

enjoyment. The gayest and most active people in the world, they are the fondest of beautiful and attractive things, childishly pleased with display, and passionately fond of music. Two of our English words have no corresponding ones in the French language. They may never call a Frenchwoman a "dowdy" because no such word exists for them. The poorest milliner, or shop girl, hurrying home in her neat black gown, is as pleasant to look upon as the showily dressed woman reclining so gracefully in her luxuriant carriage.

A story is told of the Frenchwomen of the court of Louis XIV. It was the fancy of the court ladies then to wear a very high headdress, and the King not admiring the fashion endeavored to have it done away with. But no notice was taken of the King's wishes or orders and the fair dames still wore their hair extraordinarily high. One day, a young Englishwoman "*une gemille d'Angleterre*" appeared at court, wearing a little low head-dress, and immediately the French women rushed from one extreme to the other.

For our word "listener," there is no French equivalent, leaving us to suppose that no native of Paris ever does listen, but talks as quickly and as much as possible. Sitting one day near a group of lively Frenchmen, we noticed that not for a second did the conversation cease, but each appeared to talk for his own benefit. We were opposite a Parisian once in a railway coupé and asked him if he spoke English. "No, I do not speak English" was his answer, with a perfect accent. That was all the English he did know, but he kindly chatted French to us, until we felt quite at home in that language. The café is the true home of many a Parisian, where he lunches and dines, entertains his friends and enjoys his evening game of cards and dominoes. On Sunday an Englishman

takes his household to church, but a good Frenchman treats his family to a box at the Opera, or a concert, and dinner at the café.

Just before going to Paris, we had been spending some weeks in a quiet little English town where to read newspapers or write letters, or do anything outside of going to church and walking to the cemetery on Sunday, was very awful and wicked, and to be in this great metropolis so busy with shows and races, cafés full of people, the whole city in her holiday dress bent on pleasure of some sort, was as great a change as it is possible to think of. The streets are thronged with carriages and people and the proud Paris cabman "*Monsieur le cocher de fiacre*," drives recklessly over the macadamized pavement regardless of people's lives, and indifferent to their efforts to hail him from the crossings. He is of a most objectionable character, demanding high prices, and is obstinate and lazy to a degree. The peddlers of Paris are a very interesting class, and their energy and perseverance are truly admirable. In and out among the café tables they go with tame birds and cheap jewellery, persuading Monsieur that a pair of opera glasses is necessary to his comfort, and Madame that without a flying paper pigeon her son will not be happy. The flower-girls also are a numerous class, and their large bunches of roses and lilies tempt one all along the Boulevards. On one side of the Madeleine church is a flower market that blooms out every morning fresh and beautiful and disappears mysteriously in the afternoon. We visited it one morning and could not admire enough the rich masses of bloom and the size and beauty of the plants, and in the afternoon on going again there was not the faintest trace of anything resembling a market. The tents were folded up, and it seemed as if the stools and