

possession, as the children cry for that "shiny round thing up there," on a clear moonlit night. We dropped our Scotchmen at the first omnibus line to the Madeleine, and continued our tour. I had to call at the Bon Marche and order a robe which I had not decided on the day before, and with the precaution of leaving Jessie behind I rushed up the stairs almost with my eyes shut, ordered my robe and came down, making one little pause, however, where a box of very pretty felt travelling hats, of the style known as "mountaineer," were selling off at about ten cents apiece. I hastily picked out one, of finest felt and first-class finish, and descended with it in my hand to find Jessie and the coachman discussing the best thoroughly French place to take luncheon in. "I've h'only *one* place," said William, with a "that settles it" tone, "where I h'always recommend my ladies. The waiters know me, h'and you're sure of h'everything served proper." Accordingly, after a few moments at "Les Invalids," where Napoleon's magnificent tomb and his very wrecks of old soldiers "divided my devotions" (and where I had the doubtful pleasure of shaking the palsied hand of the oldest living veteran), we drove through the old real Paris to a low, clean-looking restaurant, wherein our William disported himself like a Lord of the Admiralty at the very least, patronizing the waiters, and, I shrewdly suspect, getting his dinner for nothing in the outer cafe, while we paid the piper within. They gave us all sorts of queer little things for lunch—a salad that I would not have eaten for twenty francs, it looked so very suspicious, and a capital bottle of wine, which Jessie drank sparingly, as if it had been old port instead of innocent "native" at two francs the bottle, and a perfectly delicious chicken with macaroni. We lunched royally for very small money, and William demanded to know the amount from me before we left the place. When I told him, he said, "Ham, chicken and l'Italian, bottle of wine, bread and cheese. Did you have potage and salad? Didn't eat the salad? I'm sorry, mem, for the salads are a *chief do over* of my good people here!" Finally he signified his satisfaction at the charge, and begged pardon for appearing inquisitive. "But ladies 'ave no h'idea of values. H'I'm bound they sharn't h'impose h'on you." I was awfully afraid he would ask me how much I gave the waiter, and was prepared to get another lecture, but he did not, and I was amused to see the way he feed *his* waiter, handing him a cigar with a lordly "Ere's a smoke, John," and not apparently seeing the twinkle of fun in the demure Frenchman's eye. He took us next