relaxation varies. The pupils are dilated but react to light and the corneal and conjunctival reflexes disappear when full anaesthesia is reached.

In no case so far has there been any serious respiratory depression and the patient's colour has not altered. There are no unpleasant after-effects and the drug is rapidly detoxicated by the liver. It has been stated that a rabbit can decompose half the narcotic dose in thirteen minutes. There is no disturbance of the patient's mental state after the operation.

All the patients stated that they could not remember anything after the first prick of the needle and were quite unable to remember the number to which they counted. As evipan is not a volatile anaesthetic like ether the narcosis must be regarded as non-controllable but owing to its rapid detoxication by the body it is almost brought into line with a controllable anaesthetic. As in the case of many other anaesthetics when pushed too far, the respiration is the first system to be affected. Many of the cases in this series had been anæsthetized in other ways in other hospitals but all agree that they will ask for evipan in the future for short operations.

I am again greatly indebted to Major-General J. W. West, C.M.G., O.B.E., K.H.S., for his help, interest and valuable suggestions in the compilation of the report.

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Travel.

ULM-VIENNA, 1900.

By MAJOR OSKAR TEICHMAN, D.S.O., M.C., T.D.

The Easter term was nearly over and we were in training for the Mays. It had been a good term, in those halcyon days when summer was always summer. Edward and I were sitting in his rooms above the eternally-closed great gate of Caius, discussing plans for a holiday abroad. Below us the King's Parade shimmered under the midday sun, and the horses in the hansom rank stood listless and apathetic. The raucous cry of a passing newsboy proclaimed that Lord Roberts had entered Pretoria; but this news left us cold as Mafeking had been relieved a few weeks previously and been followed by a gigantic bonfire in the Market Place fed with the shutters of long-suffering Cambridge tradesmen. For weeks we had been keyed up to a pitch of excitement by the siege of Mafeking, as evinced by the rustle of newspapers during our daily ten o'clock lecture—and now the occupation of Pretoria was somewhat of an anti-climax.

"I should like to explore one of the great rivers of Europe," remarked Edward.

Various rivers were discussed. The Seine was too short, the Rhone too rapid, the Volga too far away.
“What about the Rhine?”

“The Rhine has already been explored by the Kickleburys,” remarked Edward, adding that he would prefer a river unfrequented by tourists.

“What is wrong with the upper reaches of the Danube?” I asked.

Edward opened his piano and played a few bars of the “Blue Danube.” He ceased playing and then suddenly declaimed “Cedere Danubius se tibi, Nile negat,” so that settled it.

A few weeks later we arrived at Ulm and we commenced to make inquiries about our proposed trip of some five hundred miles to Vienna. We were considerably helped by the fact that my brother had made the journey with an Oxford friend some years previously; so we knew where to go for local information. Inquiries for Herr Anton Mollfender, the last of the old Danube pilots, elicited the information that he was usually to be found at the Gasthaus zum Schiff in the Donau-Gasse. It did not take long to find this ancient hostelry nestling against the town wall by the Danube, and close to the gate whence Mack’s army had marched out after surrendering to Napoleon. Nearby a cannon ball, partly embedded in the wall, reminded us of the brief investment of Ulm.

On inquiring for Herr Mollfender, we were told that he always took his glass at midday, so, after ordering a litre of Tiroler, we seated ourselves in the Weinstube and waited for the great man.

Suspended from the ceiling was a model of a Danube ship, black with age, such as used to carry merchandise down to Vienna, and even as far as the Black Sea. This so-called Donauschiff consisted of a very broad, flat-bottomed boat with a wooden hut built on it, somewhat resembling a Noah’s Ark. Some interesting old coloured prints attracted our attention; especially one of an individual dressed in white tunic and knee breeches, red epaulets and green hat, holding a sort of wooden trident, described as a Weisfischer. While arguing as to the meaning of this word, an aged man entered the room, accompanied by the inn-keeper. Anton Mollfender, with a large beaky nose and completely bald, rather resembled a vulture, but there was a twinkle in his keen blue eyes; and although well on in the eighties he carried himself erect. Dressed in a suit of black broadcloth, with a heavy gold chain across his waistcoat from which hung an enormous bunch of seals and a gilt anchor, he was evidently a man of importance, as shown by the respect accorded to him by the other occupants of the Weinstube. He gave us the customary “Grüss Gott” as he passed our table, but mine host motioned him towards us, at the same time explaining the reason for our visit to the Gasthaus zum Schiff. As the old man seated himself at our table, his wrinkled old face became quite animated.

“Well, this is most interesting, so the Hochwohlgeborene Herren intend to make the journey by boat to Vienna. Since the river trade ceased nigh forty years ago I can only remember two other parties making the journey from Ulm for pleasure.”

The old man paused and emptied his glass of Tiroler. We plied him
with numerous questions, but although we possessed a fair amount of
German between us his Suabian accent, particularly when he got animated,
was difficult to follow. Every now and then I saw Edward write a word
down for future reference to his dictionary. We gathered, however, that
until the sixties, when the railway finally captured all the trade, there was
considerable traffic in wine, silk, paper and raw hides, which were shipped
down the river to Vienna and beyond in boats similar to the one which
was hanging from the ceiling. Old Anton used to build these boats which,
on arrival at their destination, were sold or broken up as the Danube was
too rapid for any boat to return upstream to Ulm. Timber, as to-day, was
also floated down stacked on rafts. He told us harrowing stories of the
Strudel (or whirlpool) at Grein, which in his lifetime had, by blasting, been
rendered safe for the passage of ships. He added, however, that even now
this sudden turn in the river, which then flowed over treacherous and
ragged rocks, had to be negotiated with skill.

"And what about a boat?" asked Edward, speaking slowly in his best
German.

Herr Anton Mollfender scratched his head and then, as if he had received
a sudden inspiration, he exclaimed, "I know a friend who would sell you
a sand-ziller, but it will be expensive."

"What is a sand-ziller?" I asked, "and what will it cost?"

Anton gave me a deprecating glance, he was surprised at my ignorance.
"The name explains itself," he replied, somewhat shortly. "Naturally,
it is a boat used for getting sand or gravel out of the bed of the river; it is
about ten metres long, flat-bottomed, and it will cost you twenty
marks."

Edward and I looked at one another in astonishment at the idea of
obtaining a thirty foot for a pound! Herr Mollfender, misunderstanding
our expressions, hastily added, "But although the boat will cost you dear,
you should get twenty kroners for it in Vienna."

This sounded almost too good to be true, for at the current rate of
exchange the use of the boat for about ten days would be three shillings
and sixpence! After obtaining the name and address of the man who would
sell us the boat—he turned out to be Herr Mollfender's son—we were about
to leave the inn when the oracle spoke again:

"Will the Herschaften pray be seated and order another bottle of wine,
for there is yet an important matter to discuss. It is as to the boatman
who will accompany you."

"Why do we need a boatman?" asked Edward.

"For three very good reasons," replied Herr Mollfender, counting them
on the fingers of his left hand as he spoke. "Firstly, because you may not
find your way without a guide as in some places the Danube divides up
into many channels, and before you know where you are you may be a mile
wide of the main stream and aground; there is a scheme to canalize the
main river but up till now this has only been done lower down. Secondly,
without a man you may have the boat stolen at night, for there are
some queer fellows down there," he pointed vaguely towards the Orient.
"Thirdly, because it is not seemly that the Herrschaften should travel
without a servant."

"He is quite right," chimed in mine host; "Herr Mollfender knows
what he is talking about; he has spoken."

After this dissertation we felt that there was no further room for
argument:

"Where shall we find a suitable man?" I asked.

"He is already found," replied the oracle; "he is my nephew Eugene
Kastner; he has often helped to float rafts down to Vienna. He will be
paid three marks a day and his return fare to Ulm. He lives in the Fischer-
Gasse close to the town wall, and he is nüchtern."

Considering the matter settled, Herr Mollfender rose from his seat and
shook hands with us. As we parted at the inn door he gave us one more
piece of advice, in a stage whisper:—

"Do not sit late in a Weinstube in Lower Bavaria, for there the
peasants when flushed with wine have a curious custom of suddenly putting
out the lights and drawing their knives! The wise man then gets under
the table, but even then he is not too safe!"

The same evening we met Eugene at the Rothe Ochse by appointment.
He was rather a taciturn middle-aged man who became more talkative as
the evening went on. He consumed vast quantities of white beer, brown
beer and radishes, and then informed us that it was essential, in order to
ward off the ague, to finish with a few glasses of cherry brandy. Finally
we parted from a very talkative Eugene, whose German became more and
more Suabian until at last it was quite unintelligible. We did, however,
gather that we were extraordinarily lucky to have obtained his services,
and that he was the best schiffrer between Ulm and the Euxine.

"By the way," said Edward, as we were about to turn in, "what did
old Mollfender mean when he said that Eugene was nüchtern?"

Stifling a yawn, for it was nearly midnight, I looked up the word in our
pocket dictionary. "It means abstemious, sober, temperate!"

"Das ist mir schnuppe," remarked Edward (he was rather proud of
having picked up the idiom during the day), "and in any case he won't lose
himself or our boat on three marks a day!"

Two days later we embarked in our sand-ziller and pushed out into the
rapidly-flowing Danube, amidst the cheers of the fisher folk, amongst
whom stood Herr Anton Mollfender, waving an antiquated bowler hat.

In the bows we flew a small pennant of black and light blue, and in the
stern a Union Jack. It was a roomy boat and stoutly built of rough timber.
Amidships a large oar was lashed to an upright stay, and in the stern was
fixed another oar for steering. Lower down the river, when the current
became slower, one of us, in order to assist the helmsman, propelled the
boat with the oar like a Thames lighterman—but at present this was not
necessary. The stern of the boat was covered with a few boards under
which our luggage, spirit lamp, crockery, fishing tackle and cushions were stored. As we dropped down the river the great spire of the Cathedral glistened in the morning sun, and the old town wall stood out boldly against the piled up jumble of red roofs.

The Country before us had the appearance of a vast plain here and there interrupted by a hamlet or wooded hill. On our left lay the heights of Elchingen, whence the "Bravest of the Brave" derived his ducal title in 1805.

A couple of miles lower down we noticed that Eugene was steering the boat towards the right bank of the river and before we could stop him the boat had grounded on the shingle.

"We don't want to get out yet"! I cried from the bows, "What have you stopped for?"

"Snails!" retorted Eugene.

Completely mystified we asked him what he meant.

"Yonder lies Leipheim where the Herrn may obtain the best snails in Bavaria—you have a spirit lamp and saucepan on board, and I will make you an excellent snail soup for your mittagessen."

It was a disappointed Eugene who pushed off again into mid-stream and for the next half hour he never uttered a word.

We had now entered the Donau-Moos or fen country which abounded with game, especially a variety of small roe-deer, some of which we saw scampering away on the approach of our boat. A question put to Eugene about these deer elicited only a grunt, he was still sulking over the snails. After a refreshing bathe, we merely dropped overboard and floated down behind the boat, lines were thrown out baited with sausage; and in a short time some fish (which looked like perch) was secured. These with an omelette made by Eugene made an excellent lunch.

As we were by this time approaching Höchstädt we landed on the left bank and made our way up through the marshes to the little town. Meanwhile Eugene took the boat on with orders to meet us at the wooden bridge on the Danube near Blenheim. A walk of some three miles brought us to Blenheim, crossing on the way the ground where Tallard was encamped the day before the battle. Eastwards we could see Tapfbeim and its church spire where Marlborough and Eugene with their telescopes had discovered the enemy. Although we found no "Old Caspar" to act as guide it was not difficult to reconstruct the chief features of the battle: but it was rather disconcerting to cross the famous Nebel brook by a single plank! On rejoining our boat we told Eugene where we had been. He had heard of the battle of Höchstädt also of "Malbruk." and Eugene; and he remarked naïvely

"We Eugenes have always been fine fellows!"

That night we lay at the Krone in Donauworth; under the heights of the grim Schellenberg.

Swimming next morning behind our boat we suddenly became aware...
that the water was much colder. Eugene called out that we had been joined by the Lech, which comes down through Augsberg from the Tyrol.

"Passage of the Lech," spluttered Edward as he climbed shivering aboard, "where stout old Tilly was killed."

We went ashore at Oberhausen to visit the monument of La Tour d’Auvergne, the "First Grenadier of France." Edward, whose fund of historical anecdote seemed endless, knew all about this "second Bayard." How he had sacrificed rank in order to be considered the first Grenadier of France; and how after falling at Oberhausen his sword had been hung in the church of the Invalides, and his heart borne in a silver box attached to the standard of his regiment—at every roll-call his name was mentioned—"La Tour d’Auvergne mort au champ d’honneur."

At Neuburg we landed near the old Ducal Palace, but we were refused admission by a truculent Bavarian sentry. Eugene, who like most Suabians hated the sight of a light blue uniform, reminded us that we were no longer in Wurttemberg and that we could hardly expect good manners down here. We discovered afterwards that the Palace was used as barracks and agreed that the sentry was only doing his duty.

In the old fortified town of Ingolstadt we stayed at the Wittlesbacher Hof, a comfortable inn, but rather more expensive than at Donauworth—room 1 mark, dinner 1.50, breakfast 50 pfennig, total about three shillings each.

Next morning after visiting the Tilly monument in the Frauenkirche, we waited impatiently for Eugene to carry our bags down into the boat. At last he came, a rather sorry sight with one black eye.

We asked him whether he had met with an accident. The only reply he vouchsafed was that these Ingolstadters were "böse buben."

"Remember that Mollfender guaranteed that he was nüchtern, so it can’t be his fault," said Edward.

Eugene was very silent as we floated down the river past the castle of Vohburg and the wooded slopes of Heinheim. Soon we entered a gorge, whose perpendicular wall of grey limestone rose some four hundred feet from the water’s edge. At intervals we noticed iron rings fixed to the cliffs, which were used formerly for pulling boats up stream. The river had narrowed considerably and the pace increased as it rushed round sharp corners.

"Out with the lines for this is good water for fishing!" called Eugene. And in ten minutes we had caught enough fish for lunch. Suddenly as we rounded a corner the monastery of Weltenberg, partly restored, appeared on an open space between the river and the almost perpendicular cliffs.

Lost in admiration our silence was interrupted by Eugene who uttered the one word "Beer" as he steered the boat ashore—and excellent it was, ice cold from the vaults of the monastery now a restaurant.

As we approached Kelheim the cliffs became less severe and more wooded. Up on the left we had a view of the famous Befreiungs-Halle,
opened on the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Leipzig—an enormous rotunda surrounded by colossal figures representing the States of Germany.

At Kelheim we landed at the Donauthor, while Eugene carried our bags up to the Ehrenthaler inn.

It was warm work ascending the road to the Befreiungs-Halle, whence we had a magnificent view of the Danube winding through open country towards Regensburg, and also of the Altmühl ThaI and Ludwig’s Canal which connects the Main with the Danube (and hence the North Sea with the Black Sea).

On leaving Kelheim next morning we floated, and bathed, leisurely towards Regensburg which was only about twenty miles away. Gradually the fertile plain, which we had observed from the Befreiungs-Halle, gave way to low hills on either side of the Danube.

At Regensburg we landed above the old bridge and put up at the Goldenes Kreuz near the street of the Ambassadors. Having arrived in the early afternoon we had plenty of time to explore the mediæval town including of course the Cathedral, the Hall of the Imperial Diet and the subterranean dungeons and torture chamber beneath it.

Before leaving next morning we went with Eugene to inspect the bridge through which we were to pass. It was a case of selecting your arch. Owing to the current the water was piled up against the buttresses, and on the other side some old piles had to be avoided. So great was the rush of water through these arches that no boat could pass through them from below upwards.

We were inclined to agree with the remark made by Napoleon—"Votre pont est très désavantageusement bâti pour la navigation."

However we shot the bridge with ease, avoided the piles and soon found ourselves clear of the town. At Donaustauf we landed and climbed by a footpath to the Valhalla, a gigantic Greek Temple erected some seventy years ago as a national temple of fame for Germany. From the steps outside the Valhalla we had a good view of the Bavarian Forest, the Danube to Straubing and the distant Alps.

Hungry and thirsty after our climb we ate a hearty lunch washed down by some bottles of excellent Regensberger.

Assured by Eugene that there were no rocks or bridges for many miles, we all three took our afternoon siesta; and we did not wake up until many miles lower down the Danube, when the boat went aground with a bump near Pfatta—and lucky it was, as at this point the river divided in numerous channels with troublesome shoals. On our left Eugene pointed out the beginnings of the Bavarian Forest, and on the right the fertile plain which constitutes the granary of Bavaria. Eugene, who used to have an uncle living in this district, became very enthusiastic over the fertility of this so called Dunkelboden, once a morass which had been drained leaving rich black earth. He told us that the peasants of the district were very prosperous and contented. As we approached Straubing the river took on
a most tortuous course. Several times we thought that we had reached
the town, when an unexpected turn would take us away again.

We found Straubing a beautiful old town, little spoilt by the modern
builder. The Danube did not originally run under the walls of the town.
In the late middle ages the inhabitants by damming the stream altered it
to its present course.

After shooting the old stone bridge, against the buttresses of which the
water was piled up to a considerable height, we made our way to the
Schwarzer Adler, a very comfortable hostelry.

Next morning, leaving Straubing behind us, we floated down still
between the Bavarian Forest and the Dunkelboden. As we were bathing
at the time, we did not stop at Ober-Altaich although Eugene wanted us to
visit the Benedictine Monastery in order to see the frescoes, which he said
included one of Luther riding on a pig with a Bible in one hand and a
glass of beer in the other.

The round castle of Bogenberg close by reminded us of the robber
castles on the Rhine.

At Metten, where a small stream joined the Danube, we caught a little
pike which, in spite of Eugene’s remark that Hecht was excellent boiled in
milk, we threw back into the river.

At Deggendorf, the scene of one of Pandour Trenck’s exploits, we
purchased wine at the Drei Mohren.

A mile below Deggendorf our boat suddenly quickened its pace, as a
considerable river came rushing down to join us on the right.

“Campbell was right,” said Edward consulting the map, “the Isar is
flowing rapidly!”

That night we slept at Hofkirchen a hamlet on the edge of the forest.
In the Weinstube of the inn we noticed that most of the guests, instead of
smoking cigars, took snuff from little glass bottles which they carried.

Next morning we floated through the hills of the Bavarian Forest
amidst magnificent scenery.

At the walled town of Vilshofen we went ashore to buy eggs and
sausages. On returning to our boat we found Eugene having a wordy
argument with a red-bearded ruffian. As the Bavarian patois was quite
unintelligible to us, I asked Eugene what it was all about.

“This Lumpengesellschaft proposes to pilot our boat through the rocky
passage between Vilshofen and Passau. He would show Eugene Kastner
how to do it—Eugene than whom there is not better schiffahrer between
Ulm and the Black Sea. He says that since the Danube traffic ceased, few
know this dangerous stretch of the river. That may be true, but I am one
of the few. I have often been down on a raft—and as a matter of fact
with our shallow draught there is absolutely no danger.”

We prepared to embark, but the “beaver” buttonholed Edward repeating
the word gefährlich several times. Edward nodded and, to close the
conversation, took a sausage out of his paper bag and presented it to him
with a low bow.
As the stream carried us on our journey we looked back at Vilshofen where on the quay stood a solitary beaver eating his sausage like a banana.

The river now became much narrower, its rocky sides rising almost perpendicular from the water's edge. The pace increased and Eugene at the helm skilfully evaded the rocks which here and there threw up little fountains of spray. But for him the submerged rocks had no terrors as the boat only drew a few inches. On approaching Passau the stream became less turbulent. Emerging from under the Maximilian Bridge we saw our first steamer; for from this point the river was navigable up stream as well as down.

We had now come some 250 miles from Ulm without meeting or overtaking a single boat or raft, the only craft we had seen had been small boats for local use or ferries.

The complete cessation of trade on the upper reaches of the Danube, which old Mollfender had deplored, was indeed a fact.

The official in charge of the wharf belonging to the Danube Steam Navigation Company ("Donaudampfschifffahrtsgesellschaft") who gave us permission to tie up our boat, was somewhat mystified by our arrival.

"Whence have you come? Where are you going?" he asked.

"Ulm-Vienna," we replied.

"The Herren would have travelled quicker had they come by train from Ulm to Passau," he observed.

We did not argue with him but followed Eugene to the Bayrischer Hof. In the evening we crossed the Danube by the chain bridge and ascended to the Belvedere whence we had a marvellous view of Passau, the valleys of the Ilz, Danube and Inn, and their junction, the Bavarian Forest, and in the distance Berchtesgaden and the Salzburg Alps.

Leaving Passau next morning we had a beautiful but brief view of the town, standing like an island between the waters of the Inn and the Danube, before our boat was swept round a corner between high cliffs.

A few miles lower down the river after passing the Jochenstein, a rock in midstream bearing the Austrian and Bavarian arms, Eugene told us that in order to avoid a troublesome customs examination at Engelhartszell it was wise to purchase Leber-kase from the Austrian douanier.

On coming alongside the little jetty we found a solitary douanier and we immediately demanded some liver cheese. He called out for his wife, Lisl, who produced a noisome piece of the local delicacy the size of a brick for which we paid two kroners.

As a result of this transaction Lisl's husband never even came on board our boat and a few minutes later we continued our journey on the Austrian Danube.

Eugene ate half the cheese with gusto and the remainder we used as bait with indifferent success.

During the rest of the day the current carried us swiftly through almost mountainous scenery and past many ruined castles.
At Linz we landed above the bridge and slept at the Rother Krebs where we ate large quantities of the famous Linzer-Torte.

It was a late start next morning as we had much to-see at Linz. At Enns, whose walls were built by Leopold of Austria, out of the ransom paid for Richard Cœur de Lion, we bought excellent peaches and nectarines.

That night we stayed at the Hernal in Grein. We sat late in the Weinstube listening to the village worthies who told us harrowing stories of the Strudel or whirlpool before it was made safe for navigation by blasting the rocks in 1866. One old man told us that there had been instances of people disappearing in the whirlpool, their bodies appearing a week later in the Plattensee in Hungary! At the mention of ’66 a one-armed man interrupted the conversation:—

“Aye, that was the year of Sadowa when I lost my arm; it was that accursed Prussian needle-gun which beat us!”

The passage of the Strudel next morning was disappointing. We experienced no thrills, and the current seemed little faster than that above Passau.

At Melk we went ashore and visited the Monastery. Edward was rather intrigued by the headwear of the monks who wore bowlers! From a window of the Monastery we looked across the Danube and tried to reconstruct Marbot’s feat.1 But it was difficult to see how, owing to the conformation of the hills, the Danube could ever have been a league (2½ miles) across however much it was in spate!

“You must buy wine in Melk,” said Eugene as he met us outside the Monastery, “for you are now in the famous wine-growing district of Die Wachau.”

The Wein-handler to whom Eugene took us produced red and white wine at 50 kreutzers a bottle.

“Which shall it be, red or white?” said Edward turning to Eugene.

“The red is the best, but if you drink too much it goes to your feet,” he replied.

We bought several bottles of the red as I thought it wise to lay in a good stock.

Edward said that it did not matter if the wine went to our feet while we were sitting in the boat as long as it did not go to our heads. I translated this to Eugene who appeared to consider it a sound argument.

Leaving Melk, sweltering under the midday sun, we floated gently on and ate an excellent lunch washed down by a bottle of wine each . . .

It must have been nearly two hours later on that hot afternoon when the crash woke us. Eugene was the first to come to, indeed he pretended afterwards that he had never been asleep.

Looking up from the bottom of the boat, I saw a tall man, stripped to the waist and very hairy, towering over our bows and apparently arguing

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1 “Mémoires du Général Baron de Marbot,” tome ii, chapitre xiv.
with Eugene: Sitting up, I realized that the tall man was standing on a raft, on to which we appeared to have “run aground.”

“What does he want?” I asked Eugene.

“He demands a bottle of wine, which he says is the custom when one boat runs into another. I told him to go to the devil,” Eugene continued, “also that with three men steering his bundles of logs he ought to be able to avoid a respectable boat where the Danube is a mile broad!”

“Who are you?” I asked the hairy man, who had adopted a somewhat uncompromising attitude.

“Franz Niederbichler, raft and crew, Linz to Pesth,” he replied.

“We admit that it was our fault,” said Edward, joining in the conversation, “and here are two bottles of wine!”

With a “Habe die Ehre” the big man accepted the peace-offering and invited us on board.

It was a large oblong raft. Behind were three helmsmen steering with three lashed oars—in the bows was a small wooden hut with a chimney, and in the centre a pile of casks and sacks.

These raftsmen spent their lives on the Danube, and very interesting it was listening to their reminiscences, as they smoked our Navy Cut tobacco in their china pipes. Franz Niederbichler kept on examining our boat with evident interest. At last he said to Eugene:

“Where did their excellencies buy this boat, and what did they give for it?”

Unblushingly Eugene replied: “They bought it in Ulm for 60 marks, and they will take 60 kroners for it in Vienna.”

Edward motioned Eugene to the other side of the raft.

“You get ten per cent,” he whispered.

Franz Niederbichler examined our boat again.

“I will give you 20 kroners!”

Eugene put on an injured expression and said that the Herren might as well give their boat away. But after further haggling Eugene agreed to 25 kroners with the oars thrown in. It was decided that Franz would leave his raft at Nussdorf outside Vienna, pick up our boat at the Brigittenau bridge on the Danube canal, and rejoin his raft in the main river below Vienna.

By this time as we were approaching Dürrenstein, we began to take leave of the raftsmen.

“Why land at Dürrenstein?” asked Franz.

“Because we want to see the dungeon where Richard of England was imprisoned by Leopold of Austria,” answered Edward.

“That is a myth which no sensible man would waste time on,” observed Franz, “but in any case you can’t sleep at Dürrenstein; you must stay at Stein or Krems,” he added.

“Which has the best inn?” I asked.

“There is little to choose between the Elephant at Stein and the Hirsch at Krems,” was the reply.
"The Elephant every time!" exclaimed Edward, adding some irrelevant remark about the "Castle."

"That the Herren will find close to the bridge," observed Franz, gravely.

Like good tourists, Edward and I photographed one another standing in the entrance to Richard's cell in the castle of Dürrenstein. Edward even walked up and down outside the cell window as Blondel, playing an imaginary harp. Eugene, completely mystified, shook his head and muttered something about the potency of the wine of Die Wachau.

After leaving the Elephant at Stein next morning we found ourselves amongst a veritable archipelago of islands. Without our Eugene we might often have taken a wrong turning. The current slowed down, and for considerable stretches we had to take turns with the oar until after midday, when the channel narrowed as we approached the Wiener Wald.

Late in the afternoon we entered the Danube Canal, and handed our boat over to Franz Niederbichler who was awaiting us at the Brigittenau Bridge.

Eugene was very gratified when we handed Franz's 25 kroners to him together with his last day's wages, third class fare to Ulm, and our cooking utensils. When we shook hands with him we little thought that we should meet him again six years later.

Hailing a fiaker we drove to the Hotel Imperial, and after a week in Vienna, we continued our journey by steamer to the Black Sea.

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Current Literature.


The Board reports a continuation of the investigations which were in being last year. The purification of beet sugar effluents has been further investigated from the bacteriological side, and from the chemical aspect. It has been found that the addition of between 0·3 and 3·0 parts of P₂O₅ per 100,000 under certain conditions results in the ready oxidation of sucrose by biological filters, active films being deposited and a percentage purification of 98 per cent being achieved. Experiments on the purification of milk factory effluents have been begun at Rothamsted. The biological oxidation of cellulose is being examined and it has been found that the activated sludge process is of little value for this purpose but percolating filters oxidize about 70 per cent. The comprehensive scientific survey of the