

blue, and the air so clear, and the sunshine so warm and bright that it makes the whole atmosphere rather intoxicating, and certainly exhilarating.

Reaching the Louvre we enter one of the huge glass doors which fill in the pillared portico facing the street. This is done only after careful dodging of the numerous vehicles of every kind and description which seem to be coming from every direction at once. Once across the road and inside, however, we are safe. And then we know what shopping really ought to be. Our one desire is to buy, buy, buy, and become the happy possessor of some of the delights of this Aladdin's Palace with all possible speed. Nothing, hardly, seems to descend to the needs and requirements of ordinary usefulness. But that need not deter us, for the eye is so charmed by the vistas of color and shape and form, that we must commit sundry indiscretions in the line of purchases. These, however, more often than not are handed over to our friends—as "trifling souvenirs," on our return home.

Passing out of the Louvre, one enters the Rue de Rivoli, with its cool shadowed arcade, where the whole stock seems to be placed in the windows. Here we may find almost anything we don't want—if we are not connoisseurs—marvellously embroidered caps, handkerchiefs, or slippers too dainty to wear; wonderful jewels—and equally wonderful imitations; all sort of small accessories of dress which one doesn't want, but which one is certain to buy if one enters one of these shops. For it is against the French boutiquier's principles to allow anyone to depart from his shop empty-handed.

The Square opposite the Rue de Rivoli is crossed and criss-crossed with streets filled with small shops all selling the finery that delights the eye and tempts an utter abandonment of purse strings. Then we turn into the Place Vendome, where Napoleon stands high on his column in classic undress, and from here it is only a step to the Rue de la Paix. Here dwelt the immortal Worth—and here are many little less unworthies who share his kingdom to-day. This is the home of Dame Fashion—the heart of the fashion-world. Here chiffons and laces and silks and satins are modeled and cut and sewn, so that whoever runs may read, and all may, nay *must* see. This is the beginning and the end. And we finish our walk at the end of the Rue de la Paix, where we hear the cries of the newsboys, who