

science-smitten passengers, to face the ordeal of the New York customs. What stowing away of silk and sealskin, what wrapping up of knick-nacks and planning and contriving, and what awful tales by hoary headed prevaricators, who should have been ashamed of themselves, about scenes of pillage and discovery and dismay and ruin, that fairly drove distracted the unwary. One woman I shall never cease to laugh at. She had invested in a mammoth inkstand in imitation of the everlasting Eiffel Tower. It was heavy and vulgar and ugly, and good for nothing but to chuck overboard, and disgust the small fish of the harbor, but she did it up in a box, and tied a rope round it and anchored it under her skirts, and went limping uneasily about with it for hours before we landed, its great undisguisable bulk thumping her unmercifully and bulging out in unexpected angles all over her. Oh, she was a perfect sight! Nine custom houses passed in triumph with the carryall had made me almost oblivious of the little Paris trunk, but it and the steamer box got safely through, the little gentle female who searched them being very easily convinced that there lurked neither brandy nor cigars among my pretty belongings.

And so ended the Happy Holiday, with a kiss for the sweet Neapolitan who stood smiling on her Americanized brother, and snuffing the spray of charming roses with which he had not forgotten to welcome her, with a hearty "Good-bye—you're a good sailor—come over again," from the hale big Heligolander, whose kind heart had entered into all our happiness; with many laughing farewells and pretty reunions, and scenes that cannot be described, and last of all, at the foot of the "elevated" road stair at Courtland street, a regretful Swedish good-bye from the merry yellow-haired laddie, and the last link in the chain fell apart. But into the fair Memory Land, where flowers never fade and clouds never lower, I go sometimes, from the plain, dear, homely, practical life of every day, and hear anew the clatter of the "wooden shoon," the wide German vowels, and the click of the beer-mug lids, the yodel of the laughing Tyrolese, the chanson of the boulevards, the tinkle of the bells on the kine, in Alpine valleys, and sweeter and softer and farthest off, alas! of all, the enchanted music of the Magyar songs, as they floated on the balmy moonlit breeze.

THE END.