

"But you have left your purse at home, you see."

"You needn't remind me of that. But this isn't the only day on which one can shop."

"Certainly not. And shops aren't the only places where one can buy presents. What I should like best of all, if you really mean to be so generous towards me, would be one of your sketches."

"Would you really?" And Margaret looked pleased. "I will do something for you."

"I am impatient. There is no time like to-day."

"Well, I will see when I get home. Only mind, I shall not let you choose. I have, as you know, a low opinion of your artistic sense, and I don't want you to possess something I am ashamed of."

"I don't wish to seem ungracious, Miss Raven, but I hope that doesn't mean that I am to have some of those very impressionist things you are so proud of, and that need the artist on the spot to explain them?"

"There are some things I did before I came to France that I daresay you would prefer," said Margaret scornfully. "Of course they are quite uneducated, but they are what you'd call pretty heads and things."

"That reminds me! I know I am not a handsome man, Miss Raven, but

is my chin quite half the size of my face."

"What do you mean?" said Margaret. And then she grew rather red. "Oh, did you see that? You oughtn't to have looked."

"Well, it was lying on the piano. And I took it up innocently enough, before madame came in, and of course when I saw myself, I couldn't help looking. It is very like, certainly, but—"

"There is no 'but' at all," said Margaret valiantly. "It is a striking likeness; and if I have somewhat exaggerated one feature, it does but bring out the character of the individual, which is what a good portrait-painter aims at."

"Oh," said Michael, meekly. "Well, at any rate, since you have done me the honour to paint me— By-the-bye, was it from memory?"

"Not entirely. I have often sketched you in my pocket-book. Well?"

"May I be permitted to ask what you are going to do with the picture?"

"Keep it, perhaps. It will go in my gallery. I have a portfolio full of people at home."

"Why haven't you ever shown it me?"

"You never asked me to. You know I don't care to parade my performances. Besides, you don't know many of

those they are intended for, and I couldn't tell they would interest you. But, of course—" And she stopped suddenly, as if struck by a happy thought.

"What is it, Miss Raven?"

"Nothing; I only had an idea."

"Is that nothing?"

"It is an excellent idea, but it requires thinking over. I am not sure whether I ought to do it."

"I expect you ought not, then," said Mike, laughing.

"Take care," said Margaret. "You had better not offend me. Besides, if I don't carry out my idea you, not I, will be the loser. I was wondering about your present. It struck me I had something in my portfolio you might like to possess, but perhaps I have no right to give it you."

"Can't I decide that?"

"No."

"Tell me what it is, at any rate?"

"It is a sketch of Beattie Margetson."

Michael was taken by surprise. Miss Margaret's keen eyes were upon him, and she saw the effect of her words in his heightened colour and the sudden light that flooded his face. But he only said quietly, after a short pause—

"I should like it very much."

"He is in earnest," thought Margaret. "He may have it."

(To be continued.)

IN THE TYROL.

THE SULDENTHAL.



MUST send you to the air of the Glaciers," said Dr. White: "there is nothing like it as a nerve tonic."

So we went to the Suldenthal, in the heart of the Austrian Tyrol.

We passed through Paris, though it is not necessary to do so;

for one can go to Bâle from Calais via Laon and Rheims, a charming route. But we had friends in Paris and wished to see them. Their house is in the Latin quarter, near the Luxembourg Gardens;

it is an old house with a garden of its own, green and enclosed by a tall iron railing interwoven with ivy. A gate of beautiful mediæval ironwork shuts it off from the court of entrance. Tall trees shade this garden, and the walls that frame it in are ivy-covered. As we sat after dinner, in the summer twilight, looking out on this green enclosure, and heard girls' voices from a neighbouring orphanage joining in their evening hymn, we had a new idea of Paris; in place of the bright, glaring, kaleidoscope Paris near the Tuileries, was a quaint, sweet, quiet old-world city, haunted by memories of heroes and of saints.

So on by the night train, and then from

Bâle one unbroken series of lovely pictures flitting backwards as we flitted on: The Lake of Wallenstadt, in a sudden gleam under a bank of cloud, was specially beautiful; its steep sides draped here and there in "slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn," where a stream fell down to join its parent lake. Much of the scenery, as one enters Austrian ground, is like the Saxon Switzerland, but grander and more prolonged; the broken rocks far above one recalling with exactitude Scott's exaggerated description of the Trossachs.

"Wild crests as pagod ever decked,
Or mosque of eastern architect."

The train goes on precipitous ways and over lofty bridges, notably the Trisanna Brücke, so that one needs to keep a cool head in order to enjoy the scene; and, at last, reaching Landeck, with its gloomy mountains and towers perched aloft like eyries, we descended for a few hours' rest in the Hotel zur Post. Before 6 A.M. on again, in the Post-wagen, and now at last we were embarked on our sixteen-hour drive, which was to end in the Sulden Valley.

The coach-road runs high on the hill-side above the white and swirling waters of the Inn, crossing it at the bridge of Pontlatz. This spot bears in lasting memory (the memorial engraved on the rocks is hardly needed) the patriotic valour of the women of the Tyrol. Here, in the Tyrolese struggle for freedom early in the century, the local Landsturm nearly annihilated the Bavarian invaders, ably supported by the women, who, high on the cliffs, flung down tree trunks and stones

on the intruders. Horse and man rolled over into the flood, struck by the men's rough weapons or the women's ruder missiles, and for the time, the land was rid of the foe. Such are the events which lend force to the national song of the 'Red Tyrolean Eagle,' by the patriotic peasant poet, Senn, a native of the village of Pfunds, our first halting-place:

"Adler, Tiroler Adler,
Warum bist du so roth?
Ei nun, dass macht, mich dünket,
Weil Feindesblut mich schminket;
Das ist so purpurroth;
Darum bin ich so roth."

Eagle, Tyrolean Eagle,
Wherefore art thou so red?
Ah now! it is, methinketh,
The foeman's blood that tinteth
My wings so purple red;
Therefore am I so red."

The road becomes more and more striking as it proceeds, till it reaches a climax of beauty in the grand gorge of Hoch Finstermünz. The way leads round an abrupt corner, a jutting crag previously intercepting the view, which thus breaks suddenly on the spectator. A long vista of mountains opens up in front. Woods clothe these mountains with a rich green. At the left hand, rocks rise jagged and abrupt; below roars the Inn, its course diverted into sinuous windings by green promontories. The old road runs below by the river side, with a broken bridge and the ruined castle of Siegmundseck, and the old toll-house around which raged many a petty feud. This pass divides the Engadine

from the Tyrolean valley of the Inn, and again and again the sound of battle has echoed to these rocky walls since Duke Guelph of Bavaria fortified the spot in 1097. Fort Nauders, which guards it now, was built in 1840.

Lifting the eyes again from the lower road and the foaming river, one lets them rest on the soft and distant outline of the blue mountain that lies athwart the end of the gorge, giving a touch of distance and infinity to the too narrow and gloomy vale. A charming little hotel here offers a good halting-place for the night, and so does the pretty inn at Fischersheim, by the green waters of the Reschensee, where many an ardent angler comes to spend a week or two. It is not an unimportant item that the charges at this inn, which is clean and comfortable, are little more than half the tariff at the great new hotels in the valleys; and the trout you catch is deliciously cooked *am blau*.

From Fischersheim, the road slopes downward across a long plain of moderate width, till recently a barren heath, but now entirely brought under cultivation. And now, having passed the culminating point of our road and entering the valley of the Etsch or Adige, we see before us the snowy range of the Ortler group, the Kaiserspitz and the great Ortler. What is there so touching in the sudden aspect of snowy mountains? What is there in their ever fresh loveliness that overpowers the soul? Witness the tender line of the Alps that bursts on those who cross the Jura, as Lamartine and Hans Andersen have so well described. Their tender, unearthly beauty, pure as the clouds but more sparkling, more real, makes the heart beat and the sight grow dim like the high pathetic note of a woman's perfect voice.

With this fair prospect, changing its aspect, yet ever before us, we went on, our four horses trotting merrily, not stopping at the

noted inn at Neu Spondinig, where Frau-Emma, best of hostesses, makes the English so comfortable. At a place bearing the odd name of Gomagoi, we left the Post-wagen, and went on by landau up the nine long miles of the Suldenthal itself.

Sulden proper lies in an oval valley, closed in with mountain peaks, glaciers larger or smaller nestling everywhere among the crags, and (like the neck of a Florence flask) a steep and narrow gorge leads up to it, zig-zagged marvellously by the cleverly constructed new road. Lovely are the varied lights under the foliage, lovely the ever changing yet ever similar points of view for the traveller who passes through this gorge by daylight. "The shades of night were falling fast" as we made our way up it, however, and a sense of gloom and mystery hung heavy on us, till at last, emerging into wider space, we saw four great globes of light hanging, as it seemed, midway between earth and heaven.

These were the electric lights of the Sulden Hotel, and for a moment the modernness of the idea seemed a disillusion. Yet why should it be so? Is not the spirit of the old fairy lore of these sequestered valleys here meeting its final solution? Is not the Giant of the Lightning at length mastered by the Gnome Invention, and made to work for man's daily uses, like Samson for the Philistines? "The song of the electric light" has yet to be written, but is no mean subject for an ode. It would match, in worthy hands, that marvellous song of the stream which Goethe has called *Mahomets Gesang*.

At last, with much loud cracking of the whip, our Jehu brought us to the door of the Sulden Hotel, where a genial manager received us and steered us through the two rows of somewhat over-inquisitive eyes in the hall. A night's rest in a clean, tile-floored bedroom, with bear-skins thrown upon the tiles, and all the furniture of pleasant varnished pine, pre-

pared us to be well pleased with our surroundings. And they were very agreeable. Dr. White's recipe was a nice as well as an effective one. In the early dawn we looked forth, and saw opposite our window the pale solemn curves of the snow mountains, very, very near us, standing out like cameos on a grey-blue sky; and even as we looked the sunlight struck them and kindled them with a soft yet vivid orange fire. The rosy light of the Swiss dawn we never saw in the Tyrol, though at sunset sometimes a red glow would seem to transfuse the very rocks, and make them half transparent.

Before us was the Great Ortler, 12,800 feet high. Its outline is very graceful, and though on this side the snow only covers its summit, descending the mountain sides in glacial streaks, yet the rocky shoulders of a solemn but tender grey seem to spread protectingly, maternally, over the little village and church of St. Gertrude at its foot.

All the lower slopes are pine-clad except to the south, where the valley is closed by a group of white peaks, underneath which lies the great glacier that attracts the tourists; and beneath this again is the brown moraine that the glacier has left bare in its retreat, and the Suldenbach pouring its white water and its dash of spray down to the level.

These glaciers are the great attraction to the English. In the evening, parties would wend their way, under charge of a guide, by narrow mountain paths; some two hours' steady climbing brought them to one of the Alpine Club huts, where they supped and spent the night in an atmosphere so thick that you could "cut it with a knife." Then in the earliest dawn, they were up and away, over the masses of ice, and up some snowy summit, glorying in the thin sparkling air, and the sense of lightness and freedom.

As the great sun shoots up into the blue, weird changes come over the mountains;



SULDEN.

they seem to live and breathe and speak; and for a few moments, man is brought face to face with something mightier than this lower life.

Till thirty years ago, Sulden was a *terra incognita*. The inhabitants, consisting only of some twenty-five families,* lived simply and contentedly on milk, cheese and spring water. So lonely was it that a spot not far away was known by the name of *Am Ende der Welt* (At the world's end), and it is said that the bears came into the huts as unbidden but not forbidden guests, to share the frugal meal. The good Curé Eller, himself a son of the mountains, received the few chance guests, and then he and his sisters, Philomena and Kathi, opened a homelike hostel for the travellers who began to recognise Sulden as an admirable starting-point for mountain excursions. The Alpine clubs of the Prague and Düsseldorf sections have done a capital piece of work in marking out paths to the leading features of the mountain group, and building the huts where the traveller can spend the night. Then, on the track of the mountaineers, followed guests for health or pleasure, and the large new hotel in which we were was built by Otto Schmid in 1892 to 1893. A sister hotel of greater pretensions was built about the same time in the adjoining valley of Trafoi. The special curiosity of Trafoi is a sacred spring pouring itself forth by three openings in the breasts of the images of our Lord, the Blessed Virgin and St. John.

The Sulden Hotel accommodates about two hundred guests, and is generally well

* See *Sulden Trafoi*, by Th. Cristomannos (Innsbruck).

filled for seven weeks in the summer, closing early in September. The charges are not high; the *pension* is about seven francs a day, and the cuisine and service are good. The dining-room here and at Trafoi is a spacious, airy hall, with an open roof of polished pine. From one of its beams hangs a stuffed eagle with outspread wings, grasping in its claws a mossy branch gemmed with small electric lights like diamond fungi. The waitresses are Swiss girls in a pretty costume, and are neat and obliging. Among the guests, came the Princess Stéfanie, in simple, workmanlike costume, and ascended the rough path on foot, disdaining the mule that followed behind, laden with the warm wraps of her party. He had hoped to bear the weight of a princess, but had to content himself with a kindly pat on the nose from her royal hand. As the people stood round to salute her as she left, it was interesting to see the guides, in their rough but picturesque dress, form an inner group around her carriage, as much as to say, "We are the children of the soil here, and we claim the right to approach our own princess." The loyalty of the Tyrolese to the Austrian house has proved itself for centuries; "true to the death" are they, and they had a good right to the gracious bow their royal lady gave them.

The people of Sulden are a simple and pious race. None meets another without the salutation *Grüss Gott!* and on every road at intervals one sees a crucifix under a protecting board, which the passer-by salutes with a sign of reverence. On the green slope beneath the pines not far from the hotel, we noticed with interest and amusement the figure of one little

saint perched on a tree-stump in a shabby wooden niche, a flat stone acting as a roof. He was of wood and painted, and his garb was that of a priest. His face was very melancholy, all the more because the rain had washed the black from his biretta all down his cheek, and one arm—broken off—was stuck in absurdly by his ear. We found he was St. John Nepomuck, the Bohemian saint, and the cause of his transplantation from Bohemia was amusing. St. Joseph is the patron of the Tyrol, and was appealed to for help in a time of flood, but as his response to the appeal was unsatisfactory, St. John Nepomuck was added as a second patron, being supposed—from the fact of his having been drowned in the Moldau—to be well versed in matters concerning inundations, and to have special power to avert them. If successful, he deserves more gratitude than he would seem to get, judging from his poor little effigy.

When the time of departure came, it was hard to say good-bye to those quiet glades beneath the pines; those living, dancing streams; those ever-new aspects of the snow. The day was lowering; clouds had rolled across the mountains in masses, lying softly on grey ledges of rock, curling over the pine-woods; and at last settling down into an obdurate mist, "till on the wally," as an Austrian gentleman obligingly informed us. So in this veil of mist and cloud we left our sweet Tyrolese abiding-place; and soon the great hotels would be closed and the visitors gone, and silence and snow would settle on the land.

ANNE MERCIER.

THE PRIZE DESIGN.

CHAPTER II.

"He gave to misery—all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heav'n—'twas all he
wished—a friend."

WHEN I entered my new abode the following morning, all my worldly goods were comprised in a small brown paper parcel, the few miserable bits of furniture in my garret having been seized by the landlord in lieu of rent.

I had scarcely said good-day to madame before I was introduced to my charges. The two little girls, who were twins, and the exact counterpart of their mother, shrieked long and loud as I approached them. In vain did I coax them, in vain did I stroke their yellow hair and by all the endearments possible try to win them to my side. They were obdurate, and their cries got more frequent and more pronounced.

"The poor little darlings are so timid," said their mother, "and they have a rooted dislike of strangers, especially such as are unprepossessing."

This was an unkind thrust, but I took it humbly enough.

"Perhaps," said I, checking back my tears, "when they know me better they will begin to dislike me less."

"There is no doubt about it, for, as I told you before, when properly treated they are simply angels."

As she spoke she produced from the cupboard cakes and sweetmeats, and the "angels," forgetting to shriek, were now fiercely quarrelling over a particular cake with a chocolate pyramid on the top. She looked on approvingly.

"You see," she said, "what spirits my dear ones possess. I have known them to quarrel all day long over a doll with a broken head

and one eye. Their importunity was admirable, Miss Clair, I do assure you. Now, Jim—"

I trembled at his name. If these spoilt and naughty children were the angels, what could I expect from Jim?

"Jim," continued madame, "has perhaps a little too much life. He is so fond of kicking, biting and scratching; but as we intend him for the army we do not curb his restlessness, for Jim is every inch a man."

Just as she finished speaking this young hero entered the room. Seeing his sisters eating cakes he pounced upon them, and with a ferocity and greed that shocked me, began stuffing his mouth and pockets with what remained of the cakes.

I was about to remonstrate with the boy on his gross ill-manners when madame stopped me precipitously.

"Miss Clair," she said, "you really must not interfere with my son's behaviour. All his little peculiarities of temperament demonstrate in him the soldier and the man."

My heart began to sink, but I answered never a word, and presently madame told me to go to my room to deposit my things there, as she wished me to begin lessons at once. She furthermore informed me that I should be expected to eat in the servants' hall, as during the children's meals my whole attention would be required for them.

I left her silently and sought my room. It was situated in a wing of the house newly built, but as yet unfinished. My apartment, which was of huge dimensions, was absolutely devoid of furniture, with the exception of a small iron bedstead stowed away in the corner. The floor was bare, and even the walls were unpainted and unpapered. The room overlooked the stables, and not a green leaf, nor flower, nor tree was visible.

For one moment my heart rebelled, and I thought, with something like regret, of my dark little garret with its red geranium and its friendly creeper. But I had no time for thought, for even as I undid my humble parcel Parker, the butler, knocked at the door and informed me that I was wanted downstairs.

I could see by the way in which the man addressed me that he disliked me, and I found out later that his unreasonable aversion had spread to every member of the servants' hall, so that at meal times I was either made the object of ridicule or treated as an utter nonentity.

At lessons with the children another disappointment awaited me. I found they knew scarcely anything, and my most strenuous exertions to impart knowledge met with continual failure.

Heaven knows that I tried hard, with patience and perseverance, to train their thoughts from frivolity to seriousness. I would intersperse my teaching with anecdotes, and recite poetry to them, trying to inculcate them with a love and enthusiasm for nature and art. Sometimes I think my enthusiasm impressed them a little. They would listen with wide open eyes and remain very still—but, alas! they never remembered anything the following day, so my labour was in vain. Jim was absolutely untractable; nothing interested him, nothing amused him, and even to this day I have upon me traces of his many kicks and blows.

The hours which were not spent in teaching were taken up with mending and housework. I never had a holiday, and I never had a moment to myself. I was working hard and conscientiously, but with so little result that I was many a time taken to task by madame for the ignorance of her children.

I had been in the service of Madame