

All that day till tea-time we grumbled over a good road that wound its way through a gigantic wheat-field. True that sometimes the wheat was oats, or even a pine plantation; but, broadly speaking, the wheat was all wheat, and the vast heaving sea of it rolled up to the very sides of the road under our laggard wheels. And it was all right, and it was all being cut with two-horse McCormick reapers. We actually saw hundreds of McCormick reapers. Near and far, on all the horizons, we could detect the slow-revolving paddle of the McCormick reaper. And at least we reached Château Landon, against the walls of which huge waves of wheat were breaking. Château Landon was our destination. We meant to discover it and we did.

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Château Landon is one of the most picturesque towns in France; but, as the landlady of the Red Hat said to us, "no one has yet known how to make come *messieurs*, the tourists." I should say that (except Carcassone, of course) Vezelay, in the Avalonnais, is perhaps *the* most picturesque town in all France. Château Landon comes near it, and is much easier to get at. On one side it rises straight up in a tremendous sheer escarpment out of the little river Fusain, in which the entire town washes its clothes. The view of the city from the wooded and murmurous valley is genuinely remarkable, and the most striking feature of the view is the feudal castle which soars with its terrific buttresses out of a thick mass of trees. Few more perfect relics of feudalism than this for-