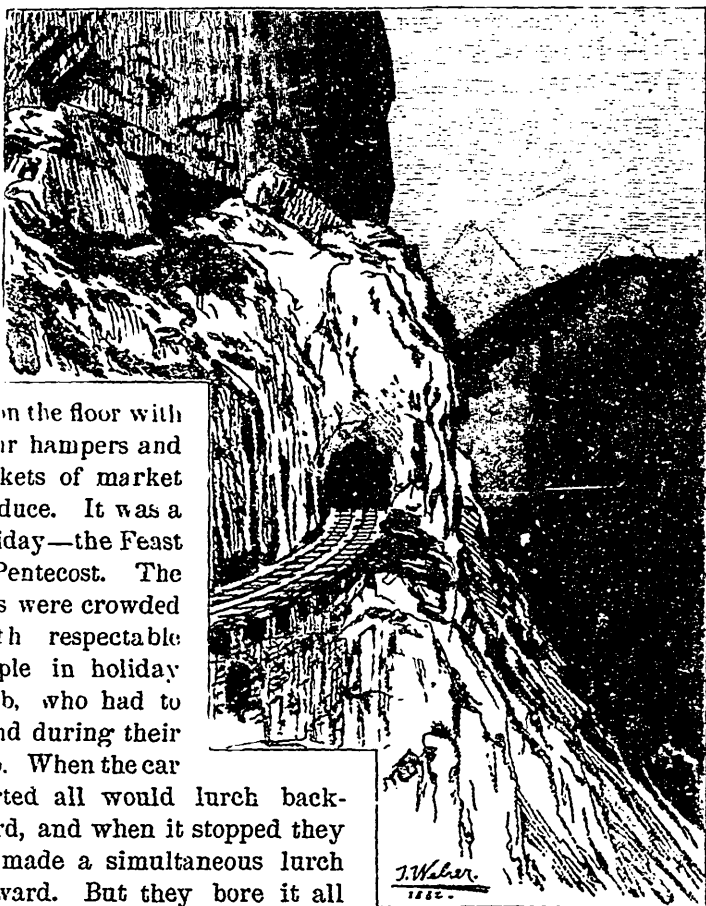


ride in a fourth-class car to see what it was like. I cannot very highly recommend it for comfort. It was very much like one of our cattle cars, without seats and without even straps to hold on by, as in our crowded street-cars. I had my valise to sit on and so was comfortable enough. The peasant people generally



WEIN-ZETTELWAND TUNNEL.

sit on the floor with their hampers and baskets of market produce. It was a holiday—the Feast of Pentecost. The cars were crowded with respectable people in holiday garb, who had to stand during their trip. When the car started all would lurch backward, and when it stopped they all made a simultaneous lurch forward. But they bore it all with imperturbable good-nature and beguiled the time by singing what I supposed to be a snatch from a Wagner opera, from the frequent recurrence of a refrain about the Rhinegold. One young man had a superb tenor voice, and seldom have I heard such high-class music, or witnessed such genial good-nature and genuine politeness, as in that fourth-class German railway car. But this is a digression.

Soon we see the steep precipices of the Wein-Zettelwand, to which we are conducted by a unique structure, half gallery, half tunnel. The structure was not originally designed in its present