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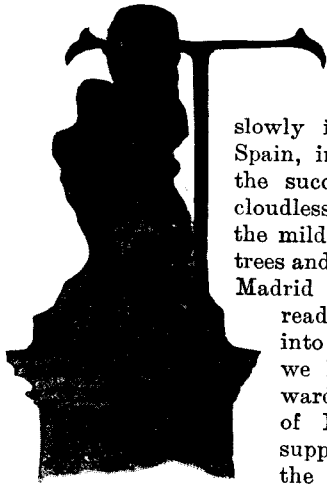
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IN NORTHERN SPAIN.

BY MARY H. REID.

Illustrations by G. A. Reid.



ARMS OF SEGOVIA.

nights very cool, must have prevented a more rapid unfolding. It was with genuine regret that we left our distinguished painter and his students there; they were all working with the greatest enthusiasm at the Museum, and presented a striking contrast to the native artists who were copying; the Spaniards were evidently getting ready for the tourist season, and, seemingly a little behindhand with their work, were painting with mad haste all the pretty Murillos and striking Riberas which are popular with Americans and English; while the group of foreigners, on the other hand, was painting with loving care those canvases of Velasquez and Greco which are so dear to the artist, and so overlooked by the general

tourist. It exhibited all the difference between pure study and commercial enterprise. The museum was like one vast atelier, and to study in it was a genuine pleasure, but northern Spain lay waiting for us with its rugged walled towns, its cathedrals, part fortress, part church, and its memories of soldiers and camps, kings and courts. Chief among these interesting fortified towns is Segovia. We had our first glimpse of it by night, but by moonlight, a lovely southern moon lighting up the old houses with their projecting upper stories, and casting strange shadows across our path. Suddenly, as we rattled through the streets we became conscious of a great structure close at hand, and then over our heads, as we passed through a massive arch; we looked eagerly out; surely it must be, yes, it was the great aqueduct built centuries ago by Trajan, and still in use, bringing pure water from the distant hills. Oh, it towered majestically in the moonlight, reminding me with its great arches and pillars of the colosseum, and giving me exactly the same feeling which the sudden sight of the colosseum did; a mixture of wonder and awe, and a sense of being in the presence of a mighty force, a powerful civilization.

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Our hotel was the "Burgalesa," chosen, I think, more because it had a pronounceable name than on account of any acquaintance with its merits; the other (there were but two mentioned by