

makes a long loop, climbing the side flanks of the Pflerscher-Thal valley—fine mouth-filling words around here. From here to Gossensass one may walk in ten minutes; to go by train requires 26 minutes. The ride around this loop is magnificent. What most attracts the eye are the azure clefts of the ice-fields, which we approach on the railway within a distance of five miles in a straight line. Nowhere else in Europe does a railroad approach so near to the eternal ice. As we return to the mouth of the valley, lying far below like a toy village, we get our last look at Gossensass.

Now we cross the summit of the pass at an altitude of 4,485 feet, through a narrow cleft, in which lies a lonely mountain tarn,



THE "GOTH'S SEAT," TYROL HIGHLANDS.

the Brennersee. We now rapidly descend through a wild valley, threading many tunnels and passing many places with such pleasant musical names as Kraxentrager Banerkogl, Pflerscherpinkl, Kirchdachspitze, Schönjöchl, Gschnitzalzh and Mieselkopfp. Under the walls of the vast convent of Wilten we glide and into the fine station of Innsbruck—that is, the "bridge of the river Inn."

We are soon comfortably installed in the Tiroler Hof, the best hotel in the Tyrol, and after lunch sally forth to "do" the town. Innsbruck is the capital of the Tyrol and has 30,000 inhabitants and a garrison of 2000 men. It seems to be situated in a cup the sides of which are the engirdling mountains. The