keep a café, and I was reflecting on my way home that perhaps the dressmaker on the first floor would make him a good wife; she is gentille, and might attract customers."

"Why, Madame, is it possible you have already found some one, and your brother?" I stop confused; the ground is so delicate—that new mound amid the white crosses!

"My chère demoiselle," proceeds kind Madame, with her sweet voice, "you know nothing of life; it is something practical. It remains for me, now, after having arranged all the details of the funeral, très convenablement, to marry that poor man."

"And have you already spoken to him upon this subject?"

"Spoken to him, chère homme!" cries Madame, quite shocked; "I should never have the audacity. Oh, no! I shall find him a good, sensible woman, rather captivating in manners, to attract customers. The one we buried this morning—poor thing!—never tried to make herself agreeable. And then, later on, I shall say to him, 'You know, mon ami, that a wife is necessary to you; eh bien, I have found her.'"

"And do you think, Madame, that he will be willing to marry her?"

"Ah, oui! He will resign himself; he is a true pearl, my brother. O Mademoiselle! if you knew how charming he can make himself to women!"

I thought of the "true pearl" as I had seen him,—a tall, thin man, gray-haired and whiskered, in a coarse woolen jacket, and round black cap, with straight, severe features, which a continual bending over savory stews and bouillon had failed to soften, or render less yellow. Well, that unseen power of attraction,—who shall say where it lies? what odd masks it often uses?

A few weeks passed, and one day Madame entered radiant. "I think that I have found her?" she cried, offering either cheek to be kissed.

"And who is it?" I questioned, comprehending at once.

"Well, it is like this, ma chère demoiselle. The wine merchant's wife, who knows my brother's sad situation, touched me in church the other morning, and said, 'I think, Madame, that I have in my house just the person for your brother.' So after mass she waited for me; and, after hearing what she had to say, I am quite convinced that she is right. Oh, how kind God is to me!" and she raised her soft eyes to the ceiling.

"And the young woman—what is she like, Madame?"

"Well, mademoiselle, she is a femme de chambre, but has also lived in a café—speaks English, is tout-a fait comme il faut, and now wishes to marry herself; indeed, it is she who has proposed the arrangement. I shall call to-morrow upon the wine-merchant's wife—she calls herself Madame Fontaine—and then, perhaps, all will be arranged. You congratulate me, do you not, Mademoiselle?"

"And so you have spoken to your brother of his marriage?"

"Ah, oui, poor dear man. I said to him frankly, as is my nature, 'Mon ami, you must be married; you will be bled at every vein otherwise,—il le faut.'"

"And he has replied?"

"Oh, he has contemplated all his cas-seroles,' has looked all around his kitchen, poor dear man, and has cried, 'Nothing shall part me from my range!' That is all very well; O, he will resign himself, I see."

The next morning a quiet rap announced Madame, who entered quite breathless.

"Fancy, ma chère demoiselle," she said, after the usual polite inquiries, "that I have seen her, that she has even descended into the street after me (not at all comme il faut), and you will never imagine what she has proposed."

"Herself, as usual," I reply.

"Très bien; très bien," cried Madame, with a merry laugh. "She wishes me to pension her in case of the death of my brother, on account of the difference in age! My poor dear brother, he has his fifty-five years; but