

"Let us see if he doesn't tell me," said Bernard, privately. And he meditated a moment. "When I presented myself, you were sitting very close to Miss Evers and talking very earnestly. Your head was bent toward her—it was very lover-like. Decidedly, Miss Evers is the object!"

For a single instant Gordon Wright hesitated, and then "I hope I haven't seemed rude to Miss Vivian!" he exclaimed.

Bernard broke into a low, light laugh. "My dear Gordon, you are very much in love!" he remarked, as they arrived at their hotel.

(To be continued.)

A PEEP INTO ANTWERP AND HOLLAND.

THAT restless longing for change which comes to most people with spring and early summer becomes among painters a very epidemic. After working for six or eight months from sketches made during a former season, a longing for something fresh, an impulse to begin anew, with Nature herself as teacher, sends them here and there and everywhere. Many of our fellow-students had already dispersed when we left Paris early one bright morning in July on our way to Holland, stopping only at Antwerp.

At Antwerp we found all the bustle and confusion incidental to a busy sea-port. Finding it almost impossible to work on the busy crowded quay, we often crossed the river to the *Tête de Flandre*, a small village opposite Antwerp, where we had an excellent view of the "Roads" and its ever-changing beauties, with the shady quay and old gates, the gable roofs and many towers of the city as a background. High above them all points the beautiful cathedral spire, its lace-like outlines now lost in the misty purple light of morning, now cutting clear against the noonday sky, and again sending back ray for ray to the setting sun. The Cathedral is not far from the river; it stands in the oldest portion of the city where the streets are generally narrow and crooked, its noble façade rising from a small irregular square and its sides hidden by old shanties and shops. In the square is that famous well with the graceful iron canopy wrought by Quentin Matsys, long, long ago. We tasted the water which still flows from under it, and found it like most of the water at Antwerp, decidedly brackish. The inhabitants commonly drink in preference a thin sour beer, which is very cheap. The interior of the Cathedral on first entering seemed almost bare; but this impression is correct only of the nave. The choir is furnished with richly carved Gothic stalls and thrones, back of which the simple

Corinthian columns of the high altar seem out of place. The Cathedral's wealth in great pictures is only shown by the heavy green curtains covering the walls here and there. During two services each week the curtains are lifted, revealing only the out-sides of these winged pictures; while for a few hours every day, when there is no service, an admittance fee to the church is charged; the curtains are then removed and the wings swung open. The copyists set up their easels, and groups of tourists from all over the world gather before Rubens's masterpieces, the "Descent from the Cross," the "Elevation of the Cross," and the altar-piece of the "Assumption," where alone one can realize the master's genius.

A pleasant shady nook is the garden through which one passes to enter the museum, with a marble statue of Van Dyck coming in delightful relief against the dark green foliage. The gallery is large and well lighted, and the collection of pictures very valuable and interesting, forming a perfect history in painting of the Flemish school, of Rubens, his predecessors, his followers, and his imitators.

The narrow streets of the older part of town, with their quaint gable-ends and their odd street shrines at every corner, are delightfully picturesque. The Hotel de Ville, an ancient, somber, massive building, with the dingy old Guild Houses surrounding the *Grand Place* are in this portion of the city. Near by is the large old fish-market where there is a lively scene each morning during the auction of fish, and in the neighborhood are many buildings historically interesting as well as picturesque. Among the many characteristic street sights are the small milk or bread carts drawn by dogs, attended by women in stiff white caps. Both here and in Holland the milk is carried about in immense round brass cans that glitter like great suns. Every

morning the market-women congregate in certain squares and streets, and seated among their tall baskets of garden truck, form a primitive market, to which the neat maid-servants flock, carrying tin or brass buckets in place of baskets. The sand-man goes his round each morning, and the clean but fishy-smelling sand is scattered over the tiled floors of kitchen, entry, dining-room and shop. The people are Flemish in appearance, and Flemish is the language generally spoken, though all persons, except those of the poorest class, have a knowledge of French; the law requiring that a child shall be taught in Flemish during the first three years at school, and in French the following three.

We linger in the home of Rubens several days, studying the city and her pictures, and then go onward into Holland. Out we go, past the magnificent fortifications surrounding Antwerp; through great fields of waving grain; past red-tiled villages half hidden among the trees; over low, flat, grassy plains, where cattle are grazing; now here and there a wind-mill, then by way of the long bridge of the "Hollandsch Diep," and soon we are at Dordrecht, our destination.

This place is a favorite sketching ground, of whose attractions we had frequently heard from our colleagues in Paris. Although it is the most ancient of all the Dutch cities, and is indescribably picturesque, it is probably to-day the least known and visited of them all. It dates from the year 1015, and is situated at the junction of the Oude Maas and the Merwede, on an island formed by the great inundation of 1421, which devastated most of the country from this place to the sea. Formerly it was an important commercial city, having a large lumber trade.

Several of Holland's eminent painters were born here, among them Schotel the elder, the famous old marine painter, and Ary Schaeffer, a statue of whom now adorns one of the public squares. The small museum possesses a few of the latter's early works, sketches and unfinished pictures, presented by his sister to the city, after his death. The fine old "Groote Kerk," with high, square, leaning tower, dates from the beginning of the thirteenth century, though the greater part of it was built during the fifteenth and seventeenth.

A wonderfully quaint, well-preserved place is this ancient Dutch city of Dordrecht. There is nothing dilapidated or dirty or disagreeable in its old age. The tall brick houses leaning over the street, their peaked

gable-ends bearing dates from the beginning of the last century, are neat and trim, and look substantial enough to last another hundred years. The windows of the houses, new and old, here and wherever else we went in Holland, are remarkable for their great size. The big, roomy windows, filled with bright flowers, and draped with lace or muslin curtains, have no outside blinds, but always the inquisitive little window-glass. There are no restaurants nor boarding-houses, and the few hotels are patronized only by travelers.

We were fortunate in finding accommodations in a little house here on the "Groote Hoofd," and in having a room whose window looked out through the trees upon the Maas, having in view the entrance to both havens, and the "Nord," a channel leading to Rotterdam. Just across the river a big white wind-mill swung its long arms round and round, or stood wrapped in meditation; at each side of the "Nord" were low, flat meadows where the black-and-white cattle grazed; and back of these, perched up on dikes, straggled the two villages of Papendrecht and Zwijndrecht; and off in the distance, gliding across meadows and winding through the trees, gleamed the red or white sails of the boats.

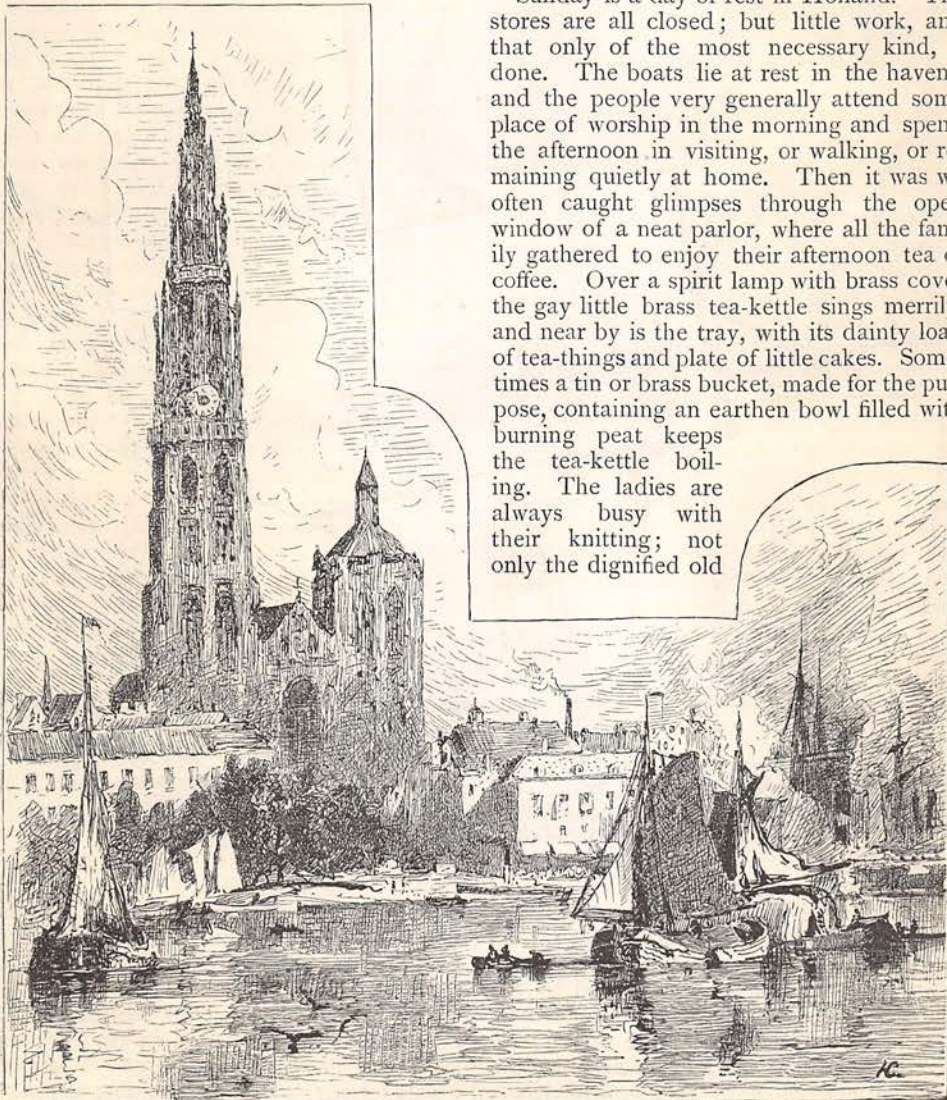
In the bright summer mornings the broad Maas is brilliant with the many canal-boats starting out on their various ways. Some, with sails set, are gliding easily down with the tide toward the sea; others are laboriously tacking up the river. Now comes a noisy little tug, drawing after it a whole fleet, with here a creamy white sail gleaming in the morning sunlight, there a dark, velvety red one; here a tawny yellow, there a dingy gray; to this one the graceful curved gaff hangs loosely and the sail is pulled up fantastically; that is a hay-barge, hidden beneath its golden load. One by one they swing round into the "Nord," and disappear among the trees, on their way to Rotterdam. Here is a vessel coming in; a woman, leaning against the long tiller, pushes it this way or that, guiding her clumsy craft along the busy highway; the men run hither and thither; the sails, with a rustle and rattle, fall in dark heaps on the deck; the bridge is raised, and they pull themselves into the haven with their long boat-hooks, not forgetting to drop a few cents into the little wooden sabot, which the bridge-keeper lowers as they pass. These canal-boats are very picturesque in form, rigging, and richness of color. Their long, straight hulls with square,

puffy bows, the great rudder and sturdy mast, are stained with a coating of tar, making the wood a rich dark tone, while allowing the grain to show. The long, gracefully curved tiller, the top of the rudder, and the boards are often painted some bright, pure color, while touches of the same bright hue occur here and there over the boat. From the mast-head flaps a streamer, held stiffly out by a rod for a foot or more, thus forming a vane. The sails are of all those shades of gray and brown and dingy red over which painters rave. Some of these boats have

no house on deck; others only a galley; while others carry as neat and cozy a floating cottage as one could wish to spend the summer in.

I doubt if the oft-quoted Dutch cleanliness is ever thoroughly appreciated until it is seen. The scrubbing and scouring are incessant and universal; no one neglects it, and nothing escapes it. Every glistening window-pane, every snowy floor, every bit of the shining brass and copper so plentifully used bear witness to it. The people themselves, even among the poorest class, are unusually neat and clean.

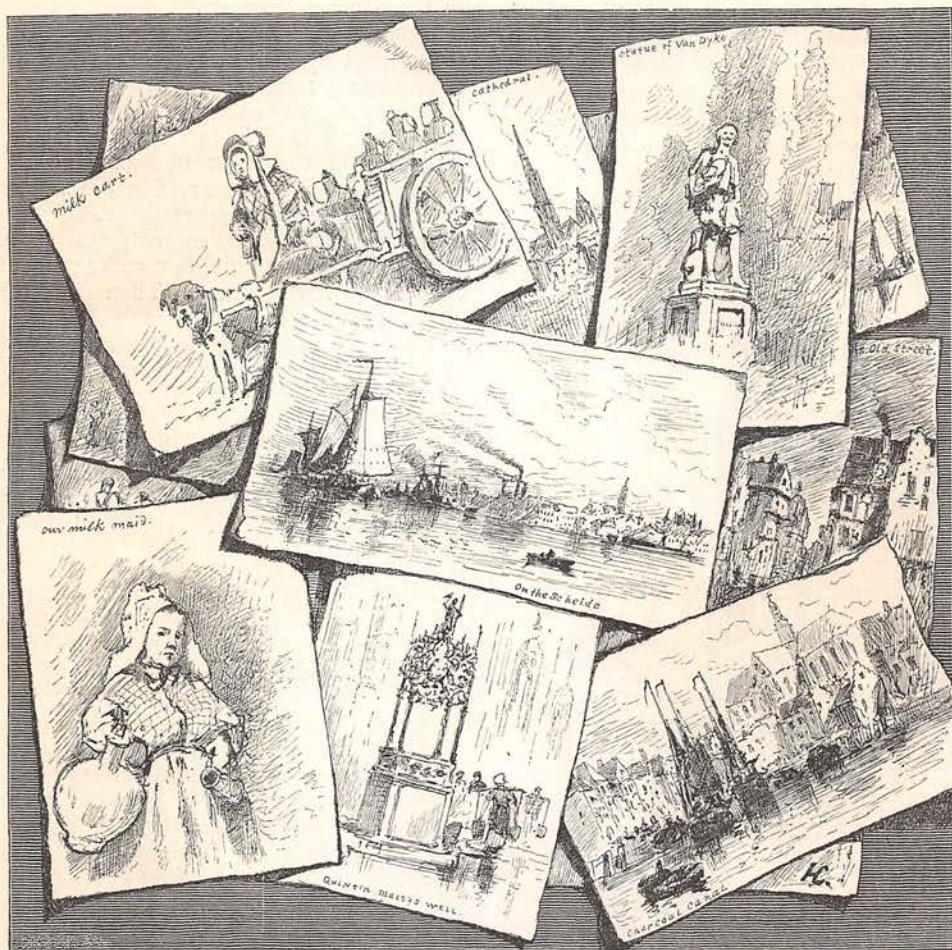
Sunday is a day of rest in Holland. The stores are all closed; but little work, and that only of the most necessary kind, is done. The boats lie at rest in the havens, and the people very generally attend some place of worship in the morning and spend the afternoon in visiting, or walking, or remaining quietly at home. Then it was we often caught glimpses through the open window of a neat parlor, where all the family gathered to enjoy their afternoon tea or coffee. Over a spirit lamp with brass cover the gay little brass tea-kettle sings merrily, and near by is the tray, with its dainty load of tea-things and plate of little cakes. Sometimes a tin or brass bucket, made for the purpose, containing an earthen bowl filled with burning peat keeps the tea-kettle boiling. The ladies are always busy with their knitting; not only the dignified old



THE CATHEDRAL AT ANTWERP.

grandmother, but the busy mother finds time for many stitches ; the young lady, too, does not disdain to handle the needles ; and even the chubby little dot whose hands seem scarcely large enough to hold them will laugh and chatter and play, with only a quick look now and then at her fast-flying fingers.

tiful homes lie the flat meadows, great fields of potatoes, gardens that supply Dordrecht with fruit and vegetables, and dotted about them everywhere are giant wind-mills, now looking sleepy in the summer heat. Through the meadows a clear little brook finds its way, along whose green banks cloth is spread to bleach in the sun, and now and then a



SKETCHES IN ANTWERP.

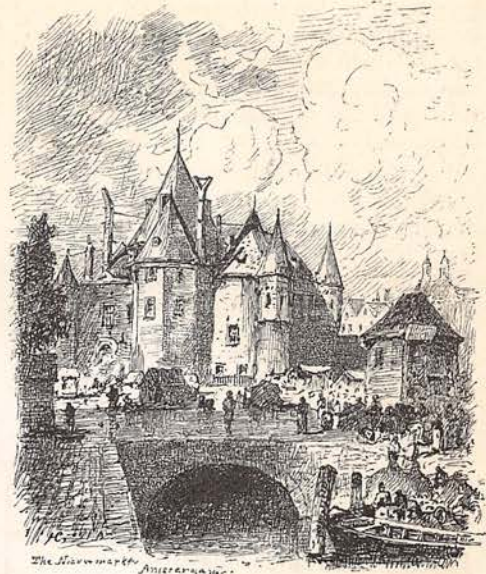
Dordrecht is a wealthy old place, and, its inhabitants boast, has more millionaires than any other city of Holland. The environs are made a very fairy-land by the mansions and gardens of these rich people. No fences or hedges separate their lovely places from the wide, shady avenues, but only little streams of running water, the bridge at each entrance being guarded by a tall, lonesome gate. Out beyond these beau-

woman with a long curved shovel scoops the water up, and by a dexterous twitch sends it flying in fine spray evenly distributed over the cloth.

During a short visit to the Hague we rode out to Scheveningen in the tramway from the Plaats. Long rows of closely planted trees arch over the fine carriage-way, the footpaths, and the tracks of the tramway from the city to the village, and

at each side the trees and underbrush growing at will give us the impression of riding through a dense forest. This dark wall of foliage is broken occasionally by elegant villas surrounded by bright, well-kept gardens, and the fresh sea-breeze sweeps down the long straight avenue. At the entrance of the village the road cuts through one of the dunes and on the steep hillside of white sand gay little parties of children are playing, slowly climbing to the top and rapidly sliding down. Turning abruptly here, the tramway takes us along among the dunes back of the large hotels facing the sea until we reach the bathing establishment. Alighting here, a quick run brought us in a moment to the top of the dunes and there lay before us a broad stretch of white sand and, beyond, the boisterous North Sea. Several weather-beaten old hulks were pulled up on the beach out of reach of the tide, some for repairs

and others whose sea-going days were over, to be used



THE NIEUW-MARKT, AMSTERDAM.

as store-houses for the sails, nets and fishing-tackle. Just in the water's edge lay several fishing-boats preparing to go out with the next tide. They have remarkably square bows, immense rudder and tiller, long, square-cornered lee-boards, all of the dark, rich tarred wood and relieved here and there by touches of bright red, green, white and blue; an ornamentation like tiles along each side often being made of the two latter colors. The vessels in all their rich, brilliant colors, their odd and graceful lines, their drapery of light nets or heavy dark sails, loomed up grandly against the radiant west where the sinking sun was sending long bright reflections across the glistening wet sand. The whole scene was indescribably picturesque. The fishing people in their quaint working costumes add not a little to the interest, but manifest a great antipathy to being sketched. The men and women, being generally busy, set the children to annoy and in every conceivable way torment the painter who comes among them, often driving him from the beach, or, if he stays in spite of the tormentors, allowing him only to get hasty pencil or small color studies in his box. Hence, Scheveningen is famous among painters not only for the very picturesque boats, the grand sweep of sea, sky, and sand, but for the ungracious reception his guild is likely to meet there. Fortunately the beach was almost deserted and the few busy workers, not noticing our sketch-book, left us unmo-



A CUP OF TEA.

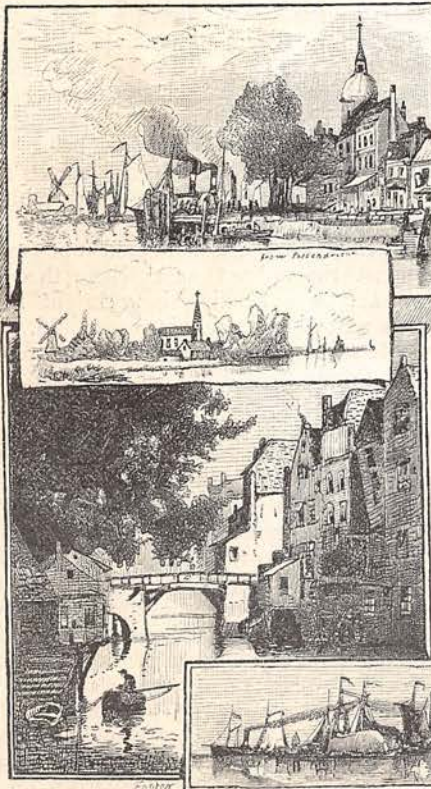
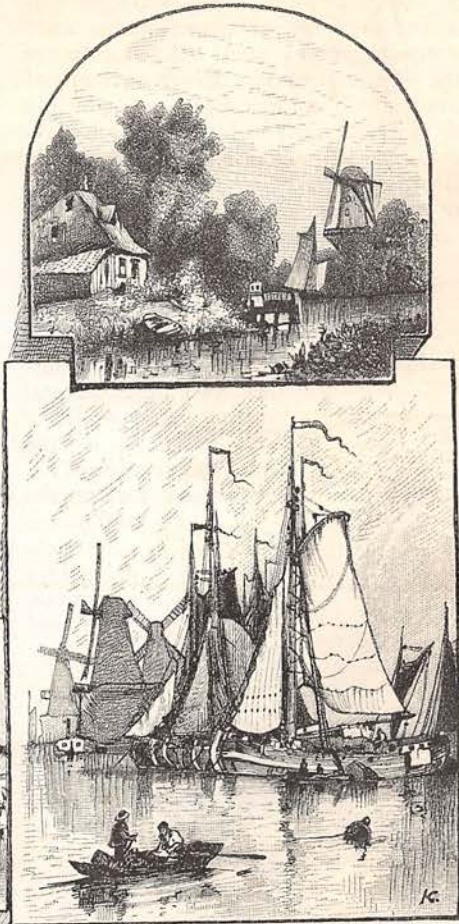
lested, though at a later visit we had the misfortune to discover their unamiable traits.

The next morning we were off to Amsterdam, arriving there in time to visit the Stadhuis that afternoon. It is a large, plain, substantial building surrounding a paved court, and contains a number of valuable pictures, among which, those of Frans Hals are the finest of that master's work that we have seen. The burgo-master's room is large, well lighted and handsomely furnished; his own great chair, all embroidered and carved, stands at the head of the long table with those of the council, hardly less imposing, arranged around it.

Having been conducted through the various court and council rooms we walked over to the market-place, whose ancient, turreted gate-way is one of the most picturesque old landmarks in the city. A dismal, drizzling rain was falling which added to the effect, bringing out all the colors of brick walls and red-tiled roofs, and stretching their gay reflections on the stone pavement, while the market people

huddled together under the scanty covers of a few rickety booths.

On the following morning our first visit

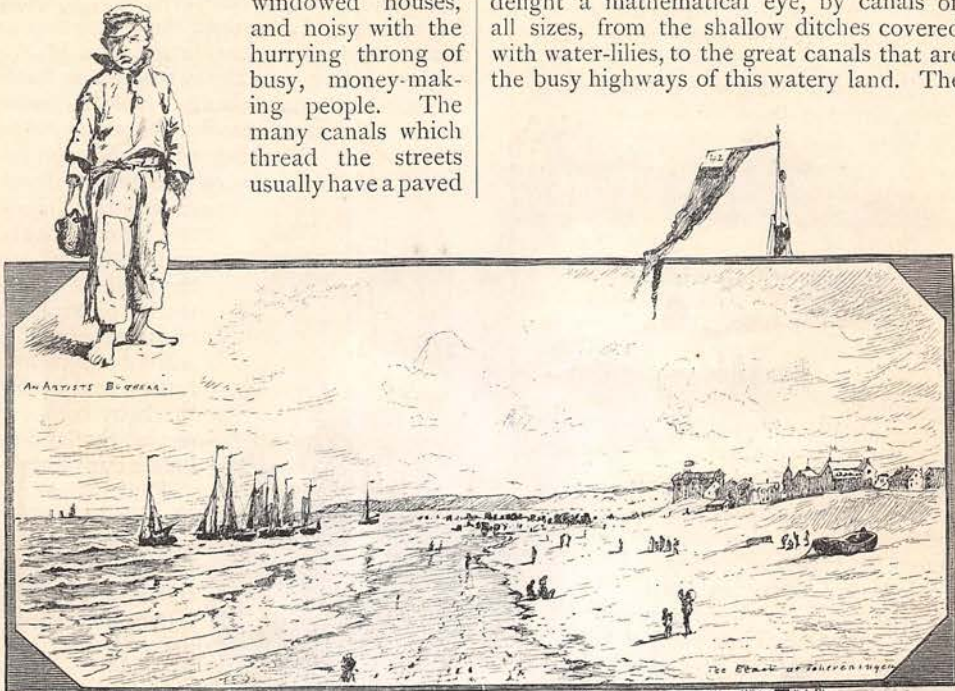


was to the Rijks Museum, the largest and most complete picture gallery of Holland. It possesses, first among many gems, Rembrandt's grand masterpiece, "The Night Watch," and the less important, but no less beautiful, "Directors of the Guild of Cloth-makers," which embody all the wealth of color, fancy, grace and beauty of which this great genius was master. Frans Hals, and indeed all the company of famous old Dutch masters, with many of their Flemish brethren, are here worthily represented, affording a good opportunity for the study and comparison of their work.

Amsterdam is a large, bustling, rich city, its handsome streets lined with stately, big-

windowed houses, and noisy with the hurrying throng of busy, money-making people. The many canals which thread the streets usually have a paved

delight a mathematical eye, by canals of all sizes, from the shallow ditches covered with water-lilies, to the great canals that are the busy highways of this watery land. The



AT SCHEVENINGEN.

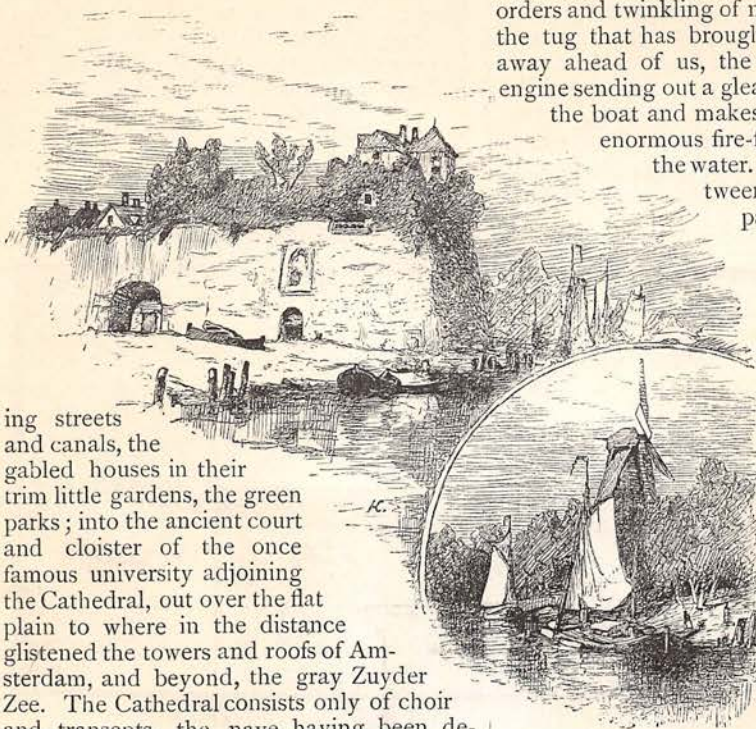
street and sidewalk on one or both sides, though occasionally they are shut in between tall, narrow houses, and with their bridges, quaint buildings and boats, make the city very picturesque. The streets are well supplied with shade-trees, and are kept remarkably clean, except in the crowded Jews' quarter. And here, too in the hurry of city life, we felt and saw on every side the solid comfort these people take in their home life.

At last, though obliged to leave much unvisited in this interesting city, we went on to Utrecht, about an hour's ride distant.

The country, wonderfully flat, is divided and subdivided in a manner that must

comfortable farm-houses are surrounded by trees and garden, while in every direction are the wind-mills—from tiny ones, with a big sail attached to a box-like top that the wind takes care of, to great giants, rearing their gray, thatched heads above everything near, turning, perhaps, a venerable, moss-covered water-wheel, throwing the water with a noisy splash into the higher canal, to be so carried higher and higher, until at last great engines pump it out into the sea.

Arriving at Utrecht, a short walk brought us to the Cathedral, and a long climb to the top of the tower. From that height we looked down over the pretty town, the wind-



AT UTRECHT.

ing streets and canals, the gabled houses in their trim little gardens, the green parks; into the ancient court and cloister of the once famous university adjoining the Cathedral, out over the flat plain to where in the distance glistened the towers and roofs of Amsterdam, and beyond, the gray Zuyder Zee. The Cathedral consists only of choir and transepts, the nave having been destroyed by a storm two hundred years ago and never rebuilt, leaving a wide space between the church and tower. Walking about from place to place, we found ourselves at last worn out, and sat down to rest and sketch on the grassy ramparts which, with trees and flowing water, encircle the pretty town. Just before us rose the picturesque gray walls of a castle erected by Charles V., now crowned by a vine-covered cottage and blooming garden. Here we rested until the train came by and carried us on to Rotterdam, where we found the last boat for Dordrecht about to leave, and chose that as the pleasantest, if not quickest, way of returning.

And now we glide along the quiet river in the deepening twilight; occasionally we meet some belated canal-boat, looming up black and awkward against the moonlit sky, and in every quiet nook we pass these ungainly creatures at rest. Here a whole convoy of them is settling for the night, with rustling of sails, creaking of ropes, noisy calling of

orders and twinkling of many lanterns, while the tug that has brought them here speeds away ahead of us, the bright fires of the engine sending out a gleam that almost hides the boat and makes her look like some enormous fire-fly, skimming along the water. Onward we go between the gray willows, past the little villages, the quiet boats, and at last see the lights of Dordrecht glimmering ahead, where soon, with a shake and rattle and whir, the boat comes to rest at the landing before our window.

Here in dear old Dordrecht we lingered until called back to work again, thankful that our lot had fallen, even for so short a time, among these hearty, pleasant people, in the picturesque streets and surrounding meadows and lanes of this oldest, quaintest city of Holland.



PUMPING WATER.