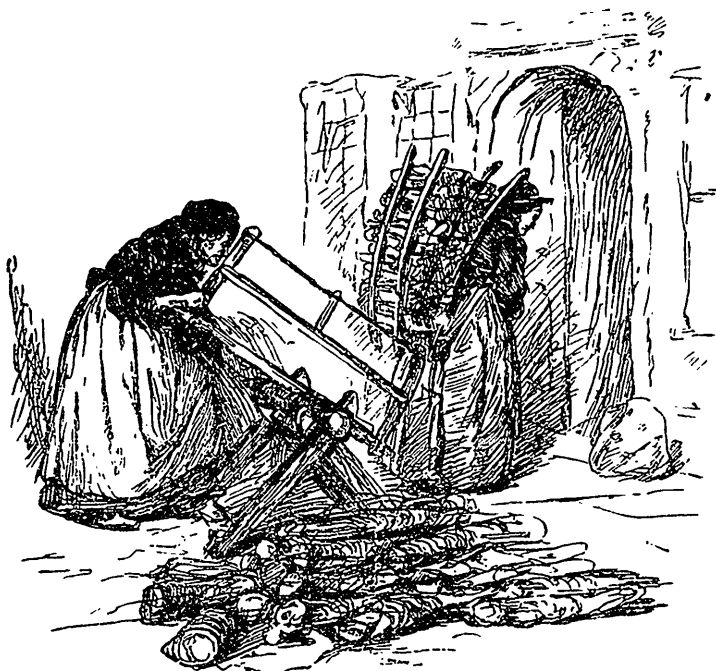


and out like automatic figures, with the several courses. These are almost invariably as follows: soup, fish, roast vegetable alone, chicken and salad together, dessert and fruit. Dinner generally lasts an hour, but after a hard day's work one does not grudge the time, and it gives an opportunity to study the various phases of tourist character, of many lands and many tongues, thus brought together. Some of my pleasantest recollections of travel are of the numerous charming acquaintances made at the *table d'hôte*. In the evening there is frequently a parlour concert of really good music by native performers—perhaps by Tyrolese in their picturesque costume, warbling their sweet mountain airs.



"WOMAN'S RIGHTS," IN GERMANY.

A striking contrast to the elegance of these great hotels is the condition of the peasants of most European countries. I went one day, tired and hungry, into the cottage of my guide at Mesino, near Naples, a region of richest fertility, and asked for food. I pity the prisoners in the Castle of St. Elmo if they have poorer fare than the coarse, black bread and hard cheese that were given me. The whole contents of the house—a rude bed, two or three chairs, and a few earthenware vessels on a stone hearth—would be dear at five dollars. Yet beneath this deep there was a lower