

policeman. But the old fellow, bent in half over the newspaper, hears him not. When—O joy!—he comes upon a particularly fine bit of cigar, he holds it up to the gas-lamp, measures it closely with his eye, then packs it carefully away in his waistcoat pocket. But when—O gloom!—he has a long run of bad luck in the way of wretched, almost tobaccoless cigarette ends, he breaks out into guttural expressions of indignation and disgust.

The night wears on. Up go the shutters of the little wine-shop opposite. Rarely a passer-by. Scarcely a sound.

“One hundred and two. One hundred and three. One hundred and four,” counts the weather-beaten old fellow under the gas-lamp.

Then, the street singers of Paris, with harmonium, violin and a bundle of tender, sentimental songs. Four of them, as a rule; four men in jerseys, scarlet waistbands and blue corduroy trousers. They, too, come out particularly at night and establish themselves under a gas-lamp. And all around them stand charming, bareheaded girls from the neighbouring *blanchisseries* and milliners' shops; and the adorers of those maidens—young, amorous MM. Georges, Ernest and Henri—from the grocer's, the butcher's, the printer's; and workmen and charwomen and concierges; and probably a cabman or two, and most likely a soldier, a lamp-lighter, a policeman.

“*Love is Always in Season*, the latest and greatest of valse-songs, created by the incomparable