

scenery and see how the élite of the various countries of Europe make use of this favorite clime in the trying springtime season. Mentone remains in our memories as the most attractive health resort imaginable; the sea, the air, the situation and the scenery, leaving nothing more to be desired. Even a protracted double encounter with the ubiquitous tract distributor, who won our confidence while we were hunting lodgings by assuring us he spoke French like a native, and who visited us at the pension during the evening, left nothing of unpleasantness. There was, to be sure, the remembrance of the Doctor's unkept promise to read the leaflets so thoughtfully presented to us, but that rested lightly on our consciences, for days after the tracts were left upon the road still unread. As we rode out of the town we passed the fountain erected by the citizens in memory of the Diamond Jubilee of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, who at that very time was making her usual sojourn in the neighborhood of Cannes.

And let me describe another evening time under circumstances widely different. We had left Pisa in the forenoon, and reached Pistoia in time to escape a shower and have tea while we waited. It was still early, and inquiry revealed the fact that the next town lay only fifteen kilometers distant, so we remounted about six o'clock and started north again. Soon we came to a hill where it was necessary to walk; this was a pleasant enough change for a time, but the hill had many turnings, and the road wound back and forth with no end within view. We watched the lights of Pistoia shining invitingly in the distance behind, and continued to push the heavily-loaded wheels uphill, the while we looked for any wayside inn to shelter us. The sun went down, the moon rose bright and full, and still we worked our way towards the top; no house was now to be seen and the road lay through woods upon the mountain side, a thick fog settled down upon us like a pall and in the darkness we trudged along; eight o'clock came, nine, ten, and still we were going up. Then we realized that we were crossing the Appenines by night, and wondered how much longer it would last. A break was made to take a drink from a roadside spring, and then we continued climbing till we were almost above the mist, and at last, in sheer desperation of weariness, we decided to try riding uphill for a change, and were suddenly relieved by finding ourselves unexpectedly at the top. Here, instead of the looked-for village and inn, we saw nothing but a gendarme station, the presence of which may have accounted for the fact that our only adventure on this weary nine-mile walk was meeting a countryman who wanted a match to relight the saved-up stub of a cigar. Nothing