

continue the whole length of the market, stand shaded by the trees. Near to them is an office on which is painted, in large black letters, "Bureau du Vétérinaire et de l'Inspecteur chargés de la surveillance du Marché aux Chevaux."¹

At the entrance of the market there exists a little wooden office, on which is written, in letters bearing in size about the same proportion to those of the above superscription that a dog does to a horse,—

"Le concierge reçoit le signalement des chiens perdus, et en fait les recherches. S'adresser sous le vestibule en face, la porte à gauche."²

Taking off my hat, I introduced myself as a stranger seeking for information to the concierge, or keeper of the dog market, before whose tiny office were arranged on a table—several were hanging on both sides of the door—a great variety of muzzles to be hired for the day by dogs, none of whom are allowed, under any pretext, to enter the market without one.

After talking some time to the concierge during the short intervals in which he was not

¹ Office of the veterinary surgeon and of the inspector charged with the superintendence of the horse market.

² The concierge receives the description of lost dogs, and endeavours to recover them. Apply under the archway in front, to the right.