

wonder why they always have markets at such unearthly hours), so I arose with the lark and trudged sleepily off, lugging my camera with me in the hope of getting some good pictures.

By the time I reached there every available inch of space seemed to be occupied, and all the narrow little streets radiating out from the cathedral, were also filled with market-women. Every street had its specialty:—one was all vegetables, one all fruit, and one all—cheese. I made good time getting out of that street. It was pretty strong. I ran right into a bower of gorgeous flowers, sweet-scented ones, and it was most gratifying to my senses, especially my olfactory sense. All around the main entrance of the cathedral where it was shaded were grouped the butchers' stalls. There was a row of sausage booths, where sausages were sold either hot or cold. The aroma that came from that section was not at all suggestive of the place where the steeple of the cathedral is supposed to point. The doorway of the cathedral was packed with market-women cherries and berries. And such cherries! Great large red-and-white ones, big enough to eat in bites. The butter-sellers were segregated in a shady corner under a lovely colonnade, where it was nice and cool. Most of the market-women wear white kerchiefs over their heads, but a great many of them wear the picturesque peasant costume of the district. I squeezed in and out of the crowded aisles trying to get some photographs, but there was so much movement it was almost impossible to get anything. It was a wonderful scene—a huge field of shifting color, with a fascinatingly medieval background.

Freiburg is only a town of 80,000, but it has a magnificent opera house, one of the finest we have seen in Germany. I wonder when Canadian towns of that size will have anything so fine. Even the biggest cities in Canada have nothing to compare with it. Freiburg is the central point for excursions into the Black Forest. Before the war began, the streets were full of hob-nailed pedestrians with rucksacks and canes and complexions like brown leather.

There are many picturesque places near the city which can be reached by tram-cars. Every afternoon we went off on a jaunt some place. The trip I remember most vividly is the one we took to Luise Hoohe, because on that particular occasion we had a thrilling auto ride, and saw a most wonderful rainbow. We went by tram to a point several miles out of the city, and then changed to an auto and corkscrewed up an awful hill to the summit, where there was a restaurant and a view.

We selected a table and sat down; it was too windy. Changed to another table; too sunny. Moved to the veranda; too warm. Finally we captured a vacant table around the corner in the shade—delightful. We sat and sat and sat. No waitress. At last she came and took our order, and after what seemed an interminable time, reappeared with coffee and cake. Meanwhile storm clouds were gathering in the east and the green hills were darkening to an inky blackness.

Just as soon as we began to eat, an ominous drop of rain fell; then another, and another. We gulped the coffee and bolted the cake, but the rain drops came thicker and faster, so hastily gathering up the dishes, we made for shelter.

So did all the rest of the people. In a few minutes everybody was crowded under the veranda, and the rain was coming down in great slanting sheets. But in the west the sun was still shining, and the slopes of the western hills gleamed like polished emeralds. In a few minutes the storm passed, but all the east was a gloomy mass of gray. Suddenly, on this dismal background flashed a rainbow, blindingly vivid, a perfect bow, its end boring right into the roof of a farmhouse on the slope of a nearby hill. How happy that farmer would be if the story about the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow were only true. He would become a millionaire in a day—in an hour—in a minute.

But then he didn't even know the rainbow was there, and the people who did know wouldn't tell him.

For nearly twenty minutes that rainbow gleamed like polished jewels—fluctuating sometimes, now brighter and now fainter, but never quite disappearing.

Everyone was in ecstasies. They all said they had never seen one so perfect, so bright, or one that lasted such a long time.

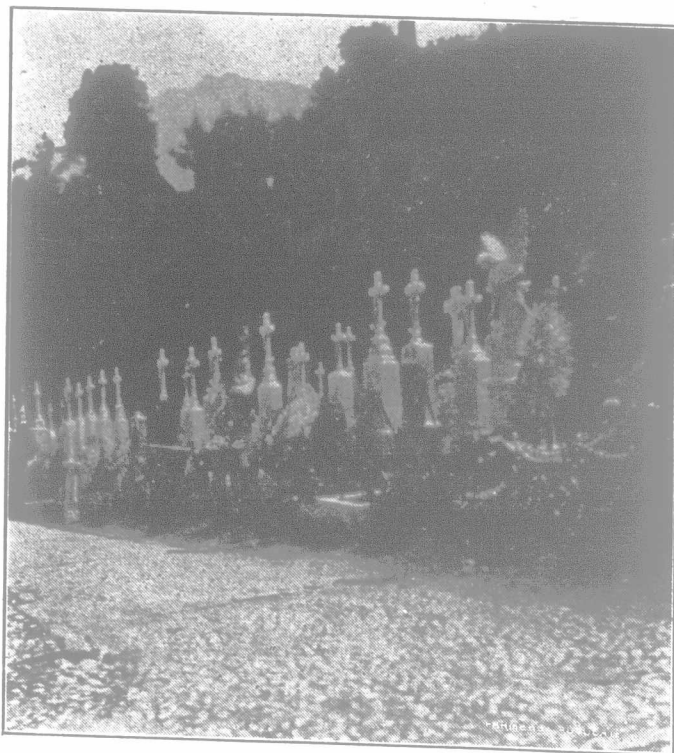
I wouldn't have missed it for ten automobile scares—and going up the hill wasn't a patch compared with the thrills of going down.

Our next stop was at Sachseln, a little Alpine village near Lucerne.



The Picture of St. Nicholas in the Church at Sachseln.

They have a saint in Sachseln—or had—of course they didn't know he was a saint till after he was dead. You can't escape from him now. He fairly haunts the district. Every time you go out walking you see him many times; he is painted on the houses; he is painted on the wayside shrines; and he is sculptured



The Graveyard at Sachseln.

in stone at the fountains—with a horrible wire halo fastened to his head.

His earthly name was Brother Klaus, but when they canonized him they called him St. Nicholas. His skeleton is preserved in the village church, and the sacristan will proudly exhibit it for a few centimes. It is a gruesome sight. Any kind of a skeleton is bad enough, but the particular awfulness of this one

is intensified by the addition of glass eyes. It gives you chills just to look at it. I used to wake up at night and see those glittering eyes staring at me out of the darkness.

Bruder Klaus lived and died before America was discovered. He was born in Sachseln, was a prosperous farmer, was married, had ten children, and lived happily with his family. But when he was fifty years old he became very pious and decided to retire from the world and be a hermit. So he cast aside his ordinary clothes, donned a coarse brown robe, took his staff and his rosary, said good-bye to his wife and his ten lachrymose children, and hatless and barefooted trudged off to an awful gorge near Sachseln, where he lived for twenty years in solitude.

And now comes the wonderful part of the story. During this entire period he fasted, nothing whatever passing his lips except once a month when he partook of the holy communion.

Incredible as this seems, it is proved beyond a doubt (to the entire satisfaction of the author), in a book on the Life of St. Nicholas. The author also takes great pains to prove, with the aid of biblical quotations, that Bruder Klaus was perfectly justified in deserting his wife and ten children and going away to be a hermit if he felt that way.

Naturally, the saintly name of Nicholas is very popular in Sachseln and its neighborhood. Every family has a Nicholas of its own, and the graveyard is full of them.

The graveyard is in a small space around the church, and very crowded. Every twenty years they dig up all the graves, dump the bones in a heap under the church, and start over again. The tombstones are nearly all of one type—a white cross on which is fastened a crucifix and—a photograph of the person or persons buried there. It seemed to me that all the photographs were of very old people.

The main hotel of the village fronts on the graveyard. Not a cheerful outlook, but I suppose one gets used to it and does not mind it. The hotel is also very old. It was there before America was discovered. It has been owned by the same family for five hundred years. Or is it four hundred? Anyway, it is either one or the other. The family live in patriarchal style, and they say twenty-five of them—four generations—dine together every day.

Quite a large family party.

formed twenty-six squadrons, and had behind them, as a support, Lefebvre Desnouette's division, composed of the one hundred and sixty gendarmes, the chasseurs of the Guard, eleven hundred and ninety-seven sabres, and the lancers of the Guard, eight hundred and eighty lances. They wore a helmet without a plume, and a cuirass of wrought steel, and were armed with pistols and a straight sabre. In the morning the whole army had admired them when they came up at nine o'clock, with bugles sounding, while all the bands played "Veillons au salut de l'Empire," in close column with one battery on their flank, the others in their center, and deployed in two ranks, and took their place in that powerful second line, so skilfully formed by Napoleon, which, having at its extreme left Kellermann's cuirassiers, and on its extreme right Milhaud's cuirassiers, seemed to be endowed with two wings of steel.

The aide-de-camp, Bernard, carried to them the Emperor's order: Ney drew his sabre and placed himself at their head, and the mighty squadrons started. Then a formidable spectacle was seen: the whole of this cavalry, with raised sabres, with standards flying, and formed in columns of division, descended, with one movement and as one man, with the precision of a bronze battering-ram opening a breach in the hill of the Belle Alliance. They entered the formidable valley in which so many men had already fallen, disappeared in the smoke, and then, emerging from the gloom, reappeared on the other side of the valley, still in a close, compact column, mounting at a trot, under a tremendous canister fire, the frightful muddy incline of the plateau of Mont St. Jean. They ascended it, stern, threatening, and imperturbable; between the breaks in the artillery and musketry fire, the colossal tramp could be heard. As they formed two divisions, they were in two columns: Watier's division was on the right, Delord's on the left. At a distance it appeared as if two immense steel lizards were crawling towards the crest of the plateau; they traversed the battlefield like a flash.

Nothing like it had been seen since the capture of the great redoubt of the Moskova by the heavy cavalry: Murat was missing, but Ney was there. It seemed as if this mass had become a monster, with but one soul; each squadron undulated, and swelled like the rings of a Polype. This could be seen through a vast smoke which was rent asunder at intervals; it was a pell-mell of helmets, shouts, and sabres, a stormy bounding of horses among cannon, and a disciplined and terrible array; while above it all flashed the cuirasses like the scales of the dragon. Such narratives seemed to belong to another age; something like this vision was doubtless traceable in the old Orphean epic describing the men-horses, the ancient hippanthropists, those Titans with human faces and equestrian chest whose gallop escalated Olympus—horrible, sublime, invulnerable beings, gods and brutes.

It was a curious numerical coincidence that twenty-six battalions were preparing to receive the charge of these twenty-six squadrons. Behind the crest of the plateau, in the shadow of the masked battery, thirteen English squares, each of two battalions and formed two deep, with seven men in the first lines and six in the second, were waiting, calm, dumb, and motionless, with their muskets, for what was coming. They did not see the cuirassiers, and the cuirassiers did not see them: they merely heard this tide of men ascending. They heard the swelling sound of three thousand horses, the alternating and symmetrical sound of the hoof, the clang of the cuirasses, the clash of the sabres, and a species of great and formidable breathing. There was a long and terrible silence, and then a long file of raised arms, brandishing sabres, and helmets, and bugles and standards, and three thousand heads with great mustaches shouting, "Long live the Emperor!" appeared above the crest. The whole of this cavalry debouched on the plateau, and it was like the commencement of an earthquake.

All at once, terrible to relate, the head of the column of cuirassiers facing the English left reared with a fearful clamor. On reaching the culminating point of the crest, furious and eager to make their exterminating dash on the English

Browsings Among the Books.

A SURPRISE; BATTLE OF WATERLOO From "Les Misérables," by Victor Hugo.

They were three thousand five hundred in number, and formed a front a quarter of a league in length; they were gigantic men mounted on colossal horses. They

squares between a grave ravine was almost feet, and between it thrust the reared, feet in their right escaping; projectile the English inexorably was filled into it making gulf, and living m Nearly o into this loss of which e two thou men were Ohain. the other the day fore orde the grou: a ripple a hille Warned, chapel w Nivelles question, was any no, and Napoleon' about by Other fi it possibl tle? We On accou Blucher? parte, vi monize w Another s which Na the ill-wi long prev vast man human d This indi count tha plethoras in a singl one man' civilization ment had supreme e able that which the moral ord pend, com crowded formidable suffering f are myster which the been deno was decid but a tra

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