

Melnotte's method. The Parisian replied: "My son is young yet. I have never thought of his marriage." He said to me afterward: "I never buy a pig in a poke. I must see the girl before I give an answer. If she suits, I shall strike hands. If she doesn't—your servant, sir!" Some weeks afterward, he found a pretext in the way of business to visit the father. He told me, on his return: I have seen the girl. She is not strong enough." So Cupid carried his bow, arrow, and quiver to another house, where girl and purse were stouter. A great many persons in the higher classes, especially in the old Legitimist noble families, who are great sticklers for old usages, never see the person they are to marry until the groom calls at the convent to take his bride to the church.

The place given to money in Parisian marriages tells heavily upon the poor, especially upon those who are obliged to wear the livery of respectability. The cost of service in the churches seems skillfully planned in the manner best suited to goad to expense not only vanity, but self-respect also. Custom, too, makes burdensome levies on the purse. There must be carriages to the Mayor's office and to church; the bride must have her outfit, and there must be an entertainment. I remembered the marriage of the daughter of an officer in the French army. He was poor as a church mouse and never was quite sure that his wife would succeed in making his pay last the month. And little hunchback met the daughter at a ball and fell in love with her. He was worth \$8,000 a year. She saw his spine in his land (where it was as straight as an arrow) and let him know at once that his suit would be successful. By dint of borrowing \$25 here, \$30 there, \$50 in another place, and other dribbles right and left, and by getting a "a toilette dealer" to make all the purchases for the outfit, upon promise the husband should pay before the honeymoon changed, they managed to get through the ceremony without confessing their poverty. The day after the wedding the mother said to me: "You cannot imagine the embarrassment into which we were thrown by Louise's marriage: for, poor as we are, we could not send her stark naked into her new family. My husband had his uniform, and that, of course, passes muster anywhere; but I did not know what to do for a dress.

I bought a shawl trimmed with lace for the marriage. I took the lace from the shawl and put it on my new silk dress for the ball. This morning I removed it from the dress and put it back on the shawl in time to pay visits." Running the gauntlet would be a pleasant promenade, compared to the anxiety and embarrassment of this family during the six weeks before, and the three weeks after, their daughter's marriage. The wedding over, it remained painfully uncertain what reception the husband would give his betrothed's bills. They were many, and some of them were heavy. The sum total was very large, but he paid them without wincing.

It is odd that masters and mistresses should always require servants to address them in the third person. A French servant, in a house where there is any etiquette, would never dream of saying: "Shall I light the lamp, sir?" He would inquire, "Does Mister wish the lamp lighted?" Not: "Do you wish tea or coffee, Ma'am?" but, "Does Ma'am wish tea or coffee?" It is very amusing to see a servant from the country, who never heard of the third person, learning this etiquette.

In Paris, all trades and callings have their Rialto, where employers know they can find the unemployed. It is curious, and in inclement weather painful, to see laundresses of all ages standing in Rue Mauconseil wool-carders standing in Rue du Caire, stone-masons standing in the Place de l'Hotel de Ville, and men who turn wheels in workshops waiting to be employed (for in many factories in Paris neither gas nor steam has yet been introduced).

All Parisian colleges require that each boarder shall have a surity in town who is not only responsible for bills, but who undertakes to receive the boy on holy days, and if he is expelled. These "correspondents" (as they are called) must return the boarder, in person or by proxy, to the college authorities, when the holy day is ended. As it would be inconvenient for most correspondents to go for and to return their clients, around every college door proxies offer themselves for hire. The charge is invariably the same, twenty-five cents for conveying the boy each way. It is one of the oddest things in Paris to see the number of proxies that can always be hired. At each ward office there are men who live, and who make