of that now, Jeanne. If I ever *did* say anything slighting of his eminence, I am heartily sorry for it now."

"But, uncle, your clerks and workmen have all fallen into the same habit, and—"

"They must change it then," replied Roullard, resolutely. "I will not allow any of my people to compromise me. When I spoke ill of the cardinal, I did not know him. Besides, Master Vater was then alive, and I had no chance of obtaining his post. It was only the day before yesterday I heard of his death, when I was returning from seeing Julian off in the St. Germain coach. By-the-way, he has not yet returned."

"No, uncle," said Jeanne, "I cannot think what detains him;" and her eyes wandered anxiously towards the quay. Master Roullard fixed his eyes steadfastly upon his niece.

"Ah, yes," said he, in a testy tone, "'tis easy to make you anxious about Julian Noiraud. You have not put that fine project of marriage out of your head yet?"

"My mother approved of it," said Jeanne, in a very low voice.

"All very well; but *my* views for you are different. I intend to give you a fortune which will entitle you to marry a rich man, and Julian has not one hundred crowns of his own."

"He may make a fortune—"

"Yes, by some miracle, I suppose," replied the goldsmith, ironically. "Does he expect it from that Italian adventurer, who formerly lodged in his parents' house, and became his sponsor, —Captain Juliano, I think his name is?"

Jeanne was saved the trouble of replying, by her uncle being summoned into the shop to attend three gentlemen.

These were the farmer-general of the revenues, Jean Dubois, M. Colbert, and the governor of Louvre. All three were partizans of the cardinal, and by no means in the habit of dealing with Roullard; but they had heard of some beautiful pieces of plate which he had just finished, and they came to see them.

The goldsmith overwhelmed them with civility. He ransacked his shop for articles to suit their fancy, interlarding his polite speeches with protestations of his devotion to the cardinal.

He had just laid aside for Messrs. Colbert and Dubois several rich pieces of plate, considerably reduced in price, in honor of the purchasers' adherence to the cardinal; and he was commencing a fresh palinode in praise of his eminence, when the shop-door was suddenly opened, and a young man of pleasing appearance, with a frank, open countenance, entered. He laid on the counter a small packet, and having