tion, stood gazing after the rabble, and the band, and the clouds of dust. Perhaps it was because he was so much occupied that he failed to perceive the guest, who, passing between the rows of great green boxes went quietly through the dining-room, mounted the staircase like one quite accustomed to the arrangement of the house, and, without the ceremony of knocking, entered the apartment of the mistress.

She was in bed, a pretty, strong woman, with masses of golden, waving hair. She had been ill a fortnight, but was now so much better that she had planned a picnic in the green fields, with plenty of sweet wine and cakes, and a whole long day in the sunshine. Did he touch her? did he speak to her? did he breathe upon her, this guest who came at the same hour as Boulanger? Alas! what do we know? "Je suis malade," sighed the bright-haired woman, and a stream of blood flowed from her lips. Then the great, dark blinds of the café were quickly closed, the fire in the big range died out, the house had grown dark, and in the gloom sat people writing on black-edged paper. In the chamber where entered the unbidden guest, lay the mistress in a fine white robe, her long, golden hair falling in two wide braids over her breast, and in the hard hands, so eager to make or save a sou, lay a crucifix. Her hard-tongued sisters scolded and squabbled as they dressed her, but she never answered them. So passed one day,—the café in black, the mistress in gold and white,—and then early the next morning, before the dew was off the fields, she was carried to a place full of white crosses and the sweet breath of roses,—a place where many weep, and some pray,—and there they left her.

It must have seemed strange to her could she have known it! What a change from a noisy café, with jests and laughter, and its strong smells of beef, and wine, and beer! Perhaps the bereaved husband found these same odors a pleasing balm for his stricken heart, for at noon the blinds were thrown open wide; the life in the great fourneau which had also been extinct a day, was quickly rekindled; chops were broiling; riz de veau was exquisitely prepared; coffee sent its delicious aroma far and wide; and the widow-er's heart grew calm again as he deftly shredded the delicate parsley leaves into a shallow dish. To be sure he had loved his wife, but, alas! her temper was bad; and, sadder still,—oh! breathe it softly over the brown and unconscious capon,—she had ruled him!

If I have described these scenes with great precision, it is because I have seen the café-keeper scores of times; often spoken to its fair-haired mistress, when on market days she came into Madame's big garden for a great bouquet of roses. Now, Madame was our "propriétaire," and we her "locataires"; and the café-keeper was her brother, and consequently it was her belle-soeur who walked away smelling the Jacqueminot, Marechal Niel, Belle Lyonnaise, La France, and other exquisite roses. Will the foundation of this small genealogical tree prove too fatiguing to allow you to enter with Madame as the afternoon of the funeral—all in fresh black—she taps at the salon door?

"Ah! Mademoiselle," she cries, wiping away a kindly tear with her stiff-fingered glove; "it was si triste, and her sisters were so villainous, they have called us, my poor brother and myself, 'those dirty people'; but I have prayed a great deal for the soul of my poor sister-in-law, tout-même. I was praying when they called me names—the vile creatures!"

"And your brother, Madame?" I inquire.

"Oh! he has not an air too sad; il est très resigné—poor, dear man!" Then, after a moment's pause, and dropping a firm hand on either round knee, "And now he must marry himself!"

"Get married directly?" Surprise and politeness in wild confusion forbade my going further.

"It is necessary, my chère demoiselle, absolutely necessary. A man alone can never