

house, where I was introduced to the proprietress, a pleasing-looking, respectable, short lady, aged about forty, to whom, without hesitation, apology, or preliminary observations of any sort, I at once, in French, popped the important question,

"Have you, Madame, a furnished apartment to let?"

Not only her mouth, but her eyes, and every feature in her healthy countenance, said "Oui, Monsieur!"

On my asking her to allow me to see the room, she conducted me towards a door on the upper floor, on which she herself resided. On opening it I saw at a glance that its interior possessed all the qualifications of the simple hermitage I desired. Nothing could overlook me but the blue slated roof of the houses on the opposite side of the broad, clean, handsome Rue de —, one of the finest streets in Paris.

Outside the window, which opened down to the floor, was a narrow promenade, that ran along the whole length of the street, and which, in case of fire, would, said I to myself, fully atone for the extra trouble in ascending to such a height. A secretaire with shelves, two chests of drawers, a cupboard, and a clock, were exactly the sort of companions I wished to live with; and accordingly, without a moment's hesitation,