

passport, that she might take it to the police to apprise them of my residence in the house. Happening to have it in my pocket-book, I instantly complied with her request, and was about to leave her, when she very politely asked for my card, in case any person should call to see me. I immediately put one into her hands. She looked at it—handed it to her old husband, who looked at it too. They then both looked first at me—then at my card—then at each other. They were evidently quite puzzled. I had no gender! I was not a monsieur, a madame, a mademoiselle, an admiral, a general, colonel, captain, or lieutenant! My name they could not pronounce; and so, after turning it into exactly twice its number of syllables, they bowed, and, with a very slight shrug, placed the enigma on their little mantelpiece, to speak for itself.

By the time I left Paris I had become thoroughly acquainted with my staircase.

Within the porte-cochère, and immediately opposite to the tiny residence of the concierge, were two steps, leading to a swinging glass door, behind which, on the right, were ten steps, rising to a landing-place, on which was a mat. From it twelve steps led to another landing-place, in which, close to the ceiling, was a high window of two panes. Then came seven steps,