

how my pleasure in receiving new numbers never wanes! I shoved it into my left-hand pocket; in my right-hand pocket a new book was already reposing.

* * * *

Out into the street, and though we had been up for an hour and a half, we were now for the first time in the light of day! Mist! It would probably be called "pearly" by some novelists; but it was like blue mousseline—diaphanous as a dancing skirt. The damp air had the astringent, nipping quality that is so marked in November—like a friendly dog pretending to bite you. Pavements drying. The coal merchant's opposite was not yet open. The sight of his closed shutters pleased me; I owed him forty francs, and my pride might have forced me to pay him on the spot had I caught his eye. We met a cab instantly. The driver, a middle-aged parent, was in that state of waking up in which ideas have to push themselves into the brain. "Where?" he asked mechanically, after I had directed him, but before I could repeat the direction the idea had reached his brain, and he nodded. This driver was no ordinary man, for instead of taking the narrow, blocked streets, which form the shortest route, like the absurd 99 per cent. of drivers, he aimed straight for the grand boulevard, and was not delayed once by traffic in the whole journey. More pleasure in driving through the city as it woke! It was ugly, dirty—look at the dirty shirt of the waiter rubbing the door handles of the fashionable restaurant!—but it was refreshed. And