

had a particularly soft gentle way of replying, "Bien, Monsieur!" His only fault was, that when I pulled at my bell he did not come; but others, on five different floors, were pulling for him at the same time.

My breakfast consisted of a large white cup a quarter of an inch thick; a coffee-pot not so high as the cup; a shining tin cream-jug, with a little spout about the thickness of the small end of an English clay tobacco-pipe; a long roll, and, on the first day, *one* pat of butter of about the size of a Spanish dollar, and as thick as the skin of a mushroom.

"More butter!" I exclaimed in French.

"Shall I bring another portion?" said the garçon.

"No! half a dozen of them!" I answered.

"Bien, Monsieur!" he gently and politely replied, to an order as preposterous, I dare say, in his mind, as if I had ordered for my dinner half a dozen legs of mutton.

Just within the entrance of my porte-cochère lived in a small room my concierge, his wife, and his daughter. The first time I descended my staircase, the old woman, who was nearly seventy years of age, made a sign she wished to speak to me. On going into her room, she asked me to be so good as to give her my