

heights of Zion, and right at our feet lies Martigny, seeming so near that we might almost throw a stone into it. Yet it takes two hours and a-half to wind down the many curves of the road through the chestnut-clad slopes and terraced vineyards to the quaint old town. How we rattled through the ancient bourg, and with what a flourish we drew up at the hotel in the new town, and with what a grace our *Voituriers* presented themselves for their well-earned *pour boires*.



THE TETE NOIR PASS.

After dinner a number of us climbed up a steep hill to a mediæval tower, built by the Bishops of Zion (1260, demolished 1518) on the substructions of an older Roman fort, with its deep moat and fosse, and queer surroundings. A little girl who spoke very indistinct French seemed to be, for a time, the only garrison, and some of the ladies exercised much patience in getting her to spell the names of the different mountain peaks which studded the horizon. Next day we went down the Rhone Valley by rail,