

divans of red morocco, and four spirited oil paintings of the horses "Tricolor," "Black" and "Musty," and of a lap-dog that has made his bed inside a man's white hat. The noble owner adores horses, probably by right of birth, for her father let them out to hire. We may now pass up stairs, across the rugs of lion, tiger and bear skin covering the hall. Here, on the first floor and at the back of the house, we find ourselves in the dining-room. It is roomy, for pairs; and, in its rich brown-oak paneling surmounted by a wall covering leather arabesqued in black and gold, its thick carpet, its heavy curtains of rep and its indescribable air of massive luxury was very pleasant to the eye. Plate is on the great oak sideboard, chinaware on the dining-table, the latter *faience de Rouen et de Nevers*—blue on a white ground; *faience Italienne* and plateaux in the style of Louis XIII. and of his illustrious successor. On the same table, too, are large cases containing some of the choicest of Mademoiselle's personal belongings—sunshades covered with black or white lace and with handles of carved ivory or jasper, fans by the half dozen in English point, tortoise shell and mother of pearl.

One object of greater interest must not be over-looked. Mademoiselle's beautifully illuminated book of devotions in the French tongue—a praying virgin on the cover, and a great store of angels on every broadly-margined page. It stands open at the words, "Let me soon hear the voice of thy mercy, for in thee is my hope. Thy spirit of goodness will lead me in the straight path. Make me live after the law of thy justice, Lord, for the glory of thy name."

A certain stuffiness which seems to pervade the room after the reading of the passage will make a move into the freer atmosphere of the landing a relief. This place, too, is tastefully furnished; its chairs are incrustated with ivory, it is draped with Oriental tapestry, and it has a statue of the classical Paris of the size of life, and dating from the time of Louis XV. Another step and we are in the larger drawing-room, crimson and gold—the latter in the cornices and woodwork, the former in the curtains and coverings of couches and chairs. Here are two chandeliers in Algerian onyx and gilded bronze; an elegant jardiniere in richly decorated ebony, with ornaments finely

chased (the winner of the medal of honor in its class at the exhibition of 1867), with groups in marble, in metal and in porcelain—Psyche and Love, Hercules and somebody whom we will call an acquaintance, and—I have no time to see what else. Here is a Chinese contrivance for burning perfumes, and a flower stand in Roman mosaic, "representing a monument in ruins." Multiply these extracts by a couple of dozen, and you will have some idea of the number of objects, rich and rare, in this humble abode.

The smaller drawing-room shows the like diversity and profusion. Here the furniture is in the style of Louis XVI., the wood-work black and gold, the coverings of sea-green satin with flowered ornaments in white. There are two books in the room, the only ones besides the work of devotion already mentioned to be seen in the house—Dore's "Don Quixote," and "The Holy Bible" illustrated by the same hand. One fancies it would be a graceful thing to buy all three in on the part of a friend, and send them on to the new establishment in the Champs Elysees—they would not take up much room.

But stay, we were nearly leaving the *salon* without looking at a very fine oil painting of modern date, of excellent workmanship and most irrefragable "moral." It illustrates Lafontaine's fine fable of "The Ant and the Grasshopper." You know the touching little story—the thoughtless grasshopper chirped through the glorious summer time without thinking of the bad season to come; the tuneless but prudent ant expended all her energy in laying by for a rainy day. Then came the fall of the leaf and the biting blast, and the singer, who had done nothing but see life, found herself under the necessity of trying to borrow a grain or two to sustain it from her friend's store.

Significant that such an apologue should have commended itself to the notice of the mistress of this house.

Another flight of stairs and we are at the door of the *boudoir*, having just passed through an ante-chamber which, from its position on the threshold of a lady's bower, contains the most extraordinary piece of furniture in the place—a huge stand of dumb-bells of various sizes, the largest of them hardly to be lifted by any one but an athlete. Is it a delicate at-