

"What is it all?" she asked, turning again to the Tricolor.

"Louis Napoleon enters the Tuileries," he answered.

"But ours was the son of the Great Emperor!" she said. "Let us be going, Parpon; we will place these on his grave." She pressed the violets to her heart.

"France would have loved him, as we did," said the dwarf, as they moved on.

"As we do," the blind girl answered softly.

Their figures against the setting sun took on a strange burnished radiance, so that they seemed as mystical pilgrims journeying into that golden haze, which veiled them in beyond the hill, as the Angelus sounded from the tower of the ancient church.