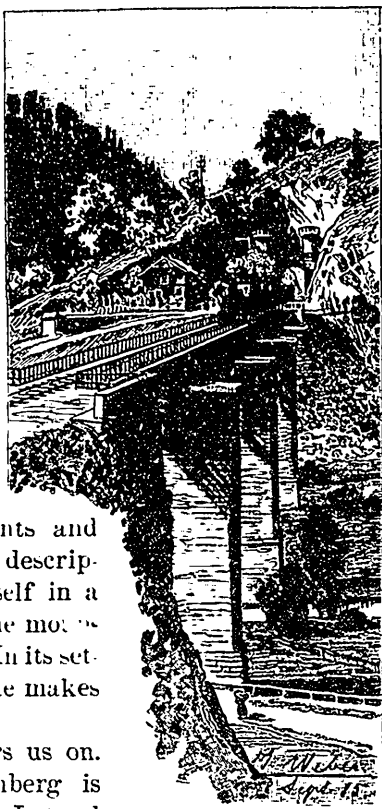


On the steeply sloping sides of the ravine every inch of cultivable ground has been seized upon and turned to account, even where the slope ends in a sheer precipice. We soon reach a pilgrimage church, which, together with the parsonage-house, is built on a sterile slope facing the north. The church turns out to be a favourite resort of pilgrims, and by the roadside there stand a number of booths, where devotional objects of various kinds are offered for sale, pilgrims being in the habit of carrying home with them some religious book, or picture, or image as a memento of their toilsome journey, just as tourists among the mountains are wont to purchase sprigs of edelweiss, crystals and similar trifles as souvenirs of their travels. The church itself contains nothing of interest with the exception, perhaps, of the usual diminutive wax legs, arms and hearts, and the numerous votive tablets such as are always found in churches frequented by pilgrims—depicting conflagrations, run-away horses, falls from trees, sick-beds, and miraculous deliverances from accidents and misfortunes of every conceivable description. Here the Gutach hurls itself in a series of headlong leaps down the mountain-side, a distance of 530 feet. In its setting of dark-green fir the cascade makes a very pretty picture.

All too swiftly the train bears us on. The ride from Triberg to Hornberg is an extremely interesting one. Lateral gorges, which expand farther back to pleasant valleys, open out on either side of the valley. We pass several romantically-situated farm-houses—which, prosaically enough, are known simply by their numbers, "First, Second, Third, and Fourth," like the streets of American cities. Tunnel now succeeds tunnel, and viaduct follows viaduct. We get a glimpse into the little valleys, notice numerous picturesque little houses, for the railway watchmen, perched on knolls and projecting rocks by the side of the line.



VIADUCT NEAR
HORNBERG.