

comes our Consul, and a long and dreary wait in a dull ante-room is the usual prelude to an interview with him. Number one *visa* having been achieved, a drive to a remote Préfecture follows. Here we went to the wrong door, and were directed to take the "troisième rue à gauche" and then the "deuxième à droite," and, after much vexation and wandering, found ourselves eventually in a spacious courtyard.

A stone staircase on the right led up to a picturesque loggia, and the brilliant sunshine on the cleanly whitewash called to mind vividly Sargent's glorious little picture in the Academy a few years ago. Long queues of people, with tired, careworn faces, stood waiting before two doors. We added our contribution to one string, and after an hour we were admitted to the august presence of the Préfet de Police, "chef du 4me Bureau de la 1re Division." There was nothing novel now in the scrutinizing, writing and stamping. We bowed, and thanked, and returned, weary but happy, to our hotel. Alas! there were yet two more authorities to be visited before we could get leave to cross Paris!

Next on the list came the Commissaire de Police, whose office is in the Place du Marché St. Honoré. From him we obtained sanction for our stay in Paris and permission to leave it. The manager of our hotel wrote a letter stating that we were staying in his house, and on presenting this our passports were speedily enriched by the words: "Vu pour séjour à Paris" and "Bon pour départ," with n