

through the gardens of the Tuileries, past the ruins of the palace, and in answer to my enquiry, "What do you think of this result of the Commune?" he raised his eyebrows, pursed his lips, shook his head, and remarked, emphatically, "Nothink, mem. It's *purely Parisian*—'Louvre'—not to-day, mem. We shall just 'ave time, as h'I think, to do Not-a-Dame and Saint Chapelle, and wasn't it a *Hospital*, you said?" and so we drove past the Louvre, and turned away to the "Island of the City," and suddenly William remarked to himself, "Oh, *by the way!*" and turned down a side street, and stopped before a building into which people seemed to be going in at one end and presently coming out at the other. "H'enter by this door, pass h'along and h'out h'of the far door, where you will find me waiting," said William, and we stepped down and "h'entered"—what do you think?—*the Morgue!* Innocently wondering, we followed the crowd, and presently I saw Jessie stop, and exclaim, "For mercy's sake!" I pushed past her, and came face to face with—a corpse! The poor man was perched behind a glass refrigerator door, in a sitting posture, his hands folded on his lap, and his poor white head propped back against a rest. Next to him, in another little compartment, sat a young, handsome fellow, with a cruel wound over his temple, his little felt hat set rakishly on his clustering curls, and a sad sort of smile on his white face. There were no more, thank heaven, and we hurried past the row of glazed compartments with shrinking horror, and emerged to find our carriage with white cheeks and faint hearts. Jessie seated herself silently, and William remarked, "H'I'm sorry this good feller tells me there's h'only two h'in to-day; yesterday there was h'eight, five h'of 'em females." I was too much overcome to speak to him, and he drove away from the awful place, probably fearing that "h'only two" had not pleased us, and hence our silence.

Over the bridge and across the square to the grand old cathedral of Notre Dame we proceeded, and after an admiring tour round its vast interior, and an examination of the great doorway with its wise and foolish virgins standing on each other's heads up and down the side frames, and a hoard of dates and guide book items from William, and a distinct memory of the lovely old rose windows, and others more modern, and the evidence of the dripping square and William's natty green silk umbrella to make us believe that a shower had taken place during our tour, which only seemed to us to have occupied five minutes, but must have been