

in the little *sala* during the mountain-
eer's short evenings. Gilbert and
Churchill's book on *The Dolomites* is
there of course. and a miscellaneous
collection of Tauchnitz novels, and—
what one certainly would not have
expected—three or four recent num-
bers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which
it seems this dear old (I don't use the
second epithet strictly) Signora Pezze
actually has posted to her twice a
week from London for the benefit of
her English-reading *forestieri*. Not
that one has much time or inclination
for literature at such moments. The
evening meal takes some time, though
indeed the signora, gliding about from
table to table, always benevolently
beaming and quick to anticipate every
want, does, in her tranquil, unfurried
way manage to wait upon a roomful
of people with an effective
promptness that I have
never yet seen equalled. And
then there is the free flow-
ing conversation that always
abounds, even among Bri-
tishers and Americans, when
they are on holiday jaunts
abroad, with the extra at-
traction of being able to
practice languages upon any
foreigners who may happen
to be present.

How suddenly the weather
changes in mountain-dis-
tricts! The night before
we were to leave Caprile
every thing betokened a
fair-weather journey, but
the morning dawned in such
torrents of rain that the
good folk of the albergo de-
liberately omitted to call us
at the early hour that we
had named, and but for the
noise of the water plashing
from the spouts we might
have lain abed till mid-day.
However, we were up and
dressed and holding coun-
cil over our coffee and eggs
by six o'clock. It was clearly

no use staying in-doors; and one can't
expect to have everything one's own
way, at least until the clerk of the
weather puts on human shape and
(what some folk tell us is pretty much
the same thing) bribeability. So young
Bartolo Battista, our guide and por-
ter, gamely heaved the knapsacks on
to his back: we threw our ever-use-
ful Scotch shawls over our shoulders,
and fared out into the driving rain.
There is positively no doubt about it:
your fair-weather traveller loses a
multitude of experiences worth hav-
ing. Lucretius would not have felt
half so vividly the sweetness of sitting
at ease on the shore while regarding
the toils of his fellow-mortals on the
deep if he had never himself been
knocked about by a head-wind. We,
if the rain-clouds did conceal the



THE AIGUILLES OF THE SCHLERN