

I should have known *that*, from his advertisement being on *white* paper, whereas, by an order of the police, rooms to be let furnished must invariably be placarded in *yellow*.

Brimful of knowledge, I now felt myself to be a Parisian, and accordingly, shunning the alluring invitations of several white boards, I determined, with an air of importance, to pull at the bell of a yellow board. In vain, however, I searched for one; and although I was quite determined to emancipate myself from the domination of those three Argus-eyed walls, the windows of which were still haunting me, I was beginning almost to despair, when, on passing a commissionnaire sitting reading a newspaper at the corner of a street, I enlisted him in my service, and then told him what I wanted.

"Venez, Monsieur!"¹ he said with a smile which at once promised success; and sure enough, after walking and talking for some little time, he suddenly halted before a *yellow* board, on which were beautifully imprinted the words I wanted.

By the daughter of the concierge I was conducted up a broad stone staircase composed of innumerable short flights of steps and little landing or puffing places up to the very top of the

¹ This way, Sir!