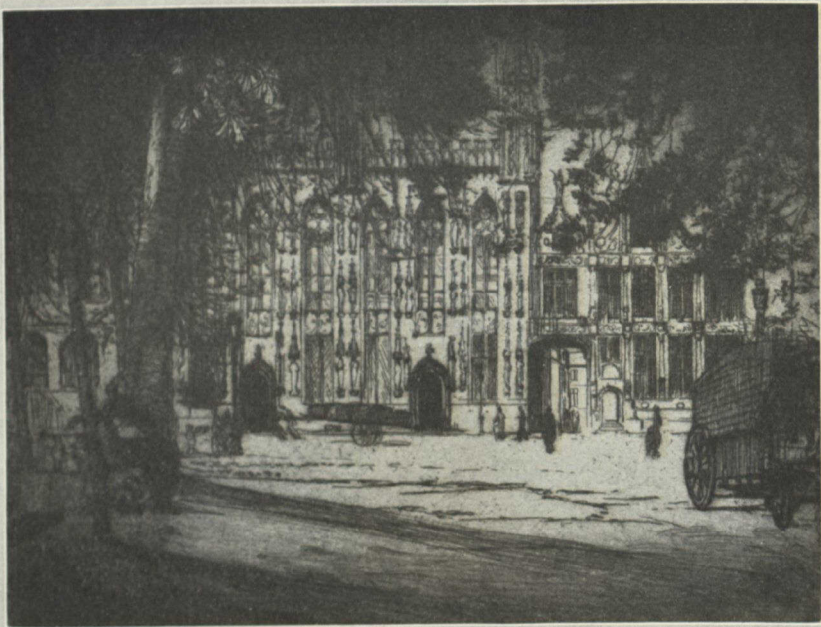




Etching by Dorothy Stevens

THE HOTEL DE VILLE, BRUGES

Next to our *Golden Eagle* were the *Cow* and a number of other cheap cafés and insignificant shops, but about all the buildings there was an air of bygone splendour; and when the guide-book assured us that from the windows of the building on our right lords and ladies of the Flemish court used to watch the tournaments and pageants in the square below, and that the knightly Maximilian, when he fell from favour, was imprisoned there by the burghers of the town, we looked at it with new interest. Then when the chimes, the best chimes in Belgium, began to strike, we were properly thrilled. We were less enthusiastic when they rang again a quarter of an hour later; and when, far into the night, they still kept ringing, we called forth all sorts of maledictions on Maximilian or whoever it

was that put them there. We were even ready to believe the guide-books of Malines and Antwerp when they afterwards assured us that it was their cathedral that possessed the best chimes in Belgium.

Early next morning we were aroused by an unusual commotion. It was Saturday and the town was filled with country-folk bringing wares to market. The fruit and vegetables were piled on two-wheeled carts drawn by strong dogs. Sometimes two or three dogs were driven together, but more often one harnessed to one side, aided his mistress, who pulled on the other side. When they reached their accustomed place the dog went to sleep in the shade of the cart, while his mistress seated herself on a campstool and proceeded tranquilly with her knitting until a customer arrived.