

leading to a landing-place, on which was a door marked A. Then, again, ten to a landing-place, on which, apparently for variety's sake, was a small window of two panes close to the floor, also two panes touching the ceiling (the one too high to look out of, the other too low). Then came seven to a landing-place, on which was a mat and three doors, on one of which was inscribed "1er Etage," or first floor. By a similar series of steps, passages, and odd windows, I ascended to floors 2, 3, and eventually to my aërial paradise, No. 4.

Within the door marked "1er Etage" every lodger throughout the house was expected to deposit, on a hook numbered consecutively, the key of his room, which, whenever negligently left in the door, was invariably brought to this rendezvous by any of the servants of the house, or by "Madame," the instant they or she discovered it. Under the arrangement just described it of course became necessary for every lodger to call at this point for his key. I found it, however, quite impossible during my short residence in Paris to learn this French rule, and accordingly, when, after a heavy day's walk, I had ascended, quite tired, to my door, I almost invariably had to descend three stories to get my key, which I had negligently passed in my ascent. As soon