

was capable of ris-  
Beside the heavy,  
delicate lettuce or  
cheese, the odor of  
a superb basket of  
to the expense of a

removed an extraor-  
accordance with her  
man scarcely three  
odd years of age.  
rge, her face sullen  
ver and anon by a  
; too abundant to  
handkerchief which  
alders; in her great  
ead, she wore a pair  
onged to some Nor-  
touched her shoul-  
ular creature was of  
out her lower limbs  
he appearance of a  
road flat feet. This  
d in a Brandenburg  
nd shoes made from  
d been cut off.  
sh creature had be-  
ular pair, similar in  
o one could tell. If  
use, La Naine \* was  
influence upon the  
was very great.  
otum. She went to

dwarf.

market every day and made all necessary purchases;  
and also to the lowest restaurants, buying up at nominal  
prices the half spoiled remnants. A tin box received  
fish, meat and vegetables all in one, an earthenware jar,  
the coffee grains, tea-leaves, and crusts of bread, which  
were used for various culinary purposes.

Meanwhile Methusalem was taken up with commercial  
affairs; he kept the shop, and waited upon customers.  
He had customers of two sorts, those who needed tools,  
who wanted to hire a complete disguise for a day or a  
week, and those who wished to engage a room or take  
some meals at the Pension Bourgeoise. The ordinary  
meal cost ten sous. It comprised the daily dish, bread  
at discretion, a small bottle of wine and a cup of coffee.  
Dinners *à la carte* were such as might be provided at a  
second-class restaurant.

A worn-out clock, of which the cuckoo disdained to  
appear, struck out six. The Naine immediately seized a  
spoon of unusual dimensions, and plunging it into the  
pot dipped up the soup. After which, taking the earth-  
enware tureen by both handles, she mounted the stairs  
with an agility surprising in a being so deformed. Just  
as she reached the dining-room the door leading from  
the courtyard opened, and a dozen or so of men, with  
Methusalem at their head entered. Each one took his  
own place, which was indicated by a square of copper,  
marked with a figure, and Methusalem began to serve.

"Well, well, boys," he said with a sort of grim jollity,  
"how goes business? Have you anything to sell or to  
exchange? Who wants any rabbit skins, rusty iron, or  
broken glass?"

"I do," said a man of ferocious aspect, who was known  
as Rat-de-Cave. "I have six silver forks and spoons  
which Providence has thrown in my way; they are first  
class, and should sell for twenty-three centimes the