

the bell going from morning to night, as incessantly as drum and trumpet in a French barracks, and the bell used would hardly be considered by us too small for a St. Lawrence River steamboat. When it is rung for breakfast or dinner, the peal is always preceded by three taps. They are probably meant to invoke the Trinity, like the three strokes that precede morning, noon and evening Angelus ("In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost"), as is done by the three signs of the Cross when holy water is taken, or when a funeral is met in the street. These three taps are never given when the bell rings for servants' meals.

The oil-men's shops offer one of the few examples of bad taste to be found in Paris. They are streaked with every color, and these the crudest tones to be had. The walls where bills are posted are always odd—nearly as variegated as the front of an oil-man's shop, though the tones are softer. The government reserves white paper for its own proclamations: latest constitutions, announcements of new presidents and capitals, etc. Each theater also has its own colored paper. A political party would scorn to print its announcements on paper which was not in its livery. All cards of furnished lodgings to be let are on yellow paper; all furniture vans for moving and their offices are painted yellow. Formerly, all lamps at the doors of government offices—such as firemen's, barracks, police stations, offices of the police commissioners, tobacconists (the tobacco trade is a government monopoly) and water-bailiffs' offices—were red. Military patrols carry a red lantern,—imagine a red lantern with a tallow candle in a street illuminated with the electric light; routine only can be responsible for such absurdity. Latterly, post and telegraph offices have adopted blue lamps. Each line of omnibuses has lamps of its own color, and the lamps of each cab of the great Cab Company are the color of its stable—a convenient regulation for the belated wayfarer who would be driven home by a willing Jehu, for he has but to choose a cab whose stable is near his destination. The effect of so many different colored lamps is most picturesque when seen in a long vista like the Boulevards or the far-framed Avenue de l'Opera and rues du 4 Septembre and de la Paix, or the Avenue des Champs Elysee or (where it is still more striking,) in

the Place de la Concorde.

A crowd is always to be seen around the bird-fanciers' shops, which are most numerous on Quais de l'Ecole and de la Megisserie, looking at countless varieties of the feathered tribe, from Cochon China cocks to microscopic canaries. The French have a passion for society, especially noisy society, and there is always an active trade in birds. One often witnesses touching scenes in front of these shops. To give a single instance, I remembered once seeing a poor white-haired rag-picker, bent double with age, cares, and basket, totter to a shop-door and ask: "Could a cent buy any sort of a bird?" In what an insolent tone the snub was given: "No—not even a dead bird!" She make no answer, but turned most sorrowfully away. She wanted something to love, and to be loved by something. It is amusing to see Frenchmen listening to the birds—ears, eyes and mouth wide-stretched, that not a bit of the racket shall escape the channels to the brain. After listening rapt in admiration, they suddenly exclaim: "Good Heavens, don't they make a noise!" in the tone you would use were you to say: "How delightfully Gerster sings!"

There is nothing stranger in Paris than marriage. French courtship would suit a bashful fellow (there is none but imported bashfulness in France) The fathers do all the wooing. They are even the ones who fall in love. Last week I saw two fathers courting, and, as is often the case, 'twas the girl's father who fell in love and popped the question to the boy's. The former lives in a village in Touraine and manufactures hose. The latter sells hose wholesale and retail in Paris. The first said:

"I have a marriageable daughter; I have a son—these are all my children. I shall give each of them \$20,000 the day they are married. I am now worth \$100,000. If I live twenty years more I shall be worth \$300,000. When I am dead this will go to my children, share and share alike. I should at once make my son-in-law my Paris agent. This would throw a good income annually into his hands. Do these terms suit you? Will you meet me halfway?"

Claude Melnotte makes love more poetically; but when courting is carried on in this way with addition, multiplication, division, and subtraction for crutches, the pot is sure to boil. Still, I prefer Claude