

her. As she was well known to the officials of the cathedral, her address was easily ascertained. She was a widow, of irreproachable conduct, infirm, burdened with a family, and living on charity alone. When the Prince's messenger entered her dwelling, he saw with his own eyes that she had that very society barely enough bread for herself and children. Even when Count de Chambord learned these touching details which added to the beauty of her sacrifice, he was moved to tears, and he requested Count de Monti to repair immediately to the poor widow's lodgings, and offer her a sum of a thousand francs with his congratulations. "Never did I perform a more pleasant message," related M. de Monti. "That poor woman's soul was equal in greatness to that of Monseigneur. She was bewildered at the Prince's generosity, and at his compliments. She had found it so natural to act as she had done. By accepting the financier's bank-note, after the insult offered to her high-born lady, who had volunteered to beg for the Pope, it seemed to her that she would share in the insolence of the ill-bred man, and, without any reflection, by a mere Christian instinct, she had hastened to repair the insult. Nothing could have induced her to keep an alms given under such circumstances; she would have accused herself of robbing Jesus Christ, and rather than make use of such money, she would have cast it into the fire." Admirable beggar that she was, she almost hesitated to accept the Prince's offering, and to appear to receive the salary of her sacrifice. And yet, to see her wretched lodging, the rags of her little children, it was more than strict necessities, it was the very livelihood of all her family that she would have refused.

Two or three days later, Count de Chambord was in a drawing-room in Vienna, close by two young archdukes. The conversation fell on the adventure which was the talk of all classes of