

We would offer a word in favor of the railroad from Brindisi and of advice to those who may think of taking it in summer. The roadbed is made of crushed lava and is absolutely devoid of dust. We encountered a shower almost all the way to Caserta, and when we began to cross the mountains a heavy rain storm still further cooled us. Of course the subsequent journey across the mountains then along the shores of the Adriatic were, for obvious reasons, pleasant. Do not make any special preparations for the trip except that of laying in a stock of sweetened lemon juice. Fresh, cooled water is sold at most railway stations, and a cent's grateful drink may be had almost everywhere. Sunday, even in second class carriages, can be made with few inconveniences than would be encountered in traveling in a Pullman the same time of year, from Chicago to Buffalo.

A second agreeable disappointment was reserved for the character of the boats that ply between the south Italian ports of Brindisi and Patras (one of the seaports for Athens). The best of these is the Austrian Lloyd's, and we were assured that our vessel, the *Adriatic*, was an average specimen. It was everything that could be desired with large, roomy cabins containing two or more beds in each. The ventilation of these was unusually good, and the portholes were open almost all the time we could not sail. Finally, the meals on board were excellent. Before reaching the island of Corfu we came upon the first evidence of the war. We sailed somewhat out of its regular course to pick up a few wretched peasants and artisans from the Turkish seaports of the capital of Epirus. The Turks established a military post there and had immense stores of flour for the use of the army on the northwest borders of Greece. The Greek fleet made no use of it, however, and we had a good opportunity of seeing what modern artillery can make in a small town. We saw walls in all states of demolition. Some of them were merely piles of stones and there with holes and partially burned while others were torn to pieces. One large building had two walls and the roof gone with parts of the flooring and staircases still in place. In contrast with all this a few companies of Turkish soldiers were seen at the end of a ruined granary, over which the red crescent was flying, while the regimental band discoursed what probably passed for sweet music. Corfu is delightful at all seasons of the year, and one may easily understand why the Empress of Austria