

air—full ten feet—and splashing the water all about us. Ah! he is not ours yet. For again he is off like a flash of light through the limpid waters, our boatman bending to the oars with might and main, and following bravely.

Mile after mile he pulls us on. My companion's hands are bleeding from cuts on the reel, but he is all unconscious of that, so absorbed is he in the maddening chase: Ah! he is growing tired. Slowly we reel up. Can we land him yet? Another rush, and away we go down the Pass like the wind—but the gallant tarpon is conquered, and we pull in quietly toward the distant shore. Now we are nearly there. The gleam of the silver on his broad back shines dazzlingly as we pull the exhausted fish close to the boat. What a beauty he is! A long pull, a strong pull, and we are in shallow water, when my companion springs lightly out of the boat and with a jayhook jerks the monster on shore, and the two hours' struggle is ended.

He is a fine fellow, as he lies there in the sun. The boatmen gather round,

him and weigh and measure him, Even our phlegmatic boy is mildly excited. Mr. G— is very proud, and I fairly dance.

The big beauty is six feet long, and tips the beam at just one hundred and nineteen pounds.

We have won the red ribbon, and have had two hours of the most exciting sport we can imagine. We are tired, hungry and proud. Could there be a happier state of mind for a fisherman?

We remain here a week, every hour of which is replete with pleasure. We bathe in the Gulf of Mexico, finding the water warm even in March. We "still-fish," catching redfish, crowley and sheephead, all of which are fine eating. We pull in crabs and catfish galore. On our tarpon line we land a hundred-pound jackfish and a six-foot shark. The deep sea seems to give up her secrets to us. We sleep, eat and breathe the mild, pure air; and it is a rude awakening, when Captain Gray and his tiny sailboat carries us away from Arcadia, back to the noisy world.



## ON THE BANKS OF THE ZUIDER ZEE.

A VISIT TO MARKEN.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINSON.



WHEN I reached my hotel in Amsterdam, I found a letter regretting "unavoidable delay," instead of the friend who had faithfully promised to meet me there; and the hotel, where always, before I had found many Americans, was crowded full of tobacco merchants, who had come from far and near to attend the great tobacco sales.

It was queer enough, sitting in the big, handsome dining-room, with per-

haps half a dozen ladies, and hearing on every side the strange guttural mixture of Dutch and German languages; then more than ever before it seemed to me, the smoke of cigars, lighted at dessert, filled the room.

My room, engaged long ahead, fortunately, had every comfort desired, and service was as ever most satisfactory. I delight in Holland, and two or three days passed pleasantly, but no Americans, so I determined to visit Marken. The United States Consul said to me "Since you were last in Amsterdam, there has been a little steamer built especially for this trip, everything first class, a good lunch on board, a guide who points out all objects of interest, and the whole trip only costs you one dollar besides what you may eat."

As I walked along the quay the next morning looking for the landing of the Marken steamer, an obliging Hollander called from the door of a "koffijhuis," "Him goes at ten o'clock."

"Him" did, and I was delighted to find on board three American girls who had crossed in the same steamer from New York with me, and who very politely welcomed the older and more lonely woman to their circle.

"Oh, see all those men with the red, white and blue ribbons on their hats. I wonder who they are!" cried the pretty young girl with the poppy-trimmed hat, as we stopped at the Tolhuis, where there is a pleasure garden, across the Y from Amsterdam, and a lively crowd of young men rushed aboard, waving sticks and shouting and laughing in the best of spirits. There were twenty-five or thirty of them.

"It's a French club," answered the English-speaking mate of the steamer, to whom I appealed. "We carry many French people; they come on from Paris by night, spend the day at Marken, go back to Paris by night, and feel well paid for their two long journeys by the visit to the old-fashioned island. Last week we took five hundred."

The passengers, besides the Frenchmen, were about a dozen Americans, two French ladies, and a few Hollanders.

One Dutch girl, accompanied by two relatives in ordinary attire, was dressed in her very best national costume, consisting of a very full black skirt, a waist of bright blue plush, cut half low in the

neck, with very short straight sleeves. Around her neck were four or five strings of large red coral beads, fastened in front by a big gold clasp of handsome design.

Her dark hair was plastered down on her forehead in two smooth, stiff escalops; all the rest of her hair was covered, first by a closely fitting metal (presumably gold) cap, and over this a thin, close cap of white figured lace, ornamented at each side, just above the wearer's temples, by pins with round gold heads over an inch in diameter; from these huge pins hung gold ornaments fully two inches long, and an inch wide, which shook and jingled softly with every movement of the young girl's head.

There was a sharp wind. The girl's thin arms and pointed elbows were crimson and blue with the cold, and her bare neck looked most unseasonable. I shivered under my thick fur cape when I looked at her, and I was glad to see that now and then she drew around her a black wool shawl. Evidently she disliked to cover any part of her "full dress," for she quickly threw off the shawl whenever we approached a landing.

At Broek, long famed as "the very cleanest town in Holland," but not too justly, for many others are as clean, we left the boat to inspect a so-called "model farm."

Living rooms and cow stable were all under one roof, and hay was kept in the roof. Being summer the cows were at pasture, where they stay nights as well as days, and the stable, beautifully neat and clean, was used for making cheeses.

We were shown the vats of milk into which the rennet is poured to form the curd, and cheeses in all stages: in earthen molds under the iron presses, in pickle, and on racks drying.

Completed cheeses of several sizes were most tempting, especially the smaller ones, like oranges and of that color, instead of the crimson shade that we are familiar with in America. That is a wash added to the cheeses after leaving the farms,

"I wish I could get a cup of tea," sighed one of my friends.

"Well you can," said I, "right here in this house." So we went back to the front room, which looked like any ordinary living room, but which had many

beds shut into the walls by white paneled doors; and the farmer's daughter gave us tiny cups of tea and large glasses of delicious milk, for which we paid a small sum.

The Frenchmen being rather economical, or not understanding the custom perhaps, offered only one fee for several cups of tea. The Dutch maiden looked much disturbed and the guide hastened to explain the usual price to the chattering Frenchmen. I fancy that the proper amount was finally given, for I noticed when we came away that the farmer, wife and daughter were smiling impartially on all.

We strolled along the village streets, where, until a few years ago, no horse was allowed to step his foot, admiring the pretty little houses and gardens, noticing the great neatness, and the general air of comfort and plenty on every side.

We were not hurried in the least, the mate from the steamer, who acted as guide, pointing out many objects of interest as we went along.

The little Dutch belle, without her shawl you may be sure, went everywhere we did. She was a pretty little thing, and her very picturesque dress, with the Frenchmen's gay hats, gave a festive holiday air to the whole company, which we more sober ones fully appreciated.

Again on the steamer, through the canals to Monnickendam, where some of the passengers got out to walk through the quiet streets of one of the "deadest" of the well-named "dead cities of the Zuider Zee," and to visit the enormous, old brick church which would easily hold four times the sum total of the present population.

I had been over the city before, so with others stayed on the steamer while it went through the locks, a slow, but interesting, and to most of us, novel process.

Many children were gathered on a bank near a lock, and when they caught sight of the tri-colored ribbons of the Frenchmen., they shouted over and over again, "*Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité,*," and held their caps and aprons for the coins the complimented and patriotic Frenchmen threw them quite generously.

Taking on the rest of the passengers at the Monnickendam wharf, and not be-

ing detained, as so often happens on a sailing boat, by adverse winds, we soon crossed the two or three miles of the choppy, yellow water of the Zuider Zee, and reached Marken, where we were greeted by an eager crowd of old and young, mostly women and children, as the able-bodied men were all away fishing.

Twelve or fifteen years ago the island of Marken was almost unknown by the ordinary tourist, and rarely visited even by artists. Now it is one of the great show-places of Holland, and the honest fisher-folk, once too proud to take any unearned money, are quick and ready, especially the younger generation, for even the smallest of coins—and those are most uncommonly small in Holland.

The island of Marken consists of several mounds, with very low ground between. The church and schoolhouse have one mound; one is used for a cemetery. On the others the houses are grouped, small wooden houses crowded closely together, many of the outside ones being built on tall piles, which show by green, slimy marks the height to which the water rises during the wet season.

"Can't we go in?" I asked the guide as we passed the schoolhouse, where we could see rows and rows of wooden shoes in the entries. "I went once when I was here before, and it was so amusing to hear the children sing in Dutch. I should like to have my friends hear them."

"I am sorry, madam, but we bring so many people we are not allowed to enter the schools; it disturbs the scholars."

There were several little shops, and some of the provident, islanders use their front rooms to display for sale, photographs/toy wooden shoes, and other souvenirs of Marken.

At one such place I bought some silver buttons of a young girl; she said she took them out of her brother's shirt. Perhaps for that reason she charged me a dollar more than I could have bought the same things for in Amsterdam. I did not find that out until later, however, and she certainly went out or the room the buttons: and I tell my friends to whom I give these buttons made into hat-pins that they are wearing buttons from a young Marken fisherman's shirt, and they feel duly honored. I wonder what he said when he found his buttons gone, but the price I paid would go

some ways toward getting the gold ones so greatly prized.

At the post office, kept in a private house, the Frenchmen filled the small room, and each wrote a postal card. In buying a card myself, the postmistress gave me in change one of the tiny copper half-cent coins, worth about a fifth of one of our cents. These are seldom obtained in ordinary shopping, and I was delighted to get it.

We went into several private houses, show-places, with nothing for sale, but much worth seeing: handsome black, carved wooden wardrobes or presses, tempting bits of old silver, and real old Delft, which one could not obtain for love or money, for many of these Marken people are very well-to-do. Some rooms were actually crowded with interesting bric-a-brac, walls, tables and shelves filled; sometimes even rows of plates and dishes were on the floor.

One old lady, new to this show business, but evidently very anxious to get into it, called us into her house, and showed us a splendid Bible, bound in dark leather, with massive silver corners and long silver chain; some queer silver spoons, oddly shaped knives, etc., and all the time rattling away in the barbarous-sounding Dutch language.

"She is saying," said the guide, "that she is very old, and has to live alone. Her granddaughter will not stay at home, but has gone to help the farmers make hay, and that is all she is good for. She feels bad that this grand-

daughter will inherit all these things she is so proud of."

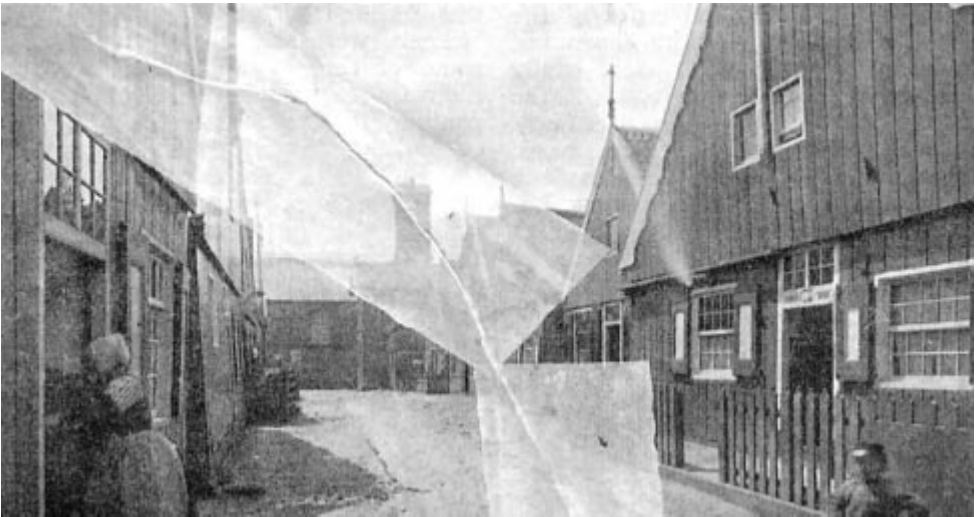
Our small fees were received with smiles and blessings, I suppose, though from the sound they might well have been curses.

Since my last visit "the oldest woman on the island" had died, but her house was kept open for visitors as before. The cow stall forming part of the living room, the open loft for fishingnets, the big show bed made in the wall (with trough at the foot for the baby) furnished with fat pillows embroidered with roosters and stiff little trees; the extra fine carved presses, the racks of spoons and knives, the rows and rows of quaint and ancient plates, and all the old-time furnishings of this tiny domicile (really only one room) could be seen and wondered at.

I missed, however, the jolly old woman who used to show how she curled her long, fair hair, how she did up her lace caps, and who with such pride showed the Sunday waistcoats and bodices which had been many years in her family, and then made tea for us, serving it in her best old china.

I looked into the hanging card-rack and saw my cards and those of my party left on my former visit, just as we placed them at her request.

Standing stiff and sturdy in the middle of the tiny room was a young granddaughter, whose absolutely wooden and stolid expression of countenance almost made us afraid of offering her money,



WHERE NO HORSE WAS ALLOWED TO SET FOOT.



A FAMILY PARTY.

but on questioning the guide, he replied smiling, "Oh, that is what she is here for."

I fancied that she did not quite like her position, and she only murmured a short word of thanks as we each slipped a little silver coin into her unextended hand.

For more than two hundred years, it is said, the people of Marken have not changed their style of dress. The men wear thick blue blouses over heavy woolen shirts, often red, which latter are closed at the neck with large, handsome silver or gold buttons—similar buttons, though larger, are sometimes at the waist line; enormously full knickerbockers of dark canton flannel, with the fleece outside, over heavy wool underwear; the thickest of hand-knit woolen stockings, wooden shoes, flat caps with visors. Narrow black silk neckties, and gold ear-rings, are the usual accessories of this quaint costume, of which the extraordinary knickerbockers are the most astonishing features.

The women, over many petticoats, wear black or blue wool skirts; bright chintz, or handsomely embroidered bodices, with white or bright sleeves; close

caps of white, covering the ears and all the hair, except the edge of the thick straight bang, which hangs nearly over the eyes, and the long curl on each side of the face. All the hair is fair, and in young children it is of a very pretty shade.

The little boys and girls dress exactly like the grown women, dresses, bangs, curls and all, though generally wearing close Dutch caps of chintz over the white ones.

"See," said I, "you cannot tell the boys from the girls, except by looking at the backs of their caps. The boy's cap is gathered in a circular piece, while the back of the girl's cap is whole."

We amused ourselves by trying to guess, before looking at the caps, whether the pretty little creatures were boys or girls, but we rarely hit right. At five or six years of age the boys put on male attire, of course, giving up the bangs and curls. We saw several little fellows swaggering about, very proud of their first pair of big full trousers.

The shirt buttons, when of gold, are very valuable, and are handed down through several generations in many families. Silver ones, such as I bought,



THE MEN GO AWAY FISHING.

are considered good enough for everyday wear.

As a general thing all the islanders, large and small, wear wooden shoes, or "klompen;" now and then heavy leather shoes with big silver buckles are seen.

The women have to make hay and do much out-door work, while the men go away fishing, and look weather-beaten. Except in the very little children there is little beauty to be seen.

With their unchanging dress, the people of Marken have kept unchanged their peculiar marriage and burial customs; in fact, these islanders live a life

is funny to see the deft way in which a Dutch girl will step in and out her shoes as she leaves or enters a house.

After an hour or two of wandering about the quaint island, with the civil helpful guide, or by ourselves, the steamer's whistle summoned us.

My companions went on ahead, and as I was coming slowly along, reluctant to leave the quaint spot, I came upon one of the Frenchmen and the guide in earnest conversation. The guide turned to me with a troubled look on his face. "He can't speak a word of English, and wants to know something, but I can't get on to it at all." (The guide by the



TWO LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL.

quite apart from the rest of the world, generally, if not always, marrying among themselves.

The women's dress I have described, is varied in minor details to show whether the wearer is a maiden fancy free, betrothed: married, or a widow, but these distinctions are not easily learned by outsiders.

I noticed at nearly every doorway a group of wooden shoes. They are never worn indoors in any part of Holland. The heavy wool stockings the women are always knitting, even as they walk along the roads, are considered enough protection in the house. It

way had told me that he had lived six years in the United States.)

Summoning my best French, I told the Frenchman if he would tell me what he wanted, perhaps I could find out from the guide.

He thanked me politely, and asked, "Do the people burn wood or peat?" I put this question into English, and the guide answering "Peat," I passed on the desired information and went aboard.

The Frenchmen filled the little cabin and had another lunch, but my friends and I were glad to stay on deck. Longingly we looked back at the little low-lying island with its odd little houses, its



"SMALL WOODEN HOUSES CROWDED CLOSELY TOGETHER." (p. 477.)

picturesque people; and we waved farewell as long as we could see the group of children who had come to see us off.

Our voyage back was straight across the Zuider Zee, no canals, nothing but the now dark, muddy, lumpy waters of this shallow sea. A fierce wind soon sprung up. The poppy hat nearly went overboard; we wrapped ourselves closely in our thick wraps—even the pretty Dutch girl, who from her dress, I think must have come from Friesland, or Zeeland, no longer displayed her bare neck and arms. The sun had gone behind

the clouds, the gray sky had assumed the wild tempestuous aspect so often shown in Dutch pictures.

But the little steamer was very staunch and steady, and we went swiftly on; and leaving the Zuider Zee by wonderful great locks and gates, we steamed up to the wharf in Amsterdam at four o'clock, according to our schedule time.

All were loud in praise of this trip, and I felt that I should be only too glad the following week, when my friend should have come, to visit again this quaint, unique and interesting island.



ONE OF THE SHOW-PLACES.