

"They 's time to change afore night. Ef he 's goin' to Perrysburg —"

"Perrysburg? They ain't no talk uv Perrysburg," said Zeke.

"They may be," answered Bob. "Un ef Perrysburg's the place, you put the candle at the leetle winder on the north side uv the chimbley. Un when I shoot, you put out the candle, un then I 'll know it 's you, un you 'll know 't I understan'. You see, 't won't do fer me to stop any nearder 'n the hill, un I 'll wait there till I see your candle. Then you go weth Jake." Here Bob got up and strained his long-sighted eyes at some object in the bushes on the other side of the brook. "Is yon hoss yourn, on t' other side of the branch?"

"I don't see no hoss," said Zeke.

"Well, you watch out a minute un you 'll ketch sight uv 'im. He 's gone in there to git shed of the flies."

"That 's our clay-bank, I believe," said Zeke, getting up and carefully scanning the now half-visible horse.

"Mine! you hain't seen nor heern tell of me, un you b'long to Jake's crowd weth all your might."

With these words Bob set out again for his bear-hunt, while the bare-foot Zeke waded through the stream, which was knee-deep, and set himself to beguile Britton's clay-bank horse into standing still and forfeiting his liberty

(To be continued.)

*Edward Eggleston.*

## LIVING IN PARIS.

**I**T is in Paris as it is everywhere else—men may spend what they please. There lived in the garret of a house where I was a tenant a man, wife, and two children, who literally spent nothing. They were from the mountains on the Swiss frontier of France. They there

amass twenty-five hundred dollars for each of their children on marriage. The hall-porter gave them the garret closet free. The tenants gave them scraps of bread and broken victuals. They drank only water. The wife did the washing in the yard; neither soap nor irons were used. The husband was employed all night at the goods-station of a railway, and he there got odd jobs during the day; the wife did chores. The children went to a free school. A great many of the hall-porters spend nothing. They have their lodging free; the wife is employed as a char-woman in the house or neighborhood; the husband is often a tailor. They get broken victuals and second-hand clothes and shoes from tenants, and sometimes a bottle of wine.

There are eighty thousand houses in Paris, and nearly every one of them has a hall-porter; some of them have two. There are petty needle and thread shops, or shops for notions, which anybody can manage. The husband is a clerk in some office. If the shop yields income enough to pay its rent, both husband and wife are content.

The absence of servants is very remarkable. I have lived in houses where I was the only person who kept a servant, and she was merely a char-woman.

This work is much easier than in America. No fuel is used in the kitchen but charcoal, which is burned in a sort of shelf with four holes, one of which is for the soup-pot, another for the stew-pan or gridiron; the others are rarely used. I have, while hunting lodgings, visited thousands of kitchens. I have seen only these two holes which bore marks



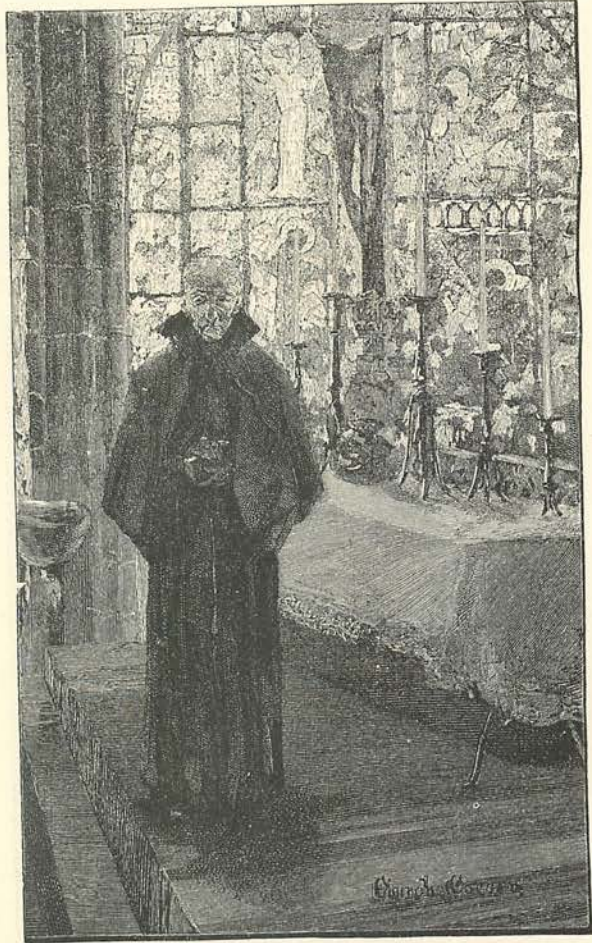
A TYPE OF THE SHARPER.

owned land which yielded four hundred dollars a year. They had determined to make their annual income six hundred dollars, and to



of use. Eighty pounds of charcoal (all wood is sold by weight), costing one dollar and sixty cents for the very best quality of Yonne make, medium thickness, last a month or six weeks. It makes no dust, leaves few ashes, and is easily lighted. Recently a sort of artificial "lightwood" has come into great favor. It is sold in coarse paper boxes, holding from forty to forty-eight pieces, which cost one cent a box; for four cents a month the fires are lighted instantly and without paper. A match and this lightwood are all that is required.

The butcher calls twice a day, first to get orders, lastly with the orders filled. The baker comes every morning, bringing what bread you want. The grocer calls twice on an appointed day (always the same), once to get, next to fill orders. The vintner calls on an appointed day, if you please, bringing a week's or a fortnight's or a month's supply, just as you wish. Your laundress comes once in ten days if she live in the country: Saturday to return the clean, Monday to get the soiled linen, if she live in town. A note to your coal-dealer brings fuel. Every morning costermongers call at the door, one with fish, another with oysters, another still with vegetables; you may order from them what you desire; but don't order anything anywhere in Paris; find what you want and there buy. If you order, you are sure to be cheated in quality, in quantity, or in price; commonly in all three. To make costermongers bring what you want, say: "You have no strawberries?" or, "You have no tomatoes?" When you get a tolerably good costermonger, especially a fishmonger, stick to him. There is at least one good pastry-cook in every respectable neighborhood. Visit, buy from each of them, and select the best. The pastry-cook is very useful. He supplies delicious meat and fish pies and such dessert (I use the word in the American sense) as an ordinary cook could not be expected to make; for instance, Charlotte Russe, St. Honoré, Frangipane, and the like. Never buy cake of any sort at a baker's. All bakers make several sorts of bread, but scarcely a baker in Paris makes bad bread; some of them make bread as good as cake. If you want to see bread in perfection, the *beau idéal* of bread, go to Versailles and buy it, especially their *pain marquis* for Sunday's sale. Do not buy fuel of any sort from the petty coal-dealers found in every



IN A CHURCH CORNER.

street, unless you have no place to store a large quantity; then you must buy of your neighbor.

Lodgings in Paris are of several classes. The lowest is *cabinet*, which is a cupboard with room enough for a cot, if the cot be not long, if the cot be not wide, if the cot be not high, and if the cot can enter. There is never a fire-place, rarely a window, unless the cabinet be next to the roof, where there may be a skylight. A cabinet is to be had for from twelve to twenty-four dollars a year. It is tenanted by servants, sometimes husband and wife, but commonly by unmarried servants, by shop-boys in their first wrestle with fortune, and by other persons who are employed all day, eat at public dining-rooms, and ask of home only shelter from rain and a place to lie down.

Next is *chambre*, which is a room with a fire-place and commonly with a window, or at least an apology for a window. It is let for from twenty-four to fifty dollars a year, but the latter price is very rare and could be gotten



only in the busiest parts of Paris. Then comes *chambre et cabinet*—a bedchamber with a smaller room for orts and ends: the chamber has a window; the smaller room has a window generally, but no fire-place. They are to be had for from thirty to sixty dollars.

Above these is *logement*, which always has a kitchen and two chambers, with fire-places and windows. All well-to-do married working people live in *logements*, which are very comfortable in the newer houses of Paris; but

kitchen, antechamber, one, sometimes two, bedchambers, and other conveniences. There is a mirror on the marble mantel-piece of the sitting-room and the bedchamber, a porcelain stove in the dining-room, a cellar, and a servant's chamber in the garret. In new houses there is water in the kitchen, and gas everywhere. Rent for *appartements* varies from one hundred and sixty to three hundred dollars.

Then you have *grand appartement*, which has commonly two sitting-rooms and several bedchambers, besides the rooms to be found in an *appartement*. Above *grand appartement* is *hôtel*, which is a private mansion; while a *grand hôtel* is a public-house or a tavern. There are as many sorts of refectories in Paris as of lodgings.

At all of the convents and barracks broken meats are distributed during winter. There are "economical kitchen ranges," where soup with its meat and vegetables is sold for one cent a ration; and there are innumerable places where free tickets for even these cheap rations are to be had. A ticket for bread is commonly given with the soup-ticket. At all of the markets, and especially at the Great Markets, there are itinerant coffee-sellers and soup-sellers. Frenchmen and soup are convertible terms. Whenever a Frenchman is ill, or exhausted, or hungry, or about to take a long journey, he orders soup. The first thing he orders when he gets up in the morning is soup. The last thing he takes at night before donning his night-cap (all Frenchmen wear night-caps) is soup. So, of course, soup-houses are found everywhere. Our wood-cut represents a scene in the neighborhood of the Great Markets, where from 3 A. M. to sunset hundreds of similar scenes are to be found. An old woman has a small table on which white earthenware bowls, made so



SOUP IN THE MORNING.

perhaps the balance is even between the older and the newer houses.

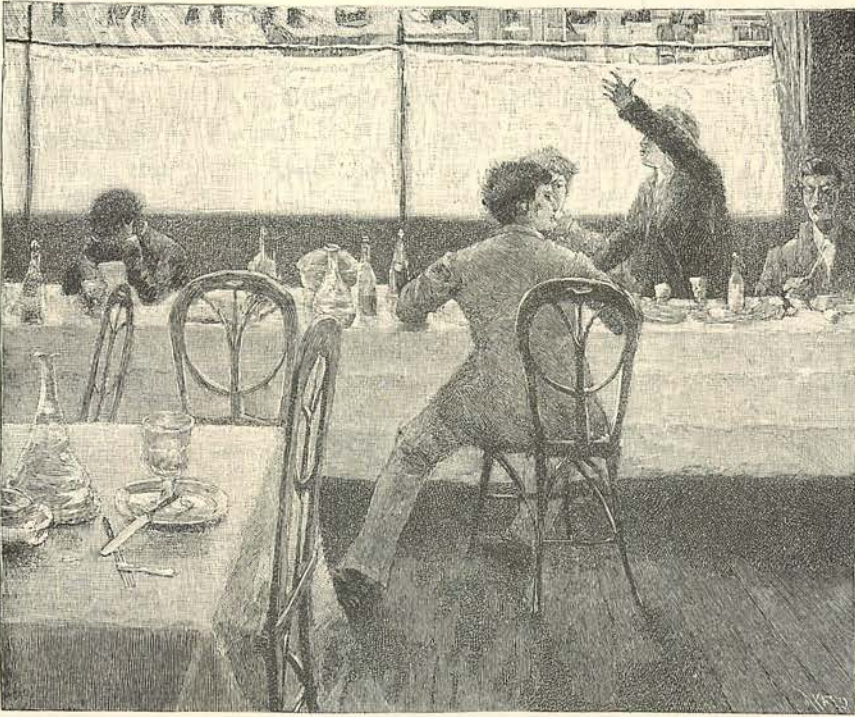
Higher in the social scale is *petit appartement*. Here glimmerings of gentility begin to appear.

A *petit appartement* must contain a sitting-room and a dining-room, though no larger than a pocket handkerchief. It is amusing to see the importance the French attach to a sitting-room.

Some *petits appartements* are very cozy. They have sitting-room, dining-room, kitchen, and bedchamber. Next comes *appartement*, which contains a sitting-room, dining-room,

thick that they might fall on the ground without breaking, and so thick that the buyer feels he has a large ration for his money, are laid; by her side are two large tin cans, both with chafing-iron in the bottom to keep the contents hot. One can holds soup, the other hot water to wash bowls after use. In old times—that is, before the ground around the Innocents' Fountain was sodded and made a public garden—all this space was covered with soup-cooks, each under a wide, red umbrella, with soup-pot simmering on a portable kitchen. Each customer was given election—a bowl of soup or pot-luck. Armed with an iron fork whose





A STUDENTS' RESTAURANT.

handle was three feet long, he had the right to try his pot-luck; if he speared a bit of meat, it was added to his soup-bowl. These picturesque kitchens have been improved out of existence. Pot-luck has been lost.

The poorest young artist or student scarcely ever enters a *gargote*. He prefers eating bread and cheese or bread and sausage at home to mingling with coarse throngs. If he has a little money, he goes to some *crémèrie*. No soup is to be had here; but coffee or chocolate, an omelette, a chop or beef-steak, and a salad are to be gotten for five cents each; bread, for two cents. Some of these *crémèries* are quite clean, and the cooking is good and plain, such as one sees in peasants' houses.

A little higher in grade above the *crémèrie* is the *bouillon*; for in the business parts of Paris (where such eating-houses alone are to be found) it is frequented from 9 A. M. to 2 P. M. by business men and the better-paid clerks and shopmen. Later in the day it is frequented by the poor who are too proud, or whose position (as Government clerks and the like) forbids them, to go to the lower classes of eating-houses. You can get nothing in a *bouillon* but beef soup, boiled beef (the beef of the soup), cheese, currant jelly, bread, and wine. The prices are three cents for soup, five cents for beef (which has been boiled to shreds, and is as tasteless

as so much twine), and two cents for bread. Few of the customers order anything else, except a vial of wine, which costs four cents; cheese and currant jelly are three cents a ration. *Bouillons Duval* were originally such places as these. Duval was a butcher near the Great Markets. He every day had left odds and ends of meat, mere waste. He, like all butchers in working people's quarters, used this waste to make beef soup, which he sold to his neighbors. Being a first-rate judge of meat on the hoof (a very rare talent; the butchers in Paris who have this talent are widely known and have more business than they can attend to), he got the *Hôtel du Louvre* and two or three of the great clubs for customers. They wanted only the best cuts. He did not know what to do with the lower qualities of meat. In thinking over the best way to end this embarrassment, he determined to establish *bouillons*, where not only soup but roast meats should be sold, and so low as to tempt even customers of restaurants. They at once became popular, and poured so much money into his pocket that he turned them into restaurants, where he sold not only inferior but the highest qualities of meat.

Nearly all vintners supply food. The majority of them ought to be classed with *gargotes*, but many of them have two rooms, one



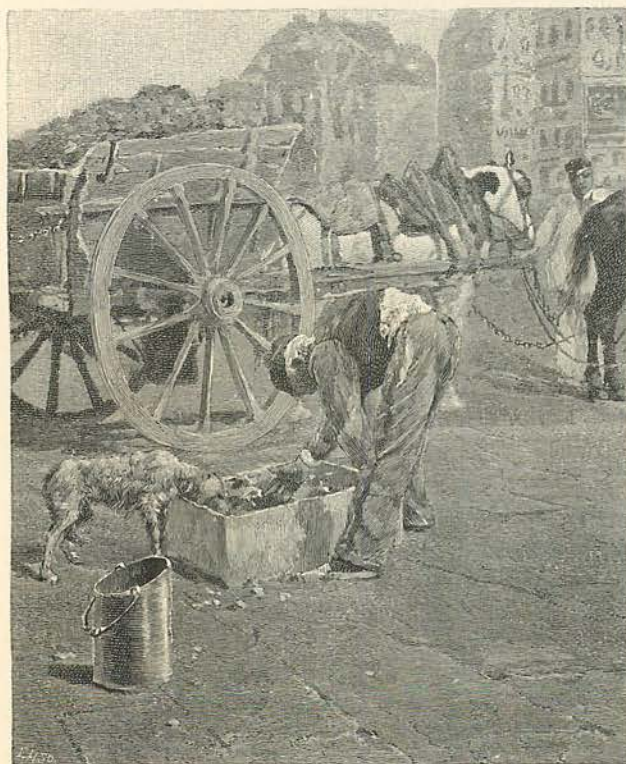
for working people, the other for a higher class of customers. The cooking, meats, and vegetables are very coarse, but large rations are given. This is their recommendation.

The price is six cents a ration for everything but bread, which is three cents. Some vintners have a reputation for dishes which brings them in a great deal of custom. There is a vintner in Rue du Temple whose delicious tripe draws people from every part of Paris. There are several near the Great Markets famous for snails.

Above the vintners are the fixed-price restaurants — that is, public dining-rooms where, for a given sum of money, you have for breakfast as much bread as you can eat on the

has not reached the hour when he may listen to his palate and humor all its whims. Prices at restaurants are of all rates, but fourteen, sixteen, or eighteen sous, with two sous to the waiter, will still get in the Latin Quarter a full dinner. As for quality—"Don't you think, Mr. Surface, we had better leave honor out of the argument?" Beggars must not be choosers. All cheap and especially all students' restaurants are most democratic places. Nobody hesitates to chat with his neighbor. After you have eaten three or four meals, the waiter looks on you as his property; and even before this initiation, if you order a bottle of wine (vials are the largest liquid measure known to the general customer), the waiter is sure to

bring his own glass with bottle and to toss off a bumper to your health. The victualer always sidles up to you, unless you seem to be unusually poor or hold unsatisfactory theories of credit, under which circumstances the instinct of self-preservation keeps him at a safe distance from you. What would become of his daughters' dowries and sons' marriage settlements if, while he crammed you with bread and soup, you crammed him with airy promises to pay? His eyes have two other duties to discharge. He gives as much bread as the customer can carry off under his epidermis; but some fellows (there are black sheep in all flocks!) translate epidermis *overcoat*, failing to distinguish between meal eaten and meal saved. These cheap restaurants are disappearing even in the Latin Quarter. Rents, taxes, and everything else are rising, and to give a meal of any sort for less than a franc is becoming a miracle which it is daily harder to work. On the other hand, it is easier to make money in Paris than it



MORNING SCAVENGER.

spot, one ration of meat, one ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, or a second ration of meat or of vegetables instead of wine; for dinner, soup, two rations of meat, a ration of vegetables, a dessert, and a vial of wine, which may be exchanged as above mentioned. The cheapest of these restaurants are in the Latin Quarter. They are students' restaurants. All students' restaurants are crowded—not on account of excellence, but of cheapness. When a man has only sous in his pocket, he does not stop to frame a bill of fare; he runs for low prices. He

ever was. But this is a knack which some men never find out. When the price is twenty-five cents for breakfast and fifty cents for dinner, a half bottle of wine is given. There are public dining-rooms where, for forty cents, a breakfast, and, for from seventy cents to one dollar, a dinner may be had, but where the bill of fare is apparently more limited than in restaurants. Here you are given a book and asked to select what you want; but ninety-five of every hundred dishes set down in the book are not to be had. In public dining-rooms you have a bill of fare (such as is given



in hotels), which you may eat your way through. The secret of the low prices of the cheaper restaurants is this: they make arrangements with butchers, poulterers, and fishmongers to take from them, a little while before they close for the day, all meat, poultry, and fish left over, and which would be unsalable by next morning. They get these objects below cost, and at once cook them enough to prevent spoiling. They go to the Great Markets just before the markets close. The peasants, sooner than carry their market stuff home again, will sell it for a mere song. Fruit and vegetables which could not have been bought during the morning for less than six cents apiece may be had, then, three for one cent.

Lastly come restaurants where one pays not only for what he takes, but for everything he uses—even for the knives, forks, and spoons. There are all sorts of these restaurants, cheap and dear; the cheapest are, however, dearer than the highest fixed-price restaurant.

I must not omit to mention cafés, although they are becoming mere billiard saloons. Clubs have hurt them. Then the introduction of bars gave them another blow. A still more serious blow was the establishment of musical cafés. Cafés are a cheap club. Artists, literary men, and business men living in the same neighborhood meet at cafés after dinner. Cafés are neutral ground, where there is no etiquette of visits, where everybody is equally at home, where one may order what he pleases, may come when he chooses, and leave the instant he feels tired; where the room is handsome, brilliantly lighted, comfortably warm, always animated. If these habitual frequenters be numerous enough to warrant it, a room is set apart solely for their use: it is really a club-room. The musical cafés require customers to take some refreshment (all refreshments served in them are dear and bad), but at most of them tickets, costing ten cents, are sold at the counter, which relieve visitors from the importunities of waiters. Neighbors who are known to be frequent visitors are commonly told that they are welcome without payment of admittance fee; even in these musical cafés there are corners reserved for neighbors who come with their wives and children to spend the evening.

Were I poor and wished to master French quickly and thoroughly, to see a great deal of French life, to understand the current of unwritten French thought, and to spend as little money as possible, I should, were I a man, become a boarder in a third-rate boys' school; were I a woman, in a third-rate girls'



A GUARDIAN OF THE PUBLIC GARDENS.

school in the suburbs of Paris or, which would every way be better, in some small provincial town. Here I should attend all the lessons, especially all the French and English lessons, given. I should select the most intelligent tutor, and win him, or her, by taking private lessons (they would not cost more than two dollars a month) and by making timely presents; he or she would on holy-day show you sights missed by general travelers. He would explain them to you, and call attention to particulars which else had escaped notice. You would visit the churches of Paris and mark the difference between them.

Or he or she would go with you to public gardens and analyze the people met. There are no more majestic figures in Paris (beadles of the great churches excepted) than the constables of the public gardens. Strangers take them for marshals of France. The cross of the Legion is on their breast; immense epaulettes hang on their shoulders; their clothes are brilliant military uniforms; their hat is that worn by the infantry. So strangers' eyes may well gaze on them for glories of France. They are old non-commissioned officers, whose declining days are made more comfortable by having the pay of constable added to pension. Their duties are light. They are expected to wage war on turbulent boys, to give chase to dogs that invade the garden, to guard flowers from hands that can not distinguish between *meum* and *tuum*. Their campaign never begins





GOING TO COMMUNION.

until long after sunrise and always ends with twilight. Their longest forced march is from chair to chair. Their existence is a Frenchman's *beau idéal* of life—plenty to eat and drink, nothing to do, sauntering in a public promenade till legs whisper “seat,” and clothed from head to foot in gaudy clothes.

He or she would warn you against the adventurers with whom public resorts in Paris swarm. Once familiar with their physiognomy you would detect them everywhere, and find this knowledge useful even on your return to the United States. Faces such as our wood-cut portrays are to be seen hourly in Paris. When this knave gets up in the

morning he does not know where he will breakfast, still less where he will dine; and should his landlord be harsh, or have lost patience, he does not know where he will sleep. His only hope is that, if he eat very moderately and content himself with soup and bread, the mistress of the *crémère* will still give him credit, or that he may meet some acquaintance who will treat him to meat or drink. He is utterly without scruple. If he does not steal, it is solely from cowardice—fear of being caught.

Now the tutor already mentioned would take you to one of the most charming sights of Paris—the “first communion” of all the



boys and girls of a large parish. What putting on the *toga virilis* was to a Roman youth, what buying the first fan is to a Spanish girl, what "coming out" is to our sisters, what presentation at court is to our English high-born cousins,—so is the "first communion" to French boys and girls. It taken, they are men and women. Is iron fortune theirs? After "first communion" they must set to work; life's race has begun. It is the great family festival. All persons do not figure as bride or groom, but all persons (at least it was the rule before war was declared on religion) take the "first communion." Girls are robed as brides, but trinkets are forbidden. The utmost purity of appearance is sought, to give all spectators "the outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace." Each girl wears a white veil, and her hair, no matter how luxuriant, or blue black, or Venetian auburn, is held a close prisoner in a white cap, though the head have right to duchess diadem; the dress is muslin and as white as the veil; the waist girdled by a broad white ribbon ending in a large bow-knot behind. Boys wear white trousers, waistcoat, cravat, gloves, and an armlet of broad white ribbon tied in a large bow-knot, while from both ends hangs long gold or silver fringe; black

coat; hair as well dressed as the nearest barber's skill can go; hat left at home. In one hand is held a missal, and a white rosary ending in a cross; in the other, a long white wax taper with a red velvet gold-trimmed holder round it.\* Girls and boys wear these clothes at confirmation and at "renewal," which takes place a year afterward, though the armlet is discarded from the boy's arm at "renewal." Where poverty is unable to provide this livery of heaven, wealth supplies not only the dress but the substantial meal which adds memories to the day, for round the board all kindred are assembled—often for the first, oftener for the last, time. The day ended, boy's armlet and girl's white reticule are put in a paper box and are laid in a secure corner of a chest of drawers, to be joined in time by the bride's garter or her orange wreath as souvenirs of life's great days. The church to which grandma and kinswomen are wending their way in our illustration is St. Médard, the parish church of Mouffetard Quarter—the parish church of the famous Gobelins tapestry manufactory and of the Garden of Plants. It has twice been inundated with blood in our day—in June, 1848, in May, 1871.

J. D. Osborne.

\* Until 1882, girls too bore lighted tapers. The transept viewed from behind the high altar was a striking scene. Tapers' flames seemed like St. Elmo's lights hovering over the boys and girls, and might easily be taken for the Spirit falling from heaven on purity, blessing it and fitting it for the good fight in life's

battle to be begun to-morrow. In 1881, a girl in St. Sulpice Church set her veil on fire, and there came nigh being a catastrophe fatal to as many as that at Lima, Peru, a few years since. Calamity was averted by a priest, who in putting out the fire was seriously burned. Since then no tapers have been intrusted to girls.



### EMMA LAZARUS.

WHEN on thy bed of pain thou layest low  
Daily we saw thy body fade away,  
Nor could the love wherewith we loved thee stay  
For one dear hour the flesh borne down by woe;  
But as the mortal sank, with what white glow  
Flamed thy eternal spirit, night and day,—  
Untouched, unwasted, though the crumbling clay  
Lay wrecked and ruined! Ah, is it not so,  
Dear poet-comrade, who from sight hast gone,—  
Is it not so that spirit hath a life  
Death may not conquer? But, O dauntless one!  
Still must we sorrow. Heavy is the strife  
And thou not with us,—thou of the old race  
That with Jehovah parleyed, face to face.

R. W. G.