LOST IN PARIS, AND OTHER TALES

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649542437

Lost in Paris, and Other Tales by Edwin Hodder

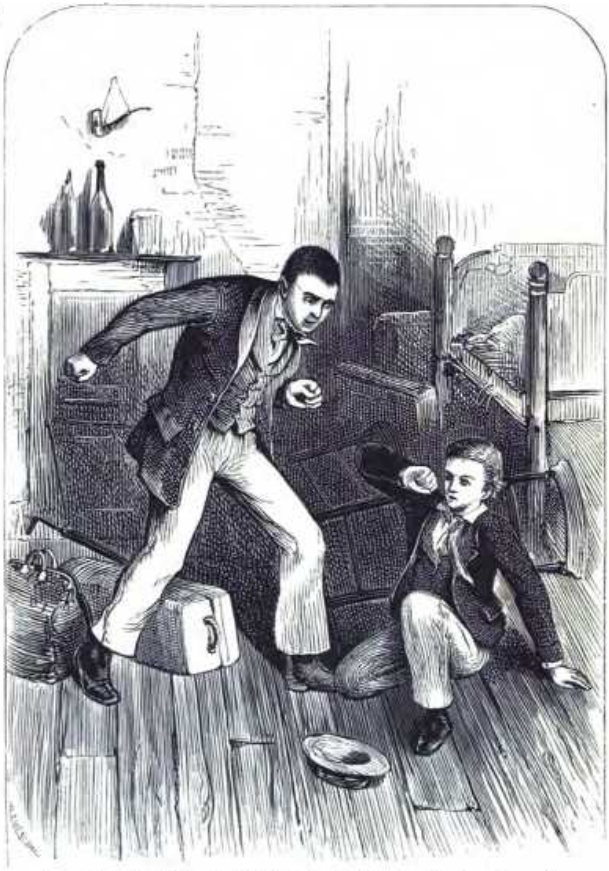
Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

EDWIN HODDER

LOST IN PARIS, AND OTHER TALES

Trieste



"M. Alphonse butted Raymond with his head in the stomach and sent him rolling; then he kicked him and cuffed him when he was down with true French pluck." *Page* 18.

LOST IN PARIS,

AND

OTHER TALES.

BY

EDWIN HODDER,

Author of "The Junior Clerk," "Tossed on the Waves," &c.

LONDON:
HODDER AND STOUGHTON,
27, PATERNOSTER ROW.
MDCCCLXVIII.

Butler & Tanner,
The Selwood Printing Works,
Frome, and London.

CONTENTS.

Lost in Paris.

CHAPTER I.

FRENCH was a dead language to Raymond Elliott By some strange mishap, his education had been conducted on the "good old system," that is to say, Greek and Latin had been crammed into him from infancy, and much lore, which is supposed to be good ballast for the mind; but modern languages and commonplace philosophy were left for riper years, or to come by intuition. Raymond was anything but a dull boy; he could see a point as well as most people; he had a good deal of "gumption" and natural talent; he was a lively, companionable fellow, and knew a smattering of almost everything—except French; and at the particular time to which our story refers, a smattering of French would have been more valuable to him than the completest knowledge of Greek, Latin, and classic lore.

That true, blessed time for which every school-boy pants and yearns, and at which parents and guardians groan and tremble —the Midsummer holidays—had commenced, and Mr. Elliott, in self-defence against the importunities of his family, and in

fulfilment of a yearly custom, prepared to "go out of town" with Mrs. Elliott and the family. Ever since last summer it had been decided that he should take his family to "foreign parts," and a visit to Dieppe and Rouen was fixed upon. But Raymond, who was not tied to time, and had no notion of going to France without seeing Paris, was determined, by hook or by crook, to pay a visit to the gay metropolis. Now, as luck would have it, his uncle, Mr. Godfrey, was living in Paris, and Raymond determined to be on the alert to get into his special good graces, and procure an invitation to spend a little time with him. So he cast about in his mind, long before the holidays commenced, how he could best accomplish his wish, and with that shrewdness which is not an uncommon talent among boys, he hit upon a plan. He would write to his uncle, and tell him about his school-life, and speak about the pleasant days they had spent when Mr. Godfrey last visited his parents in England. It was a very good letter, and Raymond did not attempt to disguise from himself that it was written with a purpose; for as he said to Ned Beasley, when he dropped the letter into the post-office, "There goes a sprat to catch a herring." The bait was nibbled; Mr. Godfrey wrote him a very kind letter in reply, encouraged him to persevere in his studies, and hoped to hear from his nephew again. After a lapse of a month or two, Raymond was fortunate enough to secure a handsome prize for a drawing, in which he had displayed a good deal of taste and talent.

"Now," thought he, "I will see if I cannot turn this to some account. Uncle Godfrey is an artist, he will feel pleased