

good attendance (I speak whereof I know), and sometimes a great deal of discomfort is endured in silence, because one reflects, "It's only for a day or two more."

But not everyone looks forward to the sea voyage with the delight that makes it never too long, and thousands only dread it as the most grievous thorn on the sweet roses of a summer abroad.

The last evening, however, spun out by friends loath to part, was ended, and we were wakened next morning by the music of an infernal tom-tom, beaten vigorously by an agile ship steward, at about half past four, and in answer to indignant enquiries our stewardess informed us that we should land at six, and that for those who wished it breakfast would be ready at five.

We straggled in, a demoralized set of voyagers, and had our coffee, and in due time sidled up to the wharf at Antwerp. My trunk, rug, and chair were in the company's care until my return, and I felt the first blessing of my carryall when, in obedience to the captain's hearty hand shake and kind "Well, here we are in Antwerp, all safe, good-bye, go ashore and enjoy yourself," I picked up my baggage, threaded my way through the medley of passengers, deck chairs, valises and sailors, and stepped down the dock without a second's delay.

Someone had recommended us to a hotel just beside the Cathedral, and our party unpremeditatedly found themselves all in search of the omnibus bearing its name. The Colonel gets in and takes my carryall on his knees; the others crowd after him, and we go rattling off to our temporary home.

"Got your baggage on top?" asks the Colonel, looking up at the roof, where sundry trunks and satchels had come crashing as if they would surely come through on our heads. "This is my baggage," I say meekly, indicating the Carryall. "Oh, I know, but your trunks, you aren't going all the way to Hungary with this thing?" That was the first time of several score times that this question met me. But I bravely stood up for my despised "gepack," and offered to go even to St. Petersburg if I had time.

"Well," said the ex-member of General Lee's staff with a quiet smile, "if ever I did bet, I'd put a ten dollar bill on it that you buy a trunk before you go back." I scouted the idea and joined in the laugh that our conversation raised; but the