

I told the landlady I should be delighted to engage her apartments. As, however, instead of looking as happy as I looked, there was something latent in her heart which evidently remained to be divulged, I feared I had been too abrupt in concluding my arrangements in so few words. At last, out it came that she had a similar apartment, two stories lower, which was also at my service in case I should prefer it.

Now I had taken such a fancy to the aerial abode in which I stood, that I felt quite disappointed at her intelligence. However, as in Paris high life is low life, and low life high life—that is to say, as it is reckoned a fine thing to live very near the earth, and unfashionable to approach the blue sky—I descended with her to the second story of her house, where she introduced me to an apartment, a secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, all exactly like those I had left, excepting they were all decidedly better dressed. The floor was more slippery, the furniture more highly polished, the dial more richly gilt; lastly, in the price of the whole there decidedly existed more silver.

Had I been fairly left to myself I should have remained faithful to my first attachment; but Fashion, Folly, and Pride, first joining together