

morning intending to go as far as the Platte—the highest hill in the neighborhood. But we dallied so much along the way, and explored so many fascinating side-paths, that we never reached our objective point. But that didn't make any difference, that is part of the fun—to have a plan and then do something else. The main thing is to walk, and explore, and have a good time. You always see something interesting, and you always get somewhere, and what particular spot it is doesn't vary much matter.

We had a jolly lunch at a quaint little wayside inn, and after resting for a while, resumed our woodsy walk under the budding beeches. About four o'clock we saw the gilt domes of the Greek chapel glittering through the trees, and we were filled with joy at the sight, because we knew we were near another restaurant. The Greek chapel is on the Neroberg, just near the summit, and the summit is capped with a huge restaurant and a terrace with a fine view. The Greek chapel is one of the most visited places around Wiesbaden. It is really a mausoleum—the tomb of a Russian princess, but in summertime church services are held there on Sundays. The interior is entirely of marble, and very richly decorated. The exterior is conspicuous for the five golden domes, each surmounted by a Russian cross. The highest cross is 180 feet from the ground. When the sunlight falls full upon these domes, they make a very brilliant spot in the landscape, and can be seen from any part of Wiesbaden.

There is one thing in Wiesbaden no visitor can escape—the kurtax. Five days of untaxed freedom are graciously allowed by the authorities, but after that one must either pay up or get out. If you do not leave town on the sixth day, the Kurtax Collector is on your trail. If you should decide to remain a few days longer, you are obliged to pay the kurtax from the date of your arrival. Payments must be made in advance. The rate is ten marks for ten days, but the tax is less for a longer stay. Most of the people who come for the cure remain three or six weeks. Those who absently forget their due dates are promptly reminded of the fact by a call from the Kurtax Collector—an appallingly officious-looking person in a blue uniform thickly sprinkled with brass buttons. He always arrives at the most inopportune time—usually very early in the morning before you are quite awake.

A gentleman who was taking a course of treatment in one of the eye clinics here, was having one day what they call a "pack," when his majesty, the Kurtax Collector, came for his dues. The patient wrote these touching verses describing his feelings on this tragic occasion:

The sweat was falling thick and fast,
As through my chamber door there passed
A man who cried in foreign tongue,
Words which my heart in terror wrung—
"The Kurtax!"

"One hour!" I yelled out in my fright,
"You see I'm in such a plight,
I cannot use my sweaty hands
To pay you what the law demands—
The Kurtax."

He then let out a string of Dutch,
Of which I understood not much,
But this I plainly heard him say:
"You've got to pay, you've got to pay—
The Kurtax."

An hour passed by. Right on the dot,
The man was back on the same spot,
And as I passed him o'er the fee,
I said to him: "What benefit me
The Kurtax?"

And then he said: "Why, see our land,
And woods, and parks, and German band.
When you come here some cure to get,
You've got to pay already yet—
The Kurtax."

For you can go to concerts fine,
And hear the music so divine,
And see the flowers in the parks
When you have paid your thirty marks
For Kurtax."

And so each day I feel I must
Attend a concert if I bust;
And walk the woods all roundabout,
To try and work a little out
The Kurtax."

Little Trips Among the Eminent.

Canadian History Series.

FRONTENAC'S SECOND ADMINISTRATION.

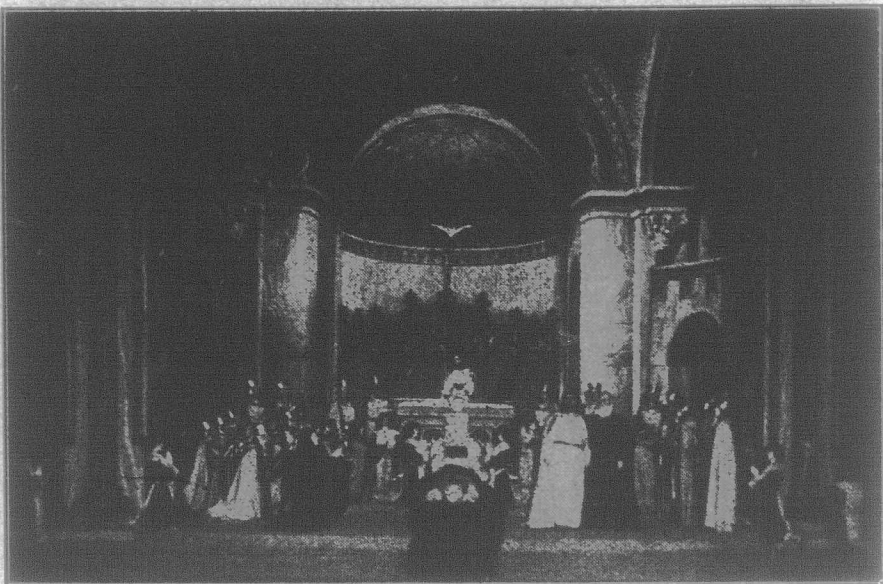
When Count Frontenac returned to Canada in 1689, to confront the desperate muddle into which the incapacity of the last two governors had permitted the affairs of the country to drift, he was sixty-nine years of age, but keen, fiery and energetic as at thirty. There promised to be need of all his powers, for, to add to internal complications, Great Britain and France were again at war, and there was no knowing what veer of front this might cause in New York.

making away with a considerable quantity of stores and provisions.

For the moment, however, but a single ray of light appeared—the destruction of a party of Iroquois on the Lake of Two Mountains, by Du Lhut.

Frontenac now turned his attention to the arduous tasks of quieting the Iroquois, whose depredations still continued, and of dealing with the English of New York. To accomplish anything, he saw that the colony should have time to rest and recuperate, and so he set his wits to work.

He had brought back with him the thirteen Iroquois who had survived the galleys, and, on the way over had managed to cement a friendship with a chief,



The Closing Scene in Parsifal
The revealing of the Holy Grail.

At Isle Perceé, he learned of the massacre at Lachine. At Quebec, the entire populace came to meet him. He had left the city six years before in humiliation, and with none but a few personal friends to bid him godspeed. He was welcomed now with torchlight processions by a people wild with joy at his return.

It was not his purpose, however, to waste many hours in this happy atmosphere. With all the speed possible, he hurried on to Montreal, and so to Lachine, where he learned that De Denonville had sent an officer to blow up Fort Frontenac in order that the guards might be withdrawn from it.

Ourehaoue, who was one of the number. Now he despatched three of the captives to their homes in the Iroquois country, with a message from Ourehaoue requesting that a party was to be sent for him. In this way, Frontenac hoped to have an opportunity once more to use his influence over some of the leading men of the tribes, and to noise the news abroad the more that the "great Onontio" had come back.

Things did not, however, turn out quite as he expected. A council was held at Onondaga, the coming of the great Onontio discussed, and the counsels of an English envoy, who advised them to close their ears to the overtures of the



A Path in the Beech Woods.

At once, Frontenac despatched three hundred men in canoes with counter orders, all the more anxious because he had learned that an Iroquois envoy had demanded that the step be taken.

The expedition was too late. On the way, the dull sound of explosion after explosion was heard, and presently the returning French were met, who told how they had mined the walls and sunk the three vessels in the harbor. In reality, as was found out later, the destruction was not so complete as Frontenac feared. One of the bastions had escaped, some of the fires had ceased to burn, and the Iroquois had had the joy of entering and

French, listened to. . . . A second envoy was sent from Quebec with a message from Ourehaoue, and with the Indians went one Chevalier d'Aux. The Iroquois burned two of his attendants, forced him to run the gantlet, and sent him a prisoner to Albany.

STERN MEASURES.

Frontenac now saw that nothing short of stern measures and a spectacular show of power would suffice to bring the Indians to order. Even the Western tribes, the Illinois, Miamis, Ottawas, and Hurons, so long allies of the French, were almost enemies because of their dis-

gust at the failure to punish the marauders at Lachine, and the tameness with which De Denonville's expedition against the Senecas had ended, in the mere cutting down of corn.

He determined, then, to reduce the country to order, no matter what ruthlessness was required to do so. Indeed, the charge of cruelty has often been brought up against Frontenac, but, in estimation of his actions, something may be conceded to the necessities of the situation, and the general insensibility to suffering of the time in which he lived.

In the spring, he sent a party under command of Nicolas Perrot, to Michillimackinac, to hold the fort and impress the Western Indians. On the way up the Ottawa this party met a number of Iroquois hunters whom they routed, and so sailed into Michillimackinac with a fine array of scalps in evidence, and a captured Iroquois in the van. This poor wretch, it may be remarked, was burned, soon after, the French lifting no finger to save him.

Frontenac now organized three parties to strike at the English, one from Montreal to descend upon the vicinity of Albany, one from Three Rivers to advance upon the settlements of New Hampshire, and one from Quebec to push down into Maine.

One would fain draw a veil over the scenes that followed, the more horrible because waged by white man against white man.

On snow-shoes the first division set off. It was a horrible march, often through slush to the knees, with a howling snow-storm, turning steadily colder, to add to the discomfort. Late at night on the 9th of February, the invaders reached the first town, Schenectady, inhabited by Dutch, who were so unsuspicious of danger that they had left the gates of the palisades open and not a single watchman on guard. For two hours the massacre continued; men, women and children rushing out unarmed to learn the cause of the uproar, were cut down, and the end of the carnage showed sixty persons killed outright, and over eighty captured. In the morning the invaders set fire to the town and withdrew, leaving about sixty old men, women and children behind.

One wounded man had, however, escaped with the news to Albany, and a pursuing party was soon on the way, and succeeded in killing many loiterers, too weary to keep up with the rest, almost within sight of Montreal.

Similar onslaughts took place at Salmon Falls (Mass.), and at Port Loyal (Portland). The settlers had paid the penalty of England's friendship with the Iroquois, but Frontenac's object had been gained. He had revived the hopes of his countrymen and restored their confidence and that of their Indian allies. He had, too, impressed the Five Nations again with the power of the "great Onontio," and somewhat aroused their suspicions of the strength of the English.

Time must not be left for the grass to grow, however, and Frontenac's next step was to look to the fortifications. The fortress at Quebec was strengthened by strong palisades and companies of regulars were sent to the stockade forts at the settlements. It was necessary, too, to regulate the fur trade, which had been drifting more and more through the English settlements to the impoverishment of the people of New France, but this last difficulty was nearing a somewhat spectacular end.

In July, 1690, fearful of a rumored attack by the English, Frontenac went to Montreal, the chief point of danger. Shortly after his arrival a messenger from Lachine came running through the gates, crying that Lake St. Louis was "all covered with canoes." Immediately the town was thrown into consternation, but fear rapidly gave way to joy when it was learned that the canoes were only those of the Indians from the upper lakes, laden to the water-line with beaver skins. News of the descent upon Schenectady, and the torture of the Iroquois prisoner at Michillimackinac had made them despair of the English market, and so they had come, 500 of them, with over 100 canoes, to trade with the English at Montreal. A little later La Durantaye arrived with 55 more fur-laden canoes, and soon all Montreal was busy in trading.

THE ENGLISH ATTACK ON CANADA.

Truly, there was little monotony if