

ledge of rock. The whole fall, with the rapids above and below, is about one hundred feet. The surroundings are much more beautiful than at Niagara. The banks are high and rocky, and mantled with richest foliage. The cliff overhanging the fall has a quaint old castle inn, and pavilions and galleries command superb views. Three huge rocks rise in mid-stream, against which the furious river wreaks its rage. Ruskin goes into raptures over this beautiful fall. I wish he could see Niagara and the Yosemite. The old town, with its castle and minster dating from 1104, and odd architecture, is exceedingly picturesque. It is only an hour's ride to Constance, with its tragic memories of Huss, Jerome, and the Great Council, to which we refer elsewhere.

At Singen I turned northward, through Wurtemberg and the Black Forest. This wild mountain region—the famous Schwarzwald of German song and story—is a portion of the old Hircynian Forest, which once covered a great part of Central Europe, and later was known as the Swabian Land. Its grandest passes are now traversed by the new Black Forest Railway, one of the finest engineering works in Europe. Near Singen, rises on an isolated and lofty basaltic rock, the old Castle of Hohentweil, which held bravely out during a terrible siege of The Thirty Years' War. The spiked helmets and black eagles of Germany are everywhere seen, and German gutterballs are everywhere heard. The country looks bleak and bare. The villages are crowded collections of rude stone houses, with crow-stepped gables or timbered walls, and the churches have queer bulbous spires. I asked the name of a pretty stream, and was told it was the Donau—the “beautiful blue Danube,” which strings like pearls upon its silver thread the ancient cities of Ulm, Vienna, Presburg, Buda-Pesth, and Belgrade, and, after a course of 1,780 miles, pours its waters into the Black Sea.

Now higher and higher winds our train. An open observation car is attached, affording an unobstructed view of the magnificent scenery. I was much amused at the travelling equipment of an English tourist, who was constantly consulting his pocket compass and aneroid barometer and watch, to see how rapidly we rose, and how frequently we changed our course. The road winds in great zig-zags and horse-shoe curves, and, crossing the water-shed between the Danube and the Rhine, as rapidly