

that of a terrier which took great pains and manifested paternal delight in teaching his puppy to hunt rabbits. In time the puppy outgrew his father in strength and fleetness, so that, in spite of straining



A CHECK.

every nerve, the father at length came to be gradually distanced. His whole demeanour then changed, and every time that he found his son drawing away from him he used in desperation to seize the tail of the youngster; and the strangest part of the affair was that, although the son was now much stronger than the father, he never resented this exercise of paternal

authority, even though the rabbit were close under his nose.

Few who have had much to do with horses will not acknowledge that they have sometimes met with strange traits of jealousy in them, and will not be surprised at what has been told by M. Cheville in the *Lyon Médical*, for April 18, 1875. He declared that he had seen a mare refuse her food and kick her stall to pieces from jealousy. Whenever the groom coaxed or petted another horse, her stable companion, she would do this. He also stated that in a stable where a cow and a donkey were confined together a curious scene was witnessed whenever the dairymaid came to milk the former. No sooner was the maid seated on her milking-stool than the donkey would leave its stall, come close to her, and rest its head on hers while she continued milking, showing that the poor animal was jealous and anxious to claim a share of her attention.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for April, 1883, tells that amongst the ingenious experiments of his monkeys was the feat performed by "Polly," a little macaque, of utilising the bars of the perch as a gymnastic pole, round which, in company with "Jenny," she used to spin like an acrobat. More ingenious still, he says, "Polly" used to twist the straw of her cage into a rope, which she attached to one of the projecting bars of her perch, and then, seizing the extemporised rope, would swing round and round after the fashion of a roasting-jack, evidently enjoying the recoil of the straw as a means of continuing her amusement. A more difficult feat, he remarks, was that of "Polly," in her imitation of an acrobat, in a backward spring. Jumping forward from the perch to the side of the cage, she sprang backwards, and in an instant regained the perch. "Jenny" watched this performance with interest, and essayed to do it, but her attempts were clumsy and unsuccessful, and she could not disguise her disappointment and her jealousy of "Polly's" superior performance.

THE MYSTERIOUS HOUSE IN THE LATIN QUARTER.



HAD never had the remotest belief in spirits nor the slightest possible fear of ghosts, and all the personal experiences of my friends of the "Psychical Society of 'things unspeakable'" had not induced me to care one rap for any spectre that flits. Consequently, the old "Haunted House" in the Latin

Quarter had no terrors whatever for me.

The rooms exactly suited my cousin and myself, and as she, too, was strong-minded and an independent American, we both determined to ignore the warnings

of our anxious friends, and to locate ourselves in this desirable spot before the winter.

We arrived in Paris late one evening, and the next morning, before it was fairly light, we were on our way to the studio where our "cours," or class, was conducted.

Who that has had any experience of French student life does not remember the dire discomfort of every first morning of the model—the hurried toilet by candle-light, the coffee luke-warm, drunk standing, the roll hastily tucked away into muff or pocket, to be eaten on the way? The Artists' Quarter at 7.30 a.m., in the uncertain light of an early winter's day, is a

curious sight indeed on Monday mornings. Half the people in the streets, it seems, are carrying either paint-boxes or portfolios. Many are shivering, and not yet quite awake, but all are striding along with a like anxious haste. It is pleasing to sacrifice half a Sunday night's rest through fear of oversleeping—and so losing first choice of place at the studio—and then

twelve o'clock, when the class finished; and then, after lunching at a "Duval," we hurried on to the other side of the river to see the "Volney" Exhibition of modern French artists. A walk on the "Boulevard des Italiens" and half an hour's wait for an omnibus to take us back to the Latin Quarter—oh, that aggravating system of ticket-numbers, where dexterous



"SHIVERING FROM HEAD TO FOOT . . . I CLUTCHED HARD AT THE PALINGS" (p. 706).

to arrive there, breathless, with half a breakfast and a whole headache, only to find that the model has not yet arrived, that the stove will not act, that the room is full of smoke, and nothing can be done till the fire has been put out and the workmen have overhauled the "tuyau." Yet Monday morning always brings with it the same intense excitement.

On this particular Monday morning, our first in a Paris studio, the model, the pose, the possible capabilities of our fellow-workers, the prospective visit of the great Professor, engrossed all our thoughts till

jumping on is, alas! unavailing!—brought us home none too soon for dinner, and by the time that was over our night's rest was the chief thing that occupied our minds. Nevertheless, the British spirit of exploration was strong within me, and I announced my determination not to retire until I had, at any rate, taken a turn round the tempting-looking garden.

By way of expostulation, I received only a sleepy, "Hurry up, then, for I'm tired some; and wear my gums and that shawl too, for your wrap don't amount to a row of pins."



STATUE OF INGRES, BY ETEX (p. 708).

It was the typical French garden, with, in the middle, the usual picturesque, if somewhat damp and dilapidated, "pavilion," where the students "most do congregate"; but in the moonlight the defects were not noticeable, and the roof stood out in pleasant irregularity against the changing sky.

I leaned over the fence which railed off the inner garden and watched the play of the moonbeams—idly at first, but soon some dark object, conspicuously placed in the middle of the largest flower-bed, riveted my attention.

It was impossible to make out what it was, shrouded, as it happened to be, in dense shadow, but the moonlight had already begun to touch the far corner of it, and in two minutes my curiosity would, I was confident, be gratified. I could not take my eyes off this mysterious thing, and the longer I looked the more fascinated I became. Suddenly the moon burst out from behind a cloud, and then—oh horror! surely my eyes deceived me!

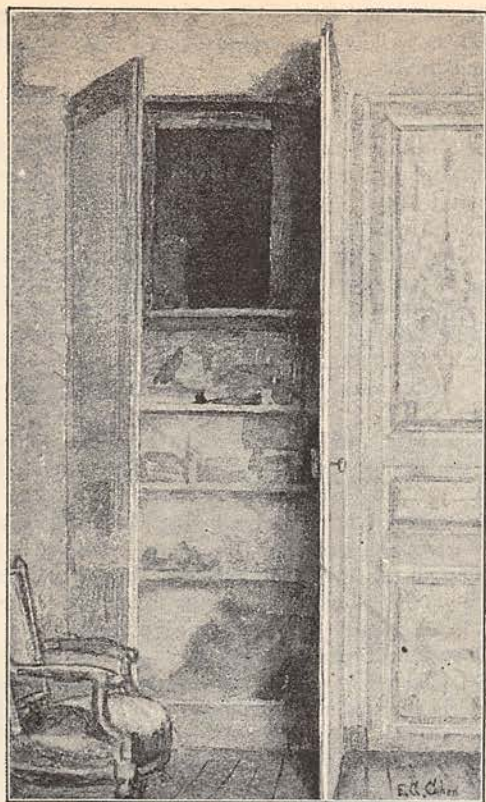
Shivering from head to foot, though the night was not cold, I clutched hard at the palings and gazed breathlessly before me. Could it be?—yes, it was beginning to assume, in the full light, a human shape—a girl's. The beautiful head was on the ground, and supported on it, in mid-air, hung the emaciated shoulders, and above them nothing remained but the bare backbone. I could not move, but closed my eyes, only immediately to open them again and note the thin stream of blood which oozed from between the parted lips. The murder had been committed this very night,

then, and this must be some poor misguided creature, the boon companion of those riotous Frenchmen. Why, the slashings of a pugilistic German student were nothing beside this atrocity. I turned my head away from the sickening sight, but this time my eyes encountered a spectacle at my very feet quite as gruesome, if not as heart-rending, as the other. A human skull grinned up at me from glaring, moonlit eye-sockets, and close by a foot and some mangled fingers forced themselves upon my unwilling sight. Then, and not till then, did it flash across my mind that this was the "Haunted House," and that I was receiving a punishment for my incredulity. A feeling of utter revulsion possessed me, and, leaving my hold of the railings, I hid my face in my hands and ran up the garden towards the house. My flight was soon stopped by an obstacle in my path, and tripping up over it, I found myself clinging on, as if for dear life, to some solid body, which on closer inspection proved to be a soldier lying on the ground.

What could he want in our garden at this time of night? Had *he* any connection with the murder? Hastily disengaging myself, and without a thought of apology for so unwarrantable a familiarity, I made another rush for the doorway, but was somewhat dismayed at finding that the whole of my little performance had been quietly watched by an elderly gentleman seated near by, who was looking at me with dignified remonstrance in his very attitude. What



"MINET'S STAIRCASE" (p. 708).



THE SECRET CHAMBER IN MARSHAL SOULT'S
CUPBOARD (p. 708).

were all these people doing in our garden at night, and would my trembling limbs ever take me up that flight of steps? I had nearly gained the doorway when a wild yell close behind me made me turn my head, and I saw flying through the air a tiny creature, blacker than night, with yellow eyes shining, and carrying with his hands and feet the head and shoulders of a stalwart warrior. He disappeared as quickly as he had come, and, holding my breath, I stumbled up the stairs and into our room.

I double-locked the door and gasped out, in as near a scream as a stage-whisper will admit of—

“Katherine, not another night do I stay in this dreadful house! It is *haunted*. There has been murder here, and I’ve seen horrors!”

I almost hated my cousin for her indifference as she grumbled out—

“Horror fiddlestick! If you ain’t the queerest girl! Why, I’d a notion you were too sensible to believe in such stuff. Come to bed right away, and don’t be a goose.”

“Hush!” I whispered. “I can’t disbelieve my own eyesight. You go down into the garden now, and then see what you’ll say.”

“What nonsense to dream of prowling around at this hour! Not that any American would be afraid of your murders, or your ghosts either!”

“Then I dare you to go this minute!” I cried;

and before I had time to repent she was half-way downstairs.

I waited what seemed an eternity, and, listening intently, heard first the sound of a faint scream, and then retreating footsteps.

I unlocked the door. There was no need to ask any questions; her white face and the horror depicted on it sufficed.

“Great goodness!” was all she could say at first. Then we fell to comparing horrid notes, and only persuaded ourselves at last into sleeping by the solemn vow that the morning’s light should find us ready to depart from such revolting scenes.

We were as good as our word.

“Tell madame we wish to speak to her,” was our dignified command to the astonished Marie, as, setting down our tray, she gazed blankly at our ready-packed belongings.

Madame entered, smiling, and, with characteristic French gestures, sincerely trusted, in excellent French, that our coffee was to our liking.

My cousin had undertaken to be spokeswoman, and in good plain American—the purest language of all



THE MYSTERIOUS STAIRCASE (p. 708).



ORIGINAL SKETCHES FOR THE ARC DE TRIOMPHE.

English-speaking peoples, according to her account— informed our landlady that the coffee was “first class,” but we could not consent to remain another hour beneath her roof. Madame was moved first to tears, and afterwards, when the explanation came, nearly to losing her temper.

She insisted that we should both accompany her, then and there, into her cherished garden, where only beautiful things were ever permitted. We declared we had seen enough to last us a lifetime, but when our hostess declared that in that case the “concierge” should not “descend” our trunks, we reluctantly followed her. She made straight for the middle flower-bed, and there we found—a head, it is true, but, to our amazement, only that of a beautiful statue, upside down. A cigarette had been stuck between the lips, and someone had converted the shoulder-piece into an umbrella-stand for the time being.

It was just those bad students, madame informed us, nothing more. They treated the casts scattered about the garden with no more respect than they did anything else, photographing themselves with these in their arms in every possible attitude.

“But the stately gentleman?” said my cousin doubtfully.

“And the soldier,” I added.

Madame pointed towards the steps, and there,

gazing with that dignified expression which I remembered so well, was a seated figure—a statue of the painter Ingres.

“This house and garden once belonged to Etex the sculptor,” madame explained, “and Ingres was for some time his master. There on the ground is the Commandant Herbenger, and there by the window is Lambert Bey. We call him ‘Minet’s Staircase.’ Minet! Minet!”

On her ordering the cat indoors, away the creature flew, up the bust and over the forehead—already furrowed from constant use—and in at the staircase window. So this was the strange passage through the air that I had seen, I meditated; but my train of thought was interrupted by madame’s cheery voice:

“There is nothing curious out here, but you will find something indoors if you will come with me,” she said.

We followed her into the house, where she showed us the strange details of the ghostly stairways, the mysterious underground passages, the unexpected turnings, the quaint doors leading to the catacombs.

All these were most interesting, and still more so we found the Secret Chamber, discovered by madame, quite accidentally, only a year before, and the window, formerly boarded up, and brought to light but a few months since. The doors of the cupboard which shut in the Secret Chamber were of most exquisite design, hand-painted, and had once been the property of Marshal Soult.

But madame wanted us to go out in the garden again, for she had omitted to show us the work for which Etex was most celebrated. There, lying under the kitchen window, we discovered his original designs in plaster of “Peace and War” (for the Arc de Triomphe), overgrown with moss and gradually sinking into the sod. There were also numberless designs for tombstones, and in the far corner quite a collection of busts and moulds of every description. Altogether it had never been our good fortune to come upon such a combination of the queer and the quaint as the whole place presented, and it was with sincere regret we learned that everything was destined to disappear shortly to make room for a pile of flats. However, we could not help marvelling that it had been allowed to stand unmolested so long. Unmolested much longer it certainly would not be, for the work of demolition was to begin in April, and soon there would, alas! be no stone left of “The Mysterious House in the Latin Quarter.” E. G. C.

