

made as he shuffled away, there came the words—

“Gold and silver he will bring,
Vive le roi, la reine !
And eke the daughter of a king—
Vive Napoléon !”

She went about her work, the song in her ears, and the words of the refrain beat in and out, out and in—“Vive Napoléon.” Her brow was troubled, and she perched her head on this side and on that, as she tried to guess what the dwarf had meant. At last she sat down on a bench at the door of her home, and the summer afternoon spent its glories on her; for the sunflowers and the hollyhocks were round her, and the warmth gave her face a shining health and joyousness. There she brooded till she heard the voice of her mother calling across the meadow; then she got up with a sigh, and softly repeated Parpon’s words, “He is a great man !”

In the middle of that night she started up from a sound sleep, and, with a little cry, whispered into the silence, “Napoleon—Napoleon !”