

The Doctor, the Colonel, the Chicago divine, a Spanish mother and two daughters, and a young German dentist, who has been studying in Boston for the past three years, are in the omnibus with me, and we are met and welcomed by the landlord of the hotel, a hideous little man with only one eyelid, who informs us that there are only four rooms left, and *they* are up four flights of stairs.

"But you have an elevator?" The little man draws down a green patch over his lidless eye, and informs us in a meek voice that he has not. At the same moment his clerk interrupts "mon oncle," and in very pretty French assures me that the rooms are most comfortable, and that we shall soon get accustomed to the stairs. (Then I discover that while we were gazing over our vessel's side at monsieur the Pilot at Flushing, older heads than ours were sending telegrams back by the small boat, and engaging the best rooms at the Antwerp hotels. Next time we shall know better.) I booked for one of the sky parlors on his recommendation, and was assigned to the care of such a pretty chamber maid, who picked up my heavy carryall and capered up the long stairs, with her little feet in great felt slippers, and her head crowned with a large frilled cap. She was *so* pretty, with great round eyes and rosy cheeks and a very sweet smile, and her voice was so soft and musical, and her round little figure buttoned so neatly into her trim print gown that I felt a victim to her charms. She ushered me in with a timid little welcome and then bustled about with that peculiarly motherly solicitude and friendly care for you, that charmed my travel-tired womanhood long ago, when just such a bonny *ferale* was my *femme de chambre* in a grand hotel in Dublin. "A Dublin chamber maid" used to embody my idea of a comfortable servant, but my Antwerp Katerina was even a gem of higher price.

I sat and watched her quick flittings while she unstrapped my carryall and took off my boots, and posted my letters, and made me climb up three steps and look out of my dormer window, and chattered sweetly all the time about how sorry she was that madame must have so small a room, but it was neat and clean truly, and she hoped madame would content herself, and then she lingered about while I took out my wrapper, and told me I should sleep so well now that I am ashore, and finally after she had seen every possible thing done that she could do, she asked me "Does the bed please madame?"

It was a white nest, draped from the high ceiling with white lace-edged muslin,