

ing the reign of Louis XIV. this was taken from the King by the French and strongly garrisoned. The sturdy peasantry soon tired of this arrangement. They were given to brief but, pointed arguments. One fine night, armed with forks and scythes they invited the French garrison to withdraw,—and regained possession of the castle.

Walking from Hornberg to Triberg we could see the wonderful doublings and tunnels made by the famous Black Forest railway. In many cases its course is hewn from solid rock, and in one stretch of eighteen miles there are twenty-six tunnels, besides numerous bridges and viaducts. On the carriage road below, which was over-shadowed by beautiful trees, we first noticed that strange softlight—a gold-green haze—which Mark Twain mentions in his account of a tramp through the same region.

This walk to Triberg became a favorite one, and we took it with various German friends. With true German kindness they wished to have us appreciate the wonders of the railway. Consequently seven of them on separate occasions explained it to us, drawing diagrams in the road and waxing wildly enthusiastic in their use of the longest German adjectives. Vainly did we explain that we already had some ideas on the subject. After the seventh trip the "railway" did not seem to us an attractive subject of conversation.

At Triberg is a fine waterfall, rushing down from a height of five hundred feet over huge blocks of granite and hemmed in on either side by the dark pines.

Beyond Triberg, to the south, the road winds steadily upward till a fertile green plateau and the village of Sommercan are reached. This forms the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube. From Sommercan the road gradually descends, and about eighteen miles further on we reach the town of Donateschingen. Its red-tiled roofs, pretty gardens and the palace of the Princes of Furstenberg present a most peaceful picture. Beside the palace is a round walled-in basin protecting a spring of water. This is called the source of the Danube,

Even to touch upon the legends or history associated with the Black Forest would require far too much space. Ruins of Roman baths and camps, wonderful roads built by French and Austrians (one of these for Marie Antoinette on her wedding journey), and many a lovely old abbey or castle arouse the keenest interest, and make real and vivid one's former reading.

E. W. H.



Young men, you are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your star, self-reliance, faith, honesty and industry. Inscribe on your banner, "Luck is a fool, pluck is a hero."—N. PORTER.