

the friendly dog kept on biting. Scarcely any motor-cars—all the chauffeurs were yet asleep—but the tram-cars were gliding in curves over the muddy wood, and the three horses in each omnibus had their early magnificent willingness of action, and the vegetable hawkers, old men and women, were earnestly pushing their barrows along in financial anxiety; their heads, as they pushed, were always much in advance of their feet. They moved forward with heedless fatalism; if we collided with them and spilled cauliflowers, so much the worse!

We reached the station, whose blue mousseline had evaporated as we approached it, half an hour too soon. A good horse, no stoppages, and the record had been lowered, and the driver had earned two francs in twenty-five minutes! Before the Revolution he would have had to pay a franc and a half of it in assorted taxes. Thirty minutes in a vast station, and nothing to do. We examined the platform signs. There was a train for Marseilles and Monte Carlo at 9.00 and another train for Marseilles at 9.15. Then ours at 9.25. Sometimes I go south by the "Côte d'Azur," so this morning I must inspect it, owning it. Very few people; a short, trying-to-be-proud train. The cook was busy in the kitchen of the restaurant-car—what filth and smell! Separated from him only by a partition were the flower-adorned white tables. On the platform the officials of the train, some in new uniforms, strolled and conversed. A young Frenchman dressed in the height of English fashion, with a fine-bred pink-under-white fox ter-