

A Trip Down the Danube.

Silhouetted against the November sky it is restful and soothing to behold Buda in the evening twilight. After a tour up or down the river it is still in welcome contrast to anything seen elsewhere. You may spend weeks loitering among the precipitous mountains with their great pine forests, cataracts and deep ravines; or you may explore the Oroszlanko, Vag, Phodragy, Frenesen and Letava, all great historic relics, and yet see nothing so peculiarly imposing as the sun framed heights and minarets of Buda.

Winter in the Hungarian capital opens in good dry weather, and previous to describing some of the overlooked features of a voyage hither from Vienna, I should add that though a great many only pass through on their way to other parts of Europe and Asia, the number of occasional visitors who stay for health's sake is larger than formerly.

It must have been one of the last boats of the season in which I came down the river recently from Vienna. A twilight on the Danube is beautiful, the receding hills wrapt in a purple haze and kaleidoscoped against a sky of clearest blue. Already the deep golden russet of the Hungarian autumn is so advanced that it strews the ground. Golden avenues of pines and chestnuts are on every hand.

There are many places where one can linger on this journey. Indeed, the traveler who is well informed as to his surroundings as he steams down from one great capital to the other has many temptations. From the castles of the great to the ruins of the fallen, from the retreats of dynasties of today to those of the past he can wander for days and still leave many monastic abbeys and others unexplored in the vicinity. He will have to enter the country for some of them.

The Alsuth estate, where the Archduke Joseph frequently resides, is near the good sized town of Bieske and has a model farm worthy its name and of the best in Hungary. Count Esterhazy has a castle up near the mountains at Tata-Tovaras. And of the greatness of the fallen we are reminded in the larger city of Baab, about half way between Budapest and Vienna, by the old palace of Zichy, where the first Napoleon had to defend himself in 1800. This is on the Little Danube.

On this tributary as on the great stream itself the grain is shipped and stored in large quantities, notably here at Mooson, a small town of 5,000 inhabitants; and not far from this is the Agricultural School with botanical garden, said to be the best in the whole country. Of abbeys, by the way, the Cistercians have two, both famous, within easy reach of the Danube, one romantically situated in the Bakosy forest and the other at St. Gotthard.

I had opportunity on this single voyage of studying that great variety, the peasantry and countrymen of the Danube. Starting as 6 a. m. from the Viennese suburb, which is said to be as difficult to find on foot for an English or American as Millwall might be to a Portuguese, gesticulating on Westminster Bridge, it took us half the long day to reach Pressburg. At the present turn of the seasons there is a crowd of these migrating bucolics boarding the steamers (when there are any) below and above that most interesting of cities, which is well worth the excursion it generally inspires in the breast of the river tourist. From its ruined Konigsburg and Gothic cathedral to its ancient ghetto and the Maria Teresa monument it is full of that interest which industrial competition and art culture lend to such attractions and over 50,000 inhabitants.

It was no more than I expected therefore that my fellow travellers on the Dona steamboat from Vienna were of many types and complexions. Here was the toiler of the fields of the lower Danubian provinces transferring his family and baggage to a sunnier climate by the aid of his friendly Duna. It costs him but a few krona to get hundreds of miles down stream, and he will occasionally pass through two kingdoms to his destination. But it is frequently the Magyar or the Rumanian I suspect you meet on these protracted trips, though they are remarkably discreet in their confidences. As to their intelligence it is unquestionable. And were it not that their vigorous frames roughly but warmly clad and weather-worn but handsome features denote an existence of greater value to themselves than peripatetic notemakers allow us to realize at a distance, one might be led to compassionate in them hardships that may not commonly exist among those we meet on such journeys. They are representative, and instructive in more re-

spects than your correspondent has leisure at present to refer to.

They have not escaped, as I have constantly noted during my present stay, that linguistic fever which has recently swept over a large tract of Europe, much as a thought wave. For I cannot believe that the medley many of this class betray is other than a jargon of native patois, interspersed by a little German or some other tongue (frequently English) which they have picked up by chance during their peregrinations from one clime to another.

Accommodation at the riverside towns can be procured without much difficulty; venders of peaches and pears did a lively trade at some of these; and we stretched our hands eagerly for them over the boat side to beguile the long day between those repasts which they supply in good style on these Danube steamers. Just now these fruits are succeeded by the apples, which are fine and plentiful all up the country. In the market place of Pesth they make a rare display.

On inquiry I became impressed how essential it is to have guidance as to the location of the attractions on either side of the Danube. When leaving it or traveling by rail in these parts you should take the route via Bruck, especially for those places aforementioned. This will also assist you in getting at Sarvar, the fortress castle of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand d'Este, at Bogat the splendid park and castle of the Count Estetics, and Dvacser another estate of the Count Esterhazy, with its great castle.

The other route via Marchegg, with a lesser deflection from the greater stream, will assist you to sights of equal grandeur, besides Pressburg and Galanther. And the American tourist, though you will find him everywhere in season, will no doubt admit as readily that the lack of a little guidance beforehand has greatly involved their efforts to get at these notable places without great loss of time. With the river boats and from this juncture you can easily find, for instance, To't-Megyey and the castle of Count Karolyi, situated near to the beautiful Neutra Valley, the village of Apponey with the famous ruined castle of the Forgacs and the present Count Apponey's castle, and Galgoes where Count Joseph Erdody has a new castle on the hill, near one of the most remarkable of ancient ruins, Hubaburg. Close to this is the imposing prison fortress of Lipotvar which has all to appearance of what it is, a penitential place, as it frowns from its great ramparts.

Holics, one of the largest estates belonging to the reigning house, provides them and their guests with good pheasant and other shooting. And at Stampfen, not far off, can be seen Count Palffy's castle with its noble demesne. Several of these noblemen have fine racing and breeding studs at the places mentioned, or their other country estates. These, like the Archduke's stables, would interest the most ordinary tourists, but are worthy particular description in themselves for the lovers of such enterprise. But thoroughbred studs are even more numerous further down the river, on the other side of my headquarters.

Thus, the trip here in the autumn from Vienna is one whereof you can either miss or make a great deal. The inland scenery is in some parts enchanting, its associations romantic and historic, and in the latter sense the above mentioned are but a few of its attractions.

As we came, as it appeared in the night, suddenly upon Buda the electric and gas lit scene on both sides the river was highly impressive. It is a city hidden by a long defile of hills, and you almost get weary of the mountain girt loneliness as it emerges brightly from its gloom. It was a farseeing brain that located this good old city. Even today, with all our engines of war, it is a formidable defence.

The well known English artist, Walter Crane, has been lecturing in this country, and there is an exhibition of his pictures now open at one of the large galleries in Budapest. Besides many of his original designs it includes the 'Renaissance of Venus' and a beautiful pastoral. It is much appreciated.

To see the melon markets at their best you need but to steam down the Danube. Piled in odd corners of the squares they were until a few weeks back in full supply. They are regarded by the peasantry who appreciate good beet and mutton, nevertheless, as a sort of meat vegetable.

To judge of the market produce along this country, the winter cabbages now come in average better than I have seen and are remarkable even in size. The

fruits have been good and fairly plentiful, though considered scarce, as elsewhere, compared with some other seasons. The grapes have been fine, if not of the best samples of the country, and the vintage really good, though there is, of course, no exact criterion in these facts. The Danubian vineyards are no doubt realizing their opportunities abroad, and whether or not, there has been a glut of Hungarian and other new wines in the foreign markets they are likely to hold their own and develop their supply as a consequence. From a mere mathematical point of view it would be a great oversight if they did not. However great the demand on other new vintage I fancy their enterprise here beyond that, for the home consumption will be little more than is required.

It would be folly to conclude that this is to the prejudice of other liquors. And I have not seen better beer drinkers among moderate people, as Austrians decidedly are. There is the clear Vienna beer, finding no rival here in the good Munich ales.

All Saints' Day was honored here as usual and the river gaily decked with flags. The military turned out in good force and in grand form, the day being clear and bracing. The reviews in the capitals were well worth seeing. There are few grander sights than the Austro-Hungarian regiments when massed together. It is then their good points and their handsome uniforms most impress us. Always great marchers, they have some new leg drill recently calculated either to improve or economize their muscles.—Cor. New York Sun.

SAW ZEPPELIN'S AIRSHIP SAIL.

How it Looked to an American who was in a Boat on Lake Constance.

Ernst H. Kronshage of Milwaukee was one of the spectators of the trip made by Count Zeppelin's flying machine Oct. 17 on Lake Constance. In an account of the experiment written by Mr. Kronshage he describes the performances of the airship as decidedly interesting.

'A few tourists decided to remain a few weeks longer in the hope of being witnesses to this epoch making experiment,' says Mr. Kronshage, 'and we did not stay in vain. On the 15th of October we received authoritative word in Konstanz that the ascension would positively take place, barring heavy wind, on the afternoon of the Wednesday following. On Wednesday therefore, we boarded a steamer, and proceeded out upon the lake, leaving the steamer finally at Immenstaad, eight miles from Konstanz, on the north shore, for three miles further on and about half way to the important port of Friedrichshafen, is the big nondescript structure wherein the Count and his workmen have created and housed the latest wonder of the world. It was now already past 3 o'clock and still no signs of activity were noticeable. True, there were two large steamers anchored near the balloon house, upon one of which our field glasses descried the royal pennant of Wurtemberg. But the seconds sped on into minutes, then minutes dragged themselves into another hour and still no encouraging sign. A rumor, which we afterward ascertained to have been the truth, then made the rounds that the King had not returned from the hunt on which he had set out early that morning, and that the ascension would not take place until he returned. The Queen was on board the steamer, but not her royal consort. Most of our party were content to remain in the Wirtshaus where they were comfortably settled behind their big 'steins' of Munich beer. But the United States contingent with two others hired a rowboat and set out for the scene of action.

'We soon distinguished the general features of a balloon house, which looked for all the world like a tobacco shed, except that there was a row of eleven windows all

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along the side. But later inspection proved it to be a remarkable structure—the most perfect of its kind ever devised. The building is 450 feet long, 78 broad and 66 high, and gracefully rests on ninety-five pontoons. It is anchored at one point only, so that they may turn, like a weathercock, with the wind, the rear end being pointed in order to diminish the resistance of the air. The balloon, which in its proportions conforms closely to those of the house, rests on a pontoon platform of its own, and may be easily moved in and out through the large portal in the front end. The advantages of such a shed for the experimental trials of the machine are obvious, no ground to fall on and nothing to run against; again, as the shed always points to the leeward, the inventor gains the aid of the wind in getting the balloon out of the shed with the minimum of dangers and the maximum of speed.

Hardly had we taken in a few of these characteristic details of the balloon shed when we were startled by a ringing cheer from the nearby shore. Quickly glancing back to the shed, our sight was gladdened by the colors of imperial Germany slowly unfurling themselves to the breezes from the top mast flagstaff. Then we knew that our expectations were to be fulfilled and that our long watch was drawing to a close. What were our feelings when a few minutes later the white pointed peak of the aerial monster slowly began to issue from the cavernous depths of its mysterious home. Slowly, majestically, the entire length of this white and silent creature floated out on the lake and soon was towed to a spot about half a mile distant from the shed. The cables holding the balloon were quickly loosened, and the whole gigantic mass was held in position by five score or more of soldiers of the balloon division of the German army. After a few hearty handshakes with the officers in command of the float, the count, his engineer and three intimate friends took their places in the cars; the word was given, and then—

'No, the balloon did not shoot up like a sky rocket, as we see them at the county fairs; it seemed rather to hang quietly in the air for a while, like a sea bird poised for flight. Slowly, gracefully, majestically it rose; the noble figure of the Count, with his white beard blown by the breeze, standing forth in clear relief against the dull, gray sky. Like some some wizard of old he seemed, who held the elements of earth in meek submission. The speed of ascent was soon increased, and when at a height of about six hundred or seven hundred feet the propellers began to whirl, the ship fairly whizzed through the air, the wind being then at its back. Then followed the more amazing exhibition, far surpassing the most sanguine expectations. The balloon obeyed its master like a perfectly trained horse. It turned to the right, it turned to the left, with the wind and against the wind, and finally turned rapidly around on its own axis several times. By means of the running weight the balloon then frequently changed from its horizontal position to the oblique with perfect safety. Like a trained animal it rose, as it were, on its hind legs or knelt down at a word from its trainer, always regaining the most perfect equilibrium. After this successful exhibition, the Count proceeded to the more difficult task of sailing directly against the wind—a test not only of the airship's speed but of the efficacy of its course against such odds. Here again the effort was a distinct success. The steering gear worked perfectly, and the two fast electric launches, which started directly underneath the balloon, were unable to keep up with it. Of course the wind was not severe but still it was brisk enough to give the propellers and rudders an adequate test.

'The air ship was now operating at a height of 1,000 feet, and at this juncture passed directly over their heads.

'But the deepening shadows along the tree lined shore began to warn us that the vesper hour was drawing near, and if we wanted to catch our steamer it was time to leave the scene of our afternoon's pleasure. As we were now nearer to Friedrichshafen than Immenstaad, we turned in this direction. We continued to watch the airship's manoeuvring till distance and darkness combined to hide it from our sight.

Hospitality on the March.

Mrs. E. B. Custer, in Harper's Bazar, tells of the difficulties of home-making on the plains when on the march with a cavalry regiment.

Mrs. Custer was with the Seventh Cavalry that marched and camped and scouted on the route laid out for the Kansas Pacific Railroad. The food was monotonous, and those on the march over the barren country would tell tantalizing tales of the good things they had eaten in the States.

The habit of hospitality, however, was so fixed that the soldiers would merely add a

plate for the visitor, or give up their own if there were not enough.

An old officer, in crossing the plains, invited a brother officer to dine with him, not knowing that his supplies were so low. The "striker" put the only two dishes on the mess-chest table. The host took in the limited bill of fare at a glance, and said:

"If you don't care for rice, help yourself to the mustard."

Sixteen to Two.

An instance of the humor which the Civil War called forth is found in a story told of old Parson Helton, a Baptist preacher of Tennessee.

He had eighteen sons, sixteen of whom were in the Union Army, and two in the Confederate. When the old minister had reached his eighty-eighth year some one who did not know about his sons' views, asked him where his sympathies lay during the war.

'My sympathies were with the Union by fourteen majority,' said the old man.

Bobbs—Those safe blowers out at Sub-

burg were beautifully disappointed.

Bobbs—Cashier ahead of them?

Bobbs—No. The depositors only use the bank to store their golf sticks in.



Women Are Like Flowers.

Poets have been fond of likening woman to a flower. Her fairness is flowerlike. Her sweetness suggests the flower fragrance. Her very fragility finds its type again

in the frail flower, which languishes when neglected, and is so easily destroyed. It is a pretty simile and almost as perfect as pretty.

All women love flowers, and every woman who grows them knows that their health depends on daily care. Not alone are water and sunshine necessary to the health of the plant. Their leaves and roots must be guarded from the parasites which soon destroy the flower's beauty and undermine its life.

If a woman would care for herself as she does for her plants she would preserve her beauty and retain her strength far beyond the period when the average woman looks old and feels older than she looks.

THE GREAT SECRET

Of woman's preservation of her beauty lies in the intelligent care of the womanly health. So close is the relation between the health of the delicate womanly organs and the health of the whole body, that whenever the feminine functions are deranged or disturbed the consequences are felt by every nerve in the body. Severe headache, backache, pain in the side, and bearing-down pains are borne with by so many thousands of women that one who is in sound health is a rare exception. Most women would give anything to know how to be cured. The way is very plain. Follow the path made by more than half a million women who have been perfectly cured of womanly ills and weakness.

"I believe I owe my life to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets,'" says Mrs. Maria G. Hayzel, writing from Brookland, D. C. "Six years ago, after the birth of a million children, I was left in a weak, run-down condition. My health seemed utterly gone. I suffered from nervousness, female weakness and rheumatism, and I suffered everything one could suffer from these complaints. Life was a burden. I doctored with three different physicians and got no relief. I tried several patent medicines, all with the same result. I began to get worse, and to add to the complications I suffered terribly from constipation. I chanced to see one of your advertisements and concluded to try the above remedies. I commenced to take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Pleasant Pellets' and began to improve right away, and continued improving and gaining in strength. I cannot express the relief it was so great. Seven months later my little daughter was born without much trouble. I feel that I would never have been able to endure my confinement had it not been for the help I received from Dr. Pierce's medicines. My baby was a fine, healthy child, and the only one I have ever been able to nurse. She is now two years old and I have never had to take any medicine since, so I feel that your medicine has made a lasting cure with me. I owe so much in thanks, it would be impossible for me to express by word or pen how thankful I am to God and Dr. Pierce."

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