

We had been on the cemetery hill, and, within a circle of half a mile around us, counted over a hundred smoke-stacks of large factories and machine shops, and iron foundries. Now we were passing through a poor tenement street. We came up to a big, fat policeman.

"Which is the way to the station place?" I asked.

"Wait a minute," he replied, looking up the street, with a jolly twinkle in his eye, at a man who was coming down, walking from side to side as if he was on an Atlantic steamer.

"Going to arrest him? I asked.

"No, his wife will do that," he said, and a broad grin appeared on his lazy looking countenance, as a stout English woman of about three hundred pounds, stepped to the door of one of the houses and gazed earnestly up and down the street, as if looking for something. She sees it! A hard cruel look o'erspreads her features. She walked up past a few houses, and hid herself in a doorway. As the man staggered past her, she stepped out, caught hold of him by the collar and told him to "step up my dear," triumphantly.

"Heigh-oh! she's arrested him!" the representative of John Bull's municipal authority said, as we watched proceedings.

You know the poorer class of English people wear clogs, with big nails on the bottom. Often on a very foggy day,

when I could only see a few feet in front of me, I have started, and turned near a doorway, thinking there was a horse trotting down the pavement behind me, but it was only two men walking fast, with clogs on their feet. Well she marched her husband home, shoved him through the door, and gave him a push that tumbled him on the floor. Then she took off one of her clog shoes, and pounded him 'till he bellowed for mercy. He deserved it.

"First turn to the right, around the next corner to your left, and you can see your station," the policeman told us. And soon we were gliding swiftly over England's hills and meadows, past historic castles, and ivy-covered ruins of old abbeys and monasteries.

About dark we reached Hull, on the east coast of England, and took first cabin berths in a steamer bound for Rotterdam.

In the morning we arose at six o'clock. The steamer was pitching frightfully! We went to breakfast. My brother Bert took one bite of fish, jumped up and ran for the side of the ship. I was sitting next to the captain and we both laughed. I told him that we had crossed the Atlantic and I was not sick once. I took my second bite of fish. The ship rolled, then took a header; I jumped up and ran as quick as I could to the stern end of the ship, and sick! oh, my! I thought my last day had come.

About four o'clock that afternoon we came in sight of Holland. It did look so queer to see the land below the level of the sea, but sand hills keep the water back. Soon we entered a branch of the river Maas, and for twenty miles we were sailing up the river, which is a few feet above the land, but is prevented from overflowing the country by the dykes. It did seem so funny to see the canals and rivers above the level of the land.

The figure of a "fion swimming," with the Latin motto—"I strive and keep my head above water," is on the coat of

arms of one of the provinces, and it well describes the character of the country. The land is level, with no mountains, and the canals and rivers are kept from overflowing by the dykes. In a number of towns the canals are used as streets, and boats for wagons and carriages.

A little after five we reached Rotterdam, the second city of importance in Holland. The first thing that caught my eye, as I walked along the streets, was the peculiar oddity of the way the words seemed to be spelled. How are these for some jaw-breakers: Hertogenbosch, Oosterhout, and Schiermonnikoog? Then there are so many antique buildings in Rotterdam, and they did look so funny to me, coming from Utah where our houses are all mostly new and of modern style.

We found that many of the people could speak English; as a rich merchant of Rotterdam said to me on the steamer, "we trade with the English and French, and as they think we are not of enough importance for them to go to the trouble of learning our language, we have to learn theirs." So we got along finely in Holland. We visited the Hague, the political capital and seat of government, and there went through the little queen's palace.

From Holland we went to Antwerp, Belgium. Belgium is the smallest kingdom of Europe, I expect, and contains the densest population. Just think, it is only about 170 miles wide, and its greatest length is only 195 miles, having a total area of 11,300 square miles, yet it contains about six million people. (I suppose we have got lots of room for people in Utah yet.) "This is only one great town," exclaimed Philip II of Spain, in riding through the country.

Its cities and villages are so close together that it does seem almost like one large city. We had letters of introduction to two families in Antwerp, and on arriving in that city we were met by two pleasant young men who were book-keepers in mercantile houses, so they spoke English quite fluently; as in most of the large wholesale houses the book-keepers are expected to know two and three languages. They took us to our hotel, and after spending a few pleasant hours together, they left us, promising to get "leave of absence" from work next day, and take us around to see the sights.

Bert and I went to bed. After awhile we were suddenly awakened by hearing many bells ring. We both jumped out of bed, thinking it was a fire. "Oh, its the cathedral bells," Bert said, laughing. And so it was. How lovely they chimed for at least half an hour! This is the celebrated cathedral, with its beautiful spire, 446 feet high, that Charles V. of Germany said—"It ought to be kept in a case." Next day we all visited it, while some kind of Mass was going on. A number of priests, in gold-embroidered robes, were chanting and burning incense; the chorus of young boys was singing; over the heads of the priests we could see Rubens' great picture, "The Descent from the Cross;" around on the walls were pictures by other great artists; the different colored glass windows, and the incense burning, cast a weird light over the kneeling people; these all helped to make a scene that seemed to us gorgeous and enchanting.

We have visited the famous art gallery

—you know Rubens, Teniers and Vanduyke were natives of Antwerp—where we saw many beautiful pictures. Then we went down to the river Antwerp in the seventeenth century was, I think, the most famous town in Europe. Now it is the chief port of Belgium. It is situated on the river Scheldt, sixty miles from the sea and is a very quaint old city, strongly fortified, ready to defend Brussels "the queen city of the Netherlands."

Thanking our two friends for their courtesies to us, we bade them farewell—not with a hug and a kiss like I saw two foreigners part, but with a warm American handshake—and took the train for Brussels. When we reached that city we determined to see as much of it as we could, and get a little acquainted with the streets, so we jumped on a street car and went all around the city that way. In the evening we strolled down the main streets, looking in the fine show windows, then past the hotels and cafes; and it seemed as if the whole population of the city were eating their lunch or supper at these places. At most of these hotels and cafes, small tables were placed on the sidewalk, and a man could bring his family there, and sit down in the cool of the evening and see the many people passing, while leisurely enjoying his refreshments, and chatting with friends. Here we began to hear the people talk more French, and how quick they could twist their tongues!

Brussels is a beautiful city and very much resembles Paris.

CHRISTOPHER.

UTAH'S NATIONAL GUARD.

Whatever constitutes a well governed body in any sphere of society must be determined from a true conception of its inner workings as well as a liberal excerpt of the respect and influence they may command in the community in which they reside. Without a thorough realization of these facts much might be left undone that otherwise had been profitable, were the forces in question disposed to acknowledge their weaknesses, and thus by a little timely aid, advice and assistance from the proper source be saved from the deleterious results which inevitably follow; namely, dissatisfaction and a spirit of total indifference, as is usually the case.

It is rather unfortunate to note the number of members of our National Guard who from time to time get into bad standing—become useless as soldiers. But the truth of the matter is, they are in a measure excusable; lax, unbusiness like, non-military methods employed on the part of their immediate commanders is, in the majority of cases, the real cause, the sum and substance why these men become indifferent to the proper performance of their military duties, as well as entirely unmindful of their oath of enlistment.

The interests of the National Guard should not be confined alone to the members thereof, but should be of paramount importance to all the people; consequently we should not allow ourselves to run along in the rut of nothingness and make no advances in the direction of improvement.

What good does a person derive from identifying himself with a military or any other organization for the mere name of belonging to it? Surely no in-