

to be a countless number of those narrow little streets in that city of the dead—each street closely lined with its tiny chapels.

But there is one tomb in Paris which has a wonderful attraction. I mean that of Napoleon. It lies away behind the Hôtel des Invalides. People seem to stop talking as they go up the wide marble steps and do nothing but look wonderingly round as they enter and pass on through the lofty columns, till they pause before a circular balustrade which encloses a deep, bowl-like chamber sunk beneath the level of the paved floor. In this lower room, raised a considerable distance, but still somewhat below the surrounding balustrade, rests a simple but ponderous porphyry sarcophagus, within which lie the remains of the victor of Marengo, of Austerlitz, and of Jena. Around him are grouped his trophies—tattered pieces of faded silk which look as though they could not last much longer. Yet they were not so far gone but that I could make out a couple of English flags. I remember feeling somewhat hurt when I spied the Jacks, for I had always patriotically believed that the French had never beaten the English. Yet there was a little comfort, for I could only find two Jacks while there were dozens of every other kind of national standard. You cannot leave the tomb without being affected by the atmosphere of the whole place: the great branching marble pillars, a silence which is broken only by a hushed whisper or the indistinct shuffling of feet, the cold magnificence of everything awes one. It was indeed startling to step from the chill stillness of that splendid vault into the gay sunshine of the outside. In a moment I was on the street again, but even its jarring noises could not blot out the memory of what I had just seen and felt.

But the thing in Paris which most struck me was the *café* life. It was so entirely different from anything we have here that its novelty lent it, I suppose, an additional interest. To see a group of Frenchmen at any hour of the day, but of course particularly in the evening, seated sipping *absinthe* or *vermonte* round a little marble-topped table in front of any of the numerous *cafés*, and at the time discussing the "situation" with the most intense earnestness; to see the excitement and genuine interest with which they follow one another's words; to watch the lively gestures and the gay abandon of everybody—to notice all this is a revelation to the man who has always been taught to repress every trace of emotion and to cultivate a steadiness which nothing can surprise.

But I must stop. I should like to have said something about the gigantic palace of the Louvre; the gorgeous Château de Versailles where Louis XIV did everything that man could do to impress upon later generations some sense of his true greatness—a design in which he succeeded, perhaps, beyond his anticipations; I should like, too, to have spoken of the curious "Quartier latin" and its equally interesting inhabitants, as well as many another thing; but I must not encroach on your space, which I am beginning to fear I have already done.

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AN ESSEX COUNTY HORSE-TRADE.

Dat's de summer I'll be work wid Neek Sloan. Neek, he's prett' smart, but he don' ought to have de beezness wid dat Geepsie. W'en he come to tret horse' at us, I don' go near hees wagon, me; an' I tail Neek how dat de Geepsies tek de leet' chil'ren an' boil dem in de kittle for mek de *bouillon*. De modder tail me dat, herself.

But Neek, he hony smile an' say, "Wail Ceep, he won' boil me. I'm goin' for sail heem hol' Beelie." An' I'll mek de eyes prett' beeg w'en he say dat, for hol' Beelie, he's seek, he's got de—I don' know how you say heem in

Eenglish; but he's seek so dat hall de nebours jus' laugh an' laugh at heem w'en Neek try to drive heem on de beeg road.

So I say, 'De geepsie ain' be fool. I gase you won' sail Beelie.' An' Neek hony tek de pipe from de teet', an' mek de eyes prett' lett'l, an' say: "Poor hol' Beelie! He's ver' seek horse, an' pass hees han' on de chair like he stroke heem. An' I nod de haid, an' he go on for say: "Don' he ought to get some maid'cine, heem?" An' mek hees eye so tight close' dere ain' not'in' but weenkers, an' he continue to say, ver' slow: "P'raps de maid'cine mek heem wail for tree four year, an' p'raps it's hony good for tree four day'." An' I say, "Yase," but I don't know w'at he want to mean. An' he look at me prett' queer, an' feenish to say: "Bagosh, we got to 'ten' to Beelie. We'll feex heem hup." An' den he bust hout to laugh, an' he geeve me ten' twent' slap' on de knee, an' he laugh till he got to weep. An' w'en we're goin' in bed, he say some more: "P'raps he be wail for tree four year' an' p'raps hony for tree four day', hay Ceep?" An' he heet me yet once hover de back. An' w'en he try for say hees prayer he snort hout like some hol' cow w'at got bran in de t'roat; an' w'en he's 'sleep, he begin to laugh yet once, an' I hear heem say hun' red time: "Poor hol' Beelie! We'll feex heem hup."

De naix' morn' he sen' me hoff to cooltivate de bean', an' prett' soon I see heem drivin' on de town. W'en I go at home I got to heat my dinner hall by myself. In de aft'noon he come back, an' I see heem tek hol' Beelie in de stible, an' dey rest dere prett' long time. Aft' we heat de supper, he put de halter on Beelie, an' hoff dey go. Bagosh, I'll never tink dat horse so *gai*. He keek hees hin' laigs an' t'row hees haid an' hees tail, an' pool Neek instaid of Neek to pool heem. *Mon dieu*, dat's de mos' bes' maid'cine I ever know!

W'en he return it mek dark, an' he 'ave nodder horse wid heem. I go for seek de lantern, an' we look at heem. Neek say: "W'at you tink of de tret?" An' I tail de true an' say: "Dat horse look more stup' dan de mule. He appear like some hol' ship w'at don' know w'ere her lamb rest." Neek, he say, "Yase" prett' slow, an' he gase he'll liven hup b'fore long time.

But w'en we get at de house he put heemself to hunt hup hees shirt' an' hees hoverall'; an' I demand w'y he do dat. An' he don' say notin' ver' soon, but w'en he tie hup hall hees *robe* in hees beeg red hank'chief, he say: "I tink I'll go for spleet some rail' on de back-sittlement." Bagosh, I'll not know w'at for say. An' den he look at me an' weenk, an' begin to laugh an' laugh. An' he fall on de bed, an' roll an' laugh some more. An' den he wipe hees eyes, an' heet me hover de back, an' say: "Ceep, w'en you mek so good tret wid de Geepsie like I come from mek to-day, you'll want go spleet rail prett' far 'way, till he go hoff some odder pless." An' den he laugh more dan b'fore an' say: "Poor hol' Beelie! P'raps if I'll be at home he won' want go hoff wid de new boss."

Wail, he tail me to mek heem know w'en de Geepsie be gone; an' den he go hout in de dark an' I'll go in bed by myself.

De naix' morn' w'en I go for feed de new horse w'at's in de stible wid de colt, he show de eye more bright, an' he paw wid de hoof, an' don' be so qui't, heem. I tink to myself, dat'll mek Neek ver' content w'en he come at home. Den I cooltivate de bean' some more, an' w'en I return for heat my dinner, I'll walk hover de hill for regard de Geepsie, an' by gare, he ain' dere an' more!

Tout de suite I'll be on de hol' buckboard goin' w'at you call "leekitee-pleet" on de back-sittlement. Dat's ten twelve mile, an' it's four 'clock when I arrive. Neek, he don' spleet no rail, heem; he jus' seet by de door at Jeem Thomas's pless; an' w'en dey see me, dey bot' laugh,