

crystal embedding, as he believed diamonds—the origin of the name, Cape Diamond, which has adhered to the bold promontory on which the citadel of Quebec stands.

Off the place where now stands the city of St. John's, Newfoundland, the sails of three vessels, bearing westward, hove in sight. It proved to be Roberval with two hundred colonists. He ordered Cartier to return, but the navigator had had enough adventure for the present. Under cover of night, he gave the slip, and in the morning the vessels were nowhere to be seen.

But once more did he return (this voyage is disputed) to New France, in 1543, when he was sent to bring Roberval home. That nobleman, in the meantime, had met with little but disaster in the encounter with cold, scurvy and famine, and the unfriendliness of the Indians. Moreover he had had trouble with the colonists themselves, many of whom were convicts, to an extent which had necessitated that he should hang some and imprison others.

In May, 1544, for the last time, Cartier set sail for France. Henceforth he lived quietly, dividing his time between his country house of Limoilu, and his town house in St. Malo. The former, it is said, is still to be seen, a quaint structure of stone, rude in construction and consisting of a kitchen and a hall below, with two rooms above.

At St. Malo, Cartier died, on the first of September, 1557.

Travel Notes.

(FROM HELEN'S DIARY.)

Berchtesgaden, Germany.
September 8th, 1913.

Back again in the land of "Verboten" and uniforms. We ran straight into officialism as soon as we stepped off the train, the reason being that we had no tickets to show, as the conductor had not returned them to us. The pompous gate-keeper refused to let us through the gate, and having locked it in our faces, went off in a high state of indignation to consult a higher power. (It would be much easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a cambric needle than for a ticketless passenger to squeeze through a turnstile in Germany.) The entire station force was immediately thrown into a fearful state of confusion by this apparently unprecedented event. They raced up and down the platform, gesticulating and jabbering and consulting together over the dilemma, and glared at us as if we were dynamite bombs just about to explode. I think there is more red tape in the Kaiser's Dominion than in any other country in Christendom, and it takes longer to get it untied. Every man is subservient to the man above him, and it takes a good long time to reach the man at the top.

But I am getting away from my story. We were fuming on one side of the iron fence, and the officials were fuming on the other, and a large audience of unemployed porters, bus-drivers and bystanders were watching the course of events with eager interest. Publicity was thrust upon us just when we craved it least. What we did crave was a good hearty meal, for we had been travelling all day and were as empty as dry barrels. Every one knows this condition is not conducive to amiability or temper, and Uncle Ned's "Irish" began to rise, and he expressed his opinion of German railroad officials in heated English phrases not at all of a flattering nature.

After we had been standing baking in the sun for about fifteen minutes, a cheery Bavarian in uniform with cartloads of decorations dangling from his clothes, approached us and commanded us in a gruff voice to follow him.

The crowd on the platform formed into two grinning lines as we passed along.

We were ushered into a large room and led before the head ticket agent, who was hedged in behind a counter covered with huge account books.

He looked sternly at us as if we were mere nothings, and then at the books as if they were great somethings, and, after turning over a lot of pages, running his finger up different columns, and doing a lot of figuring, he announced in a loud

voice that the charge would be fifteen marks.

"Fifteen marks!" said uncle Ned, blistering up like an old warrior. "Fifteen marks for what?"

The H. T. A. gave him a stony stare. "For tickets," he answered curtly.

"Tickets! I paid for my tickets when I got them."

"Extra charge for express train," roared the H. T. A.

"Oh!" said uncle Ned. "I understand. Well, I happen to know that the extra charge for the express train is exactly six marks. How do you make it fifteen?"

The H. T. A. refused to say.

"Fifteen marks," he roared, looking fiercer than eper.

"I refuse to pay it," said uncle Ned, walking towards the door.

A big, burly policeman stepped in front of him and barred his way.

"Very well!" said uncle Ned, addressing the H. T. A. "I can stay here just as long as you can, and I propose to stay here till you make it perfectly clear to me what that extra charge of nine marks is for."



The popular costume for men in Berchtesgaden, Germany.

He sat down, pulled out a cigar, and regarded the assembled officials with cold disdain.

At this point aunt Julia and I discreetly retired to a bench on the platform to await results.

It must have been about twenty minutes before uncle Ned appeared, and then he came down the platform with the air of a conqueror.

"Had to come off his perch and explain," he said, "and what's more he had to acknowledge that my figures were correct, and that he had made an error. Bitter pill for him to swallow. Nearly choked him to death. These fellows will learn a few things after awhile, and find out they are not dealing with innocent lambs. And they say there is no graft in Germany! Humph!"

Apropos of railways there is a most amusing notice on the through trains running from Germany to Austria, or Italy. The notice refers to the seating accommodation in the compartments, and stated that certain spaces seat four people in Germany and six people in Austria or Italy. This is an amusing commentary on the mammoth proportions of the Germans.

It's a positive relief to be in some place that isn't the cradle of anything. Almost every place we have been in has been the cradle of something:—Rome of History, and Bologna of Law, and Florence of Art, and Eisenach of the Reformation. It seems as if Europe had just been a great big nursery for all the things that have ever happened. But as far as I can discover Berchtesgaden isn't the cradle of anything except recruits from the German army.

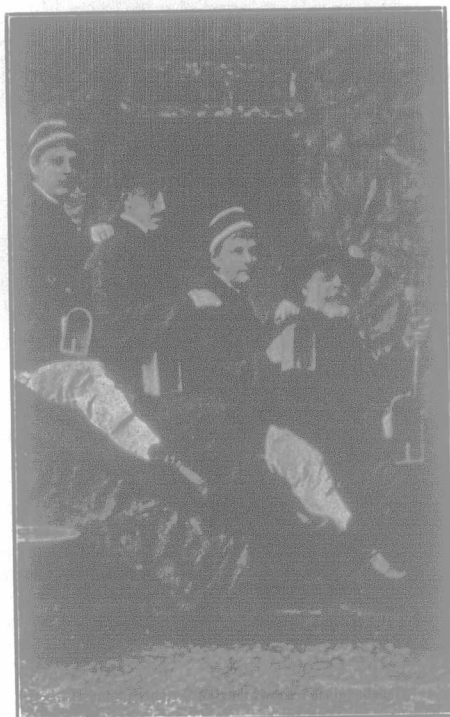
Considered as a town Berchtesgaden isn't much of a place—just one struggling street which gimlets its way from the station up the mountain side—all the rest of the place is a beautiful park in which are private villas, pensions and hotels. Many of the wealthy and titled Germans have their summer homes here, and a more beautiful spot

would be hard to find. The situation is superb. It has been jestingly said of Berchtesgaden that it is as high as it is broad, but after a walk of some hours I should say it was miles higher. It seems to be standing on its edge. The villas are scattered here and there over the mountainside, which, in some places is very steep. Some of the villas are perched on the summit of apparently inaccessible crags which jut out from the hill; others are in the center of magnificent grounds and enclosed by stone walls like old castles.

Most of them are built in a sort of elaborate Swiss chalet style of architecture. The exterior walls are frequently adorned with huge paintings depicting historic scenes, and almost every villa has a Madonna shrine near the entrance door, and also a sundial on the wall.

There is a delightful irregularity about everything, and the footpaths are full of surprises. Sometimes they lead through leafy bowers, and sometimes are mere wooden platforms clinging to the side of steep precipices. But they all lead to view points where one can gaze on a magnificent panorama of mountain ranges, from the near-by emerald hills of Berchtesgaden to the far-away snow-caps of the German Alps. On all the paths one comes upon shrines, small ones and large ones, some so large that they are regular chapels. In each one is represented in sculpture some event in the life of Christ. In the larger shrines there are usually three large crosses; on the center one is a life-size of Christ, and on the others are the two thieves. They are agonizing things to look at, for the idea of bodily suffering is so apparent in the tortured figures that it is almost revolting.

The picturesque Tyrolean costume is almost uniformly worn in Berchtesgaden by the natives, and also by the tourists. I have never seen so many bare knees before. The costume of the men has great advantage in the way of freedom and coolness, for so much is left off in the way of cloth. The knickerbockers terminate a considerable distance above the knee and the rest of the leg is bare, except for a knitted band midway between the ankle and the knee. The costume is very much adorned with bright embroidery, and



Shooting down a slide in the salt mine, Berchtesgaden, Germany.

fancy buttons, and there is always a silver watch chain stretching straight across the vest with forty-seven varieties of silver bangles suspended from it. The hat is always trimmed with feathers, and the angle and curve of the feather is a most significant item. Any deviation from the time-honored way of wearing the feather being sufficient cause for a fight.

Uncle Ned says he'd like to buy a Tyrolean kneeless suit and spend a month or two in Berchtesgaden, but aunt Julia crushed his enthusiasm by saying it would not be becoming in a "man of his age." He hates to have his age referred to, and he would be a lot younger than he is if aunt Julia

wasn't always rubbing it into him about being dignified.

One of the things to do in Berchtesgaden is to visit the salt mines. I did it, but nothing would induce me to do it again. My hair has had a tendency to stand up straight ever since.

The entrance ticket (two marks) entitles you to one of the most clownish suits ever designed. No skirts are allowed in the mines, so all the women have to retire to dressing-rooms, discard their skirts, and put on white linen trousers instead. Over this (or these) is worn a hideous black woolen coat of extraordinary cut with gathers over the hips. A leather apron the size of a large handkerchief is fastened around the waist by a heavy leather strap, the apron part being worn at the back. A close-fitting black cloth cap with Bavarian blue trimmings completes this grotesque outfit. The sight of a fat Frau arranged in one of these sartorial nightmares would make a grave-digger hysterical. When a party of feminine heavy-weights emerge from the dressingroom, cross the road and straddle the cars to go into the mines, the air is filled with wild shrieks of laughter from the audience in the adjacent cafes. The whole affair looks just like a scene from a comic opera.

The mine is entered on a miniature train which is nothing more than boards on wheels. Everyone rides astride. When all are ready a door opens in the wall of rock and the cars shoot into a narrow, cold, dark tunnel, which seems to have no end. At intervals all along are electric lights, but the intervening spaces were so dark that I couldn't see anything except my white trousers. It was really a great comfort to me to see them and know that I was there. The roaring noise of the train, the chill wind, the interminable perspective of electric lights, and the horrible darkness were about all I was conscious of. Fearful visions of what might happen came to me: What if the lights should go out, or the guide drop dead, or the tunnel cave in!

After what seemed long hours of discomfort we shot into a large rocky chamber illuminated with a huge arc light. The car stopped and we all dismounted. The guide rumbled up a lot of unintelligible German, and then conducted us to the top of a long, steep wooden slide which descended into a dark cavern. It was a sort of toboggan-slide without a toboggan. We were our own toboggans. We just sat down on the slippery boards, wrapped our legs around the person in front, grabbed his (or her) shoulders, and prepared for sudden death. The guide sat in front, and regulated the speed by a cable which slipped through his hands.

"Fertig?" he called.

"Ja, ja!" croaked a fat Bavarian at the end of the row.

Whizz!!!—and we were at the foot of the slide all bunched up together. I felt like a bit of picnic layer cake.

When we got disentangled, the guide had another explanatory spasm. In this cavern there was a tall pillar modelled from salt, which suggested to me the direful catastrophe which befel Lot's wife on a certain well-known occasion. There was also a trapdoor in the rocky floor which the guide opened and invited us to look down. Far, far below—to my unsophisticated eyes it looked about five miles) we saw glimmering lights. I was glad there was a railing around that hole, for it gave me the shivers to look down into it. The whole mountain is honey-combed with galleries of this sort.

I was glad that the next thing on the program was a climb of one hundred and fifteen steps, for I was chilled to the bone. We spent an hour in the mine, and during that time we were continually groping through narrow, dimly-lighted tunnels, or climbing long stairs or shooting down wooden slides. Finally we came to a salt lake—a dim mirror circled with two rows of electric lights—at least, it looked like two, but one was the reflection of the other. The guide ferried us across this dismal lake, for even with the encircling lights we seemed to be moving through a mist of gloom. It was so quiet we could hear ourselves breathe.

When we reached the other side, the guide showed us a slimy looking pool of