

ing but hail-stones!"

It is another oddity of Paris that the higher you go upstairs the lower you go down in society—as if social status were decided by a jury of wheezing, asthmatic fat men. It is an oddity of Paris to buy wood by the pound; to be obliged always to pay something and above the prices agreed upon; to be obliged to carry a paper in your pocket under pain of arrest, avouching you to

be an American; to have no pump but only a stone jar in your kitchen, and to see it filled every day by a man who brings water upstairs on his shoulder and gets two cents for each pailful; to see carpets nowhere, while clocks, and mirrors, and gilt candle-labra are everywhere; to find everything, except mere lodging, and extra: towels, water, chimney-sweeping, boot-cleaning, candles, ice.

MEMORIES OF MAY.

Come forth, come forth, ye sad!

Look at Nature, and be glad.

Come forth, ye toiling millions, God's universe is fair.

Come forth from crowded street,

And cool your feverish feet

With a trample on the turf in the pleasant open air!

The children in the meads

String the buttercups like beads;

Be not too wise to join them, but sport as well as they;

Come and hear the cuckoo sing.

Come and breath the breath of Spring.

And gild your life's October with the memories of May.