

Lane. In nearly all the larger cities of the Germans you will find a "Jews' Lane," at each end of which a gate once stood, and locked in the poor Israelites at sunset. In 1806 the French destroyed these gates, and since then the Jew has enjoyed equal freedom with other men. Yet passing through that street you are struck with the peculiar physiognomy of the persecuted race, and the great number of second-hand clothing stores. Goethe was born in this city, and his paternal residence, so finely described in his "*Wahrheit und Dichtung*," still stands as it then stood. Here, also, is shown the picturesque old house where Luther lodged. His effigy may still be seen carved above the door. See cut on page 107.

From Frankfort we take a trip out to Homburg, a small but noted watering-place, some nine miles out of the city. The surroundings are charming, the town itself attractive. Crowds are drawn hither every summer, ostensibly for the mineral waters, but the real attraction was something else, and that something else was an institution of the Devil, well denominated a gambling hell. Along the Rhine there were several such institutions—Wiesbaden, Baden-Baden, and others. Whenever I had thought of gambling hells, of which I had heard so much, I had always pictured to myself some dark, dingy, hidden cellar, where desperadoes herded to suck each other's blood. But my idea was far from being correct. The gaming hell was one of the most splendid mansions of the place, with attractive grounds, choicest plants, and many a shaded and secluded nook. Fountains sent forth streams of limpid water, while melodious strains of music charmed the ear.

Let us enter the palace. Everything is superb. The walls are half covered with immense mirrors; the furniture is the richest purple and gold; the floors are of costly oaken mosaics; the ceiling is decorated with gorgeous specimens of what some call "high art." In each of two or three adjoining rooms stands a large table. Half way on each side, facing each other, sit the controllers of the game. The table is marked off in squares and other figures, each having a different number painted on it. Around the table, three deep, sit or stand the most motley crowd that ever eye beheld. There is the bent and trembling form of the old miser, clutching tight his bag of gold, and watching the fate of his piece. The Jew glares with his black eyes over his