

gage up the steep rocky ways, assist in building walls and houses, mending roads and driving donkeys while some of the chief beauties drive a thriving trade in coral, or sit as artists' models.

The young men are away down the Mediterranean, coral fishing, for nine months in the year, and on their return a sort of harvest thanksgiving is held. The old men look after the fishing boats and do a little farming.

The "Grotte Blue" hotel, above the Marina, like most of the hotels, is cheap and comfortable; \$1.25 per day includes everything, even wine. It differs from any other hotel with which we are acquainted, inasmuch that it has no front door, only an archway where the door should be. During our first night we were serenaded by two cats among the boots outside our chamber door, and as the unfeline brutes possessed no sweet Italian notes in their registers, the effect was unhappy. However, most disadvantages have their compensations, and perhaps the ventilation and coolness provided by the doorless system strikes the balance on the right side. The evenings at this hotel were delightfully quiet, and a log fire in the cosy drawing-room kept out the chill, evening air. A door opens on the terrace, and as you take a turn outside you hear the water lapping on the crags below, and see the red glare from Vesuvius as it flares out over the bay in the darkness of the night.

The early dawn reveals the eastern precipices in deep shadow, while the heights of Monte Solaro, at the western end of the island, tower majestically in sunlit glory. The summit is nearly 2,000 feet above, and the ascent is made by the road or steps leading up to the town of Anacapri, situated on the table land still west of the mountain, and 1,000 feet above the sea. The old steps to Anacapri are the glory of artists, and many a fine picture has been made of them, with the people passing up and down. From Anacapri a mule track leads to the top of the mountain, where the half-ruined walls of an old tower guard you from falling over the precipices.

The whole island lies below you, spread out like a map, rather too vast a subject for photography, upon which we were intent; about half a mile off, on a flank of the mountain and at the head of a steep savage ravine, there stands the lonely hermitage; away to the west the eye wanders on to the coast of Italy, past the rocky islands of the Sirens, past Amalfi, to the beautifully situated city of Salerno, in her amphitheatre of mountains, and still further down the coast in the dim purple haze, are the mountains above the ruins of Paestum. Naples, Vesuvius, and Ischia melt away into the horizon, and eastward lies a boundless sea of sapphire. While drinking in the utter stillness of the mountain solitude, a stillness only intensified by the cry of the sea bird or the bleat of a goat far below, our dream was ruthlessly broken by a voice: "Vat is ze price of ze instrumong?" We were no longer alone, a German tourist had arrived on a donkey, and was interesting himself in an examination of our camera.

The town of Capri stands on the neck of land between the two heights, about 500 feet above the sea; the flat-roofed houses give it an Eastern appearance; the covered streets are delightfully cool; on the south side of the town rustic steps descend to the Picola Marina, little frequented save by a few fishermen. Here among the rocks and pools, after the heat and work of a February day, a bathe refreshed us as much as it astonished the old men, who were smoking the pipe of peace while they mended their nets.

The great rocks of the Faraglioni are seen to advantage from this point; they are steep islets at the south eastern extremity of the island, and right above them, a stiff half-hour's climb ending in a narrow rocky path brings you to the natural arch.

Space will not permit of a description of the numerous caverns and other interesting spots in which this favoured island abounds, but any one requiring a good winter trip, could hardly do better than go to Capri and search them out for himself.

E. E. THOMPSON.

IN THE VALLEY OF THE ST. EUSTACHE.

ACHILLE stood and gazed at it. More, Achille stood and gaped at it. It was a long time since he had seen anything like it. And he questioned within himself if he had ever seen anything exactly like it, except perhaps in his dreams. For Achille was greatly given to dreaming, that is in daytime, walking along the road with his fiddle, and mooning about so that he frequently irritated passers by who, unlike him, were all in a hurry and always had some place to be by a certain time. Poor Achille, who was never wanted anywhere, had no appointments to keep, no visits to make, no friends to see! Lucky Achille, who trudged along from morning to night, and sometimes from night to dawn, and always from dawn to noon, the pleasantest, brightest, coolest part of the long summer day, with none to disturb him, meddle with him or ask him questions! The latter he hated; yet he liked very well to ask them himself at times, and just now, as he was contemplating the wall with the orange lichen, he was brimming over with curiosity. First of all, there was the wall itself, solid enough surely, built of quiet grey stones that had not been quarried nor shaped nor polished nor done anything to, but just piled one upon the other in irregular and picturesque fashion. It was about four feet high, which was also Achille's height; and it was broad enough on the top for Achille to stretch himself upon and take a nice sleep. It extended a long way from the spot near where he was standing, regarding it; disappear-

ing on the left among some trees, and on the right going straight down to a pool. And lastly, it was covered all over with great patches and plates of those ruffled green and yellow lichens we may see any day in a country walk; scarcely a square inch that was not sown with the seeds of some wonderful growth, here a pale yellow plate with the edges turned up in beautiful little shell-like curves lined with faint green, there a cluster of dark orange doll's saucers lined with brown and speckled all over with dots of warm red. Some of the patches were as large as Achille's hat when it had been new with the brim and all on, not as it was now with only the head piece left, and that rather one-sided. Others were so small that they were no more than pin-points of orange and green and russet brown stuck all over the wall, but so near to each other that at a little distance they all seemed to merge into the general veil of colour that lay spread over the gray stone. When the sun flashed warm, how beautiful it was! How the faint pale green, colour of mould and veins in marble, turned grass-like to rich emerald; how the yellow changed to orange, and the orange flamed to something like fire-colour, and the brown furry mosses showed points of red and crimson in their fruity forests! Then of all birds, an oriole flew by, and lit on a tree, yellow too—funny, all for Achille, it must have been—because in early September the maples are not often all over yellow, though the orioles are gone. But this one was thinking of going until he saw that yellow wall; and then he put his head on one side and said to himself that there was no great hurry, perhaps he could wait a bit after all. He may not have seen Achille, but Achille certainly saw him, and saw a wild canary, too, that followed him in a minute, so yellow in the sunlight he almost hurt the eyes. Then the pumpkins so big and round and orange, that loomed up in the field beyond the wall! All this did Achille good; it warmed him, fed his heart and his mind, and spoke in some incomprehensible way even to his poor little starved and neglected body. So there he stood, looking first at the pumpkins, and then at the oriole, and then at the wall with the orange lichens; finally at a lady who seemed suddenly to have sprung from among the pumpkins, and to have fallen in becomingly with her vivid surroundings, since about her conical straw-hat was twisted a piece of orange cotton, Dutch print, that fades, but which is nevertheless popular in the valley of the St. Eustache. Her eye was small, but quick and dark, a real dark eye, almost black, the same dark as Achille's own eyes were made of; her hands and face were of the same light brown tint, and she wore her dark, well-frizzed hair combed over a cushion. Achille slowly took his eyes off the wall and the pumpkins, and fixed them on the lady. Of course he did not know who she could be, but she was Madame Marie-Françoise-Josephe-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier. It is perfectly true these were all the names she had. It would not have been very difficult to have found a few more, but she had more than any other *cultivateur* in the valley, and so she was content. This, then, was Madame Jonquière Le Verrier, and she disliked tramps.

They were always coming her way. One day the flowers would bring them; another day, they would smell the hot pancakes; a third day, they would know from that gossiping fool, Alphonse, that it was pork and beans day, and there, one, two, three would come straggling along with their noses in the air, and their feet slouching up all the dust—ah! one was made very uncomfortable by people who could find something to do quick enough in the village if they had the will to work. And it was only yesterday that *M. le notaire* had told how the hotel at Chateau was full of English—people on their way up from the watering-places, and all eager to explore the neighbouring country, making pictures of their houses, and the little place, and interfering generally with busy hands and shortening days. Regard already how the hours are few. One will soon have to rise by lamplight, and cook the breakfast for that fool, Alphonse, half in the dark, while the tongs and the shovel, and the door-latch will be so cold and covered with frost that they will pull one's fingers off with them. One must, therefore, make the most of the fine weather; and though one is without doubt, glad to see pleasant strangers who admire the hollyhocks, or praise the white raspberries—*ma foy*, one has one's work to do, especially when one is a widow. And if this little, slouching figure was that of a juvenile tramp of English extraction, it was to go hard with him. He was certainly not of the village. Madame Marie-Françoise-Josephe-Reine Hertel-Duplessis Jonquière Le Verrier knew all those boys. Pierre, the son of the *epicier*, and a graceless scamp he was, who had once tied his snowshoes on the wayside cross, and sat in the big Lombardy poplar across the road, while he watched the good *curé* lift his hands to heaven in horror at the sight—Pierre, she knew him, and the devil knew him too, that was clear. André Lauchlin, with a French mother, and a half-Scotch father, a red-haired, evil little chap, worse than Pierre, for he was less frank and open—André, she knew him; and Isidore, son of the widow Gauthier, and Henri, son of the *marchandises sèches*, and Hyacinthe Simon, nephew of old Delorme, who was a terrible miser, and didn't half feed his starving nephew and niece. "Ah! *ouai*," said Madame Jonquière Le Verrier, "let it be Hyacinthe and welcome, for is there not fresh cooked *pataches*, that is, potatoes, ready almost at this moment, and are we not only waiting for that fool Alphonse, to show his silly head over the hill before we dish a *poulet*, a little old, perhaps—the best ones are all gone to the hotel for those English—but cunningly stewed till tender, and served with a good sauce of *attacca*, that is cranberries. *Ouai!*" said the keen-eyed widow, tilting her orange-draped hat

further back on her head, "*ouai! mais, ce n'est pas Hyacinthe, ni Henri, ni Pierre, Dieu merci!*—so who ees eet?"

We know it was Achille. And, now as the brown-skinned and majestic dame looked down upon him, Achille answered. She had asked him his name in the best English she could muster, and he replied in the same.

"I speak bad English," and he removed his brimless hat. "But I am call Achille."

"Just Achille?"

"Dat is all, Madame."

"Then you are a French boy. *Mais, figure-toi, qu'est ce que—*"

"No, I am not French boy," said Achille, stolidly. "I am 'Tal-yan boy.'"

"Ah, *c'est ça!*" And Madame nodded her head very wisely. "You come from Italy."

"Tal-yan boy," repeated Achille. The September sun shone down still on the warm yellow wall and attracted his gaze again. His matted hair was thick and black, and his beautiful eyes were lustreless and tired. He was a little high-shouldered; his feet were bare, and so were his chest and one arm. His clothes, if ever they had entirely covered him, were now confined to his back and his legs. But the open shirt was clean, and the cloth of his thin trousers decently patched and darned. The widow gazed at him, but he took his melancholy eyes off hers and looked at the wall.

"Why you come here?" said she, her natural suspicion of boys overcoming as yet her womanly instincts of sympathy and pity. "You spik a little Englis'. *Dis donc*, why you come?"

Achille slowly removed his velvety eyes, dark as the heart of the darkest pansy, yet lit, like even the darkest of these flowers, by a topaz-like gleam of yellow fire; and turned them on her.

"Tal-yan boy," he said, and clutching at his fiddle, made no effort to keep himself up, but sank slowly to the ground till he lay there in the thick white dust of the country road in a kind of waking stupor. Madame was terrified. When one lives much alone, one is apt to be like a silly girl; one has a right to expect things to go on smoothly where there are no children, and no man—as for that fool Alphonse, well, it is easy to see he is no man! Yet he would be better than nobody. Madame raised her voice.

"Alphonse!" she called twice, looking over to the plantation of fruit trees at one side and along the road behind Achille. But Alphonse was late that day; for, coming through the village where he had been with fruit and vegetables from his mistress's farm, whom should he see but Corinne, the eldest daughter of Maman Archambault, who did the washing for the hotel and for the single gentlemen of the village, and had a sign out of her upper window stating that these were premises sacred to "A Londry," in very large letters, while the word "Blanchisseuse" underneath, in very small letters, testified to the amphibious linguistic attainments of the tenant. Corinne was the eldest of nineteen children, and she was ten years older than Alphonse; but *què donc*, the will of God is in everything, even in such an apparent cataclysm as the survival of seventeen out of nineteen children, and she would make an excellent wife. But Corinne, despite her seven-and-twenty years, was a bit of a flirt still, and not above wasting a few minutes with a straight, fine, amiable young fellow like Madame Le Verrier's Alphonse, though as for marrying him—why, all the world knows he will not be right in his head! But when a young fellow, a strippling, a *habitant voyez vous*, lives so much with a strong-minded woman older than himself, he is apt to drop his identity, and runs great risk of losing the little character he has.

Perhaps Corinne Archambault was right, for certainly Alphonse could make excellent imitation of love, whether in the village church, sitting behind her and admiring her scarlet satin gown flounced with ivory lace and her flaring black hat with the violet plume, or driving her out to the edge of the slippery "Cone" and helping her to "disembark," clad in *tuque* and dark red blanket-coat. Anyway, Alphonse was late this morning.

The widow called once more, but no response greeted her.

"*Enfin, l'enfant*—it cannot be that he lies here all in the dust. Raise thyself, my child. It is the widow Le Verrier helps thee. Come, come, my child," and with one tug of her strong and muscular arms she had the boy securely held in them, and proceeded to carry him to the house; and when Alphonse came home a few hours later, having eaten his midday soup *chez Maman Archambault*, he found his strong-minded and dogmatic mistress waiting for him on the threshold of her house, with her brown right forefinger on her lip and her left arm akimbo.

"See you make no noise, you double fool, Alphonse!" she said; and he went his way about the farm and never ventured to ask what was the matter until at six o'clock, when he stumped in meekly for his cup of strong green tea, bitter as aloes and yellow as saffron, he saw the figure of poor little Achille on the widow's own bed. Poor little Achille! He was sleeping now, and one brown arm—the bare one—lay under his head, and his long, long lashes lay still on his warm olive cheek. His thick hair fell all to one side on the clean cotton pillow-cover, and was sadly matted and tangled. "Tal-yan boy!" he muttered twice in his sleep; and what dreams of sunny Europe, what visions of beautiful Italy, what groups of picturesque women and dark-skinned men, what pictures of red-sailed boats laden down with golden oranges and yellow melons, what sounds of twanging guitar and softer