

the glories of the Louvre, that marvellous and inexhaustible storehouse of treasures; everyone, too, knows something of Our Lady of Paris, if only through Victor Hugo with his "Esmeralda" and "Quasimodo." The Hotel de Cluny is itself a most beautiful specimen of the architecture of the Middle Ages, now fitted up as a museum of mediaeval art and curiosities. In old Roman times there was a palace here, and the remains of the baths, built of the thin, unmistakeable Roman tiles, are still to be seen. Then on the ruins a house was built for the Abbots of Cluny, and in it, too, many Royal persons stayed; amongst them our English princess, that May, who married for the second time, that handsome English nobleman, Charles Brandon. The rooms are naturally extremely interesting, and I don't know how much time we spent examining their contents—old laces, porcelain, carved chimney-pieces, state-carriages, furniture, altar-pieces, jewellery, tapestries, carved ivories, musical instruments, and a delightful collection of old shoes and slippers!

We never got so far as Versailles. When we made up our minds to go, the days were always cold, and on sunshiny days there was always something else we wanted to do. At last we determined we would start next day, whatever the weather might be. Madame gave us our lunch, and wished us a pleasant outing, but the sky was dull, and the shops entrancing, and instead of going away from Paris, we went into its very heart: all along the Boulevards, and the Rue de Rivoli, and the Rue de la Paix, and spent ever so much money on cheap and irresistible gimcracks, and finally drank coffee and ate our lunch in a shop somewhere near the Madeleine! So ingloriously, but happily, ended our excursion to Versailles.

IN BRUSSELS.

The journey from Paris to Brussels takes about four and a half

hours by a quick train. We left the Gare du Nord, Paris, at 12.40, and arrived at the Gare du Midi, Brussels, at about 5.30—a little behind time. I must say that the Customs examinations seem to be managed better in Belgium than in any other Continental country I know. Looked at merely from the traveller's point of view, all Customs are abominable, wearisome to your body, vexatious to your spirit, and frequently detrimental to your clothes, and it always seems to me that injury is added to insult when you have to find a porter to carry the luggage you don't want to have shifted. On the Belgian frontier, the Customs officials come into the carriages, and you are not obliged to get out at all unless you have heavy luggage in the van.

As we passed through a small Belgian town, we saw flags flying and people waving, and we heard cheering and the sound of guns. "What is it all about?" we asked of a pleasant, English-speaking Belgian girl, who had already given us much information. "Oh! it's our Prince Albert," she said; "I had forgotten that he was to travel by this train." Now that was interesting, as we had never before travelled in a Royal train, but our friend rather damped our ardour by suggesting that we might all be blown up by Anarchists; bombs and dynamite being amongst the perquisites of Royalty. Nothing happened, however, and we did not even see the Prince at Brussels, as our attention was quite absorbed in porters and luggage.

We drove to our destination in the Rue Montoyer, and the cabman overcharged us shockingly, but we were too tired to argue with him. I would rather be cheated by a cabman than by anyone else if I have to be cheated at all; in Europe their charges are usually very low, and I always hope—probably without foundation—that the horses may profit by my misfortune, as well as the men. Also when I am not in a hurry, I always tell my cabby so,