



FROM GIBRALTAR TO THE PYRENEES.

BY MARY A REID.

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IT was the last day of our journey eastward. Every one was on deck, on that side from which the Spanish coast could be seen; there was the distinguished painter, who with his family and band of students was journeying to old Madrid; there was the bishop, in leggings, breeches and black silk apron, and with that face indicating executive ability which is usually seen in the bishops of the English church; there was the typical young German, whom some one had wittily christened the *Fliegende Blätter*, from his resemblance to the caricatures in that well-known journal; there was the fair-haired little girl in complete masculine attire, whom we had dubbed Little Lord Fauntleroy, and there was the too, too evident Briton, with his theatrical looking wife, who we felt could be no other than Lord and Lady Sholto Douglass. Finally, as in every case, there was the great mass of commonplace people with nothing in particular to distinguish one from the other. Those who had glasses were using them to resolve the gleaming specks on the shore into the clusters of white houses which make up a Spanish town. We seemed to be realizing some, at least, of our castles in Spain as the

ancient Moorish town of Tarifa appeared, its old walls, towers, and Guzman castle lying smiling in the afternoon sunshine. "Do you know," said the distinguished painter, "that Tarifa gave the world a new word? I suppose that tariffs were imposed before Tarifa existed, but perhaps the severity with which they were levied there led to the adoption of the word tariff. How unconscious the old place is of all that has happened in connection with tariffs since the days when the Moors descended from their stronghold, and seized the good things as they attempted to pass. And how little it dreamed then of free-trade agitation, of Major McKinley and of 'tinkerings' with the tariff!"

We all agreed; no one wished to discuss anything, for everyone was waiting with feverish expectation for the first glimpse of the great Rock. At last, faint and blue, a shape appeared, growing momentarily more definite, and we felt with a thrill of certainty that it was Gibraltar. I have been told that it is more impressive seen from the Mediterranean and Africa than from the Atlantic, as its outline is more abrupt. But to one seeing it for the first time, the approach from the west is not lacking in