

THE WOOING OF CLOTILDE.

A BEAUTIFUL, wise, and well-learned maiden was Clotilde, princess of Burgundy, the noblest and most charming of the daughters of the Franks. Such was the story that the voice of fame whispered into the ear of Clovis, the first of the long line of French kings. Beautiful she was, but unfortunate. Grief had marked her for its own. Grief and revenge, for the two feelings burned in her heart. Her father had been murdered. Her two brothers had shared his fate. Her mother had been thrown into the Rhine, with a stone around her neck, and drowned. Her sister Chrona had taken religious vows. She remained alone, the last of her family, not knowing at what moment she might share their fate, dwelling almost in exile at Geneva, where her days were spent in works of charity and piety, though secretly her heart burned with remembrance of her wrongs.

It was to her uncle, Gondebaud, king of the Burgundians, that she owed these misfortunes. Ambition was their cause. The fierce barbarian, in whom desire for a throne outweighed all brotherly feeling, had murdered his brother and seized the throne, leaving of the line of Chilpério only these two helpless girls, one a nun, the other seemingly a devotee.

To the ears of Clovis, the king of the Franks,