

the past grandeurs of the counts of d'Avignon and d'Auteuil, but you have the golden key to life which is the family honor. Gervaise, and you have life itself." There came the rushing sound of many waters. "It was my cutlass, Gervaise," he said; and then I awoke.

Doctor was standing beside me. "Come," he said, "you've slept two whole days and a night. What a lazy fellow mother's boy is getting to be."

"I have a golden key to life," I babbled as I felt myself slipping into eternity. For many days I was bedfast, and as I had always been of a delicate nature, my father and mother feared lest I should die. One beautiful evening, as I was lying on the old couch in the kitchen, the blacksmith entered. He still wore his leathern apron and he said to Doctor: "You were right, sir. The hilt of that old cutlass was hollow and came apart with a spring. It was badly rusted, so I opened it in another way. I found this in it. "He held out a tiny golden key.

"Give it to me," I cried, "it is mine." Without knowing why I knew or who had told me, I said quickly, "It is the key of the casket which contains all the family jewels. They are all here; we did not leave any at home in the Chateau d'Avignon. I will find the casket, for I have life—life—!"

"Oh! Mon Dieu," cried my mother. "Oh! my poor little boy."

"Here, Gervaise," said Doctor, "take the key. Take your medicine, too, like a man, and you and I will go when you are better, and look for the casket of beautiful jewels of d'Avignon."

The big smith dashed his hand across his eyes as he went out. My mother gathered me into her tender arms.

"Monsieur," she said, tensely, turning to Doctor, "go, if only to please me, and destroy that accursed cutlass, and never speak of it again. "But," I said softly, "never mind, mother, I am alright, it was only the dream again." I told her about it, while Doctor and Desmond listened wonderingly to the tale. But she shook her head, poor little mother.