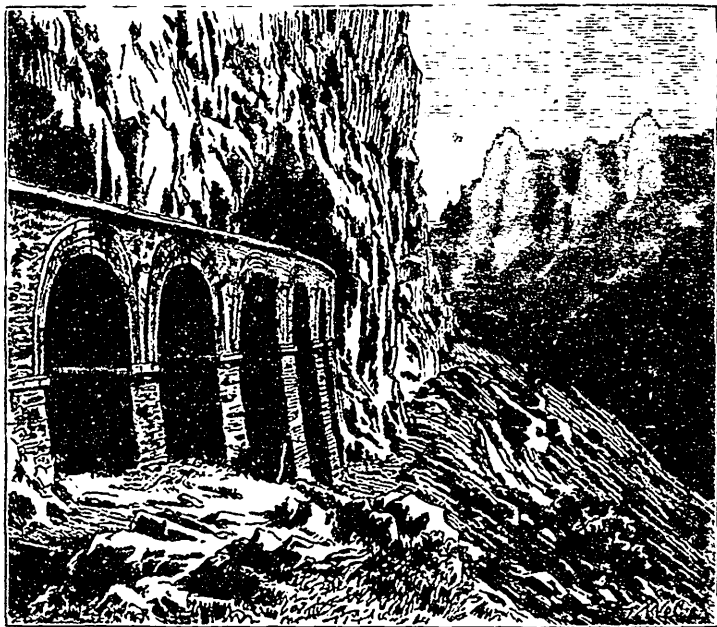


generally asserting a very comprehensive oversight. I rode through Bulgaria with a very intelligent American missionary on his way to Sofia to remonstrate with the Servian Government for an overcharge on a press introduced for printing evangelical literature. I met another very interesting Greek missionary, who had in his possession some religious literature published in Toronto, and, more singular still, an English journal containing a reprint with unauthorized expansions of my story of Barbara Heck. I found my fellow-passengers everywhere kind, courteous and most anxious to give every information. This was sometimes



GALLERY ON THE WEIN-ZETTELWAND.

a little difficult where their local dialect was beyond my comprehension. On this Austrian railway, especially, an intelligent group of Styrian peasants took intense interest in identifying the places in my guide-book, giving me the best position to see them, and playing the host to the stranger from over the sea in a very hospitable manner.

A wealthy merchant of Toronto was once asked why he rode in a third-class car. He replied, because there was no fourth-class. In Austria and Germany one has not that excuse. As they make a difference between fast and slow trains, there are even more than four prices. Once I made the experiment of a