

gave thanks in anticipation of being favored. It was promised to transmit their wish to headquarters. Many of these could also fill up an enclosed subscription form.

Believing that the road across country from Grasse to Vence-Caynes afforded some of the best scenery on the Riviera, I determined to cut across on foot. There is no railway at present direct from Grasse to Nice, although one is now building. To go by rail, means a long detour *via* Cannes, Antilles, etc. I was not disappointed as to the scenery; it is, indeed, a most beautiful route that by the highway. Stepping out sharp—for time was now very limited—Grasse was soon left behind, but, looking back, one has many delightful peeps through the wooded and flowered country at the old ville. Before the windings of the road oust it completely out of sight, you have learned to appreciate Grasse and its surroundings so blessed by nature. Numerous coquette and artistic villa-residences are passed, fronted by gardens full of luxurious growths. Some of the cottages look intensely snug, covered as they are by an avalanche of eternal-spring greenness. Romantic waterfalls and warbling rivulets are rife among the mountain hills running off from the roads. The fragrance of violets is particularly noticeable in the air, although no violets may be seen about. It was in the month of February when I thus passed over the road, yet everything



FIG. 562.—ALONG THE ROAD IN GRASSE VICINITY, ONE OF THE BEAUTY SCENES.