

A mile beyond we halted close to the road near to Methacton Hill, where, I may add, we lay that night of October 2. Having no tents, Jack and I slept on the ground rolled up in Holland blankets, and sheltered in part by a wicky-up which the men contrived cleverly enough.

I saw on our arrival how—automatically, as it seemed to me—the regiments found camping-grounds, and how well the ragged men arranged for shelters of boughs, or made tents with two rails and a blanket. The confusion disappeared. Sentries and pickets were posted, fires were lighted, and food cooked. The order of it seemed to me as mysterious as the seeming disorder of the march.

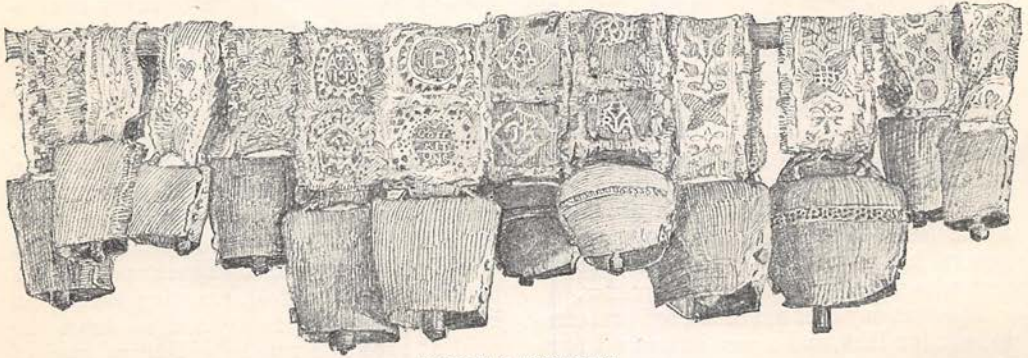
After some talk with Jack, I concluded to serve as a volunteer, at least for a few weeks, and learn the business better before I should decide to accept the general's kindness. Accordingly I took my place in the ranks of

Jack's company, and, confiding most of my gold to his care, kept in a belt under my clothes not more than six guineas, as I remember. A uniform was not to be had; but I was hardly worse off than half of the men who made up our company. A musket, and what else was wanted, I obtained without trouble; and as to the drill, I knew it well enough, thanks to the Irish sergeant who had trained us at home.

Our duties, of course, kept us much apart—that is, Jack and myself; but as he made use, or pretended to make use, of me as an orderly, I was able to see more of him than otherwise would have been possible. My pistols I asked him to use until I could reclaim them, and I made him happy with the tobacco I brought, and which I soon saw him dividing among other officers; for what was Jack's was always everybody's. And, indeed, because of this generosity he has been much imposed upon by the selfish.

(To be continued.)

S. Weir Mitchell.



TYROLEAN COW-BELLS.

«AL' HEIL!»—WHEELING IN TYROLEAN VALLEYS.



THE social impulse prevails in Tyrol, and the casual intercourse of life is marked by its appropriate greetings. «Guten Morgen» and «Guten Tag» are universal on the country roads and paths, when they do not give place to the more characteristic «Grüss dich Gott,» abbreviated to «Gr's' Gott,» which suggests to the American ear our familiar vulgarism «Great Scott.»

The Tyrolese Wheelmen's Club¹ would not

¹ Tyroler Radfahrer Verband.

have been Tyrolese had it not set up a call of recognition for the road. It adopted for this the cry universal among German wheelmen, «Al' Heil!» with which not only club members, but all who wheel over the smooth *charussées* of this beautiful land, and others who wish to greet a passing bicyclist, give forth their call of cheer, with a clarion-like emphasis on the last word. Such a custom could hardly be transplanted to America, for our habits are much more reserved and inarticulate; but in Tyrol it seems to make all wheelmen kin, and to give real charm and cheer to the intercourse of the road. We

soon fell into the friendly spirit of the sport as practised here, and before a week had passed felt ourselves part and parcel of the cycling band of the Tyrolese valleys.

Knowing this land of old, and knowing what roads run through these valleys, it was a matter of course to select it for a vacation exercise of the new faculty with which modern mechanics has blessed the human race. The selection was a wise one, and the retrospect over all our four weeks of easy wheeling is filled with invitation for a return to the same field and the same diversion. The field is, in a certain sense, rather a small one, and it is marked with considerably more «grade» than a mere wheelman would choose. Those who have an ambition to scorch off a huge daily mileage, and who ride with an eye rather to the cyclometer than to the environment, should go elsewhere. The fertile flats of Holland, the plains of Berlinesse Prussia, the poplar-lined *allées* of the level parts of France and of the vast plain of northern Italy, will give them what they want. Tyrol would not suit them, for it has no part where they could go fifty miles and return without fifty miles of up-grade work that would pull down the record.

But for those to whom the wheel is a means rather than an end, who care for mountain scenery, and who appreciate association with a simple, cheerful, friendly, and honest people, Italy, France, Prussia, and Holland can offer nothing to compare with it. In the first place, the scenery is most beautiful and majestic. After having run down fifty miles of the Upper Innthal (the Engadine), I wrote to a wheeling friend at home: «Except in the villages, which are interesting, every foot of the way is more beautiful than anything you ever saw or can imagine.» This was perfectly true, though my friend lives near Orange Mountain, and has wheeled up the valleys of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. I was already familiar with Tyrol as seen from the railroad, from the thread of the higher valleys, and from the alps and lower mountains and from some of the higher ones; but my experience of more than twenty years had seldom taken me along the highroads and into the towns and villages of the larger valleys. To make their acquaintance at last, and to see the great mountains deliberately and from the very bottom of the valleys, was a new sensation. It was like repeating, over miles and miles of road, the experience one has outside of Innsbruck, where the combination of cultivated plain, inclosing mountains, and great peaks had seemed to fill the full mea-

sure of possible beauty. It gave, too, time for deliberate views up the gorgeous side valleys, of which the «quick shutter» of the railway passage had left only an instantaneous picture, and not clearly defined at that. It gave frequent halts under wayside trees and frequent draughts from wayside springs; and with the certainty that we should always find within easy reach a village with clean quarters and good cheer, it invited us to take our leisurely fill of all the beauty, comfort, and enjoyment our road had to offer.

THE COUNTRY.

It will not be amiss, for the benefit of those to whom the subject is only vaguely familiar, to give some account of the country itself. Its boundary is in the main determined by natural features. It is south of the Bavarian highlands; east of Switzerland and of the province of Vorarlberg; Italy bounds it on the south by a very irregular line which crosses Lake Garda some miles south of Riva; on the east it is bounded by Salzburg and Carinthia, which, like Vorarlberg and Tyrol itself, are Austrian. But Tyrol far more than these other Austrian provinces has always had the characteristics of an independent country. Its people are most loyal subjects of the empire, but they are first of all Tyrolese, and they hold to their territory as something better and greater than the adjoining country. The grandest and most beautiful field of the Eastern Alps lies between the Ortler and the Grossglockner (about 150 miles from southwest to northeast), and between Antelao, the most easterly peak of the Dolomites, and the Pariseier Spitze beyond Landeck (about 90 miles from southeast to northwest). The chief cities are Innsbruck, Botzen, and Trent, but all the larger valleys are studded with large and minor towns, with innumerable villages, and with historic traces, often in ruins, of the successive races which have occupied the region from immemorial time. The entire population numbers about 900,000, of whom about two thirds are German and one third Italian.

Tyrol can be entered from any side only through its valleys, or over difficult and easily defensible mountain passes. Its broadest valleys—those of the lower Inn and of the Adige—are only about a mile wide. The great Alpine range runs through it from east to west, by no means in a straight line, beginning with the Ortler near the Swiss border, and including the peaks of the Oetzthal group, the Stubaithal group, the Zillertal group, and its extension to the Grossglockner on

the borders of Carinthia. The Ortler is 12,852 feet high, and the Grossglockner 12,560 feet. Many of the intermediate peaks are above the 10,000-foot line. Monte Adamello, south of this range, and many peaks between it and Bavaria, are more than 11,000 feet high. These highest points are connected by ranges which rarely go below 8000 feet. In the garden of the Pädagogium (normal school) at Innsbruck there is a large model of the whole country, which is a mass of heaped-up rock divided by very narrow valleys, mere foot-paths on the scale of the work. This shows that the entire area of Tyrol is mountainous, with only the lower parts of it valleys, many of which are steep, and its lower hills and mountain-sides susceptible of cultivation. More than one third of the whole area is above the line of vegetation, and much of it is buried under perpetual snow. By far the greater part of the remainder is covered with forests of fir and with patches of grass ("alps"), which are difficult of access, and to which cattle are driven in the early summer, to be brought down in the autumn.

One evening, while waiting near Hall for the "tram" to Innsbruck, and watching a game of bowls, I fell into conversation with a sturdy workman about the condition of the laboring population and the little emigration from the country. I enumerated some conditions which seemed to me to make it desirable for them to stay at home. He assented to these, and added that there was no other country in which the drinking-water was so good. I should have been less surprised if he had referred to the beer, which in northern Tyrol is a more conspicuous beverage, and is generally very good and cheap. As a wheelman whose thirst often came on far from sources of beer, I thought of this comment as I halted at the water-troughs which were overflowing along all the roads. Better cold water surely flows nowhere else in the world.

It was in this land of fine roads, fine scenery, and fine *Trinkwasser* that we took our vacation a-wheel. Our route lay through the entire length of the Engadine. This is not an integral part of the Tyrol of the present day, but it is so topographically, and the Lower Engadine would have been so politically had not Prince Ferdinand Carl, a spendthrift, sold it to Switzerland, about 1650, for the pittance of 123,000 gulden (about \$60,000), giving up for all time forty miles of the valley of the Inn, with all its important towns and its fertile hillsides. The Engadine was

then connected with Tyrol only by the deep and inhospitable gorge of Finstermüntz, but the beautiful highroad now goes zigzag over the hill, and there is nothing to mark the boundary save the custom-house at Martinsbruck.

THE JOURNEY.

My plans had been laid well in advance, and I had engaged a lusty young athlete with a record as a wheelman, an enthusiastic member of the Radfahrer Verband, and a prize turner, to report at Maloja two days after our ship was to arrive at Genoa. We had chosen that route of the North German Lloyd because it brought us so very near to our field of operations. We left New York by the *Fulda* on July 4. Our voyage was varied by a sail through the Azores and by two hours at Gibraltar. After a beautiful run along the coast of Spain, past the Balearic Islands and in full sight of the very hot-looking Riviera, we came to Genoa, "La Superba." Here our bicycle experiences began. We must pay a duty of forty francs on each of our two wheels, must see them furnished with lead seals, and be ourselves furnished with official documents to identify them at the frontier, where, at any time within thirty days, we could have them unleaded and receive back our money, less a trifling fee.

We hurried on through Milan to Lecco, checking the wheels to the end of our rail route at Chiavenna. Leaving Genoa in the morning, we took boat at Lecco, and in the afternoon we were at Villa Serbelloni at Bellagio in time for an hour in its charming garden before sunset, refreshed for such a night as can hardly be passed more agreeably than there, and under the nearly full moon that rose over Lake Como.

The drive of twenty miles with our crated wheels looming up above the carriage-top through the beautiful Val Bregalia from Chiavenna to Maloja, with an ascent of 5000 feet, used up an afternoon that would have seemed long in other surroundings. At nightfall we arrived at "Maloja Palace," a costly and expensive hotel, as far above the sea as the top of Mount Washington; but a very good hotel for all that, and large enough to house all the travelers we met in the whole Engadine.

PERSONAL.

In the morning we ripped the crates from about our wheels, put them into working condition, and "coupled" them. A word of

personal explanation is requisite here. «We» are not two young men ready for a long, hard tour of wheeling after the manner of young men, but an elderly and somewhat ponderous gentleman—and as to wheeling a cautious one—and his wife, who is much younger than her years, but to whom the independent bicycle, with its tendency to «le zigzag et la chute,» has terrors that can hardly be overcome in the years that are left to her. So this trip was made possible only by the ingenuity of a man of Ohio, who devised a method of making a four-wheeler by cross-bracing two bicycles together, side by side and three feet apart. In this way the zigzag tendency is eliminated and the chute rendered impossible. If there comes an occasion to halt, whether to fill a pipe, to enjoy the view, or to adjust differences of opinion, we simply stop and have it out without leaving our seats, and then go on again, at will and serenely. The steering-gear is so connected that the two handle-bars work in unison. In short, it is a capital arrangement for those to whom the single machine is unsuited; and it has the great advantage that more attention may be given to the environment, as less is needed for the road. It was no slight satisfaction to be able to show an entirely new thing in wheels to the curious public. The guests at Maloja and the more numerous servants of the hotel clustered about us, and, their curiosity gratified, cheered us on our way. Thenceforward throughout our wanderings our wheels held a levee at every *Gasthaus* at which we stopped, and flashed a new idea into the minds of the people through whose villages our road lay.

Our young man proved a great success from the first, and much of the satisfaction of the expedition was due to him. He was ubiquitous. When he was needed he was at hand, but most of the time he was disporting himself much after the manner of an attendant setter dog, flying up and down impossible hills, jumping from his wheel to vault fences in quest of *Kornblumen* (which the partner greatly affected), and amusing himself by riding over piles of stones and across narrow gullies in pure boyish glee. He was of a race whose legs had been trained for generations to the scaling of long, steep mountain paths, and so simple a thing as «kicking a bike» was child's play to him. He evidently had a secret joy in his superiority to those who had had a very different muscular inheritance. One day he advised us to dismount to walk down one steep hill

and up another. I suggested his doing the same. He said, «Macht mir nichts» («It does n't matter to me»), and with contemptuous ease he went down the hill like the wind and up the other side of the valley to the top. Was it to wait for us there? Not a bit of it. He came back like a shot, jumped from his saddle at full speed, and took the partner's place at guiding the four-wheeler. He was not a race-rider, only a tough-and-ready all-day wheelman. For example, it is 142 miles from Innsbruck to Maloja. The difference of elevation is 4230 feet. The grade is by no means uniform, and there are many minor hills between the towns, of which no account can be made; but the elevations at these towns are recorded, and these show descents in the road amounting to 1220 feet. Adding these, we have a total elevation to be overcome of 5450 feet. Herr L—— left Innsbruck at five o'clock on the morning of July 16, and reached Maloja at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 17th, and it rained steadily and hard all of the second day. The rise in grade is often continuous for miles and miles, and it averages thirty-eight feet to the mile. The average speed made was not great, but the strain on wind and sinew would sorely try a softer-bred man.

«MAWK-NIX.»

OUR attendant's spirit was equal to his endurance; he was a Tyrolese Mark Tapley, and we soon came to speak of him as «Mawk-nix»; for «Es macht nichts» takes this sound in the speech of these people. His «Mawk-nix» was ready for every misadventure. If he was to turn out at an unusual hour for some special service, it was «Mawk-nix»; if he was badly bitten in the leg by a vicious hound, it was «Mawk-nix, but if I had had my revolver I should have shot him»; and he rolled on for a couple of days with an ugly red spot on his calf, saying that a healthy young fellow like him must get well anyhow. He had his people's love for beer and their hatred for Jews. His «Al' Heil!» had always been ready to greet passing wheelmen. One day a very good-looking fellow came in sight, and was passed in silence. I asked him if he greeted only members of the Verband. «Oh, no; but we don't recognize Jews.» His great complaint against them was the time-honored one that they are getting all the property and all the business. It did n't seem worth while to remind him that while he was sitting with his cronies through long hours, sipping beer or wine and bewailing Judaism, they were earning money by hard work and saving it by

frugality and moderation. He confessed to twenty-seven glasses of beer at one sitting while he was with us, and he met a suggestion that he was going to the devil with his usual «Mawk-nix.» He has been in good positions and is an officer of the *Landwehr*, but the remaining end of his Tyrolese tether must be very short, for he contemplates service with the Dutch army in Borneo, with a possible decision in favor of the Belgian service in Congo. He asked my opinion. I told him that in either service he would probably die of fever. «Mawk-nix.» I said he would surely die very soon if he kept on drinking. He said he knew that, and should not drink at all. «D'rum trink ich jetzt so viel» («That's why I drink so much now»). It was not worth while to take a more serious view of his case than he took himself, and our mission was the opposite of altruistic, so that we had no disposition to be unhappy about a fellow who was himself so entirely happy.

THE PEOPLE.

IF I could have my way, I could improve a good many things about the denizens of this mountain land; but I should probably make a mess of it and destroy their charm for their visiting friends, without adding to their own satisfaction with their lives.

From our point of view they are a delightful people, and from their own they are a happy and contented people. They are very industrious, and most of their work is in the open air. The field-work is shared by men and women alike, and a «delicate»-looking person of either sex is a rarity. Even those whose work is indoors are so good on their feet, and they are so given to walking and hill-climbing, that they seem to get their share of the ruddy health of their race. Those who do not have to work at all are so few anywhere in the world that they constitute a negligible factor of the problem. This is a land of good digestion, of sufficient food, and of the indomitable cheer that comes of good health. For my part, I should not be disposed to meddle with their ways if I could. As to the working of women in the fields, I am wholly in favor of it. I have seen much of it for many years and in many places. It is not in itself degrading or injurious; and however objectionable it may be where the people are ill fed and where women are made to do the hardest work, it is far better for them and for their progeny than the grinding, ill-paid work of the ill-fed women in the sweating-shop. The Tyrolese women are not

to be compared with these, but rather with the best class of female operatives in our best factory towns. If I were a woman, I would much rather do a woman's work in the house and in the fields on a high-lying valley farm of Tyrol, and eat the coarse but wholesome food on which they thrive, than lead the unventilated life of a cotton-mill damsel of Fall River. This view may easily be taken even by those who object to the female drudgery of other parts of Europe, where all the conditions of life are much harder; for in Tyrol the conditions are not hard, and girls and women seem to be on an absolute equality with their male fellow-workers. Indeed, though the whole family of useful age goes to the field early and works late, the heavier work is done by the men and the lighter by the women. The men plow, dig, and mow; the women rake, hoe, and bind the sheaves. The men pitch the hay on to the wagons, and the women trim the load. They work long and they work hard, but they go about their tasks cheerfully, and there is much more of laughter and singing than of dullness and grumbling.

DRINKING-HABITS.

I CANNOT pretend to much familiarity with the drinking-habits of these people, but they are certainly great consumers of beer and wine—more largely beer in the North and wine in the South. They drink beer almost like Germans, and they drink wine almost like water. There is virtually no obvious drunkenness. Late at night the sound of hilarity is not unfamiliar, and at other times, but rarely, one sees a party of young men who are more musical and more affectionate than is their wont. Drunken bouts are not unknown, but they are very rare indeed. One afternoon we saw an ancient hand-cart man in a fuddled sleep under his wheel. He was the only drunken man we met, and he was notorious in his village. He had a small ox to draw his cart once upon a time, but he concluded that the ox ate more than he did, and that it would be better for him to have the whole supply of provision to himself; so he sold the beast, ate all he could and drank all he would, until the ox's forage and the ox's price were all consumed. He still manages to earn enough drink before nightfall to lay him under his cart until he gets sober.

«Temperance» as we know it not only does not exist, but the people listen with wonder when we tell them of it. Temperance as we desire it is well-nigh universal, as is shown

by the rarity even of tipsiness. Their outdoor life and exercise enable these people to drink with comparative impunity more than would be possible with us, and their cubical capacity is far greater than ours. Their immunity from drunkenness is due to their immunity from «treating,» and to the fact that strong drink is not a beverage with them. They cannot easily get intoxicated on the amount of beer and light wine they are capable of drinking or of paying for. Each orders and pays for what he wants. «Let's have another» is never heard. I used sometimes to go with «Mawk-nix» into a wayside Gasthaus, and at first I paid for what he took. I soon found that this was unusual, and that he did not understand it; he had a look as though wondering if I thought he could not pay for his drink. I suppose he would have had the same feeling had I offered to pay for his bed. We generally went into the peasants' room, and this gave me a chance to watch their ways. Perhaps three or four would come in together, women and men indiscriminately. Some would order beer or wine, and some schnapps, which is as strong as whisky. This is served in a very small liqueur-glass, hardly more than a couple of thimblefuls, and costs only two or three cents. It is tossed off at a gulp, and followed with a glass of water, a pipe of tobacco, and a long talk. Those who took wine or beer were much more apt to repeat it, but they always drank very slowly, and eked out their rest with conversation.

The wine of the country, red or white, is good, sound, thin wine of very fair quality. The Emperor Augustus preferred the red wine of Tyrol to any other that he could get. The people are all connoisseurs, and a house that serves poor wine is sure to be neglected. It is brought in white glass decanters of standard size, liter, half liter, quarter liter, or eighth liter. A party might club together for a liter, but they would divide the cost. The usual order is, «Ein viertel Roth» or «Ein viertel Weiss.» It is served with a tumbler and a carafe of cold water, which is often mixed with the wine. The charge is eight kreutzers, and the change out of a ten-kreutzer piece (four cents) is given to the *Kellnerinn*, who carries at her belt a well-filled money-bag, and is the familiar but very well-behaved gossip of the establishment, and in social position a little below the *Kellnerinn* in the *Herrschaft's* room.

I have never seen a bar-room in Tyrol, and I have never seen a man, except at a railway-station, drink standing or drink in haste. All sit at tables and sip their glasses slowly, al-

ways reading or talking. If all the «saloons» in New York could be suppressed, and if the customs and the drinking-habits of the Tyrolean towns could be made universal, we should accomplish all that is possible of the reform at which prohibition aims so uselessly, and we should substitute temperance for the present intemperance. There would be no drinking-place which women would not frequent with their men, and without degeneration.

Were it practicable, it would be a blessing to the human race if all strong drink were abolished. It causes infinite injury with no compensating benefit. But its use cannot be prevented; it can only be modified. It can be modified by a controlling public opinion; it cannot be modified, it can only be aggravated, by legal restriction. Dr. Rainsford's bold suggestion that the church should attempt to guide what the law cannot curb, was wise and of good promise. True reform lies in that direction, and the customs of Tyrol justify his counsel.

WHEELING IN TYROL.

As a country for wheeling, Tyrol has the advantage of such roads as can hardly be found elsewhere, so far as their surface goes. They are so narrow that the lateral flow of water does not make the cross gullies near their sides which are so annoying on our wider roads, such as the main drives in Central Park; they are kept in constant repair, and those which are most traveled are as smooth as a floor. The less frequented ones have a decided wheel-track, which our double machine had to straddle; but a single wheel would meet with no inconvenience from this condition. The grades, except in the higher valleys, are rarely too steep to ride; but in going up-stream they are apt to continue so long as to be fatiguing to a novice. Some of the higher hills are surmounted by serpentine roads, the turns of which are so short as to require caution in going down. Often the bicyclist will find that «the longest way round is the shortest way home»; that is to say, the direct road may have grades or obstacles which it is worth while to avoid by taking a route with more mileage.

The tourist finds every facility ready to his hand for making the most of his opportunity. The railroads carry wheels safely and cheaply, and this is a great help. For instance, in going over the Brenner road from Innsbruck to Botzen, or the reverse, the road up to the pass from either side can be ridden only by an expert, while nothing is finer than

the road down in either direction. Our double machine was taken to the summit, two hours by rail, for twenty-eight cents.

For reasons already suggested, we were disposed as far as possible to eschew uphill work, and there were uphill roads where no railway could help us. In preparation for this I had brought from home a towing-line, with which we could call in the aid of an *Einspänner*, getting enough help in this way to make the pedaling easy on any hill up which the *Einspänner* could go. The two ends of a loose bridle were buckled to the posts of the two wheels, and at the bight there was fastened a very strong india-rubber "health-pull." From the other end of this a long rope ran to the carriage. This elastic attachment took up any sudden change of tension and worked well in every way. The chief caution needed was to have the change from a walk to a trot made gradually. A sudden start would stretch the rubber to a length of five or six feet, and the recover made back-pedaling necessary for a moment. The trick of it once learned, it was, ignominy apart, very satisfactory, and it enabled us to make many a mile together where otherwise the partner must have been driven while "Mawk-nix" and I worked the machine. This we often did with great satisfaction. His original contempt for it gradually changed, and we had some long rides together, which gave him a very high regard for it. He even came to enjoy a run up-grade in the tow of a team.

It will be understood, of course, as I did not do very much single-wheeling, that my observation must be worth more than my experience, and younger riders will be glad to know just what they will be able to do on the varied roads of this country. Mr. Yandell Henderson of the Sheffield Scientific School at New Haven, a young American who had passed the summer in Germany, was a passenger with us returning on the *Ems*, and he rode all the way from Göttingen to Genoa. He left Murnau, in the edge of the Bavarian highlands south of the Starnberger See, on the morning of September 9. Late on the evening of the 11th he reached Bellano on Lake Como, which is at the Italian foot of the mountains. His road lay through Partenkirchen, Leermos, Nassereit, Imst, Landeck, Nauders, Mals, Traffoi, the Stelvio pass, Bormio, Sondrio, and Colico. The recorded elevations run as follows: 2250, 2152, 3243, 2345, 4900, 3430, 9039, 4018, and 720 feet. But there are many high elevations and considerable depressions between these points. It would have been shorter and much easier

to go through the Engadine and over the Maloja pass; the route was selected because it crosses the highest wagon-road in Europe. The whole distance was 211 miles, and the daily runs were 61, 57, and 93 miles. The last day began at Traffoi at an elevation of 4979 feet, with a push of fully two hours to the pass (9039 feet), and a run of eleven hours down to Bellano. There is hardly a three days' route anywhere through these mountains that would be harder than this. The three days from Bellano to Genoa, over the Apennines, were much easier.

TOURING IN TYROL.

I CANNOT refrain from saying again that Tyrol seems to me to be the most satisfactory country, all things considered, in which one can make a vacation tour with the wheel or otherwise. Switzerland is very different. Its mountains are higher, its scenery is even grander, and it is much better known; but the trail of the traveler is over it all. Its hotels are much more costly, and its exactions as to wardrobe are greater. One's intercourse is more with the sight-seeing and self-showing stranger, and with a native population of less genial character, trained to the financial exploitation of the traveler. Tyrol, out of sight of its few fine caravansaries, is still unspoiled. Its wonderful beauty need not be enlarged upon. The illustrations scattered through this and the final article were selected not because they were exceptional, but because they were well suited to reproduction. Thousands of equal beauty and interest could be taken, and there is hardly a view that would not be worth perpetuating. Castles and churches, in use and in ruins, abound everywhere in the larger valleys; the life and occupations of the people are a constant source of interest, and one soon gets into such touch with it as to forget the occupations of home, which it is so useful to lay aside during a period of recuperation.

The cost and conditions of living are interesting to all travelers, and important to most of them, so that some account of our experiences in these matters may be useful. We did not go to the hotels in Innsbruck save for casual meals. Some of them are said to be very good and not extravagantly costly, but the larger ones are devoid of "local color." They are substantially the same as the finer houses all over Europe. We did stop for one night at the Victoria in Botzen, and another at the Erzherzog Johann in Meran. Their luxury was not unwelcome for a



DRAWN BY E. POTTHAST.

GOING UP THE HILL. THE COUPLED BICYCLES.

change. At the latter we had a beautiful large room, an excellent table-d'hôte dinner, a bottle of Munich beer, and fruit with our *café complet* in the morning. The bill for two persons was \$4.07. This is surely moderate for a famous and most excellent house. At the Victoria we were equally well cared for at the following rate:

Room	2.50
Light60
Roast beef60
Tête de veau en tortue80
Potatoes30
Spinach30
Kraut20
Pfannenkuchen60
Wine95
Demi-tasse20
Cafés complets	1.20
Fruit60
Sandwiches for the road	1.60
Service60

Gulden, 11.05 = \$4.24

I made an excursion to a high point of outlook across the river, where I had an *Achtel* of very good red wine, a plate of bread, and a carafe of wonderfully good water, all for 12 kreutzers (5½ cents). At an ordinary village Gasthaus our bill, with the usual fees, would be about \$2.40; for a single person it would be about \$1.60. Good quarters and good food

may be had for materially less, and it would not be easy to spend \$2.50 per person without extravagance.

At Hochfinstermüntz there is a charming but rather costly little house facing an amazingly fine view, where we arrived for the evening dinner, leaving after breakfast. This was our bill:

2 Soups30
1 Roast capon	2.30
2 Salads24
2 Potato24
2 Cheese24
2 Bread and butter26
1 Coffee15
½ Bottle of wine36
1 Bottle of aerated water45
1 Foot-bath10
Room	3.40
Light and service30
2 Cafés complets	1.00

Gulden, 9.34 = \$3.87

Our lunch that day at Ried—a very good one, with an abundance of wild strawberries, wine, and aerated water—cost 2.70 gulden, or \$1.12.

At Zernetz, a beautiful village in the Engadine, we committed the extravagance of having for luncheon a big dish of brook trout, which, though abundant, are dear. I

saw them taken with a net from the dark-flowing tank in which they were stored. The whole luncheon, with wine, cost 3.40 gulden, or \$1.41.

At the Aquila Nera in Cortina, a great resort of English and American visitors to the Dolomites, our bill for two averaged about \$3.75 per day.

SCHLOSS WEIHERBURG.

At Innsbruck I am an old frequenter of Schloss Weiherburg—a *pension*, it is true, but a pension of a unique sort. From 1490 to 1505 it was the favorite hunting-castle of the Emperor Maximilian I. He had taken it in exchange for Schloss Tratzberg, twenty miles farther from the town, but intrinsically more valuable. The main part of the building is as he left it, and all additions have been made in appropriate style. The chapel with the ancient hole in the wall through which the emperor performed his devotions is still unchanged, and there are stories of one or two rather attractive ghosts who still frequent the venerable shades. The main hall, occupying the entire floor of the body of the house, and now used as a dining-room, still sports the canopy that distinguished the imperial dais, and under it hangs a good portrait of the emperor himself. His *Trinkglas*—he must have been a large drinker—still stands on the sideboard. The balcony of this room looks out over the beautiful city and the mountains which border the flat valley on the south. Through the gap of these we look up the valley of the Sill, bringing the floods of the north slope of the Brenner to join the Inn. This view is closed by the Serles Spitze, which is one of the most perfect mountain forms in Tyrol—a vast bare peak of limestone rising beyond the fields and forests of the nearer range. We occupied Maximilian's room under the imperial hall. It reaches across the whole front, and has windows on three sides. The beds are better than they knew how to make four hundred years ago, but the furniture, the curious old colored prints, and the porcelain stove, have not a discordant note. The tone of the room and of the whole house is the tone of the middle ages. It is open to those who seek it, but it is sought only by those who can appreciate it. The same persons come to it year after year, and these seem to count a summer visit to the Weiherburg as an essential part of their lives. Deep down in its foundations there is a summer place of casual entertainment, and its inclosed plateau («schöne Aussicht») is a favorite resort for after-

noon strollers from the town. At times service is held in the chapel, and crowds are drawn to it at certain seasons, because a pilgrimage there buys «full absolution» for all one's sins. What with this attraction, the view from the grounds, and the beer in the cellar, crowds of people came to it in St. Ann's week, while we were there. It is twenty minutes' walk or drive from the town, and it stands two hundred feet higher on the side of a mountain that is rich in beautiful walks. The fare is all one could ask, and is much better than is usually to be had in a pension, and the charges are low. Maximilian's room costs, and is worth, a gulden more; but for two persons in other good rooms the rate is 5 gulden a day, and a gulden is 41½ cents. All meals not taken are deducted.

I have hesitated long about making this disclosure, for I do not want to help spoil the Weiherburg for my future use; but I have concluded that those who would appreciate this somewhat remote resort have a right to be told about it. Its approach is *unfahrbar*: it cannot be reached by wheel. In fact, the best way to get a wheel to it would be to carry it over the shoulder. There are good old Tyrolese Gasthäuser in the town, where moderate wheelmen may gladly go, notably the Hotel Post in the broad Maria Theresien strasse, and the Grauen Bär in Universitäts strasse. Into neither does the air of modern Europe penetrate very deeply.

I am not writing a guide-book, and I must refer the reader elsewhere for an account of Innsbruck; but there is something about it which no book can convey, which grows on one with increasing familiarity, and which makes it, for one who knows it as I do, the most charming town in Europe. Cortina and Meran and many other places have their own great attractions; but it seems to me that, taken all in all, Innsbruck is the best center for the Tyrolese tourist.

I have wandered over many parts of this country for many years, and I have never gone to a Gasthaus in Austrian Tyrol where I have not found a clean and good bed, good coffee, good bread, and good wine. In the remote valleys beer is not always to be found, nor very good when found. Sometimes there is no meat, and the chicken is often too young; but eggs and milk are generally to be had. The *Pfannenkuchen* is solid food when other things fail, and such bread and coffee as one finds here make a more substantial meal than those may think who have not had to depend on it. It is only the



DRAWN BY MALCOLM FRASER.

SUNDAY EVENING MUSIC IN A HIGH PASTURE.

mountaineer who is often out of sight of a village, and it is a rare village that has no Gasthaus. This is usually kept by one of the larger farmers of the place, and he is a person of importance. As a rule, he has little contact with his guests. The Kellnerinn represents him below, and the chambermaid rules on the upper floors.

Outside of the principal towns, and generally within them, English is an unknown tongue, so that a little knowledge of German is requisite, but very little will suffice. The people can all read, and a phrase-book will be a good interpreter. Familiarity with the German of Berlin is not enough to enable a stranger to converse with these people. They will understand him, but their rasping, guttural dialect does not immediately find its way to his untrained comprehension. The talk of a group of peasants among themselves is not easily followed by a born German who has not passed some time among them. It is well, in spite of one's inability to talk with them, to consort with the peasants in their own haunts rather than with the rarer visitors in the better quarters. They are seldom so rough as to be unpleasant, and they respond with a very good nature to any advance that does not savor of patronage. The visitor's more interesting memories will run back to these people and their ways rather than to those of the commercial travelers and summer visitors at the house. This is said with special reference to the short stops of a wheelman, who rests for a few hours at a wayside inn, and is off again on his journey. There is a very short limit to the social range of the peasant man or woman. They have not much to say, nor have they much capacity to receive ideas not connected with their daily lives; but they have a great capacity for good feeling and hospitality, and to a tired man this is better. As a rule, they are exceedingly bigoted. Many of the younger men are

«getting ideas in their heads»; but the older men, and most of the women of all ages, are of very limited education, and they are intensely devoted to the church and its teachings.

The exhibition of relics, and the presentation of the horrors of the hereafter, which are so much used as

. . . a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order—

these do not, after all, make the real intercourse between the priesthood and the people. They are perfunctory in performance and superficial in effect. The priest is generally the friend and companion of his people, especially in the country, and he often enters freely into their festivities and lighter pastimes.

Some years ago I was sitting over my coffee in the inn garden at Absam when a wedding-party from Schwatz marched in and occupied a long table in front of me. There were the bride, in a French bonnet, and the bridegroom and the family and friends, including the notary and other dignitaries from their town. Among them was the Franciscan monk who had performed the marriage ceremony. After the usual formal health-drinkings and congratulations they turned to song and mirth. The priest was as gay as the best-man, and more natural in his gaiety. As I left he was taking a vigorous part in the well-known «Musikant aus Wien,» and his

Ting-a-ling, dass ist Triangel;
Boum, Boum, Boum, dass ist mein Trommel,

was full of boyish glee. Everything was perfectly decorous, perhaps the more so because he was there; but evidently because of him the whole party had a much better time. The influence of a good priest on the people of a small village is often seen to have its fraternal as well as its pastoral side.

Geo. E. Waring, Jr.

BY CONTRARIES.

THAT day my hurrying heart proclaimed thee near,
Fate mocked my hope, and thou cam'st not to me.
Now, when my heart is but one siege of fear,
Let Fate still mock me—then thy face I'll see!

Edith M. Thomas.