

And there are more villains who look the villain at Monte Carlo, perhaps, than anywhere else in the world—more rascals, more rogues, more scoundrels, more cheats and thieves; and they all carry their character in their countenances. I did not suffer, no one offered to rob or murder me; but I encountered men at every turn whose villany was so stamped upon their features that I felt impelled perforce to stop and cry out for handcuffs. Yet even here Monte Carlo is maligned. I read, the other day, a description of the place by a famous, and justly famous, writer; and he described the *croupiers* in the Casino as a class of men whose debasing calling was evident in every look and gesture, as being men of revolting appearance. It is marvellous how people's preconceived opinion of a place can color their actual view of it. One expects it in a flighty woman, but not in a great scholar, such as this man was. The *croupiers*, taking them all in all, are a fine body of men, courteous, dexterous, and trustworthy in the management of the business confided to their charge. They ought to be so, for they are carefully chosen, and long training has taught them to be proficient. As to their calling, any suspicion of double-dealing on the part of any one of them would lead to instant dismissal and disgrace. In fact nothing in connection with the Casino offends—except some of the guests. Even they are, as a body, not so objectionable as the people one meets elsewhere; for the most tiresome of all tourists, the dull man who carries his solid reading under his arm and pesters everybody with questions