

that the line has no choice but to force a passage through them, or come to a standstill. The railway boldly accepts the challenge, and advances stealthily to the assault, winding and twisting about as if to spy out the weak points in the enemy's armour. At last it vanquishes him, and with a long, shrill cry of triumph, plunges into the valley of the Danube through the watershed of Sommerau."

It was a glorious day on which we made this delightful journey. The sky was bright, the air clear, and the sunlight warm and pleasant. First, we rode through grassy meadows, beside the



Unter See, which sparkled with many dimpling smiles in the bright sunlight. In an hour we reached Singen; the true beginning of the Black Forest Railway.

Here we entered the strange region called the Hegau, studded with basaltic cliffs, rising like islands above the surrounding country and telling of violent volcanic action in bygone ages. Many of these cliffs are crowned with ruined castles, once the stronghold of robber-knights, who from their eagle-like eyries dominated the plains. The first of these that we met is the castled crag of Hohentwiel, rising one thousand feet above the level of Lake Constance. Its massy ruins seemed a part of the