

fully pleasing and sometimes repulsive, but I had a grand morning among them, and have kept some beautiful, and I confess some very uncomfortable, memories of them. Of the portraits M. Carnot, the president of the Republic, took my fancy, in his plain evening dress, with the star decoration half hidden by his coat flap, and the ribbon crossed modestly between his low waistcoat and plain shirt front. He is a dignified, bearded, good-looking foreigner, with a fine forehead and heavy lidded but intelligent eyes. "Lunch hour" was the funniest little study of a dozen little school boys. And I had also to see the last (thank goodness) of "Tour Eiffel," that *bete-noir* of my existence, which was thrust under my nose in every street and shop and restaurant, modelled in cake, in jelly, in candy, in iron, in wood, in gold and in silver—yea, verily, and even in macaroni paste, and floated into the clear consommee as you unsuspectingly spooned it into your hungry maw. I never was so sick of anything as of the Eiffel Tower, and yet I had to buy one, for had I not promised my blue-eyed Katerina at Antwerp weeks and weeks ago that I should fetch her one on my return? And not for worlds would I have missed her stammering, blushing delight at her present. One sight more, on the "seamy side" of the gay city, will I tell about before I leave it. One sees it in a small square in early morning, and it's a sight! Certain thrifty people, of the respectable poorer classes, make it their business to go about to green grocers, restaurants, butcher shops, and abbatoirs, and for a few sous, here and there, after the shops are closed to the public, purchase such scraps of meat, portions of vegetables as will not be fresh enough for the market on the morrow's morn, and odds and ends of provisions cooked or raw, suitable for potage, half a roast chicken here, a ham or marrow bone there, and to fetch them carefully and cleanly to a certain part of the city, where are hung immense iron kettles over charcoal ovens, and into which are poured the various contributions of meat or vegetables, and the whole slowly simmered for two or three hours, tended by practical cooks and carefully seasoned. In the early dawn queer shapes come stealing into the dim square, and crouch upon the benches, and hungrily eye the iron kettles and their attendant cooks. Gaunt, hungry, famished wretches, the very lowest of those sixty thousand criminals known to the police, who lurk in the dark places of the merry city—creatures whose only thought is for food for their marred and abject bodies; whose souls—God knows where they are—give no sign of their inhabiting these hideous frames, and whose wretched, wolfish eyes