

At about six o'clock I returned to my apartment, and, like a young lover, was again admiring its charms, when another little arrow, from an unpleasant quiver, flew by me.

"It's all fancy!" said I to myself; "it can't come from my kind landlady, nor from my chests of drawers. I'm two stories above the drains, and two stories below the gutters of this world. Paris is outside my window, and a passage outside my door. The thing"—I did not exactly know what to call it—"is impossible."

I had a most amusing dinner. I had left it entirely to my landlady to decide what was good for me; and as I sat alone, sometimes I could scarcely help laughing aloud at her prescription, and from the end of a silver fork I was placing between my lips a small portion of one of the unknown ingredients, for the purpose of analysing its composition, when, as nearly as I could guess, about an inch and a half above it there whizzed by another very little arrow. In less than the twinkling of an eye it had completely passed, and where it had come from, or where it had gone to, I was alike utterly ignorant.

After dinner I rambled about the streets until it was time to go to my bed, which proved clean and comfortable. In the morning—quite