

on the whitewashed stone in buff letters the word "FANNY."

I talked to her a short time about dogs in general, and about the dogs in the fourrière, over which she and her husband presided, in particular; but as she answered my questions rather gruffly, and as the poor dogs' countenances had told me all and infinitely more than I desired to remember, our missuited acquaintance soon came to an end.

After leaving the poor animals to their fate, I passed, as I was walking along a large street, an immense timber-yard, in which the scantlings for a large roof were all planned and lying on the ground. Among them, with bare throats and moist faces, I saw, hard at work, thirty men dressed in blouses. Further on I observed forty or fifty men, paid partly by Government and partly by the city, busily employed in completing the demolition of a condemned street. It was Sunday. I may here remark that, out of the seven days of the week, the second Sunday in May of the fourth year of the presidentship has, by a law of the Republic, been selected for the hardest political work known, namely, the election throughout France of a new President.

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