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Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the books and maps in the library regarding Transylvania; it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the country could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a nobleman of that country.

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I FOUND MY SMATTERING OF GERMAN VERY USEFUL HERE, INDEED, I DON'T KNOW HOW I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET ON WITHOUT IT.

I DID NOT SLEEP WELL, THOUGH MY BED WAS COMFORTABLE ENOUGH, FOR I HAD ALL SORTS OF QUEER DREAMS. THERE WAS A DOG HOWLING ALL NIGHT UNDER MY WINDOW, WHICH MAY HAVE HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT; OR IT MAY HAVE BEEN THE PAPRIKA, FOR I HAD TO DRINK UP ALL THE WATER IN MY CARAFE, AND WAS STILL THIRSTY. TOWARDS MORNING I SLEPT AND WAS WAKENED BY THE CONTINUOUS KNOCKING AT MY DOOR, SO I GUESS I MUST HAVE BEEN SLEEPING SOUNDLY THEN.

AT EVERY STATION THERE WERE GROUPS OF PEOPLE, SOMETIMES CROWDS, AND IN ALL SORTS OF ATTIRE. SOME OF THEM WERE JUST LIKE THE PEASANTS AT HOME OR THOSE I SAW COMING THROUGH FRANCE AND GERMANY, WITH SHORT JACKETS, AND ROUND HATS, AND HOME-MADE TROUSERS; BUT OTHERS WERE VERY PICTURESQUE.

WE LEFT IN PRETTY GOOD TIME, AND CAME AFTER NIGHTFALL TO KLAUSENBURGH. HERE I STOPPED FOR THE NIGHT AT THE HOTEL ROYALE. I HAD FOR DINNER, OR RATHER SUPPER, A CHICKEN DONE UP SOME WAY WITH RED PEPPER, WHICH WAS VERY GOOD BUT THIRSTY.

(MEM. GET RECIPE FOR MINA.) I ASKED THE WAITER, AND HE SAID IT WAS CALLED "PAPRIKA HENDL," AND THAT, AS IT WAS A NATIONAL DISH, I SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET IT ANYWHERE ALONG THE CARPATHIANS.

I FIND THAT THE DISTRICT HE NAMED IS IN THE EXTREME EAST OF THE COUNTRY, JUST ON THE BORDERS OF THREE STATES, TRANSYLVANIA, MOLDAVIA, AND BUKOVINA, IN THE MIDST OF THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS; ONE OF THE WILDEST AND LEAST KNOWN PORTIONS OF EUROPE.

THE IMPRESSION I HAD WAS THAT WE WERE LEAVING THE WEST AND ENTERING THE EAST; THE MOST WESTERN OF SPLENDID BRIDGES OVER THE DANUBE, WHICH IS HERE OF NOBLE WIDTH AND DEPTH, TOOK US AMONG THE TRADITIONS OF TURKISH RULE.

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ALL DAY LONG WE SEEMED TO DAWDLE THROUGH A COUNTRY WHICH WAS FULL OF BEAUTY OF EVERY KIND. SOMETIMES WE SAW LITTLE TOWNS OR CASTLES ON THE TOP OF STEEP HILLS SUCH AS WE SEE IN OLD MISSALS; SOMETIMES WE RAN BY RIVERS AND STREAMS WHICH SEEMED FROM THE WIDE STONY MARGIN ON EACH SIDE OF THEM TO BE SUBJECT TO GREAT FLOODS. IT TAKES A LOT OF WATER, AND RUNNING STRONG, TO SWEEP THE OUTSIDE EDGE OF A RIVER CLEAR.

I WAS EVIDENTLY EXPECTED, FOR WHEN I GOT NEAR THE DOOR I FACED A CHEERY-LOOKING ELDERLY WOMAN IN THE USUAL PEASANT DRESS--WHITE UNDERGARMENT WITH A LONG

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