

look of pain crossed her face, and a hand trembled to her bosom, as if to ease a great throbbing of her heart. These cannon shots and this shivering pennant brought back a scene at the four corners, eight years before.

Footsteps came over the hill: she knew them, and turned.

"Parpon!" she said, with a glad gesture.

Without a word he placed in her hand a bunch of violets that he carried. She lifted them to her lips.

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

"Louis Napoleon enters the Tuileries to-day," he answered.

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

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

"As do we," 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 a golden haze, which shut them out from view beyond the hill, as the Angelus sounded from the tower of the ancient church.

THE END.