

wearing their best clothes. They have come hither from curiosity, and Monaco in their lives is but an episode. Many do not play; and some, who do not object to roulette on principle, have a superstitious fear of staking a single coin. Yet they flutter around like moths, showing the intensest interest in the game. It is a gay scene. Those young English girls with papa and mamma beside them, have "heard tell" of Monte Carlo all their lives, and listened with bated breath to a tale of its horrors. Now they see it, and are enjoying it with all their might. It would be a hard moralist indeed who would condemn them to an eventual change of all those frills and furbelows for the leaden cloaks and hoods which, according to Dante, will be, in the next world, the uncomfortable garb of the hypocritical.

Whatever be their latter end, at Monaco they make the most of the passing moment. Beside the tables, there is nothing in the way of innocent or guilty amusement that is not to be found. Patti sings, and the masterpieces of German composers are rendered by a superb orchestra. If your taste be low, you have only to go out of the Casino and down the street; the lowest songs of a decadent age and a shameless people are to be heard for a few pence. Yet, withal, there is nothing original to be heard or seen there; one modern city is exactly like another, as far as its entertainments go; those of Monte Carlo are no worse than you find anywhere else—only there is an appalling amount of bad money ever trying to find its way into your hands and pockets, against the intrusion of which you must persistently guard.