

He looked at her and listened to her in silence, perhaps in wonder. She seemed the Spirit of France incarnate, a pale reed shaken by prophetic winds from Heaven.

"It may be so," he said to her gravely. "And now, Mademoiselle de Bayard, I shall ask you to give me your hand at parting!"

"Take it, Monseigneur!" she bade him.

He held it in his an instant, saying in his clear-cut French:

"I desire no evil to France when I say that I wish that every Frenchman had a daughter like you! . . ." He added: "Thanks for the *beignets*. . . . I shall always remember you when I am served with them. . . . And for last night again thank you! . . . Farewell and all happiness attend you, Mademoiselle!"

His heavy footsteps crunched the snow. He was gone, and she had almost called after him:

"Monseigneur, I do not hate you so much as I have said. . . ."

On the morning of the 27th of January eighteen French guns on Fort Montrouge had been keeping up a brisk cannonade of the German investing-works. Meeting no response their thunder ceased. Then, upon the east and north of beleaguered Paris—with a simultaneous uprush of fierce white flame from the muzzles of seventy giant howitzers, with the detonation of driving-charges, and the piercing screams and deafening crashes attendant on the transit and percussion of Krupp's huge siege-projectiles, the bombardment of the doomed Queen City of Cities had begun. . . .

A few moments before, as Juliette de Bayard and her lover landed upon the steamer-pier at Dover, an aged French lady, who had stopped Count Bismarck on the steps of the Prefecture of Versailles, had imploringly said to him: