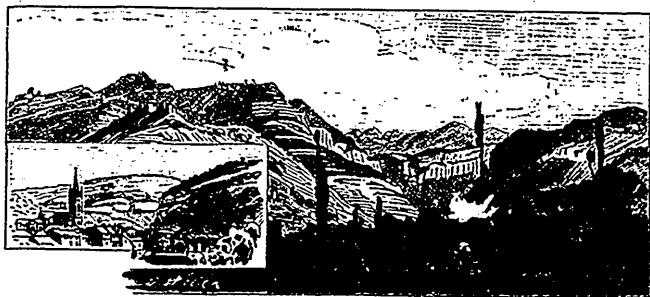


often told with a strangely naïve simplicity, as Adam and Eve rocking Cain in a cradle, pathetic scenes of the deluge, the realistic agony of bereaved mothers in the slaughter of the innocents, and the like.

We soon reached the pleasant little town of Ambérieu among the foot-hills of the Jura range. Here, on my first visit to Europe, I stopped overnight at a quaint little inn, where they slew, if not the fatted calf, at least the fatted fowl for our refection, and prepared a dainty meal to which we did ample justice. After dinner I sauntered through the town with my companion in travel, apparently as much objects of curiosity to the peasants, sitting in their doorways, as they were to us.

Here the railway enters the wild gorges of the Albarine and the Durand, through which it winds in many a sinuous curve, now beneath threatening cliffs which gleamed crimson-tinted in



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the ruddy afternoon light, now plunged into deep-shadowed ravines, where there was only room for the brawling stream, the dusty road, and the shining lines of rails. Foaming waterfalls and ruined castles heightened the strange charm of the weird scene. It was with a sense of relief that we escaped from the sombre gorges, almost overpowering in their grandeur, into the broader valleys with their sweet pastoral landscapes.

At Culoz we strike the swift and turbid Rhone, whose valley we follow to Geneva. Here, on my first visit, I diverged to the route crossing the Alps by the Mont Cenis tunnel into Italy—a ride of most romantic grandeur, to be hereafter described. Proceeding up the Rhone valley, we pass the pretty village of Seyssel, where the river is spanned by a graceful suspension bridge, and in the deepening twilight reach the wild gorge of the Valsarine, which we cross by the bold viaduct, shown in the cut, on page 7. This viaduct is one of the most daring and beauti-