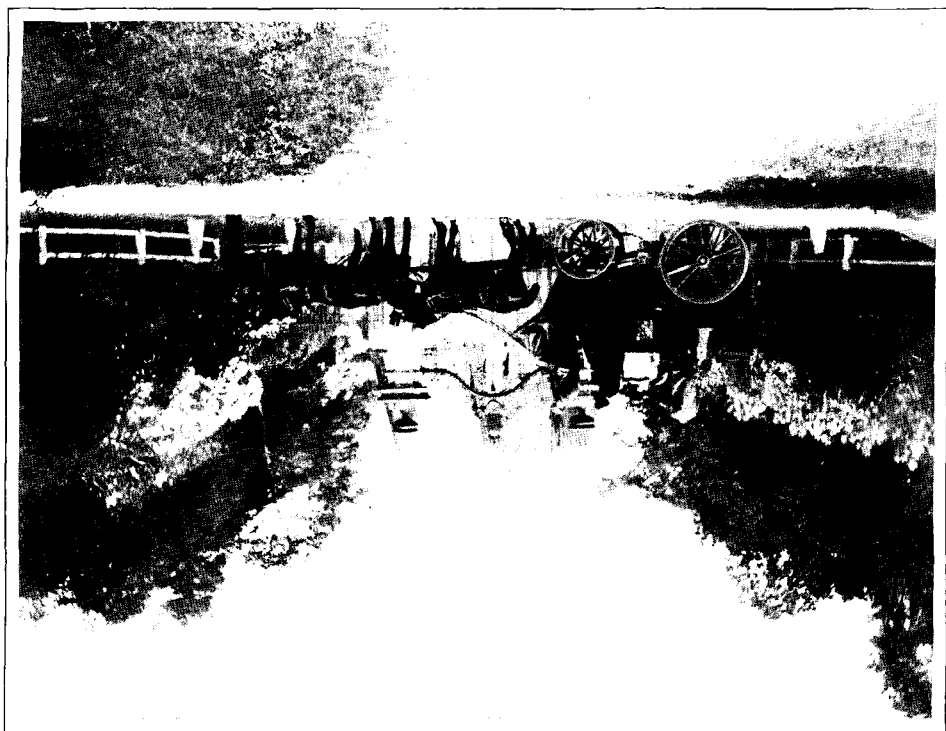




PASSING A CHÂTEAU

loo, has recovered in great part its supremacy in Europe through its cuisine). It is in a place of this kind that one learns to know the people and their *joie du métier*. The proprietor and his wife, though they could readily afford to live better than their confreres in America, prefer to live plainly. The women do not wear silk dresses, nor are their daughters taught to play the piano. To me it has always seemed that women are better off if they have a little house-work to do. During a recent trip in Texas, I visited one of the largest lunatic asylums. There I found that a large percentage of insane women were wives of farmers, the chief cause of their insanity being simply ennui.

One failing of the French innkeepers is their excessive jealousy of one another. Arriving upon one occasion at a certain town, we were subjected to the most abusive harangue from a landlord, whose place I knew by experience to be poor, although it was generally accepted as the best hotel in the town. We passed it by

to partake of the plain hospitality of a very small but scrupulously clean *auberge*. The landlord of the larger place became delirious at the "outrage," and shot at us a speech to the effect that, as the best and oldest nobility of France always put up at his house, we showed very bad taste and very little consideration for the said nobility in going to a place which did not enjoy even the privilege of being called a hotel.

Any one travelling by coach in France is liable to be greeted with hisses, and hailed as *cochons d'Anglais*. In order to harmonize with the popular feeling, we would respond, *Vivent les Boers*, or, at the time of the Dreyfus affair, *Vive l'Armée*, thus bringing about the desired result, and making us instantly popular. Upon alighting, we would be met by the proprietor-chef of the hotel, embodied in one fat and ever-courteous person. With him it is useless to put on "side," but by shaking his hand, patting him on the back, and so forth, one can get almost anything under the sun from

horses in America (as do other European governments). Many cavalry remnants are also purchased throughout France in general, horse shows being held in connection with their selection. It was our good fortune on several occasions to come across one of these country horse shows, and, although we usually happened to arrive at the last moment, the authorities never refused us permission to participate. No words can describe the interest created by our strange carriage drawn by four horses and heralded by a horn.

To me, these simple country people are never-failing sources of interest, and their wonderment and open curiosity were most amusing. Traveling alone on the coach one day and driving six horses (for the road had been hilly), I slowed up at a hamlet preparatory to making a change of horses. As the men led out the relay of four horses, I noticed a boy, whose garments were far from being complete or new, gazing at me in astonishment, and then, seeming to "size up" the whole thing—horses, coach, and all—he exclaimed, with true Parisian *garçonne* accent, "Is all of that for only you?"

Driving out of Paris, it is interesting to note how far the influence of the great city penetrates into the country—long after the obnoxious octroi or municipal customs are passed, and the clumsy and obsolete fortifications are left behind. After the passenger of the Versailles coach has left the Avenue de l'Opéra, with its crowds of idlers, and has driven up the Champs Elysées, even after the relay of Saint-Cloud, he feels the artificiality of the country so near the capital. The Bois de Boulogne, with its well-kept alleys and its green-uniformed guards, does not give the idea of solitude, of abandon, that is felt when passing the deserted forests of Fontainebleau, or the aristocratic forest of St-Germain. These economically managed forests make one regret the waste of timber in America, and the unceasing care and toil needed to preserve them should serve as a timely warning.

The usually quiet Parisian policeman becomes excited only when the President of the Third French Republic drives out. Once we had a narrow escape from arrest for breaking through the cordon of *sergents de ville* lined up along the route, and who seemed to think that we intended to smash the dauntless of M. Loubet with my heavy road-coach. After driving through the royal but empty avenue of the old and sleepy city of Versailles, and when the sharp turn into the difficult passageway has been successfully made, we find ourselves in the Hôtel des Réservoirs, the mansion that was once the home of Madame la Marquise de Pompadour. We visited also the marvellous palace which at the time of the Roi Soleil was the rendezvous of all the nobility of France, and on which the eyes of Europe then centred. One's veins tingle with interest in this place, once overflowing with beauty, wit, and elegance.

After Versailles or St-Germain, where large crowds watch our departure, we travel over roads that stretch in straight lines for miles through charming country, with here and there a stone to commemorate some battle, or the death of a hero standing on a hill will animate the scene, or the ruins of some medieval castle will cast their picturesque shadow upon the horizon. My thoughts turn to the vulgar patent-medicine advertising-boards to be seen along the roads of America, and I shudder at the comparison.

Everywhere we meet the herger (with his flock of sheep neatly bidden in a cloud of dust), whose cheery greeting, *Bonjour, Monsieur*, was always welcome; or a party of Bohemians,—the men earnestly engaged in the manufacture of baskets, while the women cooked the chicken and potatoes by the side of the road. The hotels of France may be divided into three classes: the really smart hotel, which is very fine; the medium-class hotel (with the hostler in his hired dress-clothes to wait upon you), which strives to be very smart and is very poor; and the small "dinky" hotel, where the proprietor-chef does everything and anything for you. This last-named class is wonderfully good, with its curious old kitchen arrangements and spits, and shining brass cooking utensils, to the virtue of which the French claim to be due the excellence of their cooking. (It has been said that France, defeated at Waterloo for breaking through the cordon of *ser-*

thusiast in this kind of sport, he has at least built his roads as if he had no other aim in life than to make driving a luxury. Thanks to the excellence of the Service of the Bridges and Highways, the roads of France are kept always in perfect condition. The net-work of highways forms an elaborate system, comprising the Routes Nationales, leading to the ancient provincial capitals; of Russia; also to Chantilly, with its magnificent chateau bequeathed by the late Duc d'Anjou to the Institute of France. While at Chantilly all lovers of horses should visit the Grand Condé's stables, which are large enough to house hundreds of horses, and are built with regal luxury. The inside *mange* is, in itself, a marvel of art. The kennels, too, are curious, and still resound with the echo of the *chasses à courre* of the Duc de Chartres. It is a pathetic sight to see this son of a French king hunting there, for now he rents what was once one of the prerogatives of the monarchs.

Once we passed through Compiègne, where the castle with its treasures was recently opened for the visit of the Czar of Russia; also to Chantilly, with its magnificent chateau bequeathed by the late Duc d'Anjou to the Institute of France. While at Chantilly all lovers of horses should visit the Grand Condé's stables, which are large enough to house hundreds of horses, and are built with regal luxury. The inside *mange* is, in itself, a marvel of art. The kennels, too, are curious, and still resound with the echo of the *chasses à courre* of the Duc de Chartres. It is a pathetic sight to see this son of a French king hunting there, for now he rents what was once one of the prerogatives of the monarchs.

In our journeys we used three or four teams daily. All the details of the changes were arranged by Morris F. Howlett, the professional whip, and the horses were sent by rail in advance. By this means it was possible to cover about fifty miles a day without fatigue for horses or driver, besides allowing sufficient time for stops along the road, to visit ancient castles, beautiful cathedrals, bric-a-brac shops, and the many objects of interest. With a rest every five or six days, I have been able to keep on the road for months without a horse becoming ill, and without any undue fatigue. No discrimination need be made in the choice of roads. One may go where fancy leads him, provided, of course, that changes of horses be sent a few hours in advance. There is never any difficulty in sheltering horses at night.

During the reign of Napoleon the Third, the French government undertook the breeding of horses for the army, and for this purpose established farms in various parts of the country. From these government farms are turned out horses exactly suited to the different branches of the army: for instance, light horses for the light cavalry; heavy, strong horses for the heavy cavalry; and a medium and their slow-moving tow-horses. These canals, with their edgings of tall trees, the prettiest views are along the various prosperity, richness, and joy. Some of the Garden of France—where all seems to be made many trips through Touraine— for instance, through Touraine— in the distance.

It is on such roads that coaching is a real pleasure. The start of a coach drive in Paris, and elsewhere in France, is always an interesting scene. A crowd of grooms, impatient horses, and the great carriage laden with baggage and hampers of catables and drinkables. When the horn announces the start, and we are off, these enthusiasts follow to catch the last glimpse as we disappear in the distance.

# A Failure

BY CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

THE old man was alone in his room. He sat in an arm-chair by the window, his faded eyes listlessly scanning the gray horizon. The house stood on the edge of the town, and there was nothing but the prairie between him and the end of the world. It was a late afternoon in December, and it was raining: life was ending for him in a winter rain. A mortal sickness was upon him. The room in which he sat was meagrely furnished and painfully bare. A case of well-thumbed books of a distinctly theological character, an old-fashioned desk littered with papers, a small sheet-iron stove, the arm-chair in which he sat, another chair of the "kitchen" variety, a few pictures, prints as good in subject as they were poor in execution, and a faded, old-fashioned photograph of a woman, hanging upon the walls, summed up his earthly possessions. His world—his field of action—was narrowed to the room in which he sat and a dingy little bedroom beyond. He sat listlessly in silence.

He was the rector of the parish church of a little Western town, but it was evident that he would not be a rector of anything very long. He was the wreck of a man who had never been of the physical stuff of which heroes are made, yet there was a touch of fire still in his dim eyes that spoke of a soul over-weighted by an insufficient body. The man was waiting, not only waiting for the end, but waiting for any break in the monotony of his life; at that moment he was waiting for a visitor. He was expecting the Bishop. He had never seen the Bishop, and he longed earnestly to meet him.

The man's history had been uneventful and commonplace. He had been ordained to the ministry years and years since, and through family influence and ecclesiastical connections had been made the rector of a pleasant parish in a quiet, sequestered little Eastern town. He had

lived there and done his humble work faithfully all his life until the death of his wife and the breaking up of his family a few months since. He had been particularly touched while in that impressionable condition by a printed appeal which the Bishop had put forth for men to work in the neglected, untilled, needy, clamorous fields of the West. He had abandoned everything—torn up his life by the roots, as it were—and had gone out to become the rector of the little parish in which he sat dying, and of the parts adjacent, comprising perhaps fifty square miles.

His arrival had been the means of a great awakening—to himself. He saw the needs of the situation as perhaps a man of tougher fibre and less introspective nature would never have seen them, and had plunged into the work with the vigor of a boy. The vigor of a boy and the constitution of an old man do not accord; he broke down. The Bishop had been away when he came, and he had not rightly understood the circumstances when he accepted his offer of services; and he did not realize that the man was so old, or he would never have allowed him to come to the field and undertake the work. But it was too late now, and the Bishop was coming to see him. It was the first time he had been able to visit him. The old man was eagerly expecting his visit.

Presently the door opened and the little Bishop entered. He started in surprise as he saw the thin, broken figure in the chair; stepping quickly over to the invalid's side to prevent him from rising, he sat down, and the two began to talk. There was a puzzled look in the Bishop's eyes, as if he could not bring forth from the storehouse of his memory the identifying key to the old man's personality. Finally he interrupted the conversation by saying, eagerly:

"I know you now. I thought your