

a fine old oaken staircase to the study of the dramatist, where the eye is gratified with a mass of pictures and books. In the middle of this well-lighted room is an immense writing table laden with letters, papers, books and a stand of penholders, where bristle as many as thirty yellow goose-quills. Dumas will have nothing to do with the steel nor the gold pen, and the legibility of his chirography suffers in consequence. Next to this study is the author's bedroom. Here are pictures and other objects of art, a beautiful set of Sevres and Saxe being especially noticeable on the mantel-piece. The bed is low and wide, with a spring and hair mattress. The only luxurious things in the room are objects of art. There is an admirable picture gallery, composed principally of modern pictures; everything in the dining-room is in the best of taste.

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Some twenty-five years ago Alexandre Dumas married a noble native of Finland—Princess Narischkine, *nee* Knarring—by whom he has had two daughters—Colette, married about seven years ago to M. Maurice Lippmann, and Jeannine. But the father still preserves most of the habits acquired when a young bachelor. Dumas is an early riser. He is out of bed at 6.30 in summer and at 7 in winter. After dressing he goes to his study, where he lights his own fire, reads his letters, receives his friends and works a little. He does not read the papers, for he generally hears the news before it gets into the journals. His first breakfast consists of a glass of cold milk; the second, which occurs at noon, is a very plain meal. After eating, Dumas works until about four, when he goes out for a promenade. He walks rapidly, with head erect, rolling his shoulders a little. He dines at seven and goes to bed between ten and eleven. He is a light eater, but a heavy sleeper. He needs from eight to nine hours of repose. He enjoys exercise, and plays billiards with this in view. He is very orderly. I have seen him more than once, feather duster in hand, busily employed in dusting his study; at another time I have found him in his shirt-sleeves, aided by a servant, changing the place of a piece of furniture. It is on Sunday that he indulges in this house cleaning mania.

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Toward the middle of May Alexandre Dumas leaves Paris for Marly, a few miles away, where he bought a place some time ago. One of his neighbors is Victorien Sardou. The whole family accompanies him, even M. and Mme. Lippmann and the grandchildren. At the end of June they all move on to Puits, near Étretat, on the Channel, where the dramatist has a fine establishment, and where he remains until the end of September. Here it is that Dumas does most of his literary work, and here will be finished his new five-act drama, which is to be brought out next winter at the Theatre Francais. The piece is already under way, but the author will not go seriously to work at it until surrounded with the quiet of the seaside.

#### ON A RAFT.

UNQUESTIONABLY the only true way to gain an adequate idea of the St. Lawrence is to secure a passage to Quebec on one of the numerous rafts that are sent down every year by the large lumbering firms near Kingston, Ont.

To anyone with a love for out-door life, a jolly companion and a fortnight or so at his disposal, I would recommend this ideal trip. It is true there is a line of steamers on the route that profess, among its many virtues, to afford to the tourist unsurpassed views of the 1,000 Islands and Rapids "by daylight," but owing to the speed of the steamers and the unfortunate fact that the sun flatly refuses to work overtime, a greater part of the scenery is lost. It is scarcely possible, however, that the rafts will ever prove formidable competitors to the steamers in the matter of passenger traffic. The majority of the travelling public will doubtless prefer the comfortable stateroom and well-furnished tables of the latter to the rude pine shanty and aboriginal pea-soup. As very few have hitherto undertaken the expedition with an eye to amusement on account of our trip last summer, may to some readers prove interesting. It was about 3 p.m. on a hot day in July that I received the first intimation of what was in store for me. A ring at the bell—"a young man wishes to see you," a short conversation in which he unfolded his plans, an "all right, I'm with you," and in half an hour we were both tearing about town investing in sundry articles indispensable to the amateur raftsmen, such as a "cow's breakfast" or two to preserve our immaculate complexions, canned goods of all sorts, fishing tackle, and such literature as "Hand-cook to the French Language," which, by the way, is full of extraordinary sentences that would never by any chance occur in a rational conversation—a bundle of those admirable "Rules for Treatment of the Apparently Drowned," handy to have in case of accidents—and some heavier artillery as Parkman and Marryat. The thrilling tales contained in the former's interesting volumes were peculiarly suited to the life we were about to lead, although the specimens of the noble savage that came under our notice did not inspire us with any considerable degree of horror. We had no time to lose, as the raft was booked to leave that evening at seven o'clock. At 6.30 I was at the boat-house with my goods and chattels, where my friend S— had agreed to meet me. After loading up the little skiff and bidding farewell to several inquisitive little boys and girls who had gathered on the wharf, we hoisted our sail and sped off before a gentle breeze in the direction of Garden Island. Here we found the tug puffing and panting away in the endeavour to make a start, for it takes more than the conventional twist of the wrist to induce the leviathan to move. The tow-rope was creaking with the strain, as if indignant at being pulled so tight. The men were shouting and swearing in half-a-dozen different languages, the huge logs were groaning, and the uproar generally was tre-