

day and brilliant crowds by night, under the flare of lamps in great, century-old metal frames, never cease cigarette-smoking, gin and wine drinking; although all liquors, however frequently ordered, are used in sparing quantities. And between the shrill cries of the dulceros or confection-peddlers, the hoarse importunities of the lottery-ticket mobs, the ever-minor music of the wandering street minstrels, and the numberless sounds of a marvelously gay but never brutal and more than half oriental city life, the 'click, click, click!' of the universal and never-silent dominoes upon the marble tables, come to you as an undertoned staccato of myriads of unseen castanets.

If your own wanderings ever lead you to Gibraltar, to Barcelona or to Marseilles upon the Mediterranean coast, do not fail to engage passage in one of the pretty steamers which ply between these cities and the slumberous port of Palma in the little Spanish isle of Majorca. It is quaintier than Spain, more moorish than Algiers, and its pleasant folk are the most hospitable in all the world. A visit to its half ruined ancient monastery of Valdemusa and the wild and marvelous north-coast scenery are alone worth a trip to the island.

With as magnificent and far more classic surroundings as those of Vellombrosa in Italy, a mountain chasm is bridged by the ancient pile in so extraordinary and picturesque a way as to seem at a distance like a grey old cloud-kissed nest that has for ages defied decay and the battling of the aerial tempests there. But the gray of real decay is upon all things at Valdemusa; in the gray old church and endless cells and cloisters; in the gray old houses that nestle along the mountain side beneath it; and in the gray old folk that haunt the spot like wraiths of those who once were there.

An Indescribable sadness lingers about this splendid Majorcan relic of monkish times and days. The rich of Palma come here in summer and live a gay mock conventual life. George Sand half a century ago passed the most dolorous winter of her life within these walls. With her was Chopin. Perhaps within these very cloisters was born the wild and inexpressible melancholy of the melodic creations of the master's later life. To me Valdemusa will remain more a memory of these two strange sad souls than merely a crumbling, deserted and majestic monastic relic upon the island mountains.

I have passed the greater portion of the last seven years among the peasantry of Europe. Not only has this association been with the lowly upon the road beside their shrines; at public fountains where the back-breaking loads are drawn: among the men and maid servants of great hotels and little inns; with the veriest clods in fields and vineyards; among the shepherds of the mountains and plains; and with this manner of folk from the cabins of Shetland to the huts of Apulia into which shines the sun from across the Ionian sea; and I think that the honest thing to be said about these people is that there is general contentment among them.

It is difficult for Americans to understand this, for it is inconceivable to us how we could be thus contented. When you get close to the European peasant

you will find that it is equally as difficult for him to conceive of any other condition than that in which he exists. To illustrate, in any half hour's ride by rail through Bavarian valleys you are certain to whiz past some pretty field-lane and see a Bavarian peasant driving a cart to which are yoked a little heifer and a coarse woman. As they stop near your passing train, you will notice that the heifer is the only animal chafing under its yoke, for the woman looks up and smiles and the male removes his pipe for a hearty laugh.

They are simple, childish folk one and all, content in their severe labor; satisfied with their, to us, niggardly recompense; loving the very earth they dig with unutterable affection; happy in the few holidays the year brings about; patient under the tithing of king and church while proud that the one protects and the other shrives; and quite radiant, at the end, to lay aside the working clothes of the sodden days behind for the promised finery of the eternal holiday beyond.

Nowhere else in Europe can be seen such a variety and wealth of roadside shrines as in Austrian Galicia. In the two or three thousand miles of its great stone roads a huge wooden or stone crucifix, or a tiny brick or stone shrine, may be found on the average at the distance of every half an English mile. Most of the crucifixes are of wood hewn out of beach or oaken logs. Whether of wood or stone, as if from some great burden, every one leans, and the very leaning lends a strangely suggestive sadness and loneliness to the landscape.

They are most frequent in districts nearest the Carpathians which form the Hungarian boundary. The Ruthenian peasants being of Russian stock are all Greek catholics, and the Polish Galicians are without exception Roman catholics. They are equally pious, and you can never pass crucifix or shrine without witnessing a group of both in rapt devotion, many of whom are groveling prostrate upon the earth before the sacred reminders of Calvary. At Whitsuntide one will see crowds of these simple and pious devotees crawling upon all fours, while trailing huge wooden crosses from their necks and shoulders, around every roadside shrine in all Galicia.

After one gets over the first flush of rebellious resentment at the system, there is a good deal of grim humor to be got out of continental railway travel. You will find the same little carriages as in England, comprising from four to six compartments, each holding eight people in the first and second, and ten persons in the third-class compartments. In Bavaria there are even fourth-class cars, or carriages, principally for use in time of war. They are all marked: "To contain ten horses or thirty-six men."

Except in France, Italy and Spain, the service is about equal to that in England. One has personally to see his luggage in the luggage-van, and not only give *trinkgeld* or *pourboir* to have it labeled but to have it put on board. While the monarch of the train, the guard, cannot take money for a fare, he would accept a bribe from anybody for any service; and even an officer of the line thinks it quite the proper thing to pay tribute to the guard, should he desire to occupy an entire compartment.

This guard-bribery is universal. I recently saw a train of thirteen carriages capable of accommodating 450 people move out of Cologne with but thirty-seven passengers, who had in this manner purchased almost exclusive compartment accommodations, upwards of 100 persons having been left behind at the station. The most serious opposition to the general introduction of modern sleeping-coaches for night service comes from the bribers and bribed. A five-mark or a five-frank piece, or less, slipped into the hand of a night train's guard will secure an entire compartment, or an entire side of one, for your individual use, and it is far preferable to a birth in the vile little four-compartment sleeping-coach which has latterly crept into service, where the guard, conductor and porter in one, insists at all hours of the night on your purchase of bad viands and worse wines.

In Germany will be found the most grotesque officialism, but the best coaches, and the prettiest railway stations in all the world. The government wholly conducts all German railway lines. Every employe, even the waiters at the station dining-rooms has been a German soldier, and the entire regime is military. Each station has a captain in a red cap and gorgeous uniform. The station guards and porters are also uniformed, with dark blue caps. When a train halts the captain and his station guards will be found drawn up in line in front of the main entrance. The train-guard alights and salutes the station-captain, who with his men return this salute, when the loading and unloading of luggage is begun.

As far as convenience of arrangement, cleanliness and comfort are concerned, the German railway station is immeasurably superior to the old board hovels called depots along most American lines. They are invariably models of neatness, tidiness and comfort. They are not infrequently the prettiest structures to be seen during an entire day's travel. They always have a lovely bit of lawn about them, in which are often fountains, flowers and tidy hedges. Many are covered by ivy or creeping and flowering vines. Flowers in windows and in lawn-plats are always in view of the tired passengers. And nearly all are supplied with chimes of bells; not clanging, jangling, wrangling bells, but voiceful, melodic bells, which—when the train-guard has taken a whistle from his belt, blown upon it thrice and again saluted the station-master and men—seem to say as you move away:

Well—good—bye!  
Then—good—bye!  
Friends—good—bye!

In the brief trip across Cuba by rail the traveler is furnished abundant material for observation and reflection. Wherever your train may halt, it pours a dismal troop of beggars, lottery ticket sellers, dulceros with all manner of sickening sweets of which the Cuban ladies buy freely and eat voraciously, and peddlers of glow-worms and beetles, guava, green cocoanuts and fresh country cheese similar to the German *schmierkase*.

If one alights for refreshment, another savage hord of "eros" with all sorts of edibles and refescas are to be battled with; and if a meal at a cafe is taken, you are unblushingly charged from one to two dollars in gold. But all these