

colors went to and fro, like mad creatures; women followed; children careered hither and thither. Wild shouts rent the air; there was an intoxicating element that enveloped all things. The streets were by no means straight, though it could scarcely have been narrower; the waves staggered up the beach, and reeled back again; the moon leered at us, looking blear-eyed as she leaned against a cloud; and half-nude bodies lay here and there in dark corners, steeped to the toes in rum. Out of this human maelstrom, whose fatal tide was beginning to sweep me on with it, I made a plunge for my door-knob and caught it. Twenty besetting sins sought to follow me, covered with wreaths and fragrant with sandalwood oil; twenty besetting sins rather pleasant to have around one, because by no means as disagreeable as they should be. Fefe was there also, and I turned to address him a parting word,—a word calculated to do its work in a soil particularly mellow.

"Fefe," I said, "how can I help regarding it as a dispensation of Providence that your one leg is considerably bigger than your other? How can I expect you, with your assorted legs, to walk in that straight and narrow way wherein I have frequently found it inconvenient to walk myself, to say nothing of the symmetry of my own extremities? Therefore, adieu, child of the South, with your one ear-ring and your piano-forte leg; adieu—forever."

With that I closed my door upon the scene, and strove to bury myself in oblivion behind the white window-shade. In vain the shadow with the mustasche and goatee still pursued the shadow with the flowing locks that fled too slowly. Voices faint, though audible, indulged in allusions more or less profane, and with a success which would be considered highly improper in any latitude.

Thus sinking into an unquiet sleep, with a dream of canoe-cruising in a coral sea, whose pellucid waves sang sadly upon the remote shores of an ideal sphere, across the window loomed the gigantic shadow of some brown beauty, whose vast proportions suggested nothing more lovely than a new Sphinx, with a cabbage in either ear.—*South Sea Idyls.*

IN our strolls about town we find few places where an idle hour may be whiled away so pleasantly as at Notman's Photographic Rooms, Prince William St. Mr. Notman's peculiar but unobtrusive genius is felt the moment you cross his threshold, and surrounded by the *chef d'auvres* of the art which cover his tables and walls, you are at once at home. Mr. Notman's pictures are second to none produced in America, and tourists while temporarily sojourning in the city, make larger and larger demands for his services, as his fame extends towards the rising and setting sun. From the smallest card to the life-size portrait in oil, Mr. Notman produces results which are peculiarly satisfactory to his