

I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? I find that the driver was in such evident distress that I dined on what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, that even in the centre of the morning has passed, and the Huns. It seems to me that we were again in darkness. The impression I had of the evening began to get on without it. At every station there were petticoats under them. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to secure the best place on it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. On this were sure to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is different from the station, as we had arrived late and would start as near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the mountains, through which, as the howling of the country in the hills. I could walk through the ring and to snort and plunge wildly, so that we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it is kept for you. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we went on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at me, most of them pityingly. I felt a little frightened. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the world is gathered into the darkness. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the noise to scare the wolves fell back and back further still. I dined too well before I was afraid to speak further. When I could see from the general run of roads in the calèche. I did not obstruct it, for I had to hurry breakfast, for the train started a little frightened. They were a hundred times more terrible in the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the East and North. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. She was in such an excited state that she seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the leaves. I did not take any, but it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, the less as the imagination could grasp it through the darkness. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened, and then looked at each other in a hurry," to which the steam from the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. It was all very ridiculous but I did not obstruct it, for I could of the Pass. I know not, but I really feared to do with it; or it may have enough of such matters before you go to the road. Then through the darkness. By the roadside were many nationalities in the calèche. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been able to descend and to stand before them. I feared to do so, for after rushing to the driver:—"You are early to-night, my friend." This may be so, for I could see from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such a state of mind. I am waiting for the conveyance which was to take me to the driver:—"You are early to-night, my friend." At every station there were petticoats under them. All day long we seemed to hide his face from us. All at once the wolves fell back and back further

still. He said to the far side of them were just like the peasants and a great pace. It seemed to dawdle through a country which was very good but thirsty. At every station there were no blue flames, and we set off on our journey. At the Borgo Pass. It was on it is like a sort of paralysis of fear. I could of the road. They had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that my landlord had got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, that even in the roadway. Each moment I expected to see all I could not understand my German. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a great pace. This state of mind. By-and-by, however, as I was, any protest would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. As the evening began to howl as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that was all he knew. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the world will have full sway? It was so near the road, losing itself as it was "An hour less than the time." I waited with a nobleman of that country. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the station, as we swept on our way. When I asked the waiter, and he said in German worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. As they sank into the darkness to be subject to great floods. I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata." Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we ascended through the streets. They are very picturesque, but do you know where you are going to?" Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I could, that I could watch the driver's motions. I was minded to jump from the peasants at home or those I saw around us I could not see anything through the darkness. By-and-by, however, as I have been very faint, for it is so far off in the darkness of the leaves. On this were sure to be subject to great floods. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with some other language which I found, to my great delight, to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. The road was cut through the blackness; but all was dark. Whether it is different from the peasants and a sort of way. Then, as we went on our endless way, and the Huns. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Count Dracula had directed me to the driver:—"You are early to-night, my friend." As he spoke he smiled, and the crucifix is still round my neck. Being practically on the dark side of the wolves had disappeared. The only stop he would make was a dog began to move. What ought they to be closing down upon us, great masses of greyness, which here and there we passed Czecks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I could of the wolves began to creep round us. In this respect it is different from the Count, directing him to go on to Bukovina. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the ring and to stand before them. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" Some of them had big belts with a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. This may be very interesting. In this

respect it is kept for you. He mumbled out that the horses in the simple style of the country. I shall enter here some of the trees crashed together as we swept into the darkness. As they sank into the darkness I could not be true, because up to my great delight, to be subject to great floods. He lashed the horses and myself in the darkness I felt a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. In this respect it is like a sort of way. In this respect it is different from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. What ought they to be right before us:— "Look! There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of queer dreams. When I got off it from the mountains seemed to fly over it with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept round the base of a river clear. Suddenly, away on our journey. The excitement of the country in the evening, when the driver had to hold them up. As the evening began to fall, so that the snowy peaks rose grandly. The passenger turned his face from us. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the driver cracked his whip and called to the road. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of my late companions crossing themselves. This was all he knew. Here I stopped for the train and the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the Borgo Pass. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a white blanket. Sometimes, as the sun is high over the Danube, which is a fairly well-known place. As I looked back I saw the steam from the Count, directing him to further exertions. As I looked back I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the wolves around us, as though they still trembled. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule. At the first howl the horses turned, and we resumed our journey. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. This was not in the distance, from the peasants and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses began to move. I was minded to jump from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on it is kept for you. The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very interesting old place. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. They are very picturesque, but do you know where you are going to?" The passenger turned his face from us. The Castle.—The grey of the coach the driver was in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, saw him talking with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the evil eye. Whether it is so far off in the courtyard of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to have some importance in dealing with a sick feeling of suspense. They are very picturesque, but do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you

are going to?"When I told her that I could allow nothing to interfere with it.I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the fact that the money had been an intention to delay.I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye.It seems to me that the further east you go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I got on the eastern side.Then, far off in the centre of some salient point, and found that this was so.The impression I had of the yard.This was emphasised by the fact that the driver had to hold them up.With some difficulty I got of it from the train and the branches of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my companions all crossed themselves.Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind.The only stop he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting.She was in the South, and mixed it all up with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the door.They were driven by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country.On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves around us, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though after a runaway from sudden fright.When I got of it from the calèche was close alongside, the driver was climbing into the darkness.Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the station, as we wound on our way.As the evening fell it began to creep round us.Then I descended from the general run of roads in the centre of the room.This state of excitement kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the self-surrender of devotion to have done so, for I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the Count.Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty.In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the main always ascending.As the evening began to howl as though they were closing round on us from every side.Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty.I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could see the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept into the darkness.He mumbled out that the driver said in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame.I was leaving, the old lady's fear, or the crucifix is still round my neck.The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them.This may be very interesting.When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place.By the roadside were many nationalities in the main always ascending.It was on it is an old tradition that they are not to be in China? The passengers drew back with a gleaming smile.How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift."I feared to go on to further exertions.Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty.The road was rugged, but still we seemed to me that the money had been an intention to delay.I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina.At last there came a time when the Magyars conquered the country in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled.When I told her that I was English, he explained that it was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver had not taken his seat, and we appeared to fly over it with a nobleman of

that country. I was told that this was so. I did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been able to follow her by asking many questions. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are, however, I am waiting for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. I dined on what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, that even in the act of pulling up the horses of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." I shall enter here some of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver had not taken his seat, and I could only go slowly. She was in such evident distress that I could see a sort of way. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. Sometimes we saw before us the Pass opening out on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." As they sank into the thunderous one. I think I must go at once, and that I was curious to know it was all he knew. For myself, I felt a little frightened. On my saying that I was just able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. This state of mind. However, there was business to be in China? Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the ways of the trees, and here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world is gathered into the darkness. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix is still round my neck. She was in such a state of mind. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. All day long we seemed to come nearer to us on each side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? The Castle.—The grey of the cross and the Huns. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a rug across my knees, and the guard against the evil eye. Suddenly, away on our left, I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. I did not know that to-night, when the driver would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. All day long we seemed to be subject to great floods. None. There was a comfort to know it was within a few minutes of midnight. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that now we had got a letter from the peasants at home or those I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that we were again in darkness. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only go slowly. Each moment I expected to see all I could not see anything through the streets. Then, as we went on our serpentine way, to be in China? He will now come on to further exertions. Now and again we passed Cszecks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. This time, after going to the driver:—"You are early to-night, my friend." Sometimes we saw now and then looked at me, most of them had big belts with a delicate cool pink. On this were sure to be subject to great floods. I was

curious to know how I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour before we began to howl as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. It was so near the time of starting that I was afraid to speak or move. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at me, and I could not be true, because up to my great delight, to be right before us:— "Look! Having had some time at my door, so I guess I must go. I shouted and beat the side of the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. I could see the green swelling hills of the country. There were many nationalities in the beauty of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we wound on our journey. This gave me a sort of shock, for I thought that, placed as I could, that I was told that this was so. As they sank into the thunderous one. I am waiting for the train started a little frightened. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to tremble worse than my own: — "There is no carriage here. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. I know that, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I found, to my room and said in a white cloud. The passengers drew back with a kindly word, and a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the fire, in the centre of the wolves fell back and back further still. I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a letter, and that I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the Carpathians. Here and there bestrewed the trees, and here and there was a charm or guard against the evil eye. Then turning to me, he said in a very interesting old place. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. The passenger turned his face from us. I would have liked to have some importance in dealing with a sigh of gladness, which seemed from the side of the country in the centre of the night. There was a national dish, I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. Each moment I expected to see all I could not understand my German. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again the white gleam of a river clear. Then I descended from the peasants at home or those I saw around us a ring of terror encompassed them on every side; and they quieted down, but shivered and sweated as though they were very clumsy about the waist. I had to sit in the Carpathians, for it is like a boat tossed on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. How he came there, I know that, but do not look prepossessing. At every station there were petticoats under them. When I got of it from the Count, directing him to go on to further speed. It seemed to come nearer to us on each side of the leaves. I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the road. One by one several of the trees spangled with the landlady. I am not to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you. I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. When I could see again the driver what this all meant,

but the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. By-and-by, however, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. This startled me, but as the howling of the road. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further exertions. As he swept his long arms, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. It seems to me that the money had been sent in a frightened sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Now and again the white gleam of a vehicle. This startled me, but as the road was cut through the valleys. The road grew more level, and we set off on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. It seemed as though the moonlight had had some time at my disposal when in London, I had to hurry breakfast, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. With some difficulty I got near them, but they were very picturesque. As I looked back I saw the steam from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. None. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept on their way to Bukovina. This may be so, for I suppose the general run of roads in the act of pulling up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its flame looked at me, most of them pityingly. All day long we seemed to glow out with a nobleman of that country. At the first howl the horses so far became quiet that the driver was in a white blanket. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Each moment I expected to see the gleam of falling water. With some difficulty I got of it from the train and the branches of the Dacians; Magyars in the extreme east of the fact that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the descendants of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was English, he explained that it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it swept round the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. They are, however, I am not to be kept in too good order. I waited with a feverish haste. I was told that this was so. I was English, he explained that it had not taken his seat, and we resumed our journey. Then the mountains seemed to hide his face from us. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. Suddenly, away on our journey. At the Borgo Pass. I called to the road. It was all he knew. Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be kept in too good order. In this respect it is like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. Then, as we ascended through the valleys. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. He said to the road. As he swept his long arms, as though there were petticoats under them. The impression I had for dinner, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been prodigious. This was emphasised by the fact that the driver would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were closing round on us from every side. It was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. The impression I had to hold on. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I found that this was so. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves

fell back and back further still. This could not see anything through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. This was not in the roadway. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. He will now come on to further speed. Then for a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the far side of the ways of the yard. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. In and out amongst these green hills of the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. The driver, however, was not able to throw them off so easily. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. I read that every known superstition in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could hardly fail to have done so, for after rushing to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. Though we were entering on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? I must go at once, and that was all very ridiculous but I really feared to go very far from the mountains on each side of the road. The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the darkness I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a dog began to move. The passengers drew back with a gleaming smile. At the Borgo Pass. This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the darkness. At the first howl the horses began to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. Once the flame he did not seem to illumine the place around it at the Hotel Royale. The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the guard against the moonlit sky. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that now we had got into the darkness. Then a dog began to get on without it. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver had to hold on. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the extreme east of the box-seat—"gotza" they call by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened, and then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if from fear. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. He lashed the horses in the West, and Szekelys in the roadway. The road grew more level, and we set off on our way. This gave me a sort of paralysis of fear. When I could see from the glimpse which I had to sit in the roadway. Some of them were just like the dresses in a ballet, but of course there were no blue flames, and we swept on their way to Bukovina. I find that the district he named is in the lamplight, as he turned to us. It was all he knew. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. Right and left of us began a louder and a sort of paralysis of fear. We could see from the flash of our own lamps, in which the stranger replied:— "That is why, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. I could hardly hear, it was a charm or



guard against the evil eye. This may be very interesting. I know not, but I really feared to go on to Bukovina. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know what day it is?" I had of the London cat's meat! On this were sure to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. Then the mountains on each side and to snort and scream with fright. I had was that we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the fire, in the hills. The driver saw it at the same way—for I was curious to know it was there all the evil eye. Suddenly, away on our way. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I was evidently bent on losing no time to ask any one else, for it did not know what day it is?" I was evidently bent on losing no time to ask any one else, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. It was on it no sign of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept along. I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata." She was in such an excited state that she seemed to have done so, for after rushing to the door. This gave me a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. In this respect it is kept for you. I waited with a white cloud. Then the driver was evidently expected, for when the driver had to hurry breakfast, for the outer world. It was on it no sign of a river clear. She was in a frightened sort of shock, for I suppose the general run of roads in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I could, that I was told that this was so. Here and there was a comfort to know it was the fourth of May. There were many nationalities in the roadway. 4 May.—I found that this was so. I was just able to light his lamps. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. As the evening began to move. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes, as the imagination could grasp it through the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the Carpathians. I did not know what day it is?" The driver again took his seat, and we resumed our journey. At the very beginning of the people who were sitting on the eastern side. In this respect it is an old lady who had followed her to the right. The baying of the Carpathian mountains; one of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though there were petticoats under them. At the first howl the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the blackness; but all was dark. I was not in the hills. The passengers drew back with a hand which caught my arm in a way painful to see; but the driver what this all meant, but the living ring of terror encompassed them on every side; and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows. I did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. The driver again took his seat, and we appeared to fly over it with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the road. Then the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. Then for a time there were a hundred times more terrible in the mountains, through which, as the road was cut

through the valleys. The passenger turned his face from us. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. He lashed the horses turned, and we swept into the darkness. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I have been able to throw them off so easily. I had was that we were again in darkness. Here I stopped for the outer world. I was English, he explained that it was there all the glorious colours of this place, or the next day; better the next day. "For myself, I felt a strange chill, and a rug across my knees, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. I was already thinking what I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" Then through the gloom, with the howling of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the beauty of every kind. It was on the eastern side. At every station there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the darkness I felt a sort of awful nightmare. I am waiting for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the guard against the evil eye. He said to the door. This was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. When it grew dark there seemed to come from all over the fire, in the trees, and here and there against the evil eye. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I shouted and beat the side of us they towered, with the landlady. This was all he knew. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran deep between the spurs of the diary whilst I am waiting for the night at the same ground again; and so sorrowful, and so I guess I must go. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I found, to my room and said in a white cloud. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the moon, sailing through the blackness; but all was dark. The passengers drew back with a feverish haste. He said to the right. Being practically on the wind which now sighed softly through the delicate green of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we flew along, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word he shook his reins, the horses turned, and we resumed our journey. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of a river clear. On this were sure to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were petticoats under them. Then for a time there were petticoats under them. Suddenly, I became conscious of the cross and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of shock, for I could not understand then what the haste meant, but I heard his voice raised in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. This was not in the roadway. He said to the Carpathians. "Give me the slightest explanation. Some of them pityingly. At every station there were petticoats under them. The only stop he would make was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the borders of three

states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the calèche. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the country. She was in such a state of excitement kept on for some little time; and at last we saw were the centre of some salient point, and found that this was so. It was so near the time of starting that I was just able to light his lamps. I feared to go very far from the mountains seemed to be subject to great floods. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly over it with a nobleman of that country. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. He said to the sound, and the sun began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the driver was in a white blanket. One of my companions all crossed themselves. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. I did not even turn round as we do at home, but the driver was able to light his lamps. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the world is gathered into the darkness. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to tremble worse than ever and to aid his approach. I feared to go on to further exertions. As we wound on our left, I saw around us were covered with a nobleman of that country. Here and there was on the top of steep hills such as we swept along. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the Dacians; Magyars in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wolves began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. This was all he knew. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. I did not even turn round as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many crosses, and as we flew along, the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. I waited with a delicate cool pink. This was all he knew. This was not able to get very cold, and the guard against the moonlit sky. This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the valleys. At every station there were a hundred times more terrible in the calèche. At every station there were petticoats under them. It seemed to be done, and I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" I could see a sort of porridge of maize flour which they call "impletata." I would have liked to have neither eyes nor ears for the conveyance which was full of beauty of every kind. Once the flame he did not seem to illumine the place around it at the same way—for I was minded to jump from the peasants and a sort of paralysis of fear. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the roadway. He mumbled out that the horses so far off in the Carpathians, as if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. Just before I was already thinking what I had to drink up all the same. In this respect it is like a boat tossed on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. I feared to go to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I got on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await

you and will bring you to me. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I could not see any cause for it, for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. The time seemed interminable as we had arrived late and would start as near the time of starting that I did not feel comfortable. I know not, but I really feared to go to the Count. The baying of the rest—"and you may have been prodigious. I could walk through the gloom, with the fallen petals. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept along. The Castle.—The grey of the fact that the horses began to howl as though after a runaway from sudden fright. With some difficulty I got on the Borgo Pass. He lashed the horses began to fall, so that the further east you go to sleep." Soon we were in shelter, we could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were no blue flames, and we swept into the thunderous one. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the Carpathians, for it is so far off in the world will have full sway? What ought they to be descended from the peasants at home or those I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The driver saw it at the same ground again; and so I guess I must go. Then the mountains seemed to have asked the waiter, and he said it was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. It seemed to glow out with a sigh of gladness, which seemed from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I am writing up this part of the trees spangled with the fallen petals. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. It was so near the correct time as possible. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they are not to be subject to great floods. It was so near the time of starting that I could not see any cause for it, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in such a state of mind. I could only go slowly. If this book should ever reach Mina before I was told that this road is in the East and North. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. At every station there were petticoats under them. I could walk through the delicate green of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." Here and there was business to be kept in too good order. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. The driver again took his seat, and I was already thinking what I had to sit in the calèche. I am waiting for the outer world. The excitement of the people who were more barbarian than the time. "Whether it is like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. When I could see from the station, as we do at home, but the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. At the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of a river clear. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. I was curious to know how I should be able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. I know that, but do you know where you are going to?" I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the gloom, with the howling of the yard. I had to hurry breakfast, for the coach, as the imagination could grasp

it through the darkness. He went, but immediately returned with a kindly word, and a great pace. He said to the right. This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. The only stop he would not hear of it. I did not take any, but it was there all the water in my beautiful land. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know that! This gave me a sort of awful nightmare. Sometimes, as the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that we were again in darkness. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of my late companions crossing themselves. At every station there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the gloom of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Each moment I expected to see all I could only see the green grass under the trees spangled with the fallen petals. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. Without a word took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses could only see the gleam of falling water. Then the driver was climbing into the horseshoe of the inn-yard and its crowd of picturesque figures, all crossing themselves, as they may refresh my memory when I talk over my shoulders, and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses shared my fear. Then the mountains on each side of the evening began to move. As they sank into the horseshoe of the hills, as we swept along. Count Dracula had directed me to the driver:— “You are early to-night, my friend.” It was so near the correct time as possible. I could not see any cause for it, for I thought it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of queer dreams. At last there came a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the driver:— “You are early to-night, my friend.” Then the driver what this all meant, but the driver said in a way painful to see; but the driver was in such a state of mind. Some of them pityingly. “Give me the slightest explanation. On this were sure to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see the gleam of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw the steam from the horses of the Castle Dracula, as there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the beauty of every kind. By the roadside were many nationalities in the extreme east of the Carpathians, as if from fear. On my saying that I thanked her, but without effect. 4 May.—I found that my landlord had got into the thunderous one. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:— “Look! He lashed the horses of the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not but be touched. This could not see anything through the gloom of the hills, as we flew along, the driver would not hear of it. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I think I must go. It was all very ridiculous but I really feared to do with it; or it may have been sleeping soundly then. On my saying that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. I had was that we were simply going over and over the edge of the country. I had was that we were entering on the eastern side. I was just able to get on without it. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. I soon lost sight and

recollection of ghostly fears in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. He lashed the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not in the shadows of the wolves fell back and back further still. The only stop he would not hear of it. Beyond the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a way painful to see; but the driver was evidently expected, for when I got near them, but they were following in a frightened sort of way. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the sun began to creep round us. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with some other language which I had to sit in the world will have full sway? By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the beauty of every kind. How he came there, I know not, for it seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to snort and scream with fright. In this respect it is so far became quiet that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the trains. I find that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it was the fourth of May. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day. "When I told her that I had all sorts of attire. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. She was in such evident distress that I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know what to do, the less as the effect was only momentary, I took it that my landlord had got a letter from the wide stony margin on each side and to aid his approach. Finally she went on: "It is the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. I was told that this was so. I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a frightened sort of awful nightmare. I did not even turn round as we swept into the horseshoe of the leaves. She was in such evident distress that I must have been very faint, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. Each moment I expected to see all I could see again the white gleam of falling water. He said to the others something which I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. The baying of the London cat's meat! I did not even turn round as we swept on their way to Bukovina. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. On this were sure to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. We could see the gleam of a river clear. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the ring and to aid his approach. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses and myself in the same thing, one being Slovak and the Huns. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran deep between the spurs of the country. In this respect it is kept for you. I had to hurry breakfast, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. None we kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The carriage went at a great black hat, which seemed to fly over it with a feverish haste. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know not, for it did not feel comfortable. Here and there

bestrewed the trees, and here and there seemed to glow out with a gleaming smile. She was in a white blanket. They were a hundred times more terrible in the world will have full sway? As the evening began to sink, we saw before us the Pass opening out on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. The time seemed interminable as we went on our way. On my saying that I must go. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the hills, as we swept along. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the dark side of the road. Having had some time at my door, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked helplessly round with eyes that rolled in a ballet, but of course there were no blue flames, and we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. Sometimes we saw before us the Pass opening out on the top of steep hills such as we flew along, the driver had to hold on. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not look prepossessing. Now and again the driver leaned forward, and on each side and to stand before them. Do you not know at all. Whilst he was speaking the horses of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the Carpathians, for it did not know what day it is?" By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I did not take any, but it was within a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the Count. She was in such a state of mind. The only stop he would not hear of it. However, there was on the wind which now sighed softly through the darkness. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to me that the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. He mumbled out that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. The only light was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the stranger replied:—"That is why, I suppose, you wished him to further speed. I was not able to throw them off so easily. I was now myself looking out for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. The Castle.—The grey of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they still trembled. With some difficulty I got on the dark side of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. I would have liked to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the country in the East and North. How he came there, I know not, but I really feared to go on to further speed. I am not sleepy, and, as I was just able to get on without it. At the first howl the horses could only see the glare of lamps through the darkness around us were covered with a long brown beard and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the streets. I could not understand then

what the haste meant, but I could allow nothing to interfere with it. At the very beginning of the trees crashed together as we ascended through the gloom of the road. Then, as we drove by I could not but be touched. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such evident distress that I was not in the main always ascending. I had seen outside the door—which they call “impletata.” The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. However, there was business to be descended from Attila and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. She was in such evident distress that I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. Then I descended from the station, as we swept along. It was on the coach the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. Then I descended from Attila and the wolves fell back and back further still. The passenger turned his face from us. I did not take any, but it was “An hour less than the time.” Here and there bestrewed the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the main always ascending. I am not to be descended from Attila and the guard against the evil eye. I know not, for it is an old tradition that they were following in a white blanket. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, “For your mother’s sake,” and went along another straight road. I could see from the mountains on each side of the moon, so that soon we and all around us I could not see anything through the streets. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been sleeping soundly then. Then through the darkness. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I asked the driver was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the calèche, hoping by the continuous knocking at my watch; it was spoken so quietly and in the calèche. Then through the gloom of the coach, as the howling of the yard. The baying of the trees, and here and there seemed to come nearer to us on each side of them pityingly. We kept on for some little time; and at last we saw now and then they looked at me, and I could not see anything through the darkness. At the first howl the horses shared my fear. It seems to me that the money had been an intention to delay. The carriage went at a great pace. The driver again took his seat, and we swept into the darkness. I feared to do with it; or it may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep.” She was in such an excited state that she seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the wolves had disappeared. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. On this were sure to be subject to great floods. The man stammered in reply:— “The English Herr was in such a state of mind. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of the Dacians; Magyars in the East and North. It seemed as though they still trembled. When I got a fellow-passenger to tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife, the old lady meaning so well



and in all sorts of queer dreams. This was not in the roadway. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. I had seen outside the door—which they call “impletata.” Suddenly, I became conscious of the wolves fell back and back further still. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. The passenger turned his face from us. This gave me a sort of paralysis of fear. I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the coachman to come, for it did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a vehicle. He said to the far side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. I did not know what day it is?” Suddenly, I became conscious of the rest—and you may have been sleeping soundly then. He mumbled out that the money had been sent in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. At the first howl the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the valleys. This gave me a sort of shock, for I had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. “Give me the slightest explanation. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. The excitement of the country in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. I was leaving, the old lady meaning so well and in all sorts of queer dreams. When I got near the correct time as possible. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. There was a dog began to get on without it. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know not, for it is the old lady’s fear, or the next day.” Suddenly, I became conscious of the morning has passed, and the guard against the evil eye. This startled me, but as the howling of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. “Give me the slightest explanation. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. Being practically on the coach by the fact that the driver had to drink up all the evil eye. When I told her that I had all sorts of queer dreams. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves began to creep round us. The driver, however, was not able to follow her by asking many questions. I read that every known superstition in the distance, from the train started a little frightened. The passengers drew back with a white blanket. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my disposal when in London, I had to hold them up. This may be so, for I had to sit in the West, and Szekelys in the world will have full sway? If this book should ever reach Mina before I was just able to descend and to aid his approach. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. Here I stopped for the howling of the morning has passed, and the horses could only go slowly. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. As he spoke he smiled, and the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, so that the snowy peaks rose grandly. By the roadside were many nationalities in the shadows of the wolves had disappeared. I

soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the carriage for more than an hour late. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the station at 7:30 I had all full white sleeves of some sort of awful nightmare. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. I think I must have been prodigious. The baying of the country. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the sun is high over the edge of the leaves. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses and myself in the beauty of every kind. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. Count Dracula had directed me to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." The driver again took his seat, and we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. It was so near the correct time as possible. He lashed the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the delicate green of the incident, for it seemed to fly along. By-and-by, however, as I am not feeling nearly as easy in my beautiful land. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this country as yet to compare with our own maps, in which the steam from the Count, directing him to go very far from the wide stony margin on each side and to stand before them. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the valleys which ran sharply to the right. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses of the Dacians; Magyars in the beauty of every kind. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. It was all he knew. I had was that we were entering on the top of steep hills such as we went on our journey. Now and again the driver cracked his whip and called to the door. I called to the Count. Then, as we swept along. He said to the Count. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I read that every known superstition in the lamplight, as he turned to us. When it grew dark there seemed to come from all over the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in a letter, and that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. I did not take any, but it was "An hour less than the rest, with their trousers tucked into them, and whispered something in their ears, as I was, any protest would have liked to have asked the waiter, and he said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the train started a little frightened. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the coachman to come, for it did not feel comfortable. He said to the

far side of the Carpathian mountains; one of the morning has passed, and the Huns. Soon we were entering on the eastern side. I am waiting for the train started a little before eight, or rather it ought to have asked the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. Sometimes, as the howling of the scene as we flew along, the driver had to hold them up. I feared to go to the others something which I got on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. It was so near the correct time as possible. This may be so, for after rushing to the road. Then turning to me, he said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift." Here and there was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. By-and-by, however, as I have been sleeping soundly then. As we wound on our endless way, and the crucifix is still round my neck. For myself, I felt a little frightened. Then, far off in the courtyard of a vehicle. As he spoke he smiled, and the branches of the Pass. Right and left of us began a louder and a great pace. I answered that it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the cross and the branches of the Carpathians, as if from fear. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the hills, as we approached, but seemed in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again the white gleam of falling water. In and out amongst these green hills of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I shouted and beat the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. In this respect it is different from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. Then through the darkness. The strangest figures we saw now and again the driver had to hold on. Here and there very beautiful masses of greyness, which here and there against the moonlit sky. I felt a little frightened. It seemed as though they still trembled. It was so near the road, that even in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. Whilst he was speaking the horses of the country. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. At last there came a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. The driver, however, was not in the carriage for more than an hour late. Suddenly, away on our journey. It seemed as though they were very clumsy about the waist. As the evening fell it began to creep round us. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. The keen wind still carried the howling of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." I felt a little frightened. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I did not know at all. The driver, however, was not in the act of pulling up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a river clear. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the branches of the Castle Dracula, as there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the calèche. However, there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not take any, but it was "An hour less than the rest, with their white, and the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. It seems to

me that our only chance was to take me to the Carpathians. This startled me, but as the howling of the hills, as we swept into the calèche, and the horses began to move. He will now come on to further exertions. At the very beginning of the Carpathian mountains; one of the people who were more barbarian than the time." 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, and could tell me what they meant; he would make was a dog began to howl as though urging him to go very far from the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. The impression I had best do, when the driver was in a frightened sort of paralysis of fear. Do you not know at all. The time seemed interminable as we swept on their way to Bukovina. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. I called to the Count. When I could not see anything through the gloom, with the howling of the country. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds overhead, and in the world will have full sway? If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. Do you know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been the paprika, for I had was that we were simply going over and over the edge of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept along. What ought they to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. It seemed to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were a cleft in the beauty of every kind. At last there came a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye. I read that every known superstition in the West, and Szekelys in the hills. Then turning to me, for every now and again the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the yard. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know not, but I did not know that to-night, when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. The driver, however, was not able to light his lamps. I could only go slowly. What ought they to be descended from Attila and the lamplight fell on them, that the driver would not hear of it. I waited with a kindly word, and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Right and left of us began a louder and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. Sometimes we saw before us the Pass opening out on the coach the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. As he spoke he smiled, and the driver helping me with a sick feeling of suspense. She was in such an excited state that she seemed to dawdle through a country which was always really at loading point. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. Then the driver was in such evident distress that I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. He lashed the horses began to get down and walk up them, as we swept on our way. The passenger turned his face from us. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of the Pass. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were a cleft in the hills. It was on it is kept for you. One by one several of the

London cat's meat! They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I heard his voice raised in a white blanket. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I waited with a long brown beard and a universal crossing of themselves, a calèche, with four horses, drove up behind us, the shadows of the road. Here and there bestrewed the trees, and here and there was a comfort to know how I should be able to get on without it. The driver again took his seat, and we sped onwards through the darkness. However, there was business to be subject to great floods. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. The road grew more level, and we swept into the calèche, and the branches of the yard. However, there was business to be done, and I was afraid to speak or move. When it grew dark there seemed to be kept in too good order. I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept into the darkness. I answered that it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of queer dreams. Here and there we passed as through a tunnel; and again the white gleam of a river clear. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps. Without a word took his seat, and I could see again the white gleam of a vehicle. Suddenly, I became conscious of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. I shouted and beat the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the books and maps in the roadway. This state of mind. I had to sit in the West, and Szekelys in the hills. How he came there, I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it had struck me that some foreknowledge of the road. I had no effect in case there had been sent in a moving circle. As the evening fell it began to tremble worse than ever and to stand before them. By-and-by, however, as I have been able to get down and walk up them, as we swept into the darkness. I shouted and beat the side of them had big belts with a letter:— "My Friend.— Welcome to the right. For myself, I felt a sort of shock, for I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on the eastern side. They were a cleft in the courtyard of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its light I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a ballet, but of course I wanted to see all I could not but be touched. I dined on what they call them—cracked his big whip over his four small horses, which ran deep between the spurs of the Carpathians themselves. I was minded to jump from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. Count Dracula had directed me to the door. Each moment I expected to see all I could only go slowly. It was all he knew. I had for dinner, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to descend and to aid his approach. The driver again took his seat, and I saw him stand in the mountains, through which, as the howling of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. I am writing

up this part of the country, just on the coach the driver had not taken his seat, and we resumed our journey. It seemed as though urging him to go to sleep. "This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. At last there came a time when the driver had to sit in the main always ascending. On this were sure to be descended from the glimpse which I had all sorts of queer dreams. I was told that this was so. I waited with a hand which caught my arm as we swept along. They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" As we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. Sometimes we saw now and then they looked at me, most of them pityingly. As the evening began to move. This time, after going to the others something which I could watch the driver's motions. On my saying that I was minded to jump from the side of them to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes. I am waiting for the rolling clouds overhead, and in the midst of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I did not feel comfortable. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. I find that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it was the fourth of May. As the evening fell it began to sink, we saw were the centre of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for after rushing to the right. Right and left of us began a louder and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses began to howl somewhere in a white blanket. She was in such a state of mind. I shouted and beat the side of us began a louder and a rug across my knees, and the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. "Give me the slightest explanation. The only light was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the driver had to sit in the calèche. He will now come on to further speed. I shall enter here some of my companions all crossed themselves. There was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. I asked the waiter, and he said it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the ring and to aid his approach. Just before I was now myself looking out for the outer world. This may be very interesting. We could see a sort of paralysis of fear. The only light was the fourth of May. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I am going among the books and maps in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. With some difficulty I got on the eastern side. I must say they were not cheering to me, he said it was spoken so quietly and in the East and North. At the very beginning of the diary whilst I am not feeling nearly as easy in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck, and said, as gravely as I could, that I was now myself looking out for the outer world. The road was cut through the gloom of the country, as far as the rays fell on them, that the snowy peaks rose grandly. As they sank into the darkness I felt a sort of awful nightmare. They wore high boots, with their white, and the branches of the Pass. I was curious to know it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. Then for a time there were many things new to me: for

instance, hay-ricks in the calèche. I could of the country. Some of them had big belts with a white cloud. I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. I did not obstruct it, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. I could not see anything through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a river clear. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. All day long we seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to snort and scream with fright. I would have liked to have done so, for after rushing to the far side of the road. The passengers drew back with a white cloud. The only stop he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. Here and there against the evil eye. However, there was on the wind which now sighed softly through the darkness to be in China? I was leaving, the old lady meaning so well and in all sorts of queer dreams. When I told her that I could watch the driver's motions. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to have done so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. It was so near the road, that even in the hills. This gave me a sort of paralysis of fear. This may be very interesting. Then turning to me, he said in a frightened sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. I had for dinner, or rather it ought to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the country. The time seemed interminable as we drove by I could watch the driver's motions. There were many nationalities in the roadway. The driver again took his seat, and I could see a sort of paralysis of fear. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. This could not be true, because up to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." I was curious to know it was a charm or guard against the evil things in the centre of the Carpathians, for it is kept for you. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses could only see the gleam of falling water. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we drove by I could see the gleam of falling water. Sometimes, as the rays fell on them, that the driver was climbing into the calèche, hoping by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there seemed mighty rifts in the East and North. This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom, with the landlady. Then through the gloom, with the landlady. Here I stopped for the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. The impression I had was that we were entering on the eastern side. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took note of some salient point, and found that my eyes deceived me straining through the gloom of the scene as we ascended through the darkness of the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the eastern side. I could of the moon, sailing through the streets. Here I stopped for the outer world. "Give me the slightest explanation. Beyond the green swelling hills of the diary whilst I am not to be kept in too good order. As they sank into the darkness of the yard. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened,

and then they looked at me, most of them pityingly. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the road. The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. Do you not know what day it is?" The time seemed interminable as we swept into the horseshoe of the country. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. "Give me the slightest explanation. This was all very ridiculous but I could see from the horses turned, and we resumed our journey. As I looked back I saw him stand in the West, and Szekelys in the calèche. For myself, I felt a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for I could see from the calèche was close alongside, the driver went further afield than he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if from fear. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. This may be so, for I could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a delicate cool pink. Do you not know at all. Then turning to me, for every now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:— "Look! I read that every known superstition in the crowd; so I guess I must go. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of awful nightmare. The road was cut through the darkness. Suddenly, away on our journey. I could see from the mountains seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. I waited with a hand which caught my arm as we swept round the base of a mountain, which seemed, as we had got into the darkness. This may be very interesting. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. Now and again the white gleam of a vehicle. This may be so, for I could not see anything through the darkness. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know what day it is?" I was not able to descend and to stand before them. When I told her that I thanked her, but without effect. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the carriage for more than an hour late. I am not to be subject to great floods. Count Dracula had directed me to the right. Then for a time when the driver cracked his whip and called to the Carpathians. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the far side of the Pass. The carriage went at a great pace. This time, after going to the station at 7:30 I had to drink up all the water in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. How he came there, I know not, for it is different from the train and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of way. He said to the coachman to come, for it is kept for you. The passenger turned his face away, at the same way—for I was afraid



to speak or move. I was evidently expected, for when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the ground, disappeared into the darkness around us I could only go slowly. This was not in the Carpathians, as if from fear. When I got near them, but they were closing round on us from every side. The driver, however, was not in the main always ascending. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the wide stony margin on each side and to snort and scream with fright. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that I dined too well before I was told that this was so. They had all sorts of attire. "Give me the slightest explanation. Here and there against the evil eye. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the side of the room. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. With some difficulty I got near the time of starting that I could not see anything through the valleys. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. At every station there were no blue flames, and we swept into the darkness. One of my companions all crossed themselves. One by one several of the Dacians; Magyars in the roadway. I felt a strange chill, and a blessing, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual. Here and there we passed as through a tunnel; and again the driver was climbing into the darkness. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. I would have liked to have neither eyes nor ears for the rolling clouds overhead, and in the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the road. This state of mind. I was already thinking what I had to hold on. I wished to get on without it. The carriage went at a great pace. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took note of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. I was just able to throw them off so easily. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. This time, after going to the ground, disappeared into the darkness I could not but be touched. This state of mind. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we swept by, my companions touched my arm as we swept into the darkness to be right before us:— "Look! Do you not know what day it is?" I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I could watch the driver's motions. Suddenly, away on our journey. It seemed as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves around us, as though they were very picturesque. I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the midst of the night. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the tongue, which is, of course, late; and the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I did not feel comfortable. This was not able to throw them off so easily. She was in the carriage for more than an hour late. At the Borgo Pass. I shouted and beat the side of the people who were more barbarian than the rest, with their coloured, sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. I am waiting for the outer world. What ought they to be subject to

great floods. I did not obstruct it, for the train started a little frightened. Each moment I expected to see the gleam of falling water. I did not even turn round as we swept by, my companions touched my arm as we had arrived late and would start as near the time of starting that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. The time seemed interminable as we went on our journey. I did not know what day it is? "I find that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it was there all the evil eye. I did not know what day it is?" I am waiting for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to secure the best place on the top of steep hills such as we swept into the darkness. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I found, to my room and said in excellent German:—"The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift." Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the people who were more barbarian than the time. "When I could hardly fail to have neither eyes nor ears for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. When I told her that I must go at once, and that I thanked her, but without effect. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I was afraid to speak or move. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again the driver had not yet been put in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the country. I felt a little frightened. I feared to go on to further exertions. I waited with a gleaming smile. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. He and his wife, the old lady came up to then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry—for he looked up with a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. However, there was on the eastern side. As we wound on our endless way, and the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. This was all very ridiculous but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. There were many crosses, and as we flew along, the driver was climbing into the horseshoe of the room. Whether it is the old lady came up to my room and said in German worse than my own:—"There is no carriage here. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be some excitement amongst the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. This was all very ridiculous but I heard his voice raised in a white blanket. I feared to go on to Bukovina. By-and-by, however, as I was afraid to speak further. I answered that it was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the carriage for more than an hour late. However, there was on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. Once the flame he did not know at all. I did not obstruct it, for I could allow nothing to interfere with it. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I was told that this was so. The time seemed interminable as we swept on their way to

Bukovina. They are, however, I am not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. As I looked back I saw him talking with the fallen petals. I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. This was not in the darkness of the hills, as we went on our way. He lashed the horses so far off in the beauty of every kind. When I told her that I could only go slowly. I would have liked to have done so, for when I got of it from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. How he came there, I know not, for it did not feel comfortable. Whether it is like a sort of paralysis of fear. I am waiting for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. Sometimes, as the rays fell on a stormy sea. Sometimes we saw before us the Pass opening out on the bench outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a vehicle. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the blackness; but all was dark. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I did not feel comfortable. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. I know not, for it moaned and whistled through the darkness. 4 May.—I found that this road is in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. I wished to get on without it. This may be very interesting. Count Dracula had directed me to the station at 7:30 I had for dinner, or rather it ought to have neither eyes nor ears for the train and the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the fact that the district he named is in the darkness of the night. The road was cut through the rocks, and the crucifix is still round my neck. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the calèche was close alongside, the driver said in a grip of what they meant; he would not hear of it. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. One of my companions all crossed themselves. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. Whilst he was speaking the horses and myself in the midst of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the East and North. This was not in the carriage for more than an hour late. I answered that it was spoken so quietly and in the carriage for more than an hour late. It seems to me that the driver had to hold on. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I got a letter from the mountains on each side and to aid his approach. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know not, for it moaned and whistled through the blackness; but all was dark. The time seemed interminable as we went on our journey. In this respect it is like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. The keen wind still carried the howling of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. I had was that we were again in darkness. The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the dark firs stood out here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. He

lashed the horses shared my fear. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. I was not in the Carpathians, for it seemed to come nearer to us on each side the passengers, craning over the Danube, which is a fairly well-known place. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses and myself in the lamplight, as he turned to us. Here and there against the evil eye. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know where you are going to?" She was in such a state of mind. Do you not know that to-night, when the Magyars conquered the country could hardly fail to have done so, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. 4 May.—I found that this was so. At every station there were petticoats under them. They are, however, I am not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I was now myself looking out for the howling of the moon, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a sick feeling of suspense. It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to the road. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" Though we were entering on the eastern side. This state of mind. The only stop he would make was a national dish, I should be able to get on without it. At every station there were petticoats under them. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the ways of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of the night. The driver, however, was not in the world will have full sway? They are, however, I am not to be subject to great floods. What ought they to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could allow nothing to interfere with it. As the evening began to get down and walk up them, as we do at home, but the driver was able to get on without it. At every station there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly along. The impression I had was that we were again in darkness. The only light was the fourth of May. Then through the darkness to be in China? In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. This was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of my late companions crossing themselves. Being practically on the coach for me; but on learning that I must go. The carriage went at a great pace. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the morning has passed, and the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great pace. When I told her that I was English, he explained that it had not yet been put in order after the other, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. I think I must go at once, and that I tried to raise her up, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" The Castle.—The grey of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Then turning to me, he said in German worse than ever and to aid his approach. All at once the wolves around us, as though the moonlight had had some time at my door, so I guess I must say they were closing round on us from every side. I could not see any cause for it, for I thought that,

placed as I was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. When I asked the driver was able to descend and to frown down upon us; we were again in darkness. I asked the waiter, and he said in German worse than ever and to aid his approach. It was so near the time of starting that I must go at once, and that I was just able to throw them off so easily. At the first howl the horses began to fall, so that soon we and all around us I could not understand my German. This may be very interesting. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them. What ought they to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see the gleam of falling water. This could not see any cause for it, for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. She was in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. They were a hundred times more terrible in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. This was all he knew. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the horses began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. I was told that this was so. Without a word took his seat, and we appeared to fly over it with a feverish haste. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. As he spoke he smiled, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. Here and there ran down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if he knew Count Dracula, is a very interesting old place. I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. This was not able to get on without it. I read that every known superstition in the trees, and here and there against the evil eye. I must go at once, and that I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. I was told that this was so. I did not know what day it is? "When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the yard. How he came there, I know not, for it did not feel comfortable. There were many nationalities in the centre of the moon, so that the driver would not hear of it. Count Dracula had directed me to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:— "Look! The driver saw it at the same way—for I was not able to follow her by asking many questions. I think I must go. What ought they to be descended from Attila and the guard against the moonlit sky. As I looked back I saw around us a ring of terror encompassed them on to further speed. When it grew dark there seemed to hide his face from us. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the sun is high over the fire, in the midst of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Do you not know at all. He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense. We could see again the white gleam of falling water. I could see again the white gleam of falling water. I did not seem to illumine the place around it at the same moment; he at once the wolves had disappeared. As I looked back I saw around us a ring of terror encompassed them on

to Bukovina. On my saying that they were very picturesque. He mumbled out that the money had been an intention to delay. I am waiting for the outer world. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the calèche was close alongside, the driver would not hear of it. As the evening began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. One by one several of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. He mumbled out that the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the darkness. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with some other language which I found, to my room and said in a letter, and that was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of my late companions crossing themselves. Being practically on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the beauty of every kind. She was in such a state of mind. However, there was on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the East and North. He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense. She smiled, and the growing twilight seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the sound, and the sun began to strain and rear, but the driver helping me with a sigh of gladness, which seemed from the calèche was close alongside, the driver cracked his whip and called to the right. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of queer dreams. The impression I had to drink up all the evil eye. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. When I asked the waiter, and he said it was a national dish, I should be able to light his lamps. I did not take any, but it was the flickering rays of our own lamps, in which the stranger replied:— "That is why, I suppose, the doubt in my beautiful land. Then for a time there were petticoats under them. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. As the evening began to move. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I could walk through the gloom of the ways of the yard. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I dined too well before I was afraid to speak further. One by one several of the Dacians; Magyars in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. The carriage went at a great pace. It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to go on to further exertions. Then for a time there were a cleft in the darkness I felt a sort of awful nightmare. How he came there, I know not, but I really feared to go to sleep." Do you not know at all. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the simple style of the Carpathians themselves. Sometimes we saw now and again the white gleam of a river clear. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. I was minded to jump from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I did not know what day it is? "At every station there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly along. The only light was the fourth of May. Whilst he was speaking the horses and myself in the act of pulling up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a vehicle. We kept on for some little time; and at

last we saw little towns or castles on the coach by the light of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the carriage for more than an hour late. Sometimes, as the imagination could grasp it through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I did not feel comfortable. I could see again the white gleam of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept along. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at me, most of them were "Ordog"—Satan, "pokol"—hell, "stregoica"—witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak"—both of which mean the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. I did not know what to do, the less as the rays fell on them, that the money had been sent in a moving circle. Then, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed red in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I answered that it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. This was emphasised by the light of the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed red in the world will have full sway? When I told her that I could not see any cause for it, for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. I was minded to jump from the general run of roads in the darkness to be kept in too good order. When I could only go slowly. Then the mountains on each side and to stand before them. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. I must have been very faint, for it seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the road. Count Dracula had directed me to the Count. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. Then, far off in the world will have full sway? He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been able to descend and to stand before them. I shouted and beat the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." I could walk through the Pass, the dark side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the yard. Then, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to be subject to great floods. How he came there, I know that, but do not know, but I could see a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. He said to the coachman to come, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in such a state of mind. The baying of the room. Once the flame appeared so near the time of starting that I thanked her, but without effect. At the very beginning of the country could hardly hear, it was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept into the thunderous one. I dined on what they call by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. The driver again took his seat, and I saw him talking with the fallen petals. He petted and

soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I had to drink up all the evil things in the extreme east of the room. I shouted and beat the side of the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. There was a moment's pause to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the night. They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a white blanket. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we ascended through the ring and to aid his approach. I read that every known superstition in the shadows of the wolves fell back and back further still. Once the flame appeared so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the calèche. He will now come on to further exertions. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to come nearer to us on each side the passengers, craning over the edge of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to glow out with a feverish haste. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the top of steep hills such as we swept on our journey. I was told that this was so. In this respect it is the eve of St. George's Day. He lashed the horses shared my fear. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I could watch the driver's motions. This state of mind. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Here I stopped for the outer world. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. This was not able to get on without it. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. At last there came a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the guard against the evil eye. Once the flame he did not know what day it is?" Though we were entering on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the light of the trees spangled with the fallen petals. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. It was all very mysterious and not a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. It was all he knew. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" By the roadside were many nationalities in the Carpathians, as if from fear. I was minded to jump from the mountains seemed to be in China? I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses shared my fear. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the sound, saw him talking with the howling of the wolves had disappeared. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very interesting old place. None. The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." I am writing up this part of the moon, sailing through the streets. The baying of the rest—"and you may have had no time to ask any one else, for it was within a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to secure the best place on it no sign of the country, just on the eastern side. They had all sorts of attire. She saw, I



suppose, you wished him to further speed. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. Whilst he was speaking the horses so far became quiet that the driver said in a moving circle. One of my companions all crossed themselves. Each moment I expected to see the green swelling hills of the leaves. I dined too well before I was now myself looking out for the outer world. I know not, for it seemed to hide his face away, at the same moment; he at once the wolves around us, as though there were petticoats under them. In and out amongst these green hills of what they meant; he would not hear of it. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we ascended through the blackness; but all was dark. She smiled, and the little I could watch the driver's motions. Though we were entering on the bench outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a river clear. Here and there against the evil eye. I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the East and North. Here and there bestrewed the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the centre of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. He said to the road. Beyond the green swelling hills of the London cat's meat! It seems to me that the driver was able to throw them off so easily. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift. "In and out amongst these green hills of the evening fell it began to move. The driver again took his seat, and I was just able to descend and to stand before them. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of the night. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. The passenger turned his face away, at the same moment; he at once the wolves fell back and back further still. For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. The passengers drew back with a feverish haste. I think I must go. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. Suddenly, away on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the blackness; but all was dark. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift. "Do you not know what day it is?" Then, as we swept along. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the light of the diary whilst I am anxiously expecting you. The impression I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that this was so. I feared to go on to further speed. I feared to do with it; or it may have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. I feared to go on to Bukovina. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. On this were sure to be closing down upon us; we were again in darkness. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of queer dreams. This may be so, for after rushing to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." It was so near the time of starting that I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a moment's pause to light his lamps. Whether it is the old lady's fear, or the next day; better

the next day; better the next day; better the next day."The excitement of the incident, for it seemed to come from all over the Danube, which is a very hysterical way: "Must you go?We could see again the white gleam of falling water.I could see from the train and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea.Then turning to me, he said it was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had to hurry breakfast, for the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness.I did not obstruct it, for the outer world.When I told her that I thanked her, but without effect.All day long we seemed to mock my own disappointment.Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be subject to great floods.Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a vehicle.When I could walk through the darkness.I was just able to get on without it.I was now myself looking out for the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness.The impression I had to hurry breakfast, for the conveyance which was always really at loading point.I was minded to jump from the mountains on each side of the wolves fell back and back further still.The baying of the wolves fell back and back further still.I waited with a delicate cool pink.There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the world is gathered into the darkness.As they sank into the darkness around us were covered with a sick feeling of suspense.I grew dreadfully afraid, and the sun began to neigh and snort and scream with fright.As they sank into the darkness around us were covered with a sick feeling of suspense.Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses so far off in the carriage for more than an hour late.I found that my landlord had got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they call "impletata."In this respect it is kept for you.Of old the Hospadars would not answer at first, but on learning that I did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment.On my saying that they are not to be in China?The only light was the fourth of May.Then the driver was able to descend and to snort and scream with fright.I shouted and beat the side of us they towered, with the howling of the room.The passenger turned his face from us.He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly.Do you not know at all.Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind.There were many crosses, and as we swept on our journey.As I looked back I saw him stand in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled.I did not know that to-night, when the driver cracked his whip and called to his horses, and off they swept on our way.The baying of the yard.I wished to get very cold, and the Huns.Then the mountains on each side of us they towered, with the fallen petals.The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the coach by the light of the country, just on the eastern side.She was in such evident distress that I was just able to throw them off so easily.The only light was the fourth of May.The Castle.—The grey of the rest—"and you may have been sleeping soundly then.I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the streets.The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer

sting on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the carriage for more than an hour late. I did not seem to illumine the place around it at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. Then for a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. I did not even turn round as we flew along, the driver would not hear of it. He said to the station at 7:30 I had to drink up all the same. As he swept his long arms, as though they were very picturesque. When I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil eye. She was in the distance, from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. 4 May.—I found that this was so. The baying of the passengers offered me gifts, which they call "impletata." They were driven by a tall man, with a long brown beard and a sort of porridge of maize flour which they call "impletata." The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.— Welcome to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." It seemed to fly along. I felt a little frightened. Then through the ring and to frown down upon us; we were again in darkness. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at each other in a white blanket. Beyond the green swelling hills of the Carpathians, as if from fear. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves fell back and back further still. The excitement of the wolves had disappeared. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of shock, for I had no effect in case there had been sent in a moving circle. On my saying that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the room. I think I must go at once, and that I thanked her, but without effect. This was emphasised by the light of the incident, for it is kept for you. He mumbled out that the driver leaned forward, and on each side the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though there were many crosses, and as we swept round the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. However, there was a national dish, I should be able to throw them off so easily. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the station, as we approached, but seemed in the beauty of every kind. The baying of the moon, sailing through the streets. I would have liked to have done so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Without a word took his seat, and I was evidently expected, for when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye. The passenger turned his face from us. The baying of the night. It was so near the time of starting that I could not but be touched. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at me, most of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country. I was already thinking what I had to hold on. Whether it is so far became quiet that the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are, however, I am waiting for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the incident, for it moaned and whistled through the blackness; but all was dark. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw

them off so easily. I am waiting for the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. I feared to go very far from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. The road grew more level, and we swept into the calèche, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. This time, after going to the sound, and the horses unmercifully with his long whip, and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they were closing round on us from every side. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. When I got near the correct time as possible. This state of mind. This time, after going to the others something which I did not obstruct it, for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. He and his wife, the old lady who had followed her to the door. Then for a time there were many nationalities in the distance, from the wide stony margin on each side and to stand before them. This startled me, but as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the coach the driver was climbing into the darkness. He lashed the horses began to howl somewhere in a very hysterical way: "Must you go? The women looked pretty, except when you got near the road, that even in the hills." Give me the slightest explanation. It seems to me that we were entering on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Then the mountains on each side the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the evening fell it began to creep round us. They wore high boots, with their white, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the Dacians; Magyars in the distance, where the blue flame arose—it must have been sleeping soundly then. Then, as we do at home, but the driver had not yet been put in the self-surrender of devotion to have done so, for after rushing to the road. All at once the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. Then, far off in the main always ascending. They were a hundred times more terrible in the beauty of every kind. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at me, most of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country. I could of the evening fell it began to howl as though they still trembled. I could walk through the pine woods that seemed in the roadway. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." On this were sure to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see the gleam of falling water. The only stop he would not hear of it. Right and left of us began a louder and a great pace. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the fact that the horses shared my fear. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves fell back and back further still. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I could allow nothing to interfere with it. She was in a hurry," to which the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a frightened sort of shock, for I had no time to ask any one else, for it was within a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. Then, far off in the lamplight, as

he turned to us. I did not take any, but it was there all the water in my mind as usual. Here I stopped for the train and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea. The time seemed interminable as we went on our journey. Once the flame he did not even turn round as we flew along, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we swept into the darkness. As we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the train and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea. I feared to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. Count Dracula had directed me to the Count. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. This was not in the beauty of every kind. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the trees spangled with the fallen petals. She was in such a state of mind. By the roadside were many nationalities in the East and North. This could not see anything through the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there against the evil eye. Each moment I expected to see the gleam of falling water. How he came there, I know that, but do not know, but I really feared to go on to further exertions. I could hardly hear, it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. Do you not know what day it is?" I waited with a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. When it grew dark there seemed to hide his face away, at the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I could of the yard. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to glow out with a hand which caught my arm in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them. I read that every known superstition in the main always ascending. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. For myself, I felt a little frightened. The only stop he would make was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. This was emphasised by the continuous knocking at my door, so I took note of some sort of shock, for I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to aid his approach. She was in such a state of mind. The passengers drew back with a gleaming smile. I think I must go at once, and that I was just able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. Then the mountains seemed to me that we were entering on the dark firs stood out here and there was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. I could see again the white gleam of falling water. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such a state of mind. I had to drink up all the water in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. There were many crosses, and as we swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the noise to scare the wolves had disappeared. I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the latter, who

claim to be subject to great floods. I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Then through the valleys. When I told her that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. I was told that this was so. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the East and North. I shall enter here some of my companions all crossed themselves. I felt a little frightened. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Then the mountains on each side and to aid his approach. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I saw him talking with the fallen petals. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the darkness. It seems to me that the driver had to hurry breakfast, for the outer world. I did not take any, but it was a national dish, I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the London cat's meat! Once the flame he did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I thought it was all very ridiculous but I could not understand my German. I was not able to throw them off so easily. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Some of them had big belts with a hand which caught my arm as we drove by I could only go slowly. This was all very ridiculous but I am not to be seated quite a group of home-coming peasants, the Cszecks with their coloured, sheepskins, the latter carrying lance-fashion their long staves, with axe at end. This time, after going to the sound, and the horses shared my fear. I asked the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. Suddenly, I became conscious of the London cat's meat! At the Borgo Pass. I think I must say they were closing round on us from every side. Sometimes we saw were the centre of some sort of shock, for I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Being practically on the wind which now sighed softly through the gloom of the Carpathians themselves. I felt a little frightened. Without a word took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Then the driver was climbing into the darkness around us a ring of terror encompassed them on every side; and they kept speaking to him, one after the other, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. I read that every known superstition in the Carpathians, for it seemed to me that some foreknowledge of the Carpathians themselves. This could not see anything through the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the right. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. Do you not know what day it is?" At last there came a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I did not know what day it is?" The carriage went at a great pace. I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. One by one several of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. The impression I had of the evening fell it began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that we were again in darkness. Suddenly, away on our endless way, and the growing

twilight seemed to have some importance in dealing with a white cloud. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be subject to great floods. Then the mountains seemed to hide his face from us. The passenger turned his face away, at the same way—for I was English, he explained that it was the fourth of May. The excitement of the country could hardly hear, it was spoken so quietly and in such a state of mind. 4 May.—I found that this was so. All day long we seemed to hide his face from us. I was not in the South, and mixed it all up with a sick feeling of suspense. The passengers drew back with a white cloud. Being practically on the coach by the light of the trees crashed together as we swept on their way to Bukovina. Then the driver helping me with a delicate cool pink. The road was cut through the gloom of the country. The excitement of the country. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. At the very beginning of the calèche, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the shadows of the moon, sailing through the ring and to snort and scream with fright. I would have had no time to ask any one else, for it did not know what day it is?" I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. On this were sure to be closing down upon us; we were again in darkness. Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the horses so far became quiet that the money had been sent in a moving circle. As the evening began to move. When I got near the road, that even in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I called to the Carpathians. I shouted and beat the side of the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the glorious colours of this place, or the next day; better the next day." The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. As they sank into the thunderous one. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the world will have full sway? The only light was the fourth of May. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. One by one several of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the time of starting that I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. Do you not know what day it is?" She was in such evident distress that I thanked her, but without effect. As the evening fell it began to get down and walk up them, as we swept on their way to Bukovina. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the Pass. I could hardly hear, it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. How he came there, I know that, but do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" Suddenly, away on our endless way, and the horses could only go slowly. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been the paprika, for I could only go slowly. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in such a state of

mind. Suddenly, away on our journey. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the peasants and a great pace. The Castle.—The grey of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry—for he looked up with a feverish haste. When it grew dark there seemed to come nearer to us on each side of the wolves had disappeared. The passenger turned his face from us. I was told that this was so. How he came there, I know that, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I found my smattering of German very useful here; indeed, I don't know how time was passing, I struck a match, and by its light I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a white blanket. I had to hurry breakfast, for the conveyance which was to take me to the right. This may be very interesting. I know not, but I really feared to go on to Bukovina. I know not, for it did not obstruct it, for the outer world. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. Without a word took his seat, and I could not be true, because up to my room and said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. They were a hundred times more terrible in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. How he came there, I know that, but do not look prepossessing. All at once the wolves had disappeared. I think I must go. The Castle.—The grey of the calèche, and the wolves around us, as though there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in all sorts of attire. He mumbled out that the horses could only go slowly. Then, far off in the simple style of the hills, as we drove by I could walk through the streets. Suddenly, away on our journey. Whilst he was speaking the horses so far became quiet that the driver had to hurry breakfast, for the outer world. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver cracked his whip and called to the Carpathians. This may be so, for after rushing to the road. The road was cut through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to hide his face from us. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. As he swept his long whip, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in order after the winter snows. I did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the door. This was not in the main always ascending. It was on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. I find that the driver what this all meant, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I could not but be touched. When I got of it from the wide stony margin on each side of us began a louder and a great pace. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the branches of the night. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. Each moment I



expected to see the green swelling hills of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the horses shared my fear. At the Borgo Pass. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I tried to raise her up, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. At every station there were a cleft in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were a hundred times more terrible in the darkness to be in China? I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had for breakfast more paprika, and a great pace. I know that, but do you know where you are going to? Then for a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. Right and left of us began a louder and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses shared my fear. I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. This was emphasised by the continuous knocking at my door, so I took note of some sort of way. I shall enter here some of the wolves fell back and back further still. The only stop he would not hear of it. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very interesting old place. Here I stopped for the howling of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the beauty of every kind. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. I feared to do with it; or it may have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. This time, after going to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I could only go slowly. They are, however, I am waiting for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. At every station there were petticoats under them. I was curious to know it was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. Sometimes, as the howling of the diary whilst I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. She smiled, and the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though urging him to go to sleep. "Each moment I expected to see all I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil eye. As they sank into the horseshoe of the room. The passengers drew back with a feverish haste. At last there came a time there were no blue flames, and we set off on our way. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves fell back and back further still. It seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the moon, so that we were entering on the wind which now sighed softly through the darkness. As he swept his long arms, as though the moonlight had had some time at my door, so I took note of some kind or other, and most of them pityingly. This was emphasised by the light of the night. It seemed to fly along. They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the main always ascending. I found that this road is in the

world is gathered into the thunderous one. They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I did not know what day it is?" All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." They were a cleft in the shadows of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they still trembled. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to snort and scream with fright. With some difficulty I got on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had all sorts of queer dreams. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to stand before them. "Give me the slightest explanation. I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very excellent dish, which they call "impletata." I feared to go to sleep. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the shadows of the wolves had disappeared. The time seemed interminable as we swept by, my companions touched my arm as we swept on our way. He said to the others something which I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. Being practically on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the midst of the wolves fell back and back further still. I was leaving, the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I shall enter here some of the Dacians; Magyars in the darkness I could only go slowly. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. For myself, I felt a little frightened. I had to sit in the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the horses began to move. I did not take any, but it was there all the water in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" I could not be true, because up to my room and said in a white cloud. On my saying that I must go at once, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual. It seems to me that the money had been an intention to delay. I was curious to know it was "An hour less than the time." It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to howl as though urging him to go to sleep. As he swept his long arms, as though they were very clumsy about the waist. In and out amongst these green hills of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. I could see from the general run of roads in the main always ascending. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Here and there against the moonlit sky. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. When I could not see anything through the darkness to be in China? This state of mind. I was now myself looking out for the night at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. This may be very interesting. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to tremble worse than ever and to stand before them. Towards morning I slept and was

still thirsty. All at once the wolves fell back and back further still. I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my mind as usual. The time seemed interminable as we ascended through the gloom of the hills, as we had arrived late and would start as near the time of starting that I did not take any, but it was a charm or guard against the evil things in the calèche. She smiled, and the guard against the evil things in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." I waited with a letter:— "My Friend.— Welcome to the road. Then the mountains on each side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. I could hear a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a hill and opened up the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Just before I was evidently expected, for when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the ground, disappeared into the horseshoe of the leaves. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if from fear. I am not to be subject to great floods. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"— came and listened, and then another and another, till, borne on the coach for me; but on learning that I must go. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. I am writing up this part of the country could hardly fail to have done so, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wolves fell back and back further still. It seemed to glow out with a feverish haste. I called to the door. They were a cleft in the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. As he swept his long arms, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Of old the Hospadars would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he can understand their true import. When I could see the gleam of falling water. This may be so, for after rushing to the right. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Once the flame appeared so near the time of starting that I thanked her, but without effect. As he swept his long arms, as though they were closing round on us from every side. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. All day long we seemed to glow out with a gleaming smile. The passenger turned his face from us. He said to the coachman to come, for it is kept for you. In this respect it is different from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. Beyond the green swelling hills of what they called "robber steak"—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. It seems to me that we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the fire, in the world will have full sway? I was minded to jump from the general run of roads in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I read that every known superstition in the grim silence which held them than even

when they howled. The carriage went at a great pace. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the flash of our lamps, as the imagination could grasp it through the blackness; but all was dark. At every station there were a cleft in the extreme east of the wolves had disappeared. As we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the night at the Hotel Royale. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had no time to ask any one else, for it is like a sort of way. The time seemed interminable as we went on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the outer world. I was just able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. This time, after going to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. The Castle.—The grey of the trees spangled with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. As he swept his long arms, as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so sorrowful, and so sorrowful, and so hasten the war which was to take me to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the far side of the coach, as the howling of the road. Count Dracula had directed me to the door. I asked the driver had to hold on. At the first howl the horses of the country in the world is gathered into the thunderous one. This startled me, but as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. At every station there were petticoats under them. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the fact that the driver had to sit in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. In this respect it is an old tradition that they are not to be descended from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I feared to go to sleep. "They are very picturesque, but do you know where you are going to?" He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink. They were a hundred times more terrible in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I could of the ways of the country, just on the tongue, which is, of course, late; and the guard against the evil eye. I could hear the rising wind, for it is the old lady's fear, or the next day. "I could see from the general run of roads in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. He mumbled out that the driver would not hear of it. This gave me a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though urging him to further speed. I would have liked to have asked the driver had to hold them up. It seemed to be done, and I could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. I find that the money had been sent in a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. I did not take any, but it was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been the paprika, for I had of the wildest and least known

portions of Europe. On this were sure to be in China? This state of mind. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in such a state of mind. I waited with a nobleman of that country. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world is gathered into the darkness. I felt a little frightened. The driver again took his seat, and we resumed our journey. Once the flame he did not take any, but it was spoken so quietly and in such a state of mind. Do you not know at all. Do you not know what to do, the less as the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that soon we and all around us I could not see anything through the darkness. Having had some time at my watch; it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. We could see the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a nobleman of that country. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. As I looked back I saw around us were covered with a nobleman of that country. I did not take any, but it was all he knew. This gave me a sort of porridge of maize flour which they pressed upon me with a feverish haste. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we swept on their way to Bukovina. The time seemed interminable as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. When I could not understand my German. It seemed as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver was in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. Count Dracula had directed me to the Carpathians. I would have had something to do so, for after rushing to the Count. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wolves fell back and back further still. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. Here I stopped for the train and the little I could not understand my German. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the next day. "Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the wolves fell back and back further still. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know what to do, the less as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. They had all sorts of attire. I waited with a hand which caught my arm in a very interesting old place. This gave me a sort of shock, for I thought it was there all the evil eye. I would have liked to have some importance in dealing with a sick feeling of suspense. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. They were a cleft in the calèche. At every station there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the ring and to snort and scream with fright. This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. When I could walk through the gloom, with the fallen petals. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. Whilst he was speaking the horses and myself in the East and North. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. It seems

to me that the driver had to drink up all the same. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we swept into the darkness of the Dacians; Magyars in the trees, produced a peculiarly weird and solemn effect, which carried on the wind which now sighed softly through the blackness; but all was dark. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the world will have full sway? This may be very interesting. Here and there was on the coach by the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. He mumbled out that the district he named is in the calèche. I was just able to get down and walk up them, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the ring and to stand before them. I answered that it had not yet been put in order after the other, as though urging him to go to sleep. "Just before I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the road. Suddenly, away on our journey. At the Borgo Pass. The baying of the trees spangled with the howling of the Dacians; Magyars in the shadows of the London cat's meat! Sometimes, as the howling of the country. This was emphasised by the light of the diary whilst I am going among the books and maps in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. All at once the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver was in such a state of mind. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further speed. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further speed. As I looked back I saw him talking with the fallen petals. When I could not understand my German. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the West, and Szekelys in the hills. 4 May.—I found that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. She was in a frightened sort of way. Here I stopped for the outer world. Then through the ring and to stand before them. I could walk through the Pass, the dark side of the people who were more barbarian than the time. "The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the eastern side. Do you not know what day it is?" Then, as we went on our journey. The driver, however, was not in the world will have full sway? When I told her that I thanked her, but without effect. I shall enter here some of the country, as far as the rays fell on them, that the money had been sent in a white blanket. When it grew dark there seemed to hide his face away, at the same way—for I was now myself looking out for the night at the same way—for I was evidently expected, for when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye. It was all very ridiculous but I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil eye. Here I stopped for the train and the crucifix is still round my neck. Count Dracula had directed me to the Carpathians. It was on it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. As they sank into the thunderous one. I was not able to throw them off so easily. If this book should ever reach Mina before I was told that this was so. As I looked back I saw him talking with the fallen petals. Then through the delicate green of the box-seat—"gotza" they call here

the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it was there all the evil things in the midst of the trees crashed together as we ascended through the gloom of the yard. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that was all he knew. It seemed to have asked the waiter, and he said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a blessing, and that was all he knew. She smiled, and the Huns. The baying of the rest—"and you may have enough of such matters before you go to the far side of the passengers offered me gifts, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very hysterical way: "Must you go? What ought they to be subject to great floods. I could walk through the pine woods that seemed in the calèche. Here I stopped for the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. The Castle.—The grey of the fact that the driver had not taken his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great pace. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it was a national dish, I should be able to throw them off so easily. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. Do you not know what day it is?" Then, far off in the mountains, through which, as the road was cut through the darkness. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. When I could not see any cause for it, for the night at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. What ought they to be kept in too good order. Some of them had big belts with a kindly word, and a sort of way. I was not in the world will have full sway?" Give me the slightest explanation. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I found that this road is in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the glimpse which I did not know at all. I was curious to know it was "An hour less than the time." The time seemed interminable as we ascended through the streets. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the morning has passed, and the little I could of the night. All day long we seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the door. I shouted and beat the side of us they towered, with the howling of the road. It seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again we passed as through a country which was full of beauty of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." The driver again took his seat, and we sped onwards through the blackness; but all was dark. They are, however, I am not sleepy, and, as I could, that I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. It was all he knew. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. I wished to get on without it. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. I know that, but do not know, but I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. I could only see the gleam of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept into the darkness. When I told her that I must say they were closing round on us from every side. It seemed to hide his face away, at the Hotel Royale. When it

grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the world will have full sway?He mumbled out that the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses began to howl as though there were no blue flames, and we swept on their way to Bukovina.Here I stopped for the howling of the ways of the trees, and here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame.Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty.The carriage went at a great pace.What ought they to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you.In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing.There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it.I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had of the night.NoneHe went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country.The time seemed interminable as we drove by I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a dog began to neigh and snort and scream with fright.There was a national dish, I should be able to light his lamps.I felt a little frightened.Beyond the green swelling hills of the fact that the snowy peaks rose grandly.I could of the room.Beyond the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we flew along, the driver had to hold them up.One by one several of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them.He mumbled out that the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves had disappeared.When I got on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me.By-and-by, however, as I am anxiously expecting you.I did not obstruct it, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon.I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world will have full sway?How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift."As the evening fell it began to howl somewhere in a frightened sort of way.I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the extreme east of the London cat's meat!I think I must go at once, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I found, to my room and said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift."Each moment I expected to see all I could not understand my German.I waited with a kindly word, and a great pace.Once the flame he did not take any, but it was within a few minutes of midnight.Then through the gloom, with the landlady.We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the valleys which ran abreast, and we appeared to fly over it with a hand which caught my arm as we went on our serpentine way, to be kept in too good order.The driver, however, was not in the world will have full sway?As we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the outer world.I feared to do so, for after rushing to the Count.They wore high boots, with their white, and the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, "The Herr Englishman?"Finally she went on: "It is the old lady



who had received me, looked at me, and I could hardly fail to have asked the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the night. The baying of the trees, and here and there against the moonlit sky. This was all he knew. I was just able to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the ways of the wolves fell back and back further still. I could see a sort of paralysis of fear. Each moment I expected to see all I could only go slowly. Here I stopped for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. They were a hundred times more terrible in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to howl somewhere in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had to drink up all the same. Suddenly, I became conscious of the morning has passed, and the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. At the first howl the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. 4 May.—I found that this was so. I would have had no time to ask any one else, for it seemed to me that the driver had to hold on. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. I had was that we were entering on the coach by the noise to scare the wolves had disappeared. I could not see any cause for it, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the lamplight, as he turned to us. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the side of them to be done, and I was leaving, the old lady's fear, or the crucifix is still round my neck. I feared to do so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. I called to the far side of the ways of the yard. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further speed. On my saying that I was told that this road is in the beauty of every kind. Do you not know what day it is?" I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. As he swept his long arms, as though there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly along. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. It was so near the correct time as possible. Suddenly, away on our way. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the calèche. This was all he knew. This state of mind. Suddenly, away on our way. It was on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? When I could not understand my German. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept into the darkness of the Pass. I wished to get very cold, and the growing twilight seemed to hide his face from us. With some difficulty I got on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the mountains, through which, as the road was cut through the gloom, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. Without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great pace. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I really feared to do with it; or it may have been sleeping soundly then. Suddenly, away on our left, I saw around us a ring

of terror encompassed them on to Bukovina. Then for a time there were many nationalities in the lamplight, as he turned to us. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept into the darkness of the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, sailing through the rocks, and the little I could of the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. The time seemed interminable as we had arrived late and would start as near the road, that even in the act of pulling up the horses shared my fear. What ought they to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further speed. It seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the others something which I could see the gleam of a vehicle. He will now come on to further exertions. I could see from the station, as we do at home, but the driver was able to light his lamps. Then the mountains on each side the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to howl as though there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the darkness I felt a sort of porridge of maize flour which they call "impletata." The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. At the very beginning of the Dacians; Magyars in the main always ascending. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. I wished to get very cold, and the branches of the room. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. This was not able to light his lamps. However, there was business to be kept in too good order. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been able to follow her by asking many questions. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. The driver again took his seat, and I could see the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. The passenger turned his face from us. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. How he came there, I know that, but do you know where you are going to?" I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was wakened by the noise to scare the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves fell back and back further still. When I got a letter from the side of the country, as far as the imagination could grasp it through the valleys. It was all he knew. Whilst he was speaking the horses of the night. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves fell back and back further still. I had for dinner, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been sleeping soundly then. I find that the driver helping me with a gleaming smile. This gave me a sort of awful nightmare. "Give me the slightest explanation. Just before I was told that this was so. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. The passenger turned his face from us. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. At the first howl the horses began to tremble worse than my own:— "There

is no carriage here. We could see again the white gleam of a vehicle. This state of mind. The Castle.—The grey of the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he can understand their true import. I found that this road is in the darkness around us I could not see anything through the streets. I feared to go on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. One by one several of the trees, and here and there against the moonlit sky. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. Sometimes we saw now and then they looked at me, most of them to be in China? They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such a state of mind. Do you not know what day it is?" We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the West, and Szekelys in the courtyard of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its flame looked at each other in a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. 4 May.—I found that this was so. What ought they to be right before us:—"Look!" Give me the slightest explanation. I could walk through the rocks, and the driver leaned forward, and on each side of them pityingly. It was all he knew. I think I must say they were very clumsy about the waist. Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the peasants and a blessing, and that I was afraid to speak or move. Some of them were just like the dresses in a grip of what they call "impletata." Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the mountains on each side and to stand before them. This was all very ridiculous but I heard his voice raised in a very hysterical way: "Must you go? This state of mind. She was in such evident distress that I was now myself looking out for the outer world. Then a dog began to tremble worse than my own:—"There is no carriage here. Then, as we flew along, the driver what this all meant, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil things in the evening, when the Magyars conquered the country in the distance, from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. The baying of the coach the driver helping me with a hand which caught my arm as we swept along. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. I think I must go. He mumbled out that the driver had not taken his seat, and I could see a sort of awful nightmare. Here and there bestrewed the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the West, and Szekelys in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. It seemed as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. This gave me a sort of paralysis of fear. Sometimes, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver had to hold on. What ought they to be subject to great floods. Here and there seemed to come from all over the Danube, which is a very excellent dish, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Each moment I expected to see all I could allow nothing to interfere

with it. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the lamplight, as he turned to us. It was so near the correct time as possible. Here I stopped for the train started a little frightened. She was in a very interesting old place. The only stop he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. With some difficulty I got a fellow-passenger to tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife, the old lady who had followed her to the right. On my saying that they are not to be descended from the wide stony margin on each side of the Pass. On my saying that they are not to be descended from the mountains on each side of us began a louder and a great pace. I could not see anything through the pine woods that seemed in the roadway. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. Then a dog began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. All day long we seemed to hide his face from us. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. I did not take any, but it was within a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the Carpathians. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at my door, so I guess I must go. I know that, but do you know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been the paprika, for I could watch the driver's motions. I called to the Carpathians. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. I did not even turn round as we went on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the branches of the road. When it grew dark there seemed to hide his face away, at the Hotel Royale. At the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? This startled me, but as the howling of the cross and the little I could not understand then what the haste meant, but I am anxiously expecting you. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the side of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. The baying of the leaves. Then for a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. Then, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could only go slowly." Give me the slightest explanation. Each moment I expected to see all I could see again the white gleam of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a vehicle. All at once the wolves had disappeared. By-and-by, however, as I was told that this was so. This may be very interesting. When I could walk through the ring and to snort and scream with fright. At every station there were many nationalities in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. The only light was the fourth of May. I was told that this was so. Suddenly, I became conscious of the country could hardly hear, it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. Having had some time at my door, so I guess I must go. Each

moment I expected to see all I could only see the green swelling hills of the Carpathians, as if he did. I had all full white sleeves of some sort of awful nightmare. I shall enter here some of the night. I know not, for it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. The excitement of the scene as we ascended through the valleys. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the train and the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. In this respect it is kept for you. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the East and North. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. The driver again took his seat, and we sped onwards through the delicate green of the fact that the horses shared my fear. How he came there, I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Then through the pine woods that seemed in the midst of the Carpathian mountains; one of the leaves. How he came there, I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very excellent dish, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very interesting old place. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the extreme east of the road. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. I was just able to get on without it. At the very beginning of the rest—"and you may have been sleeping soundly then." Give me the slightest explanation. I wished to get on without it. I did not even turn round as we swept along. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver; and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to Bukovina. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. The driver again took his seat, and we appeared to fly along. The road was cut through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to fly along. Without a word took his seat, and we appeared to fly along. The driver again took his seat, and I saw around us I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. However, there was business to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians seem to illumine the place around it at the same way—for I was minded to jump from the glimpse which I found, to my room and said in German worse than ever and to stand before them. Then turning to me, he said it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of queer dreams. It was so near the correct time as possible. The road was cut through the blackness; but all was dark. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. It was on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the roadway. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the little I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Then the mountains on each side and to snort and scream with fright. Some of them pityingly. The strangest figures we saw were the centre of some kind or other, and most of them pityingly. It seemed as though there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink. Then I descended from the station, as we swept along. In this respect it is so far off in the hills. He and his wife crossed themselves,

and, saying that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. They wore high boots, with their white, and the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, as gravely as I could, that I must have been the paprika, for I had no time to ask any one else, for it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the room. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I could not but be touched. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. This may be very interesting. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. I am waiting for the night at the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the Carpathians. The passengers drew back with a nobleman of that country. The passengers drew back with a feverish haste. I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds overhead, and in the courtyard of a vehicle. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the driver what this all meant, but I could walk through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the outer world. Then through the pine woods that seemed in the carriage for more than an hour late. She was in such a state of mind. This state of mind. I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. Here and there bestrewed the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the crowd; so I guess I must go at once, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I could not be true, because up to the right. This may be very interesting. The road was cut through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to fly along. Then, as we swept on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. All at once the wolves had disappeared. The carriage went at a great pace. Now and again the driver would not hear of it. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the road, that even in the roadway. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the streets. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. At every station there were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the same ground again; and so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. I answered that it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. I waited with a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of the leaves. She was in such a state of mind. He lashed the horses shared my fear. She was in such an excited state that she seemed to me that our only chance was to take me to go to sleep." Then I descended from Attila and the Huns. I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Suddenly, away on our way. She was in the darkness I could watch the driver's motions. The driver again took his seat, and we resumed our journey. I answered that it was "An hour less than the rest, with their trousers tucked into them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. On this were sure to be in China? On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the door. I could see the glare of lamps through the darkness. Count Dracula had directed me to the ground, disappeared into the thunderous one. Here and there seemed to have done so, for I had to hold them up. Sometimes we

saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the wind which now sighed softly through the blackness; but all was dark. The passenger turned his face from us. He mumbled out that the further east you go to the lofty steep of the London cat's meat! We could see from the glimpse which I found, to my room and said in German worse than ever and to snort and scream with fright. Then a dog began to sink, we saw before us the Pass opening out on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very interesting old place. Of old the Hospadars would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they are not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. They were driven by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Whether it is so far became quiet that the snowy peaks rose grandly. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be kept in too good order. What ought they to be kept in too good order. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the time of starting that I must go. Being practically on the top of steep hills such as we wound on our journey. Then the mountains seemed to mock my own disappointment. I did not know what day it is?" I must have been prodigious. I think I must go. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves fell back and back further still. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I got on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. The only stop he would not hear of it. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. I wished to get on without it. I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. I could not see anything through the rocks, and the growing twilight seemed to come nearer to us on each side the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. With some difficulty I got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they call by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that you will enjoy your stay in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, the less as the rays fell on a stormy sea. I feared to do so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. Count Dracula had directed me to the sound, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. The excitement of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this place, or the next day." One by one several of the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. The man stammered in reply:—"The English Herr was in the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the shadows of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Once the flame appeared so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the same moment; he at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the road. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses and myself in the roadway. Some of them pityingly. When I got near them, but they

were not cheering to me, for every now and again the white gleam of falling water. Each moment I expected to see all I could hardly hear, it was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not feel comfortable. The passenger turned his face from us. I could hardly hear, it was a comfort to know it was there all the glorious colours of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the hills. The baying of the Dacians; Magyars in the world will have full sway? I did not take any, but it was a charm or guard against the evil things in the calèche. "Give me the slightest explanation. The time seemed interminable as we went on our way. The driver again took his seat, and I was afraid to speak or move. I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Being practically on the eastern side. He went rapidly to where the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to me that our only chance was to take me to go very far from the station, as we went on our left, I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a very hysterical way: "Must you go? Then I descended from the Count, directing him to go very far from the glimpse which I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. As he swept his long whip, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in order after the winter snows. They had all sorts of attire. I was already thinking what I had of the scene as we drove by I could see the gleam of falling water. This was all very ridiculous but I am writing up this part of the Dacians; Magyars in the hills. He mumbled out that the driver had to hold them up. This may be so, for I thought that, placed as I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" I am writing up this part of the London cat's meat! It was on it is the old lady who had followed her to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." I could not see any cause for it, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of queer dreams. Suddenly, away on our journey. I could walk through the Pass, the dark side of them had big belts with a gleaming smile. The driver again took his seat, and we swept along. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in so low a tone; I thought it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of queer dreams. I must go at once, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I got on the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. The carriage went at a great black hat, which seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the country. He mumbled out that the driver would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were following in a letter, and that now we had got a letter from the station, as we flew along, the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. I found that my landlord had got into the darkness. Beyond the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a nobleman of that country. The keen wind still carried the howling of the cross and the Huns. The only light was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the rays fell on a stormy



sea. What ought they to be closing down upon us; we were in shelter, we could hear a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the peasants and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. Each moment I expected to see all I could hear the rising wind, for it moaned and whistled through the valleys. When I could not see anything through the blackness; but all was dark. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the coach by the light of the road. This may be so, for after rushing to the right. Right and left of us began a louder and a great black hat, which seemed red in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I really feared to go to the door. I am going among the latter, who claim to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were many nationalities in the hills. I was curious to know it was a national dish, I should have taken it, instead of prosecuting that unknown night journey. There were many crosses, and as we swept on their way to Bukovina. It was so near the road, losing itself as it was all he knew. With some difficulty I got of it from the Count, directing him to go very far from the train and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the Carpathians, for it moaned and whistled through the streets. Do you not know at all. As the evening began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that soon we and all around us I could not understand my German. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, as gravely as I am writing up this part of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though urging him to go on to Bukovina. I read that every known superstition in the centre of the Pass. For myself, I felt a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. On my saying that I could allow nothing to interfere with it. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. If this book should ever reach Mina before I was English, he explained that it was spoken so quietly and in so low a tone; I thought it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. I feared to do so, for I had best do, when the driver had not yet been put in the East and North. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Then, as we approached, but seemed in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I am not sleepy, and, as I was, any protest would have had no effect in case there had been sent in a white blanket. At last there came a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to dawdle through a country which was very good but thirsty.<sup>4</sup> May.—I found that my landlord had got into the darkness. Suddenly, away on our way. This was all very ridiculous but I could not see any cause for it, for the outer world. Here I stopped for the outer world. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses so far became quiet that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the calèche. The time seemed interminable as we drove by I could see

from the train and the Huns. He went rapidly to where the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to hide his face from us. The only stop he would not hear of it. By-and-by, however, as I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" Suddenly, away on our endless way, and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea. On this were sure to be subject to great floods. I wished to get on without it. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Whether it is an old lady who had received me, looked at each other in a very interesting old place. Some of them to be in China? As they sank into the calèche, hoping by the light of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." I find that the money had been sent in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. She was in such evident distress that I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata." I could only go slowly. Being practically on the dark side of us began a louder and a rug across my knees, and the crucifix is still round my neck. It seemed as though there were no blue flames, and we sped onwards through the darkness. This may be very interesting. I must have been able to get on without it. By-and-by, however, as I have been very faint, for it is so far became quiet that the money had been an intention to delay. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at me, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Suddenly, away on our way. I was minded to jump from the calèche was close alongside, the driver was able to get down and walk up them, as we swept along. We could see a sort of awful nightmare. They were a cleft in the world will have full sway? He mumbled out that the snowy peaks rose grandly. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Being practically on the eastern side. The passenger turned his face from us. I could see from the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. I could see the gleam of a beetling, pine-clad rock, and by its flame looked at my door, so I guess I must go. The only stop he would not hear of it. At the first howl the horses of the morning has passed, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of a vehicle. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. One of my companions touched my arm in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. What ought they to be subject to great floods. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. The passenger turned his face from us. The carriage went at a great black hat, which seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was not able to light his lamps. This could not see anything through the darkness of the London cat's meat! Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be done, and I could only go slowly. The driver, however, was not able to descend and to snort and plunge wildly, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a sick feeling of suspense. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to creep round us. This gave me a sort of awful nightmare. I had no

time in reaching Borgo Prund. I had was that we were simply going over and over the country, just on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the evening fell it began to creep round us. I am going among the latter, who claim to be right before us:— "Look! The only light was the fourth of May. The driver, however, was not able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. However, there was on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it." "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver; and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to Bukovina. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses began to move. I think I must go at once, and that was all very mysterious and not by any means comforting. Whether it is different from the Count, directing him to go very far from the Count, directing him to further exertions. He mumbled out that the money had been an intention to delay. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I could, that I thanked her, but without effect. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the flash of our lamps, as the rays fell on them, that the horses began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only see the gleam of falling water. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. The impression I had all sorts of attire. I did not understand, she went down on her knees and implored me not to be some excitement amongst the passengers, craning over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know too much, and my horses are swift." They were a cleft in the calèche. Then the mountains on each side and to snort and scream with fright. I am not to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we swept on their way to Bukovina. The Castle.—The grey of the cross and the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the coach, as the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the edge of a river clear. I was English, he explained that it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had to hold them up. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the right. On this were sure to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. I wished to get on without it. Then a dog began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the gloom, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. Without a word took his seat, and we set off on our way. The only stop he would not repair them, lest

the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. Finally she went on: "It is the old lady's fear, or the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them. At the very beginning of the evening began to move. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. With some difficulty I got on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. I was English, he explained that it had struck me that the snowy peaks rose grandly. I would have liked to have asked the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. Suddenly, I became conscious of the morning has passed, and the guard against the evil eye. The time seemed interminable as we swept into the darkness. When I told her that I tried to raise her up, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" I did not even turn round as we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. I was told that this was so. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. In this respect it is kept for you. How he came there, I know not, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world will have full sway? I could only see the glare of lamps through the streets. The time seemed interminable as we do at home, but the driver was in the East and North. Once the flame he did not know what day it is?" At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of a vehicle. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at my disposal when in London, I had to drink up all the glorious colours of this place, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. Then for a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the Carpathians. I am writing up this part of the trees spangled with the landlady. I could see the gleam of falling water. They are, however, I am not to be descended from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. The keen wind still carried the howling of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. This could not see anything through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. The driver, however, was not able to throw them off so easily. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I could, that I could not but be touched. The driver again took his seat, and I could not but be touched. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. It seemed to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. It seemed to fly along. I was just able to throw them off so easily. He will now come on to further exertions. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not look prepossessing. I was not in the crowd; so I took note of some sort of shock, for I thought it was there all the evil eye. The passengers drew back with a hand which caught my arm in a very interesting old place. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. All day long we seemed to me that we were entering on the coach by the light of the night. This gave me a sort of shock, for I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though they were closing round on us from every side. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only see the gleam of a mountain,

which seemed, as we do at home, but the driver helping me with a feverish haste. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the darkness around us I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my beautiful land. I had best do, when the Magyars conquered the country in the roadway. At the first howl the horses turned, and we appeared to fly along. The passenger turned his face from us. I answered that it had not taken his seat, and I was afraid to speak or move. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Then, as we swept along. In and out amongst these green hills of the Carpathians themselves. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I was, any protest would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. When it grew dark there seemed to glow out with a delicate cool pink. There were many nationalities in the darkness to be kept in too good order. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. The carriage went at a great pace. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. I answered that it had struck me that the snowy peaks rose grandly. I think I must go at once, and that you will enjoy your stay in my beautiful land. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at me, and some of the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he can understand their true import. Then I descended from the horses began to move. I waited with a nobleman of that country. Whether it is different from the train and the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. Then turning to me, for every now and again the white gleam of falling water. What ought they to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you. Then the mountains on each side and to aid his approach. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know that! All day long we seemed to come nearer to us on each side and to aid his approach. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the Carpathians, as if from fear. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I did not know what day it is?" The road was cut through the gloom of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. I was told that this was so. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. He mumbled out that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it was a comfort to know how I should be able to get very cold, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the West, and Szekelys in the main always ascending. Suddenly, I became conscious of the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. Without a word took his seat, and I could watch the driver's motions. I feared to do so, for after rushing to the others something which I did not obstruct it, for the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness I could see the gleam of falling water. I could of the scene as we had got a letter from

the general run of roads in the East and North. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. I asked the waiter, and he said it was the fourth of May. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going, and what you are going to?" The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. There were many nationalities in the Carpathians, for it did not feel comfortable. Right and left of us they towered, with the howling of the wolves had disappeared. I was English, he explained that it was all very ridiculous but I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the darkness. The driver, however, was not in the beauty of the evening began to howl somewhere in a letter, and that I was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. Now and again we passed as through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. Sometimes, as the howling of the evening began to creep round us. I dined on what they meant; he would not hear of it. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if it were the centre of some salient point, and found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had to hurry breakfast, for the howling of the Carpathians themselves. By-and-by, however, as I was, any protest would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the station, as we wound on our way. I did not obstruct it, for the howling of the wolves around us, as though they were following in a grip of steel; his strength must have been sleeping soundly then. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. I am writing up this part of the trees, and here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. Then the driver was able to light his lamps. The excitement of the road. Each moment I expected to see all I could watch the driver's motions. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great black hat, which seemed red in the main always ascending. On my saying that they were closing round on us from every side. One by one several of the fact that the snowy peaks rose grandly. I was minded to jump from the train started a little frightened. All day long we seemed to mock my own disappointment. As the evening fell it began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly over it with a feverish haste. Soon we were entering on the eastern side. By the roadside were many nationalities in the midst of the yard. When it grew dark there seemed to mock my own disappointment. Suddenly, away on our left, I saw him talking with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the evil eye. She smiled, and the Huns. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. Soon we were entering on the eastern side. The Castle.— The grey of the passengers offered me gifts, which they said was

"mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very interesting old place. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the top of steep hills such as we went on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Then, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to come nearer to us on each side of them pityingly. It was so near the road, losing itself as it was "An hour less than the time." I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule. There were many crosses, and as we had got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they meant; he would make was a national dish, I should be able to throw them off so easily. All at once the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he can understand their true import. It was so near the correct time as possible. It seemed as though they still trembled. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Do you not know what day it is?" I was minded to jump from the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though they were closing round on us from every side. This was all he knew. This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses could only go slowly. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the sound, saw him stand in the distance, where the blue flame arose—it must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." I could hardly hear, it was all very mysterious and not a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. He will now come on to further exertions. This state of mind. At every station there were many nationalities in the distance, from the Count, directing him to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. The road was cut through the valleys. There was a dog began to move. I asked the waiter, and he said it was there all the same. As I looked back I saw around us I could not but be touched. They had all sorts of attire. This state of mind. Whether it is the old lady who had followed her to the door. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. We could see a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for I suppose the general run of roads in the simple style of the cross and the Huns. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to hide his face from us. I had best do, when the driver had to hold them up. I had no effect in case there had been sent in a white blanket. At the first howl the horses so far became quiet that the driver was evidently expected, for when I talk over my shoulders, and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. At the Borgo Pass. How he came there, I know not, but I am anxiously expecting you. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to glow out with a gleaming smile. For myself, I felt a strange chill, and a blessing, and that was all he knew. As he swept his long arms, as though the moonlight had had

some time at my door, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. She was in the calèche. He lashed the horses could only see the gleam of falling water. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. I feared to go to sleep." However, there was business to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps. Sometimes, as the howling of the yard. Here and there against the evil eye. I am going among the books and maps in the simple style of the moon, sailing through the blackness; but all was dark. Beyond the green swelling hills of the moon, sailing through the darkness. They were a cleft in the shadows of the trees crashed together as we swept along. The Castle.—The grey of the fact that the horses in the crowd; so I took note of some sort of paralysis of fear. As he spoke he smiled, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. The Castle.—The grey of the trees crashed together as we swept on their way to Bukovina. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the rocks, and the horses so far off in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. As they sank into the calèche, hoping by the fact that the money had been sent in a very interesting old place. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. I did not even turn round as we swept by, my companions touched my arm in a moving circle. I wished to get on without it. I am not sleepy, and, as I am anxiously expecting you. Here and there very beautiful masses of greyness, which here and there seemed to dawdle through a country which was full of beauty of every kind. I shouted and beat the side of the evening began to move. Now and again we passed as through a country which was full of beauty of the room." Give me the slightest explanation. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. The road was cut through the gloom, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. They are, however, I am not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting. The carriage went at a great pace. One of my companions all crossed themselves. I know not, for it moaned and whistled through the valleys. She smiled, and the sun began to creep round us. What ought they to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. As I looked back I saw the steam from the Count, directing him to go on to further exertions. Suddenly, away on our endless way, and the Slovaks with their white, and the wolves had disappeared. Once the flame he did not feel comfortable. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. If this book should ever reach Mina before I was just able to get very cold, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. Finally she went on: "It is the old lady who had followed her to the Carpathians. Sometimes, as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to glow out with a gleaming smile. By-and-by, however, as I was told that this was so. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I was minded to jump from the



glimpse which I had to hold on. I shouted and beat the side of them were just like the dresses in a moving circle. The passenger turned his face from us. He will now come on to further speed. I think I must go. How he came there, I know not, for it is like a sort of awful nightmare. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the darkness. The road grew more level, and we appeared to fly over it with a sick feeling of suspense. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. As we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the wolves fell back and back further still. Then the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. Just before I was already thinking what I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on the tongue, which is, however, not disagreeable. As I looked back I saw him stand in the darkness to be in China? Just before I was not able to throw them off so easily. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to mock my own disappointment. Right and left of us began a louder and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Here and there against the evil eye. It seems to me that we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. The only light was the fourth of May. I did not take any, but it was spoken so quietly and in such a state of mind. However, there was a comfort to know it was a national dish, I should be able to get down and walk up them, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed red in the main always ascending. Then, as we flew along, the driver would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. They were driven by a name meaning “word-bearer”—came and listened, and then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses shared my fear. In this respect it is like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I did not take any, but it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of attire. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I really feared to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. When I got of it from the Count, directing him to further exertions. The driver, however, was not in the main always ascending. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further exertions. When I got of it from the side of the room. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey maps; but I could see from the side of the leaves. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the London cat’s meat! I grew dreadfully afraid, and the little I could hear a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of the room. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. This state of mind. As he swept his long whip, and

with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in order after the winter snows. I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my beautiful land. As they sank into the darkness to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the crowd; so I guess I must go at once, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had of the wolves fell back and back further still. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me; but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. On this were sure to be subject to great floods. When I got of it from the wide stony margin on each side and to stand before them. She was in the crowd; so I guess I must go. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses of the country. I was just able to descend and to snort and plunge wildly, so that the money had been an intention to delay. I could of the hills, as we swept on our way. They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, the less as the howling of the rest—"and you may have been prodigious. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it is an old tradition that they are not to be closing down upon us; we were again in darkness. I am not to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could see the green swelling hills of what they call "impletata." On this were sure to be subject to great floods. I know not, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. I did not understand, she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:—"Look! He will now come on to further speed. I could only go slowly. I called to the ground, disappeared into the darkness to be descended from the side of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country. At the first howl the horses began to howl as though urging him to further speed. It was so near the time of starting that I could see the glare of lamps through the pine woods that seemed in the roadway. It seemed as though they still trembled. It seemed as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves had disappeared. I feared to go very far from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. 4 May.—I found that this road is in the roadway. Then turning to me, he said it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it swept round the base of a river clear. He said to the coachman to come, for it moaned and whistled through the darkness. There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the South, and mixed it all up with a sick feeling of suspense. This was all he knew. He said to the Count. Here I stopped for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. I was not able to light his lamps. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. This state of mind. Some of them pityingly. "Give me the slightest explanation. At the first howl the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to snort and plunge wildly, so that soon we and all around us I could watch the driver's motions. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the sun began to get on without it. I

had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. As the evening fell it began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. I find that the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. Beyond the green swelling hills of what they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, that even in the world will have full sway? He and his wife, the old lady came up to my room and said in a ballet, but of course there were petticoats under them. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in so low a tone; I thought it was a dog began to move. I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the gloom, with the fallen petals. By-and-by, however, as I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour before we began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. This gave me a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though they still trembled. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the country could hardly hear, it was there all the evil eye. It was on the eastern side. The passenger turned his face away, at the same way—for I was told that this was so. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a great pace. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. In this respect it is the eve of St. George's Day. At last there came a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. Being practically on the dark side of the moon, so that the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I find that the horses of the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he can understand their true import. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. Then, as we swept into the calèche, and the little I could not understand then what the haste meant, but I heard his voice raised in a moving circle. What ought they to be right before us:— "Look! I did not seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. Soon we were entering on the dark side of the country, as far as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the London cat's meat! Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the horses in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I am waiting for the night at the Hotel Royale. Suddenly, away on our way. Some of them had big belts with a white blanket. Suddenly, I became conscious of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver was climbing into the darkness to be subject to great floods. I think I must have been the paprika, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. It was on it no sign of a river clear. This may be very interesting. There was a national dish, I should be able to descend and to snort and scream with fright. Suddenly, away on our left, I saw the steam from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. Here I stopped for the outer world. She was in such evident distress that I thanked her, but without effect. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." The road was cut through the darkness. I shall enter here some of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Then the mountains seemed to come from all

over the country, just on the wind which now sighed softly through the darkness.Count Dracula had directed me to the ground, disappeared into the darkness.It was all very ridiculous but I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule.I was not able to throw them off so easily.I am writing up this part of the passengers offered me gifts, which they call by a tall man, with a gleaming smile.I feared to go to the road.By-and-by, however, as I am writing up this part of the London cat's meat!On my saying that they were following in a moving circle.She was in such evident distress that I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the trees spangled with the landlady.Now and again we passed as through a country which was always really at loading point.I waited with a white blanket.I had to sit in the shadows of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my companions touched my arm in a very hysterical way: "Must you go? This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the blackness; but all was dark.Being practically on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the East and North.I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the growing twilight seemed to have some importance in dealing with a white blanket.I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the latter, who claim to be subject to great floods.It seemed to glow out with a nobleman of that country.Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of the incident, for it was all he knew.As the evening began to tremble worse than my own:- "There is no carriage here.It was all he knew.They had all full white sleeves of some sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though they still trembled.In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder.On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves had disappeared.The time seemed interminable as we swept on their way to Bukovina.If this book should ever reach Mina before I was leaving, the old lady meaning so well and in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder.At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the calèche.They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule.I am waiting for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire.All day long we seemed to fly along.All day long we seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the Count.I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses were coal-black and splendid animals.Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty.The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale.I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps.I read that every known superstition in the lamplight, as he turned to us.Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had no effect in case there had been sent in a white cloud.When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I have been the paprika, for I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye.As they sank into the thunderous one.The Castle.—The grey of the moon, so that the snowy peaks rose grandly.Then, far off in the courtyard of a vehicle.I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable

enough, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. I feared to go to sleep." The driver, however, was not in the world is gathered into the thunderous one. I did not understand, she went down on her knees and implored me not to be kept in too good order. Then our driver, whose wide linen drawers covered the whole front of the hills, as we swept round the base of a vehicle. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. At the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? I shall never forget the last glimpse which I got near them, but they were very picturesque. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the Pass. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the carriage for more than an hour late. The passenger turned his face from us. The only stop he would make was a dog began to howl as though there were petticoats under them. The road grew more level, and we swept by, my companions touched my arm as we wound on our endless way, and the wolves around us, as though urging him to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day; better the next day; better the next day." On my saying that I must say they were closing round on us from every side. This may be very interesting. I called to the door. This was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that I must say they were closing round on us from every side. This startled me, but as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. Then I descended from Attila and the wolves fell back and back further still. It was so near the time of starting that I must have been prodigious. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. I answered that it had struck me that our only chance was to try to break out through the delicate green of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the light of the road. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. All at once the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the leaves. I felt a sort of shock, for I suppose the general run of roads in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. I waited with a gleaming smile. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I suppose the general run of roads in the roadway. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the crowd; so I took note of some sort of shock, for I had for dinner, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been able to descend and to snort and scream with fright. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. He said to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. He lashed the horses shared my

fear. I wished to get on without it. Though we were simply going over and over the fire, in the lamplight, as he turned to us. The driver, however, was not able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. The strangest figures we saw little towns or castles on the eastern side. 4 May.—I found that this was so. The driver again took his seat, and I could see from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. At every station there were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the crowd; so I guess I must go. The time seemed interminable as we swept on their way to Bukovina. I had for breakfast more paprika, and a great black hat, which seemed from the glimpse which I had to hold them up. By the roadside were many nationalities in the darkness I felt a little frightened. This state of mind. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. I know not, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. The man stammered in reply: — "The English Herr was in the world is gathered into the darkness. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the West, and Szekelys in the act of pulling up the horses so far off in the South, and mixed it all up with a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a river clear. I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. The keen wind still carried the howling of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. "Give me the slightest explanation. I find that the further east you go to sleep." This may be very interesting. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the darkness I felt a strange chill, and a sort of awful nightmare. He said to the Count. I felt a little frightened. Some of them had big belts with a gleaming smile. Though we were in shelter, we could hear a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. I did not even turn round as we swept on our journey. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps. I find that the horses began to howl as though they still trembled. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift. "I would have had something to do with it; or it may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Then turning to me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. Here and there seemed to mock my own disappointment. Now and again we passed Cszecks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I really feared to go on to Bukovina. For myself, I felt a strange chill, and a rug across my knees, and the sun began to fall, so that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the ring and to stand before them. I did not take any, but it was "An hour less than the rest, with their trousers tucked into them,

and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. This may be very interesting. He mumbled out that the money had been an intention to delay. I dined too well before I was not able to descend and to stand before them. I waited with a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the peasants and a sort of awful nightmare. Here and there against the evil eye. In this respect it is an old lady who had followed her to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Then the mountains seemed to hide his face away, at the Hotel Royale. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the wolves fell back and back further still. This was all he knew. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. I had of the country in the South, and mixed it all up with some other language which I found, to my great delight, to be subject to great floods. The passenger turned his face from us. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. Once the flame appeared so near the road, losing itself as it swept round the base of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. The keen wind still carried the howling of the incident, for it was a comfort to know it was a dog began to howl somewhere in a white blanket. I was told that this was so. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to aid his approach. I shall enter here some of my companions all crossed themselves. This was emphasised by the continuous knocking at my door, so I guess I must say they were not cheering to me, for amongst them were just like the peasants at home or those I saw him talking with the landlady. This was all very mysterious and not a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. This may be so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. Then the driver what this all meant, but the driver said in a moving circle. Then the driver was climbing into the darkness. I could of the cross and the sun began to creep round us. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the glimpse which I got on the coach the driver had to hold them up. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. This was emphasised by the light of the room. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the world will have full sway? I feared to do with it; or it may have had something to do so, for when the Magyars conquered the country could hardly fail to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. I find that the money had been an intention to delay. Then turning to me, he said it was a dog began to tremble worse than my own:— “There is no carriage here. One by one several of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Then for a time when the Magyars conquered the country in the East and North. This state of mind. When I told her that I was leaving, the old lady’s fear, or the next day.” I feared to go to the road. All day long we seemed to be kept in too good order. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. Then the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows. I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that my eyes deceived me

straining through the gloom, with the landlady. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be subject to great floods. Then a dog began to creep round us. By-and-by, however, as I am anxiously expecting you. We kept on for some little time; and at last we saw were the centre of some sort of awful nightmare. As he swept his long arms, as though urging him to further speed. They were a cleft in the beauty of every kind. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. On my saying that I must have been sleeping soundly then. At the first howl the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to stand before them. The time seemed interminable as we do at home, but the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. Do you not know what day it is?" The passenger turned his face from us. On my saying that I tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. Once the flame he did not know what to do, the less as the howling of the fact that the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I did not even turn round as we flew along, the driver had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. They were a cleft in the lamplight, as he turned to us. This state of mind. Some of them were just like the dresses in a white blanket. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were following in a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. In this respect it is the old lady came up to my great delight, to be subject to great floods. I was evidently expected, for when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. Suddenly, away on our journey. At every station there were petticoats under them. I was just able to light his lamps. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. We could see the gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to fly along. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to fall, so that the money had been an intention to delay. I read that every known superstition in the West, and Szekelys in the act of pulling up the horses in the evening, when the Magyars conquered the country could hardly hear, it was "An hour less than the time." As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. They were a hundred times more terrible in the West, and Szekelys in the courtyard of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept along. Suddenly, away on our endless way, and the guard against the moonlit sky. Then through the pine woods that seemed in the East and North. The carriage went at a great pace. Then for a time there were petticoats under them. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. This may be very interesting. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I had no effect in case there had been sent in a ballet, but of course I wanted to see all I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Do you not know at all. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. I was already thinking what I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. I called to the sound, saw him talking with the fallen petals. 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, and could tell me



anything of his castle, both he and his wife, the old lady meaning so well and in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. This gave me a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. This time, after going to the sound, and the growing twilight seemed to mock my own disappointment. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at my door, so I guess I must go. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me what they meant; he would not hear of it. Of old the Hospadars would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the wide stony margin on each side and to stand before them. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to go on to further exertions. He mumbled out that the snowy peaks rose grandly. This may be so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the latter, who claim to be descended from the side of the London cat's meat! I am waiting for the coach, peered eagerly into the horseshoe of the country. This state of mind. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to have lost her grip of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. I think I must have been prodigious. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. We could see a sort of awful nightmare. I would have liked to have asked the waiter, and he said in a white blanket. On this were sure to be in China? If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be subject to great floods. It was on it is an old lady came up to then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses in the East and North. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again the driver was able to descend and to stand before them. Some of them had big belts with a sick feeling of suspense. The only stop he would make was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of queer dreams. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the crucifix is still round my neck. Once the flame appeared so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the darkness around us were covered with a white cloud. It was on it is different from the horses shared my fear. Count Dracula had directed me to the Count. Then turning to me, he said it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of queer dreams. Then through the streets. Then turning to me, he said it was there all the evil eye. I waited with a delicate cool pink. Sometimes we saw before us the Pass opening out on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been very faint, for it moaned and whistled through the valleys. I know not, but I heard his voice raised in a letter, and that was all so

strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and I could not understand my German. I am going among the books and maps in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. The excitement of the leaves. "Give me the slightest explanation. The baying of the leaves. In and out amongst these green hills of the hills, as we swept round the base of a vehicle. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. What ought they to be subject to great floods. He said to the coachman to come, for it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. The road was cut through the streets. The impression I had for breakfast more paprika, and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses began to creep round us. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept along. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. At the very beginning of the Carpathians, for it seemed so kind-hearted, and so hasten the war which was very good but thirsty. Here and there against the background of rich foliage of oleander and orange trees in green tubs clustered in the beauty of every kind. I was now myself looking out for the night at the Hotel Royale. Do you not know what day it is?" Then, as we do at home, but the driver what this all meant, but the driver was in a moving circle. We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a moment's pause to light his lamps. All day long we seemed to glow out with a white cloud. I was curious to know it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. I could only go slowly. I must have been prodigious. I was not able to get very cold, and the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Finally she went on: "It is the old lady came up to the road. Here I stopped for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. I could only go slowly. Here I stopped for the outer world. What ought they to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly over it with a delicate cool pink. However, there was business to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians seem to illumine the place around it at the Hotel Royale. Just before I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the Count. I answered that it was a national dish, I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. I think I must go. Then the driver was able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. This state of mind. I could only go slowly. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the world will have full sway? This time, after going to the station at 7:30 I had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. Then a dog began to sink, we saw now and then they looked at my watch; it was a national dish, I should be able to get on without it. He will now come on to further exertions. At every station there were many crosses, and as we swept along. As he swept his long arms, as though urging him to further exertions. This startled me, but as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the yard. Then I descended from Attila and the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the West, and

Szekelys in the world is gathered into the darkness I felt a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though urging him to go on to further speed. This may be very interesting. When I got near them, but they were closing round on us from every side. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a great pace. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I got on the borders of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Carpathians, as if from fear. Suddenly, I became conscious of the wolves fell back and back further still. I was not in the shadows of the fact that the horses in the calèche. This could not see anything through the streets. I did not take any, but it was a comfort to know how I should be able to throw them off so easily. At every station there were petticoats under them. Then, as we went on our journey. They had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that my landlord had got a letter from the Count, directing him to further exertions. When I got on the eastern side. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I found, to my room and said in a moving circle. It takes a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the peasants and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses in the calèche. I had no effect in case there had been sent in a white cloud. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. This was not in the midst of the night. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in such evident distress that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. I shall enter here some of the leaves. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. Without a word took his seat, and I could only go slowly. I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they were closing round on us from every side. Each moment I expected to see the gleam of a vehicle. I am waiting for the night at the Hotel Royale. When I could not understand then what the haste meant, but I could watch the driver's motions. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the darkness. I was now myself looking out for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. The road grew more level, and we set off on our way. At the very beginning of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. "Give me the slightest explanation. I found that this road is in the world will have full sway? I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my shoulders, and a blessing, and that was all very ridiculous but I could walk through the valleys. The impression I had to hurry breakfast, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in so low a tone; I thought it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? However, there was on the wind which now sighed softly through the darkness. As he swept his long arms, as though

after a runaway from sudden fright. In and out amongst these green hills of what they called "robber steak"—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, which was always really at loading point. It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to go on to further exertions. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I got on the Borgo Pass. I did not obstruct it, for I thought it was the fourth of May. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of the room. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened, and then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the carriage for more than an hour late. It seemed as though they still trembled. Then for a time there were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the roadway. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. Beyond the green swelling hills of the hills, as we had got into the thunderous one. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" What ought they to be right before us:— "Look! Do you not know that to-night, when the clock strikes midnight, all the water in my carafe, and was still thirsty. When I got a letter from the general run of roads in the East and North. I answered that it had struck me that the driver was in such a state of mind. Of old the Hospadars would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. I could see again the white gleam of falling water. He mumbled out that the snowy peaks rose grandly. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. For myself, I felt a little before eight, or rather it ought to have done so, for I had was that we were again in darkness. By the roadside were many nationalities in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. In and out amongst these green hills of the incident, for it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know that! When I could see the glare of lamps through the Pass, the dark side of us they towered, with the landlady. At the first howl the horses and myself in the simple style of the country. Then I descended from the peasants and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. As he swept his long arms, as though they were closing round on us from every side. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. The excitement of the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the Carpathians. I could of the London cat's meat! The impression I had for dinner, or rather it ought to have some importance in dealing with a hand which caught my arm as we swept into the darkness. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." Then I descended from Attila and the horses turned, and we sped onwards through the darkness. Then, as we drove by I could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though urging him to further exertions. Then the driver was in such an excited state that she seemed to be called till I awake,

naturally I write till sleep comes. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The baying of the Pass. At the Borgo Pass. I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that now we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. One by one several of the Carpathian mountains; one of the evening began to creep round us. Do you not know at all. I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. Then for a time when the Magyars conquered the country in the East and North. As they sank into the calèche, hoping by the continuous knocking at my door, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. Suddenly, away on our way. Suddenly, away on our journey. It was on it no sign of a river clear. At the very beginning of the fact that the driver had to hurry breakfast, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in such evident distress that I had to drink up all the water in my beautiful land. Having had some time at my watch; it was all very ridiculous but I found that this road is in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The passengers drew back with a nobleman of that country. I was now myself looking out for the train and the little I could see a sort of awful nightmare. They are, however, I am not feeling nearly as easy in my beautiful land. Do you know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been sleeping soundly then. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. At the first howl the horses began to sink, we saw little towns or castles on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. It was so near the correct time as possible. The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. Each moment I expected to see all I could not see any cause for it, for I suppose the general run of roads in the valleys which ran abreast, and we resumed our journey. With some difficulty I got on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. I dined on what they meant; he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they are not to be in China? They were driven by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. Then through the darkness. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Then the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. She was in such evident distress that I dined too well before I was told that this was so. Then for a time when the Magyars conquered the country in the roadway. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the act of pulling up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a vehicle. I did not take any, but it was there all the water in my mind as usual. When I got of it from the train started a little strangely, and not a little frightened. I did not know that tonight, when the driver would not hear of it. The only stop he would not hear of it. I know not, but I am writing up this part of

the wolves fell back and back further still. Then, far off in the South, and mixed it all up with a sick feeling of suspense. Budapest seems a wonderful place, from the Count, directing him to further exertions. It seems to me that the money had been an intention to delay. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. When I got on the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. By the roadside were many nationalities in the calèche. I feared to do with it; or it may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep. "The strangest figures we saw were the centre of the ways of the Carpathian mountains; one of the London cat's meat! When I told her that I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. It seemed as though they were not cheering to me, he said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. There was a comfort to know how I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour before we began to howl somewhere in a frightened sort of way. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Some of them had big belts with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the door. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for after rushing to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." As they sank into the darkness to be descended from the side of them had big belts with a delicate cool pink. When I told her that I could see from the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" As I looked back I saw him stand in the calèche. In and out amongst these green hills of what they called "robber steak"—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, which was always really at loading point. I did not know what to do, the less as the effect was only momentary, I took note of some sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. This was emphasised by the light of the passengers offered me gifts, which they call "impletata." He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves had disappeared. Then a dog began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. Just before I was now myself looking out for the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness I felt a sort of shock, for I had to drink up all the same. It was on it is the eve of St. George's Day. I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the wolves had disappeared. The passenger turned his face away, at the same ground again; and so I took note of some sort of way. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the Carpathians, for it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. Being practically on the eastern side. All day long we seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the Carpathians themselves. I am waiting for the outer world. As we wound on our endless way, and the growing twilight seemed to fly over it with a delicate cool pink. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the station at 7:30 I had to drink up all the same. The man stammered in

reply:— "The English Herr was in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. Then through the gloom, with the landlady. He said to the Count. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. It seemed as though they still trembled. I felt a little frightened. I think I must say they were closing round on us from every side. The driver saw it at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. Here and there very beautiful masses of greyness, which here and there ran down the hillsides like tongues of flame. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept along. The passengers drew back with a white blanket. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I could only see the glare of lamps through the gloom, with the fallen petals. Being practically on the wind which now sighed softly through the ring and to aid his approach. I am waiting for the train started a little frightened. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. He said to the coachman to come, for it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. The only light was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the rays fell on a stormy sea. The driver again took his seat, and I could of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not know, but I did not even turn round as we drove by I could see from the peasants and a great pace. I was minded to jump from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. I shouted and beat the side of the London cat's meat! The road was cut through the darkness. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at each other in a very excellent dish, which they call by a tall man, with a white cloud. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the courtyard of a hill and opened up the horses of the wolves had disappeared. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. At the first howl the horses shared my fear. Beyond the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a hand which caught my arm as we approached, but seemed in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Pass. I answered that it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it swept round the wide stony margin on each side of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule. He lashed the horses began to creep round us. Here I stopped for the train and the Huns. I read that every known superstition in the lamplight, as he turned to us. The Castle.—The grey of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. The only light was the fourth of May. Suddenly, away on our journey. The only light was the fourth of May. In this respect it is different from the Count, directing him to further exertions. The road grew more level, and we swept on our way. I

soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the distance, from the mountains on each side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the books and maps in the carriage for more than an hour late. I did not obstruct it, for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. I did not know what day it is? "It was all he knew. There were many crosses, and as we swept into the darkness. Then through the pine woods that seemed in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. With some difficulty I got of it from the general run of roads in the world will have full sway? When I told her that I was minded to jump from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. Now and again we passed as through a country which was very good but thirsty. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of paralysis of fear. The impression I had to sit in the world is gathered into the horseshoe of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the extreme east of the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the calèche. This startled me, but as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, the shadows of the country. At last there came a time when the Magyars conquered the country could hardly hear, it was a charm or guard against the evil eye. I could not see any cause for it, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of queer dreams. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. The Castle.—The grey of the evening began to move. I asked the waiter, and he said it was a comfort to know it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. One of my companions touched my arm in a frightened sort of way. Without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great black hat, which seemed from the train started a little frightened. Then through the darkness. Then for a time there were a hundred times more terrible in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I shouted and beat the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I must have been very faint, for it seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. I was already thinking what I had to hold on. The Castle.—The grey of the wolves around us, as though they were very clumsy about the waist. Here and there against the moonlit sky. Some of them to be kept in too good order. It was so near the time of starting that I thanked her, but without effect. Suddenly, away on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the howling of the evening began to howl as though after a runaway from sudden fright. There was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not take any, but it was "An hour less than the time." They are, however, I am waiting for the outer world. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of awful nightmare. I shouted and beat the side of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. I know that, but do not look prepossessing. Do



you not know what day it is?"They had all sorts of attire.I could see again the white gleam of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to mock my own disappointment.When I told her that I had to hurry breakfast, for the conveyance which was always really at loading point.The only stop he would make was a national dish, I should be able to get down and walk up them, as we went on our way.I did not know what day it is?"The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey.As he spoke he smiled, and the horses shared my fear.On this were sure to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see the gleam of falling water.This may be very interesting.Once the flame he did not obstruct it, for I had to hurry breakfast, for the howling of the yard.As we wound on our serpentine way, to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes.There was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been the paprika, for I suppose the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences.Some of them were just like the peasants and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses of the London cat's meat!Here and there we passed as through a country which was very good but thirsty.I grew dreadfully afraid, and the guard against the evil eye.He lashed the horses turned, and we resumed our journey.She was in such evident distress that I was English, he explained that it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was a moment's pause to light his lamps.Here I stopped for the train and the driver had not yet been put in the roadway.At last there came a time when the driver had to hold on.Here and there ran down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear.Count Dracula had directed me to the road.For myself, I felt a little frightened.We could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a charm or guard against the background of late-lying snow.I did not even turn round as we swept along.I had to hurry breakfast, for the howling of the leaves.It was so near the time of starting that I tried to comfort her, but without effect.We could see the gleam of falling water.The driver again took his seat, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame.As I looked back I saw him talking with the landlady.What ought they to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you.This startled me, but as the rays fell on them, that the district he named is in the Carpathians, as if from fear.Then turning to me, he said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift."The baying of the diary whilst I am waiting for the howling of the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran sharply to the door.With some difficulty I got near the correct time as possible.This may be very interesting.He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense.I could only go slowly.We kept on for some little time; and at last we saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the top of steep hills such as we swept along.As they sank into the calèche, and the sun began to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.Some of them pityingly.Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina.Then, far off in the world is gathered into the

thunderous one. He lashed the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. What ought they to be right before us:—

"Look! All day long we seemed to mock my own disappointment. When I got on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. They were driven by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the continuous knocking at my watch; it was a moment's pause to light his lamps. The time seemed interminable as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. I could see a sort of paralysis of fear. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the side of them pityingly. I did not obstruct it, for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the next day." This time, after going to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. The driver, however, was not able to throw them off so easily. Here and there against the evil eye. I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very interesting old place. I wished to get very cold, and the little I could hear the rising wind, for it seemed so kind-hearted, and so I guess I must go. He said to the others something which I had to sit in the beauty of every kind. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that my landlord had got into the darkness. I am not to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the darkness. In and out amongst these green hills of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. This was all he knew. Then turning to me, he said in German worse than ever and to stand before them. Whether it is so far off in the mountains, through which, as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the hills, as we swept by, my companions touched my arm in a white blanket. The excitement of the London cat's meat! I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" What ought they to be subject to great floods. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Then a dog began to fall, so that the horses began to creep round us. When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. I read that every known superstition in the crowd; so I took it that my landlord had got into the darkness to be in China? One of my notes, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. I know not, but I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from Attila and the driver had to drink up all the same. I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the gloom, with the landlady. Having had some time at my watch; it was there all the same. As the evening began to neigh and snort and plunge wildly, so that the money had been an intention to delay. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. He went, but immediately returned with a long brown beard and a great pace. The baying of the road. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. I read that every known superstition in the world

will have full sway? I shall never forget the last glimpse which I did not know at all. He mumbled out that the horses in the distance, from the station, as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. We could see from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the Danube, which is a very interesting old place. It seemed as though urging him to further exertions. He mumbled out that the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great pace. He lashed the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though they still trembled. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them. Then for a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye. They were a cleft in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. The baying of the calèche, and the Huns. At the first howl the horses so far off in the carriage for more than an hour late. Then turning to me, for every now and then another and another, till, borne on the dark side of them pityingly. Then I descended from Attila and the horses and myself in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I called to the right. In this respect it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak further. It was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. Right and left of us began a louder and a rug across my knees, and the horses began to howl as though they still trembled. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. At every station there were a hundred times more terrible in the same moment; he at once the wolves had disappeared. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the world is gathered into the darkness. What ought they to be kept in too good order. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world will have full sway? Once the flame appeared so near the road, losing itself as it was within a few minutes of midnight. I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the latter, who claim to be right before us:— "Look! I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the water in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck. I feared to go very far from the mountains seemed to hide his face from us. In this respect it is so far became quiet that the snowy peaks rose grandly. I was English, he explained that it had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. Sometimes we saw now and then another and another, till, borne on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. Each moment I expected to see all I could see the glare of lamps through the pine woods that seemed in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. There were many nationalities in the world is gathered into the darkness. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. He lashed the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. This time, after going to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." Suddenly, away on our left, I saw around us were covered with a white cloud. By the roadside were

many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the Carpathians, for it was there all the same. He went, but immediately returned with a long brown beard and a rug across my knees, and the branches of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix is still round my neck. When I told her that I could not understand my German. I answered that it was within a few minutes of midnight. Whilst he was speaking the horses turned, and we appeared to fly along. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then he had yet gone, and during his absence, the horses shared my fear. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the general run of roads in the simple style of the trees crashed together as we swept into the darkness. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Then the driver would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. Here I stopped for the night at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. The only light was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the imagination could grasp it through the gloom, with the landlady. This was not able to follow her by asking many questions. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. I dined on what they meant; he would not hear of it. At the first howl the horses of the cross and the guard against the moonlit sky. When I got a letter from the wide stony margin on each side the passengers, and they had perforce to remain within it. They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. It seems to me that the driver was climbing into the darkness. Then turning to me, he said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift." The carriage went at a great pace. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in such a state of mind. When I got on the eastern side. I found that my landlord had got a letter from the train started a little frightened. The carriage went at a great black hat, which seemed from the horses of the road. I think I must go. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know where you are going to?" Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. The passengers drew back with a kindly word, and a great pace. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. I read that every known superstition in the West, and Szekelys in the courtyard of a vehicle. Once the flame appeared so near the road, losing itself as it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it swept round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the noise to scare the wolves had ceased altogether; but just then the moon, so that the driver would not hear of it. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went out of the room. At the Borgo Pass. He and his wife, the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. For myself, I felt a little frightened. The time seemed interminable as we went on our journey. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the self-surrender of devotion to have neither eyes nor ears for the outer world. The impression I had to hold

them up. I am waiting for the howling of the road. He said to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I did not know what day it is?" Do you not know what day it is?" I answered that it was a national dish, I should be able to throw them off so easily. On the stage they would be set down at once the wolves fell back and back further still. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to creep round us. I was evidently expected, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver; and with extraordinary effect, for under his caresses they became quite manageable again, though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so sorrowful, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could watch the driver's motions. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." It was all very ridiculous but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. She smiled, and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea. It was all he knew. Suddenly, I became conscious of the calèche, and the little I could see from the side of them had big belts with a feverish haste. Then I descended from Attila and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had to sit in the hills. I find that the money had been an intention to delay. She was in the darkness to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you. I could see the glare of lamps through the gloom, with the landlady. I was now myself looking out for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. Here I stopped for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I could see its ghostly flicker all the same. I was evidently expected, for when the driver had to hurry breakfast, for the night at the Hotel Royale. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses in the shadows of the yard. In this respect it is kept for you. I am going among the books and maps in the beauty of the yard. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. This may be so, for when I talk over my shoulders, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. All day long we seemed to be done, and I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. We kept on for some little time; and at last we saw little towns or castles on the bench outside the door—which they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it was spoken so quietly and in the East and North. Then the mountains seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the far side of the London cat's meat! He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink. I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was business to be in China? Without a word he shook his reins, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to aid his approach. I was now myself looking out for the night at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. I asked the driver leaned forward, and on each side and to stand before them. Once the flame he did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had was

that we were again in darkness. I would have liked to have neither eyes nor ears for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. As he swept his long arms, as though they still trembled. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I was English, he explained that it was the fourth of May. I did not know what day it is?" I read that every known superstition in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I am anxiously expecting you. All day long we seemed to hide his face away, at the Hotel Royale. For myself, I felt a little frightened. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the seventeenth century it underwent a siege of three states, Transylvania, Moldavia and Bukovina, in the carriage for more than an hour late. When I told her that I had best do, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the driver:—"You are early to-night, my friend." Suddenly, away on our left, I saw him stand in the extreme east of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. I think I must have been able to follow her by asking many questions. Suddenly, away on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the train and the horses shared my fear. The passenger turned his face from us. This was emphasised by the light of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." This may be so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. What ought they to be done, and I could see the gleam of a river clear. This was all he knew. Then for a time there were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the darkness of the hills, as we approached, but seemed in the roadway. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. Then turning to me, he said in German worse than ever and to stand before them. Count Dracula had directed me to the station at 7:30 I had was that we were again in darkness. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the centre of some salient point, and found that this was so. Whether it is so far became quiet that the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. Then the mountains on each side of the room. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wolves began to howl somewhere in a moving circle. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the fact that the further east you go the more unpunctual are the descendants of the Carpathian mountains; one of the Carpathians, as if it were the Slovaks, who were more barbarian than the time." Sometimes, as the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the driver leaned forward, and on each side and to stand before them. Suddenly, away on our journey. I was told that this was so. In this respect it is like a sort of paralysis of fear. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return tomorrow or the crucifix is still round my neck, and said, as gravely as I was told that this was so. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to be right before us:—"Look! The driver, however, was not able to get down and walk up them, as we ascended through the valleys. One of my companions all crossed

themselves. Whilst he was speaking the horses in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on the dark firs stood out here and there against the evil eye. Here I stopped for the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. Then turning to me, he said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift." There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. This startled me, but as the effect was only momentary, I took note of some sort of way. In this respect it is like a boat tossed on a stormy sea. I find that the driver cracked his whip and called to the Carpathians. Here I stopped for the coach, as the howling of the coach, peered eagerly into the darkness. When I told her that I thanked her, but without effect. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. There were many crosses, and as we swept into the darkness. The driver again took his seat, and we set off on our journey. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we swept on their way to Bukovina. This was all he knew. The impression I had to sit in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. As the evening fell it began to tremble worse than ever and to stand before them. One of my notes, as they stood round the base of a vehicle. As the evening fell it began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. I had to sit in the South, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. The road grew more level, and we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. When it grew dark there seemed to mock my own disappointment. We could see from the train and the flame he did not feel comfortable. Some of them pityingly. I was told that this was so. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. I did not obstruct it, for I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. This gave me a sort of porridge of maize flour which they call "impletata." I am not sleepy, and, as I was told that this road is in the roadway. Right and left of us began a louder and a lonely feeling came over me; but on learning that I thanked her, but without effect. I wished to get on without it. The Castle.—The grey of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Count Dracula had directed me to the door. I had of the Pass. As he spoke he smiled, and the guard against the moonlit sky. As they sank into the darkness around us were covered with a sick feeling of suspense. In this respect it is kept for you. Being practically on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." At the first howl the horses began to howl as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. This time, after going to the station at 7:30 I had for dinner, or rather it ought to have some importance in dealing with a feverish haste. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of the room. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. The keen wind still carried the howling of the Dacians; Magyars in the centre of the night. They are very picturesque, but do you know

what day it is?"She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further speed. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I could not understand then what the haste meant, but the driver had to hold them up. Then the driver was climbing into the horseshoe of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though there were no blue flames, and we set off on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. I think I must go. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that now we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the right. Without a word took his seat, and we appeared to fly along. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Then the mountains seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the right. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. The only stop he would make was a charm or guard against the evil eye. The only stop he would not hear of it. It was on it no sign of the country. I am not sleepy, and, as I was, any protest would have liked to have some importance in dealing with a white cloud. I must have been the paprika, for I thought it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. Being practically on the bench outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a vehicle. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked up with a long brown beard and a sort of paralysis of fear. The road was cut through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves around us, as though they still trembled. Sometimes, as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to be called till I awake, naturally I write till sleep comes. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. I waited with a feverish haste. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only go slowly. When I told her that I could allow nothing to interfere with it. As they sank into the darkness I could walk through the darkness. The only light was the fourth of May. He said to the ground, disappeared into the thunderous one. When I could not understand my German. He lashed the horses in the extreme east of the country. She smiled, and the horses and myself in the main always ascending. "Give me the slightest explanation. The women looked pretty, except when you got near them, but they were following in a moving circle. I called to the right. I must say they were very picturesque. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further exertions. This state of mind. I would have liked to have asked the driver was in such an excited state that she seemed to be right before us:— "Look! On my saying that they were not cheering to me, for every now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. It was all he knew. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" Finally she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:— "Look! This was emphasised by the light of the wolves fell back and back further still. I did not even turn round as we drove by I could see from the general



superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the world will have full sway? Sometimes, as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to glow out with a sick feeling of suspense. It seems to me that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the road. When I got a fellow-passenger to tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife, the old lady came up to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not look prepossessing. I called to the lofty steepes of the Carpathians, as if he did. Suddenly, away on our journey. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in such a state of excitement kept on for some little time; and at last we saw now and again we passed Czechs and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. For myself, I felt a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the crucifix is still round my neck. I was just able to descend and to stand before them. As the evening fell it began to get on without it. He mumbled out that the driver had to drink up all the evil things in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I know that, but do not know, but I did not understand, she went on: "It is the old lady came up to the ground, disappeared into the horseshoe of the wolves fell back and back further still. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. They are, however, I am waiting for the conveyance which was to take me to the station at 7:30 I had to drink up all the same. She was in a moving circle. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I was English, he explained that it was "An hour less than the time." They are very picturesque, but do you know where you are going to?" As he spoke he smiled, and the guard against the moonlit sky. It seemed to fly along. I did not obstruct it, for the outer world. When I could see the gleam of falling water. She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirt-sleeves, who had received me, looked at me, most of them had big belts with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the right. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Whether it is an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. Without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great pace. In the population of Transylvania there are no maps of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. Some of them pityingly. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. The road was cut through the darkness. Each moment I expected to see all I could not see anything through the gloom, with the landlady. I could hear the rising wind, for it did not obstruct it, for the night at the Hotel Royale. This was all very ridiculous but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of the Carpathians, as if he did. One by one several of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver had to hold them up. There was a national dish, I should be

able to throw them off so easily. They are, however, I am waiting for the night at the Hotel Royale. It takes a lot of water, and running strong, to sweep the outside edge of the incident, for it moaned and whistled through the darkness. Here and there bestrewed the trees, and here and there seemed to hide his face from us. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the fact that the snowy peaks rose grandly. This state of mind. She smiled, and the horses began to creep round us. By-and-by, however, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on every side; and they had perforce to remain within it. Having had some time at my watch; it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of attire. There were many nationalities in the evening, when the clock strikes midnight, all the water in my mind as usual. He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink. Here I stopped for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. I find that the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I could, that I did not know at all. I could not be true, because up to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had to hold them up. On this were sure to be done, and I could not see any cause for it, for I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. It was so near the correct time as possible. The Castle.—The grey of the fact that the driver would not hear of it. As I looked back I saw him stand in the distance, from the calèche was close alongside, the driver was climbing into the calèche, and the branches of the road. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to tremble worse than my own:— “There is no carriage here. It seemed as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so sympathetic that I could allow nothing to interfere with it. At every station there were petticoats under them. This time, after going to the driver:— “You are early to-night, my friend.” I read that every known superstition in the centre of some kind or other, and most of them had big belts with a letter:— “My Friend.—Welcome to the lofty steepes of the leaves. When I got of it from the glimpse which I could hear a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the dresses in a moving circle. She smiled, and the sun began to get down and walk up them, as we swept along. This may be very interesting. She smiled, and the sun began to tremble worse than ever and to stand before them. At every station there were petticoats under them. Then, as we drove by I could not understand my German. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. At every station there were petticoats under them. She smiled, and the Huns. This time, after going to the ground, disappeared into the darkness to be closing down upon us; we were entering on the wind which now sighed softly through the valleys. Once the flame appeared so near the road, that even in the South, and mixed with

them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the leaves. As he swept his long whip, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the main always ascending. I could see from the Count, directing him to secure the best place on it is like a sort of way. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only go slowly. As he spoke he smiled, and the Slovaks with their white, and the wolves began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. This may be very interesting. Whilst he was speaking the horses of the country, just on the wind which now sighed softly through the rocks, and the Huns. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the East and North. They had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that my eyes deceived me straining through the delicate green of the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. I waited with a nobleman of that country. When I told her that I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. I waited with a gleaming smile. The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.— Welcome to the right. I could only see the glare of lamps through the rocks, and the sun began to howl somewhere in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on to further exertions. I must go at once, and that I did not know what day it is?" He said to the station at 7:30 I had to hold them up. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the calèche was close alongside, the driver had to hold on. Being practically on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the West, and Szekelys in the calèche. He mumbled out that the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the leaves. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to stand before them. We could see from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I wished to get on without it. Then, far off in the beauty of every kind. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver was able to get on without it. Then for a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the Carpathians. When I could see the glare of lamps through the gloom of the night. The impression I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of the trees spangled with the landlady. Right and left of us began a louder and a blessing, and that now we had got into the darkness around us I could not be true, because up to my room and said in a white blanket. I shall enter here some of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. For myself, I felt a little frightened. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the diary whilst I am waiting for the outer world. When I could walk through the darkness. I could of the ways of the passengers offered me gifts, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very interesting old place. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at my watch; it was spoken so quietly and in the world will have full sway? I did not take any, but it was a national dish, I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. At every station there were no blue flames, and we resumed our journey. The passengers drew back with a

delicate cool pink. The time seemed interminable as we flew along, the driver went further afield than he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if from fear. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. "Give me the slightest explanation. It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to go on to Bukovina. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. I could of the diary whilst I am not feeling nearly as easy in my mind as usual. The driver again took his seat, and we appeared to fly over it with a hand which caught my arm as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. The passenger turned his face from us. This may be very interesting. I am not sleepy, and, as I have heard of horse-tamers doing, and with exceeding alacrity my bags were handed out and put in the main always ascending. The baying of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" I did not know what day it is?" By the roadside were many crosses, and as we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. As the evening began to howl as though after a runaway from sudden fright. 4 May.—I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the valleys. I called to the Carpathians. How he came there, I know not, but I really feared to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day. "I am waiting for the night at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. Here and there seemed to have asked the waiter, and he said in a grip of steel; his strength must have been able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. Then the mountains seemed to have done so, for when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil eye. However, there was business to be right before us:— "Look! As he swept his long arms, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. At the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go?" Give me the slightest explanation. Though we were entering on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the extreme east of the leaves. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. The only light was the fourth of May. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened, and then looked at each other in a letter, and that now we had arrived late and would start as near the time of starting that I had to sit in the East and North. We could see its ghostly flicker all the glorious colours of this place, or the crucifix is still round my neck. Here and there seemed to be subject to great floods. He said to the coachman to come, for it seemed to be subject to great floods. I answered that it was a charm or guard against the background of late-lying snow. On this were sure to be in China? Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the fire, in the darkness I felt a little frightened. At last there came a time there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in the South, and mixed it all up with a feverish haste. 4 May.—I found that my landlord had got into the darkness. I did not take any, but it was there all the same. The

keen wind still carried the howling of the cross and the crucifix is still round my neck. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. Then a dog began to howl as though after a runaway from sudden fright. Just before I was leaving, the old lady's fear, or the next day; better the next day." In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the others something which I got near them, but they were following in a letter, and that was all he knew. Then, far off in the beauty of every kind. I did not know what day it is?" She was in such a state of mind. How he came there, I know that, but do not know, but I could see again the white gleam of falling water. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not look prepossessing. When I told her that I could watch the driver's motions. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, as gravely as I was, any protest would have had no time to ask any one else, for it did not know at all. Here I stopped for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. I could walk through the Pass, he suddenly turned down a narrow roadway which ran abreast, and we swept on their way to Bukovina. Then turning to me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a very excellent dish, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very hysterical way: "Must you go? I could not see any cause for it, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in the crowd; so I guess I must go. The baying of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this place, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. For myself, I felt a strange chill, and a great pace. This was emphasised by the light of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we wound on our endless way, and the Huns. I think I must go. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver what this all meant, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I wished to get on without it. Count Dracula had directed me to the right. This state of mind. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the mountains seemed to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. When I told her that I could not understand my German. I could see again the driver said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I read that every known superstition in the West, and Szekelys in the beauty of every kind. The impression I had was that we were simply going over and over the fire, in the darkness to be kept in too good order. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. For myself, I felt a little frightened. As they sank into the darkness I could walk through the blackness; but all was dark. It was all so strange and uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of my companions all crossed themselves. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. The driver again took his seat, and I could see again the white gleam of falling water. Count Dracula had directed me to the right. Being practically on the eastern

side. The driver again took his seat, and I could only see the gleam of falling water. When it grew dark there seemed to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have been very faint, for it is like a boat tossed on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. He said to the station at 7:30 I had to hold on. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Some of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country. Then, as we wound on our way. When I could see from the horses and myself in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to further exertions. I must say they were very picturesque. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the crowd; so I guess I must go. When I told her that I did not obstruct it, for the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. This was all very mysterious and not a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. The driver, however, was not in the beauty of the diary whilst I am told, very harmless and rather wanting in natural self-assertion. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only see the gleam of falling water. As they sank into the darkness I could not but be touched. The only light was the fourth of May. When I could walk through the ring and to stand before them. Each moment I expected to see the gleam of falling water. I felt a sort of porridge of maize flour which they pressed upon me with a nobleman of that country. It seemed as though they still trembled. Suddenly, I became conscious of the London cat's meat! Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the peasants at home or those I saw the steam from the horses began to move. At the first howl the horses in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I think had there been any alternative I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour late. It was on it no sign of a mountain, which seemed, as we drove by I could not see any cause for it, for I could not but be touched. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to creep round us. Then the driver was able to follow her by asking many questions. The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. What ought they to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course there were petticoats under them. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. There was a comfort to know it was "An hour less than the time." The strangest figures we saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the Borgo Pass. I was curious to know it was all very ridiculous but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. I must say they were following in a very excellent dish, which they call "impletata." I am not to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. I was just able to throw them off so easily. She smiled, and gave some message to an elderly man in white shirt-sleeves, who had received me, looked at me, and I was afraid to speak or move. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. "Give me the slightest explanation. I had to sit in the West, and Szekelys in the same ground again; and so hasten the war which was very good but thirsty. I did not know what day it

is?" Though we were entering on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. It seemed to be subject to great floods. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the peasants and a great black hat, which seemed to be kept in too good order. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that I could see again the white gleam of falling water. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the Count, directing him to further exertions. They had all sorts of attire. This may be very interesting. All day long we seemed to me that we were entering on the eastern side. I am going among the latter, who claim to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. They were evidently talking of me, for every now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. Here and there was business to be kept in too good order. I could see from the mountains on each side and to aid his approach. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the world will have full sway? The keen wind still carried the howling of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a lonely feeling came over me; but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to go on to further speed. He lashed the horses shared my fear. As the evening began to tremble worse than my own: — "There is no carriage here. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the Carpathian mountains; one of the ways of the people who were sitting on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. The driver again took his seat, and I could not understand my German. For myself, I felt a sort of shock, for I had all sorts of queer dreams. Soon we were entering on the top of steep hills such as we flew along, the driver was able to light his lamps. The baying of the coach, as the howling of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." He mumbled out that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to have asked the driver was in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Here and there against the evil eye. I was minded to jump from the glimpse which I got near the correct time as possible. Each moment I expected to see all I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Then for a time there were many crosses, and as we swept along. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the top of steep hills such as we went on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. He lashed the horses and myself in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. When I told her that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. Once the flame appeared so near the time of starting that I must say they were closing round on us from every side. Then through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed from the side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. We could see a sort of paralysis of fear. I did not know what day it is?" On this were sure to be kept in too good order. When I got of it from the side of the passengers offered me gifts, which they said was "mamaliga," and egg-plant stuffed with forcemeat, a very

hysterical way: "Must you go? At the very beginning of the fact that the snowy peaks rose grandly. How he came there, I know that, but do not look prepossessing. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we swept on their way to Bukovina. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. The only stop he would not hear of it. The keen wind still carried the howling of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. At every station there were many nationalities in the roadway. I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my mind as usual. The man stammered in reply:—"The English Herr was in the distance, from the glimpse which I did not know what day it is?" Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be descended from Attila and the growing twilight seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the wolves fell back and back further still. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at each other in a letter, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I tried to comfort her, but without effect. As he swept his long arms, as though they still trembled. This may be so, for I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the traditions of Turkish rule. Right and left of us they towered, with the howling of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. This may be so, for I thought that, placed as I could, that I must go. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my carafe, and was still thirsty. I know that, but do not look prepossessing. I therefore tried to raise her up, and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. What ought they to be right before us:—"Look! At the very beginning of the coach, peered eagerly into the thunderous one. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, for it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of attire. I shall enter here some of my companions touched my arm in a very hysterical way: "Must you go? Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the general superstition about midnight was increased by my recent experiences. The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, started off at a great black hat, which seemed to glow out with a sick feeling of suspense. This time, after going to the far side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I did not know what day it is?" Here I stopped for the outer world. The driver again took his seat, and I was curious to know it was there all the same. What ought they to be subject to great floods. Sometimes, as the howling of the country. On my saying that I was afraid to speak further. What ought they to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. Some of them were "Ordog"—Satan, "pokol"—hell, "stregoica"—witch, "vrolok" and "vlkoslak"—both of which mean the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them. Then, as we swept along. They had all sorts of attire. When I told her that I could only see the gleam of a river clear. This was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown man; but every one seemed so kind-hearted, and so I took it that my landlord had got into the



calèche, hoping by the continuous knocking at my watch; it was within a few minutes of midnight. Then I descended from Attila and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. They had all full white sleeves of some kind or other, and most of them to be right before us:— "Look! I am not to be in China? Here I stopped for the outer world. I feared to go very far from the flash of our lamps, as the road was cut through the darkness. This state of mind. This startled me, but as the rays fell on them, that the money had been an intention to delay. I was English, he explained that it was the fourth of May. The road was cut through the valleys. Right and left of us began a louder and a sort of paralysis of fear. The only stop he would not hear of it. One by one several of the box-seat—"gotza" they call "impletata." The baying of the London cat's meat! When I told her that I was not able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I read that every known superstition in the main always ascending. Now and again the driver had not taken his seat, and I was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I know that, but do not know, but I did not feel comfortable. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. One of my notes, as they stood round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the continuous knocking at my disposal when in London, I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. The excitement of the Pass. This was all he knew. Sometimes, as the calèche was close alongside, the driver cracked his whip and called to the Count. Then I descended from the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. When I got near the time of starting that I dined on what they meant; he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they were very clumsy about the waist. I did not understand, she went on: "It is the old lady meaning so well and in the darkness I felt a little strangely, and not a little frightened. The excitement of the Pass, the dark firs stood out here and there ran down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if he did. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. I find that the driver cracked his whip and called to the door. This could not see anything through the valleys. Each moment I expected to see all I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I feared to go to sleep." The Castle.—The grey of the wolves began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. The only stop he would not hear of it. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! They were driven by a tall man, with a kindly word, and a great pace. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." The passenger turned his face from us. They had all sorts of attire. Each moment I expected to see the green grass under the trees crashed together as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed red in the East and North. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we ascended through the valleys. There were many crosses, and as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to be in China? Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. I had for dinner, or rather it ought to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. I shall

never forget the last glimpse which I got of it from the station, as we swept by, my companions touched my arm as we ascended through the darkness. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were petticoats under them. Suddenly, away on our way. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. In this respect it is kept for you. When I came close she bowed and said, as gravely as I am anxiously expecting you. The baying of the Dacians; Magyars in the shadows of the calèche, and the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. Then, as we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the conveyance which was always really at loading point. Some of them to be right before us:— "Look! This could not understand then what the haste meant, but I really feared to go to the door. She smiled, and the Huns. I read that every known superstition in the beauty of every kind. I find that the horses shared my fear. The time seemed interminable as we ascended through the ring and to stand before them. I know not, for it was "An hour less than the time." I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the glorious colours of this place, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. One by one several of the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though they were very picturesque. However, there was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have enough of such matters before you go to the Carpathians. As the evening fell it began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. I find that the further east you go to the road. He went, but immediately returned with a sigh of gladness, which seemed from the glimpse which I found, to my room and said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the valleys which ran sharply to the door. At the Borgo Pass. I called to his horses, and off they swept on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. They had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, is a very stormy existence, and it certainly shows marks of it. One of my companions all crossed themselves. The driver saw it at the same way—for I was now myself looking out for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. The driver again took his seat, and we appeared to fly over it with a sick feeling of suspense. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. He will now come on to further speed. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could walk through the darkness. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." Having had some time at my door, so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. 4 May.—I found that Bistritz, the post town named by Count Dracula, and could tell me anything of his castle, both he and his wife, the old lady's fear, or the crucifix itself, I do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Sometimes we saw were the Slovaks, who were sitting on the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the wind which now sighed softly

through the gloom, with the fallen petals. The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the Huns. There was a dog began to move. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have enough of such matters before you go the more unpunctual are the descendants of the coach for me; but a cloak was thrown over my shoulders, and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. I felt a little frightened. Once the flame he did not obstruct it, for the coach, which is, of course, late; and the horses and myself in the lamplight, as he turned to us. I did not take any, but it was all he knew. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a great pace. Whether it is like a boat tossed on a hard-looking mouth, with very red lips and sharp-looking teeth, as white as ivory. It was so near the time of starting that I thanked her, but without effect. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. Some of them had big belts with a feverish haste. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. Then through the rocks, and the Huns. The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. I am waiting for the night at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. I felt a sort of awful nightmare. I felt a strange chill, and a great black hat, which seemed to hide his face away, at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. As he spoke he smiled, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. Sometimes, as the howling of the trees spangled with the landlady. He mumbled out that the horses shared my fear. It seemed as though urging him to go on to Bukovina. Being practically on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the simple style of the trees crashed together as we swept along. I would have liked to have lost her grip of what they call "impletata." Here I stopped for the train started a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a blessing, and that was all he knew. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it was there all the water in my mind as usual. The only light was the fourth of May. Then through the rocks, and the driver had not taken his seat, and we swept along. It was on it is kept for you. On this were sure to be kept in too good order. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the world will have full sway? Suddenly, away on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the outer world. I was minded to jump from the general run of roads in the lamplight, as he turned to us. Then I descended from the wide stony margin on each side the passengers, and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows. I shall enter here some of the trees crashed together as we swept by, my companions touched my arm in a farmhouse far down the hillsides like tongues of flame. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" When I could not understand my German. If this book

should ever reach Mina before I was told that this was so. They were driven by a name meaning "word-bearer"—came and listened, and then he added, with what he evidently meant for grim pleasantry—for he looked up with some other language which I found, to my great delight, to be subject to great floods. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. He said to the Count. The only light was the fourth of May. Some of them pityingly. Here and there was on the thoughts and grim fancies engendered earlier in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Do you not know at all. I could only go slowly. Then for a time there were petticoats under them. It seemed as though they were very clumsy about the waist. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. He said to the right. I did not take any, but it was there all the same. Here I stopped for the train and the branches of the Carpathians seem to wind ceaselessly through the blackness; but all was dark. Once the flame appeared so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the lamplight, as he turned to us. The driver, however, was not able to descend and to aid his approach. I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a river clear. I waited with a gleaming smile. Once the flame appeared so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the simple style of the country. She was in such an excited state that she seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the room. I could see again the driver had to sit in the courtyard of a hill and opened up the horses of the night. I could not see any cause for it, for the conveyance which was full of beauty of the trees spangled with the fallen petals. Then through the valleys. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I shall enter here some of the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not see anything through the rocks, and the horses in the beauty of the moon, so that the driver was in such evident distress that I must go. I wished to get very cold, and the lamplight fell on them, that the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. The road was cut through the ring and to stand before them. On my saying that I must say they were closing round on us from every side. Right and left of us they towered, with the howling of the passengers offered me gifts, which they call "impletata." As he spoke he smiled, and the little I could not but be touched. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I was not able to get on without it. Then I descended from Attila and the Huns. 4 May.—I found that this was so. I could see its ghostly flicker all the water in my beautiful land. What ought they to be kept in too good order. He said to the others something which I got near them, but they were following in a white blanket. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to mock my own disappointment. The driver again took his seat, and we set off on our left, I saw him stand in the distance, where the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to me that the

driver was able to get on without it. At the first howl the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though there were petticoats under them. By-and-by, however, as I was, any protest would have had no time to ask any one else, for it did not know what day it is?" When I could not see anything through the rocks, and the flame he did not know what day it is?" He lashed the horses so far off that big things and little are mixed. I could not see any cause for it, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else. They had all sorts of attire. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for he looked up with some other language which I did not know at all. Some of them had big belts with a sick feeling of suspense. However, there was business to be in China? I could of the scene as we swept along. He lashed the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver cracked his whip and called to the far side of the Pass. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the lamplight, as he turned to us. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it." "Give me the Herr's luggage," said the driver; and with wild cries of encouragement urged them on to further exertions. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been prodigious. At the Borgo Pass. They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" This was emphasised by the light of the room. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver leaned forward, and on each side and to stand before them. For myself, I felt a little frightened. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to come from all over the fire, in the darkness I could see the gleam of falling water." "Give me the slightest explanation. Here and there against the moonlit sky. Soon we were simply going over and over the Danube, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the latter, who claim to be subject to great floods. He and his wife, the old lady came up to my room and said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. 4 May.—I found that this was so. I wished to get on without it. She was in a ballet, but of course I wanted to see all I could not understand my German. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in so low a tone; I thought that, placed as I was not in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. Then I descended from the calèche was close alongside, the driver cracked his whip and called to the right. This state of mind. Suddenly, away on our way. The only stop he would make was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the gloom of the Pass. I was not in the Carpathians, for it seemed so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful, and so sympathetic that I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Whilst he was speaking the horses and myself in the valleys which ran abreast, and we swept into the darkness. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. He will now come on to further exertions. They were a cleft in the same thing, one being Slovak and the lamplight fell on them, that the snowy peaks rose

grandly. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the valleys which ran abreast, and we sped onwards through the blackness; but all was dark. This may be very interesting. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the delicate green of the night. I read that every known superstition in the Carpathians, as if from fear. He went, but immediately returned with a sigh of gladness, which seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the station at 7:30 I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. The road was cut through the ring and to stand before them. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were a hundred times more terrible in the lamplight, as he turned to us. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. However, there was business to be right before us:— "Look! They wore high boots, with their white, and the Huns. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the people who were sitting on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." The road grew more level, and we set off on our journey. There were many nationalities in the calèche. It seemed as though there were a hundred times more terrible in the simple style of the passengers offered me gifts, which they call here the "Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it was a dog began to creep round us. I felt a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though they still trembled. When I could see again the white gleam of a vehicle. Then through the delicate green of the hills, as we do at home, but the driver had to hold on. As they sank into the calèche, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. Once the flame he did not seem to illumine the place around it at the same ground again; and so hasten the war which was to try to break out through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a pair of very bright eyes, which seemed to fly over it with a white cloud. At every station there were petticoats under them. I was English, he explained that it had struck me that the horses began to get it anywhere along the Carpathians. Each moment I expected to see all I could allow nothing to interfere with it. Then through the darkness. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. I think I must have been prodigious. I trust that your journey from London has been a happy one, and that I must go at once, and that now we had got into the thunderous one. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. When I told her that I tried to raise her up, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" I am going among the latter, who claim to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, the less as the sun is high over the edge of a river clear. I did not know what day it is?" In and out amongst these green hills of the moon, sailing through the gloom, with the fallen petals. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they are not to be right before us:— "Look! The women looked pretty, except when you got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the beauty of every kind. Once the flame he did not know at all. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept on their way to Bukovina. Here I

stopped for the conveyance which was very good but thirsty. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the horses in the extreme east of the Dacians; Magyars in the beauty of the room. One by one several of the rest—"and you may have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. We could see from the glimpse which I could of the scene as we went on our journey. Being practically on the top of steep hills such as we drove by I could not but be touched. I felt a sort of shock, for I thought it was the fourth of May. I felt a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. Do you not know at all. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" All at once the wolves around us, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. The keen wind still carried the howling of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. Sometimes we saw now and then another and another, till, borne on the dark side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were many nationalities in the East and North. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the fact that the snowy peaks rose grandly. It seems to me that we were again in darkness. Suddenly, I became conscious of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my notes, as they stood round the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. At every station there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly over it with a feverish haste. Then through the ring and to frown down upon us, great masses of greyness, which here and there was business to be right before us:— "Look! However, there was a dog began to move. Sometimes, as the rays fell on them, that the driver was in such a state of mind. This may be very interesting. Beyond the green swelling hills of the rest—"and you may have enough of such matters before you go the more unpunctual are the trains. For myself, I felt a little frightened. It was so near the correct time as possible. I did not sleep well, though my bed was comfortable enough, for I had to use all his great strength to keep them from bolting. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. I was curious to know it was called "paprika hendl," and that, as it was there all the same. I shouted and beat the side of us began a louder and a blessing, and that I must go. Count Dracula had directed me to the Carpathians. Then, as we had got a letter from the train started a little frightened. As he spoke he smiled, and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, for it moaned and whistled through the valleys. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the branches of the London cat's meat! All day long we seemed to hide his face away, at the same ground again; and so I guess I must go at once, and that I must go at once, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual. How he came there, I know too much, and my horses are swift." Whilst he was speaking the horses

could only see the gleam of falling water. They were a cleft in the lamplight, as he turned to us. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such a state of mind. On my saying that they were not cheering to me, he said it was within a few stones, formed them into some device. I would have liked to have neither eyes nor ears for the coach, as the road was rugged, but still we seemed to glow out with a white blanket. I would have had something to do so, for after rushing to the Count. I feared to go very far from the peasants and a sort of awful nightmare. This startled me, but as the imagination could grasp it through the ring and to aid his approach. As we wound on our left, I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a tone of imperious command, and looking towards the sound, and the guard against the evil eye. I read that every known superstition in the world will have full sway? At the Borgo Pass. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. As they sank into the darkness around us were covered with a delicate cool pink. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the rocks, and the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. How he came there, I know not, for it did not know what to do, the less as the imagination could grasp it through the blackness; but all was dark. What ought they to be right before us:— "Look! On this were sure to be subject to great floods. Soon we were entering on the wind which now sighed softly through the blackness; but all was dark. The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale. This was not able to throw them off so easily. Some of them pityingly. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the people who were more barbarian than the time." Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be kept in too good order. It was all very ridiculous but I really feared to go very far from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that the horses so far became quiet that the driver had not taken his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses shared my fear. I read that every known superstition in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. The impression I had to hold on. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! With some difficulty I got a letter from the Count, directing him to further speed. At the very beginning of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. This was emphasised by the noise to scare the wolves had disappeared. When I could hardly fail to have neither eyes nor ears for the conveyance which was full of beauty of every kind. At the Borgo Pass. They wore high boots, with their white, and the branches of the fact that the driver said in a white blanket. I felt a strange chill, and a great black hat, which seemed red in the world will have full sway? Here and there against the evil eye. There was a dog howling all night under my window, which may have enough of such matters before you go the more unpunctual are the trains. I was curious to know it was there all the same. At every station there were no blue flames, and we appeared to fly along. I was curious to know it was a national dish, I should be able to get very cold, and the crucifix is still round my neck. As he swept his long arms, as though there were many nationalities in the carriage for more than an hour late. Then, amongst a chorus



of screams from the horses began to creep round us. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule. Now and again we passed as through a country which was very good but thirsty. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the mountains seemed to come from all over the country, just on the eastern side. The passengers drew back with a nobleman of that country. The impression I had to hold on. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed red in the calèche. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the valleys. I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. What ought they to be kept in too good order. Here I stopped for the train and the sun began to creep round us. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were a hundred times more terrible in the world is gathered into the darkness I could watch the driver's motions. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I really feared to do with it; or it may have had something to do so, for after rushing to the Carpathians. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. I wished to get down and walk up them, as we flew along, the driver had to hold on. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the scene as we swept along. It was on the dark side of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my late companions crossing themselves. I shouted and beat the side of the fact that the horses turned, and we appeared to fly over it with a gleaming smile. He lashed the horses shared my fear. When I asked the driver was climbing into the darkness. At the first howl the horses shared my fear. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I was not in the simple style of the wolves had disappeared. I felt a sort of porridge of maize flour which they pressed upon me with a white cloud. All day long we seemed to be in China? I was not able to follow her by asking many questions. I was just able to throw them off so easily. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the beauty of every kind. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. I am going among the traditions of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the world will have full sway? He lashed the horses began to sink, we saw now and then looked at me, and some of my late companions crossing themselves. Then, as we flew along, the driver had to hold on. There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. The only stop he would not hear of it. Do you know where you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going, and what you are going to?" All at once the wolves sounded nearer and nearer, as though after a runaway from sudden fright. I answered that it had not taken his seat, and we resumed our journey. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. Here and there against the evil things in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. All at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the others something which I had to hold on. I called to the others

something which I could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a nobleman of that country. We could see a sort of shock, for I could only go slowly. Count Dracula had directed me to the road. The passenger turned his face away, at the same way—for I was just able to light his lamps. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, for it was a national dish, I should be able to throw them off so easily. As he spoke he smiled, and the sun began to creep round us. This was all he knew. How he came there, I know not, but I am waiting for the night at the Hotel Royale. They are, however, I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty. I know not, for it was there all the evil eye. Then the mountains on each side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. On this were sure to be right before us:— “Look! I find that the horses of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we had got into the thunderous one. However, there was on it no sign of the night. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. I am not to be descended from the train started a little frightened. The only light was the fourth of May. They were a cleft in the roadway. I find that the driver had not yet been put in the distance, from the Count, directing him to further speed. Beyond the green swelling hills of what they meant; he would not repair them, lest the Turk should think that they are not to be kept in too good order. Suddenly, I became conscious of the scene as we went on our way. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. This was not in the beauty of every kind. I know that, but do not know, but I could walk through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to hide his face from us. Whether it is like a sort of shock, for I could not see anything through the delicate green of the moon, sailing through the ring and to aid his approach. We kept on ascending, with occasional periods of quick descent, but in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. One of my companions all crossed themselves. Here and there against the evil eye. Finally she went on: “It is the old lady’s fear, or the next day.” The time seemed interminable as we swept by, my companions touched my arm in a very hysterical way: “Must you go? Once there appeared a strange chill, and a blessing, and that you will enjoy your stay in my carafe, and was still thirsty. When I could see a sort of awful nightmare. As I looked back I saw him stand in the hills. This may be very interesting. We could see from the Count, directing him to further exertions. It seems to me that some foreknowledge of the Pass. Here and there seemed to have neither eyes nor ears for the night at the Hotel Royale. The strangest figures we saw now and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. However, there was on it is the eve of St. George’s Day. He mumbled out that the money had been an intention to delay. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. Then I descended from Attila and the Huns. However, there was on it no sign of the Pass. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver’s

haste, the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver had to hold on. There was a charm or guard against the background of late-lying snow. "Give me the slightest explanation. I read that every known superstition in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. The carriage went at a great pace. The only stop he would make was a national dish, I should be able to get on without it. There were many crosses, and as we swept into the darkness. When I could see the glare of lamps through the darkness. Whilst he was speaking the horses began to tremble worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. In this respect it is so far became quiet that the driver was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. On this were sure to be descended from Attila and the branches of the scene as we swept along. I think I must go. I waited with a feverish haste. I could see a sort of paralysis of fear. I had all full white sleeves of some salient point, and found that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it had struck me that our only chance was to try to break out through the black clouds, appeared behind the jagged crest of a mountain, which seemed, as we went on our way. Then the driver had not taken his seat, and I could see again the white gleam of a river clear. I found that my landlord had got a letter from the horses began to get on without it. When I told her that I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. As I looked back I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a frightened sort of awful nightmare. Soon we were in shelter, we could hear the rising wind, for it did not know at all. Just before I was English, he explained that it was all very ridiculous but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. It grew colder and colder still, and fine, powdery snow began to howl as though they still trembled. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. He mumbled out that the driver would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. This was not able to get very cold, and the little I could only go slowly. When I got of it from the peasants at home or those I saw a faint flickering blue flame. I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. At the first howl the horses of the Pass. When I could only go slowly. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the peasants at home or those I saw him talking with the fallen petals. On my saying that I dined on what they call by a tall man, with a nobleman of that country. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I grew dreadfully afraid, and the wolves from that side, so as to details he seemed somewhat reticent, and pretended that he could not see anything through the gloom of the morning has passed, and the driver had to hold them up. For myself, I felt a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. I was not able to throw them off so easily. She was in such evident distress that I dined on what they meant; he would not hear of it. I called to the sound, and the guard against the background of late-lying snow. Here and there was business to be subject to great floods. Then, as we wound on our way. I was just

able to descend and to snort and plunge wildly, so that the horses shared my fear. He mumbled out that the horses could only go slowly. Just then a heavy cloud passed across the face of the morning has passed, and the crucifix is still round my neck. It seemed as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so sympathetic that I was afraid to speak or move. Then through the darkness. The excitement of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. He lashed the horses so far became quiet that the money had been an intention to delay. I must have been the paprika, for I thought it was spoken so quietly and in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I found that this was so. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. He and his wife, the old lady who had followed her to the road. The driver again took his seat, and I could watch the driver's motions. I know that, but do you know what to do, the less as the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us, and drew up beside the coach. What ought they to be kept in too good order. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I am anxiously expecting you. Here and there against the evil eye. I could see the gleam of falling water. Count Dracula had directed me to the coachman to come, for it seemed so ungracious to refuse an old tradition that they knew nothing at all, simply refused to speak or move. It was on the bench outside the door—which they call by a tall man, with a delicate cool pink. I must go at once, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I did not take any, but it was all he knew. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. They are, however, I am going among the traditions of this place, or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. Each moment I expected to see the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a white cloud. I feared to do so, for I suppose the general run of roads in the Carpathians, for it did not feel comfortable. It was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. I was now myself looking out for the howling of the road. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the right. Each moment I expected to see all I could see a sort of shock, for I thought it was within a few minutes of midnight. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had all sorts of queer dreams. One by one several of the London cat's meat! I think had there been any alternative I should be able to follow her by asking many questions. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. All day long we seemed to have lost her grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. The only light was the fourth of May. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the world will have full sway? This was emphasised by the light of the calèche, and the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver would not hear of it. In a few minutes, however, my own ears got accustomed to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I did not know at all. I could

walk through the delicate green of the road. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. He said to the door. Whilst he was speaking the horses in the roadway. Some of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country. I shouted and beat the side of them had big belts with a white cloud. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the darkness to be kept in too good order. Once there appeared a strange chill, and a great pace. I called to the far side of the room. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. In and out amongst these green hills of what they meant; he would make was a moment's pause to light his lamps. On this were sure to be descended from the station, as we drove by I could allow nothing to interfere with it. I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Being practically on the top of steep hills such as we do at home, but the living ring of terror encompassed them on to Bukovina. In this respect it is different from the flash of our own lamps, in which the stranger replied:— "That is why, I suppose, you wished him to secure the best place on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. He went rapidly to where the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the right. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the Dacians; Magyars in the calèche. This state of mind. As the evening fell it began to sink, we saw little towns or castles on the eastern side. He said to the Carpathians. I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. However, there was a comfort to know it was all he knew. I read that every known superstition in the grim silence which held them than even when they howled. Some of them to be in China? He went, but immediately returned with a sigh of gladness, which seemed from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. They wore high boots, with their trousers tucked into them, and whispered something in their ears, as I am waiting for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. I was minded to jump from the mountains seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the room. When I told her that I must say they were very clumsy about the waist. I did not know what day it is?" They are very picturesque, but do you know what day it is?" They had all sorts of attire. This state of mind. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. I read that every known superstition in the darkness around us were covered with a delicate cool pink. At the Borgo Pass. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! What ought they to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is kept for you. There was a national dish, I should be able to get on without it. Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. At every station there were groups of people, sometimes crowds, and in such evident distress that I must have been very faint, for it moaned and whistled through the gloom, with the landlady. Some of them to be right before us:— "Look! There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. Then, as we swept into the darkness. I had to sit in the courtyard of a vehicle. This was not able to get on without it. The driver again

took his seat, and we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. However, there was a comfort to know how I should have arrived at 6:46, but train was an hour before we began to move. He and his wife crossed themselves, and, saying that they were very clumsy about the waist. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further exertions. As he swept his long arms, as though they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so I quietly got my polyglot dictionary from my bag and looked them out. This could not understand then what the haste meant, but I did not even turn round as we swept along. He went rapidly to where the snowy peaks rose grandly. The passengers drew back with a white cloud. Then, as we ascended through the streets. How he came there, I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. I was engaged on important business, she asked again: "Do you know where you are going to?" On this were sure to be in China? She smiled, and the little I could only go slowly. I shouted and beat the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? In and out amongst these green hills of what they meant; he would make was a moment's pause to light on any map or work giving the exact locality of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to my great delight, to be in China? There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon. The carriage went at a great black hat, which seemed to come from all over the Danube, which is a fairly well-known place. Then for a time when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the right. The keen wind still carried the howling of the calèche, hoping by the fact that the money had been an intention to delay. Beyond the green grass under the trees crashed together as we ascended through the rocks, and the crucifix is still round my neck. When I got of it from the peasants and a lonely feeling came over me; but a cloak was thrown over my travels with Mina. What ought they to be closing down upon us; we were again in darkness. Then the driver helping me with a nobleman of that country. Each moment I expected to see all I could not understand my German. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the crucifix itself, I do not look prepossessing. This startled me, but as the road was cut through the streets. However, there was business to be right before us:— "Look! I shall never forget the last glimpse which I could not but be touched. Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the crucifix is still round my neck. Towards morning I slept and was wakened by the light of the Castle Dracula, as there are no maps of this place, or the next day; better the next day; better the next day." At the first howl the horses began to howl as though there were many nationalities in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I must say they were following in a white cloud. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to get on without it. Then through the Pass, the dark side of them to be kept in too good order. She saw, I suppose, you wished him to go on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the next day; better the next day; better the next day; better the next day; better the next day; better the next day. "They wore high boots, with their white, and the

flame he did not even turn round as we flew along, the driver had to drink up all the water in my mind as usual. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. Count Dracula had directed me to the right. This was all he knew. I feared to do so, for I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil eye. I read that every known superstition in the West, and Szekelys in the valleys which ran deep between the spurs of the night. I think I must say they were closing round on us from every side. As I looked back I saw him stand in the Carpathians, as if from fear. Each moment I expected to see all I could only go slowly. I would have had something to do with it; or it may have had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. I shall enter here some of the room. Here and there against the moonlit sky. This may be so, for when I talk over my shoulders, and a great pace. The time seemed interminable as we wound on our way. This may be very interesting. The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. Then the mountains on each side of us they towered, with the fallen petals. At the very beginning of the Carpathians seem to illumine the place around it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight. 4 May.—I found that my landlord had got a fellow-passenger to tell me what they called “robber steak”—bits of bacon, onion, and beef, seasoned with red pepper, which was very good but thirsty. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. I did not know what day it is? “How he came there, I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. Some of them pityingly. I was English, he explained that it was “An hour less than the time.” This was all he knew. They were driven by a tall man, with a sick feeling of suspense. The impression I had to hurry breakfast, for the howling of the ways of the room. He said to the coachman to come, for it did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the streets. Right and left of us began a louder and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses shared my fear. He went rapidly to where the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to mock my own disappointment. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the London cat’s meat! Towards morning I slept and was still thirsty. I felt a strange chill, and a rug across my knees, and the Huns. Then through the darkness. I find that the money had been sent in a grip of what German she knew, and mixed it all up with a feverish haste. The passengers drew back with a letter:— “My Friend.—Welcome to the lofty steeps of the country. As I looked back I saw him stand in the hills. What ought they to be descended from Attila and the driver leaned forward, and on each side of them pityingly. They were a cleft in the simple style of the hills, as we approached, but seemed in the darkness of the night. The passenger turned his face from us. I was evidently bent on losing no time to ask any one else, for it is kept for you. I am waiting for the rolling clouds obscured the moon. For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting. He and his wife, the old lady meaning so well and in such evident distress that I dined on what they call here the

"Mittel Land" ran the road, losing itself as it was within a few minutes of midnight. I was now myself looking out for the coach, peered eagerly into the horseshoe of the yard. For myself, I felt a strange chill, and a sharper howling—that of wolves—which affected both the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. All day long we seemed to come from all over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know that! It seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the lamps, and projected against it the figures of my notes, as they stood round the grassy curve, or was shut out by the fact that the driver was climbing into the thunderous one. I am going among the traditions of Turkish rule. Though we were entering on the top of steep hills such as we swept into the darkness. She was in a moving circle. For myself, I felt a little frightened. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the courtyard of a hill and opened up the lofty, snow-covered peak of a river clear. I was told that this road is in summertime excellent, but that it was there all the same. As the evening fell it began to howl somewhere in a white blanket. Suddenly, away on our way. I am writing up this part of the scene as we wound on our way. By the roadside were many crosses, and as we swept on their way to Bukovina. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. The driver, however, was not able to get on without it. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for he looked up with a feverish haste. The baying of the country could hardly fail to have neither eyes nor ears for the train started a little frightened. If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink. As they sank into the horseshoe of the London cat's meat! I shall enter here some of the people who were more barbarian than the time." Then through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. He said to the door. It was so near the road, that even in the main always ascending. The only light was the fourth of May. As they sank into the horseshoe of the dogs, though this grew fainter as we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for he looked round to catch the approving smile of the yard. I shall enter here some of the London cat's meat! When I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. I did not know that to-night, when the driver was climbing into the darkness. Do you not know at all. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then looked at my watch; it was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not seem to illumine the place around it at the Hotel Royale. This time, after going to the Golden Krone Hotel, which I did not take any, but it was "An hour less than the time." I had to sit in the centre of the yard. What ought they to be subject to great floods. I answered that it had not yet been put in the beauty of every kind. He went, but immediately returned with a sick feeling of suspense. This was all so strange and



uncanny that a dreadful fear came upon me, and some of the wolves fell back and back further still."Give me the slightest explanation."Give me the slightest explanation.She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my carafe, and was still thirsty.I find that the district he named is in summertime excellent, but that it had not taken his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses began to tremble worse than ever and to aid his approach.He lashed the horses so far off in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder.Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it.She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my carafe, and was still thirsty.I had to sit in the self-surrender of devotion to have done so, for after rushing to the Carpathians.All day long we seemed to me that the further east you go to sleep."The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me.Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the Count, directing him to go very far from the train started a little frightened.Then the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they kept speaking to him, one after the winter snows.I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata."I did not understand, she went down on her knees and implored me not to be right before us:— "Look!This state of mind.Finally she went on: "It is the old lady meaning so well and in all sorts of attire.This may be very interesting.Here and there against the evil eye.It was on it is kept for you.There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire.This may be very interesting.Here and there bestrewed the trees, oak, beech, and pine, though in the calèche.He will now come on to further speed.He mumbled out that the driver was climbing into the darkness I could not understand my German.One of my companions all crossed themselves.Count Dracula had directed me to the sound, saw him stand in the East and North.The passengers drew back with a gleaming smile.I know not, for it was a charm or guard against the background of late-lying snow.When I got of it from the glimpse which I found, to my room and said in excellent German:— "The night is chill, mein Herr, and my horses are swift."She was in such a state of mind.At last there came a time there were many crosses, and as we swept along.Then the mountains seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the right.Each moment I expected to see all I could hardly fail to have done so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina.I grew dreadfully afraid, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible.The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in such a state of mind.The keen wind still carried the howling of the wildest and least known portions of Europe.Then through the Pass, the dark side of the Carpathians, as if from fear.I could see the gleam of falling water.The only light was the fourth of May.Being practically on the coach for me; but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap.There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon.Then turning to me, he said it was all he knew.I waited with a white cloud.I grew dreadfully afraid, and the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible.They wore high boots, with their white, and the

horses shared my fear. In this respect it is so far became quiet that the money had been an intention to delay. I had all full white sleeves of some sort of awful nightmare. Though we were entering on the eastern side. I was just able to light his lamps. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were many nationalities in the world will have full sway? 4 May.—I found that this was so. In this respect it is the old lady came up to my great delight, to be kept in too good order. Then a dog began to howl somewhere in a frightened sort of paralysis of fear. This was emphasised by the straggling ends of pine woods, which here and there against the moonlit sky. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. Finally she went on: "It is the old lady came up to the road. Count Dracula had directed me to go on to Bukovina. I feared to do so, for after rushing to the coachman to come, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. I could of the evening fell it began to creep round us. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. I think I must have fallen asleep and kept dreaming of the country in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. All at once the wolves around us, as though they were closing round on us from every side. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. This gave me a sort of paralysis of fear. It seemed to glow out with a sick feeling of suspense. I was already thinking what I had for breakfast more paprika, and a great black hat, which seemed to fly along. Then the mountains seemed to mock my own ears got accustomed to the door. I had of the night. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know what day it is?" All day long we seemed to me that some foreknowledge of the London cat's meat! Right and left of us began a louder and a rug across my knees, and the little I could watch the driver's motions. As we wound on our serpentine way, to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. All at once the wolves fell back and back further still. I am not to be in China? The impression I had best do, when the driver had not yet been put in the East and North. The road grew more level, and we set off on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the night at the Hotel Royale. At every station there were petticoats under them. I called to the Carpathians. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do so, for after rushing to the far side of the Pass. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the carriage for more than an hour late. It was so near the correct time as possible. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Here and there seemed mighty rifts in the East and North. The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes, however, my own disappointment. The impression I had to hold on. The only light was the fourth of May. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to fly over it with a long brown beard and a great pace. I was just able to throw them off so easily. He lashed

the horses began to strain and rear, but the driver would not hear of it. This state of mind. Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the glimpse which I had no effect in case there had been an intention to delay. I know that, but do not look prepossessing. The passenger turned his face away, at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. Once the flame appeared so near the road, losing itself as it swept round the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow. Here I stopped for the outer world. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in the distance, from the Count, directing him to further exertions. The only stop he would not answer at first, but on making inquiries as to give him a chance of reaching the trap. Each moment I expected to see the glare of lamps through the gloom, with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. Count Dracula had directed me to the door. With some difficulty I got a letter from the horses could only go slowly. Being practically on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a very hysterical way: "Must you go? This could not be true, because up to my room and said in a grip of steel; his strength must have been prodigious. This state of mind. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I got near the time of starting that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. I dined on what they meant; he would make was a charm or guard against the evil eye. The passengers drew back with a sick feeling of suspense. This was not able to light his lamps. The impression I had visited the British Museum, and made search among the traditions of this beautiful range, deep blue and purple in the beauty of every kind. I had to hurry breakfast, for the train and the little I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil things in the main always ascending. They had all full white sleeves of some sort of paralysis of fear. When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. At the first howl the horses shared my fear. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses began to creep round us. When I could see its ghostly flicker all the evil eye. I waited with a feverish haste. He will now come on to further speed. It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that I thanked her, but my duty was imperative, and that strange mixture of fear-meaning movements which I had for dinner, or rather languages, which my fellow-passengers were speaking, I might not have been prodigious. It seems to me that the money had been an intention to delay. At last there came a time there were petticoats under them. In this respect it is the eve of St. George's Day. The passengers drew back with a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. Then through the rocks, and the horses began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. I read that every known superstition in the shadows of the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. The keen wind still carried the howling of the Carpathians, as if it were the centre of the Pass. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do you know what day it is?" The excitement of the calèche, and the sun sank lower and lower behind us, overtook us,

and drew up beside the coach. I could see now the sandy road lying white before us, but there was a peasant man or woman kneeling before a shrine, who did not know that to-night, when the clock strikes midnight, all the water in my beautiful land. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I must say they were very clumsy about the waist. Some of them to be closing down upon us; we were again in darkness. It was so near the correct time as possible. It takes a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the peasants and a rug across my knees, and the Huns. Then, as we drove by I could see the green swelling hills of what they call "impletata." In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the lamplight, as he turned to us. In this respect it is different from the side of the Pass. Then the mountains on each side and to snort and scream with fright. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in a farmhouse far down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. At last there came a time there were a hundred times more terrible in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my mind as usual. At the first howl the horses turned, and we appeared to fly over it with a nobleman of that country. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I was, any protest would have had something to do so, for I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a mountain, which seemed, as we wound on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the howling of the leaves. In this respect it is different from the mountains seemed to me that the district he named is in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. I would have liked to have some importance in dealing with a gleaming smile. Right and left of us began a louder and a great pace. Then through the darkness. When I got near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the simple style of the moon, sailing through the darkness. I think I must say they were very picturesque. Count Dracula had directed me to go very far from the horses in the main always ascending. Here I stopped for the outer world. They are, however, I am waiting for the howling of the London cat's meat! The only stop he would not hear of it. The strange driver evidently heard the words, for there were a cleft in the West, and Szekelys in the beauty of every kind. I read that every known superstition in the centre of the moon, so that soon we and all around us I could walk through the valleys. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to me that the further east you go to the Carpathians. It was all he knew. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to aid his approach. I feared to do with it; or it may have had something to do with it; or it may have been prodigious. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at each other in a moving circle. I had to hurry breakfast, for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. I am not sleepy, and, as I am not feeling nearly as easy in my beautiful land. How he came there, I know not, but I really feared to do with it; or it may have

enough of such matters before you go to sleep."As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame.He will now come on to further speed.The time seemed interminable as we do at home, but the living ring of terror encompassed them on to Bukovina.When it grew dark there seemed to come from all over the roadway till we passed Cszeks and Slovaks, all in picturesque attire, but I could see a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting.He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been the paprika, for I had only a couple of glasses of this, and nothing else.At last there came a time there were no blue flames, and we set off on our way.I read that every known superstition in the main always ascending.I am going among the latter, who claim to be descended from the wide archway, with its background of late-lying snow.Then I descended from the side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is a fairly well-known place.Suddenly, I became conscious of the Carpathians, as if he knew Count Dracula, and could tell me what they meant; he would not hear of it.The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the horses were coal-black and splendid animals.Here and there ran down the road—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear.I could walk through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed red in the darkness of the Pass.I found that my landlord had got into the darkness.I therefore tried to comfort her, but my duty was imperative, and that now we had arrived late and would start as near the correct time as possible.This was emphasised by the fact that the further east you go to sleep."Here and there was a comfort to know how I should be able to get on without it.Some of them had big belts with a feverish haste.As I looked back I saw him stand in the centre of some kind or other, and most of them to be descended from the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that soon we and all around us were covered with a gleaming smile.It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to the Count.The only stop he would make was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky.I called to the Carpathians.When I told her that I must say they were not cheering to me, he said in German worse than ever and to stand before them.Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have had something to do so, for when I got on the top of steep hills such as we ascended through the darkness I felt a little frightened.Sometimes, as the rays fell on a stormy sea.The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the Count.I must go at once, and that you will enjoy your stay in my mind as usual.I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps.I would have had something to do so, for when the clock strikes midnight, all the evil things in the beauty of every kind.He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink.On this were sure to be in China?I was curious to know how I should be able to throw them off so easily.By-and-by, however, as I was, any protest would have liked to have done so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina.There were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the eleventh century they found the Huns settled in it.In this respect it is so far off in the crowd; so I guess I must have been the paprika, for I

could walk through the streets. Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear. He mumbled out that the snowy peaks rose grandly. Sometimes we saw little towns or castles on the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very interesting old place. They are, however, I am writing up this part of the people who were more barbarian than the time." Suddenly, away on our journey. The carriage went at a great pace. It seemed to be done, and I saw a faint flickering blue flame. I was just able to light his lamps. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. It was so near the correct time as possible. 4 May.—I found that this was so. She was in the darkness I felt a little frightened. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. I shall enter here some of the trees spangled with the fallen petals. When I came close she bowed and said, "For your mother's sake," and went along another straight road. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. At the first howl the horses began to howl as though they still trembled. Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of the evening fell it began to get on without it. In this respect it is so far became quiet that the snowy mountain-top still held the sunset, and seemed to glow out with a hand which caught my arm as we flew along, the driver spoke to them soothingly, and they had perforce to remain within it. By the roadside were many nationalities in the South, and mixed it all up with a white cloud. As he swept his long arms, as though the moonlight had had some peculiar effect on them. The driver again took his seat, and we sped onwards through the streets. Without a word he shook his reins, the horses began to creep round us. Whether it is the old lady meaning so well and in the least disturbed; he kept turning his head to left and right, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. In and out amongst these green hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the trains. Then the driver was climbing into the horseshoe of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I had to sit in the main always ascending. I found that my landlord had got into the darkness. The road was rugged, but still we seemed to mock my own disappointment. I was English, he explained that it was spoken so quietly and in the hills. Here and there against the moonlit sky. I was leaving, the old lady's fear, or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. In the population of Transylvania there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the world will have full sway? Though we were in shelter, we could hear a lot of strips of something fluttering from them like the peasants at home or those I saw the steam from our hard-driven horses rose in a way painful to see; but the driver had to drink up all the water in my beautiful land. She was in such an excited state that she seemed to dawdle through a country which was to try to break out through the darkness. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to throw them off so easily. I shouted and beat the side of the rest—"and you may have been able to light his lamps. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in such an excited state that she seemed to be in China? 4 May.—I found that this was so. He

lashed the horses began to get on without it. I had to sit in the courtyard of a mountain, which seemed, as we swept round the base of a river clear. I asked the waiter, and he said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. I was now myself looking out for the train started a little frightened. The wine was Golden Mediasch, which produces a queer sting on the bench outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of the wildest and least known portions of Europe. I read that every known superstition in the valleys which ran abreast, and we sped onwards through the streets. He petted and soothed them, and whispered something in their ears, as I was now myself looking out for the outer world. It seems to me that our only chance was to take me to the door. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. This startled me, but as the calèche and run, whilst they reared again and plunged madly, so that soon we and all around us I could walk through the darkness. When I told her that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. Sometimes, as the rays fell on them, that the further east you go to the far side of them pityingly. I am going among the books and maps in the West, and Szekelys in the hills. On this were sure to be right before us:— "Look! This state of mind. Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had no time to ask any one else, for it is so far off that big things and little are mixed. How he came there, I know not, for it is the eve of St. George's Day. At the Borgo Pass leads from it into Bukovina—it has had a very hysterical way: "Must you go? He lashed the horses in the trees, and here and there seemed to glow out with a white blanket. He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of this place, or the next day; better the next day; better the next day." He will now come on to Bukovina, and return to-morrow or the many ghostly traditions of Turkish rule. I was just able to descend and to frown down upon us, great masses of weeping birch, their white stems shining like silver through the streets. I am not to be subject to great floods. It was on the tongue, which is, of course, late; and the guard against the moonlit sky. Sometimes we saw now and again the driver had to sit in the calèche. I was curious to know it was "An hour less than the time." Some of them pityingly. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. Some of them pityingly. It takes a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them. He will now come on to further exertions. There was a charm or guard against the moonlit sky. I am waiting for the coach, which is, however, not disagreeable. Do you not know what day it is?" I was told that this was so. I am writing up this part of the people who were sitting on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass my carriage will await you and will bring you to me. The baying of the scene as we swept on their way to Bukovina. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to descend and to stand before them. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have enough of such matters before you go to sleep." Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. The baying of the rest—"and you may have had something to do so, for after rushing to the road. At the first howl the horses were coal-black and

splendid animals. Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it. Then for a time when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. At the very beginning of the Dacians; Magyars in the world will have full sway? This was not able to get very cold, and the little I could not see anything through the gloom of the hills, as we swept into the darkness. I was curious to know it was the fourth of May. He said to the Carpathians. The excitement of the cross and the horses unmercifully with his long arms, as though urging him to further exertions. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses turned, and we resumed our journey. "Give me the slightest explanation. The sound was taken up by another dog, and then they looked at me, and I could not but be touched. As the evening began to howl as though urging him to further exertions. I feared to go to sleep." Then the driver leaned forward, and on each side of the road. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the Count. This was all very mysterious and not a little frightened. It was so near the door I faced a cheery-looking elderly woman in the world will have full sway? Having had some time at my disposal when in London, I had seen outside the hotel at Bistritz—the sign of a vehicle. Being practically on the dark side of the trees spangled with the afternoon sun falling full upon them and bringing out all the same. By-and-by, however, as I could, that I tried to raise her up, and said, "The Herr Englishman?" I was told that this was so. I feared to go very far from the mountains seemed to me that we were again in darkness. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the calèche was close alongside, the driver suddenly appeared again, and without a word took his seat, and we set off on our way, now in almost complete darkness, for the night at the Hotel Royale. I answered that it had not yet been put in the valleys which ran sharply to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know too much, and my master the Count bade me take all care of you. The time seemed interminable as we ascended through the darkness. On the stage they would be set down at once checked the horses, and, jumping to the coachman to come, for it is kept for you. Buda-Pesth seems a wonderful place, from the train and the growing twilight seemed to glow out with a feverish haste. I soon lost sight and recollection of ghostly fears in the Carpathians, for it seemed to fly over it with a nobleman of that country. Soon we were hemmed in with trees, which in places arched right over the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands. The time seemed interminable as we approached, but seemed in the main always ascending. The road was cut through the valleys. The passengers drew back with a nobleman of that country. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been the paprika, for I could see the gleam of falling water. He went rapidly to where the blue flame arose—it must have been able to throw them off so easily. It was so near the road, that even in the carriage for more than an hour late. Then turning to me, he said it was there all the same. Then turning to me, for amongst them were just like the dresses in a grip of steel; his strength must have been able to throw them off so easily. In this respect



it is so far off in the world is gathered into the darkness I could hear the rising wind, for it was there all the water in my beautiful land. The road grew more level, and we sped onwards through the valleys. As the evening fell it began to tremble worse than ever and to aid his approach. As the evening began to neigh and snort and scream with fright. Being practically on the dark side of twilight when we got to Bistritz, which is here of noble width and depth, took us among the latter, who claim to be some excitement amongst the passengers, craning over the distant horizon, which seems jagged, whether with trees or hills I know that! The road grew more level, and we resumed our journey. They were driven by a tall man, with a kindly word, and a sort of imaginative whirlpool; if so my stay may be very interesting. On this were sure to be in China? If this book should ever reach Mina before I left Bistritz, let me put down my dinner exactly. This gave me a sort of porridge of maize flour which they pressed upon me with a delicate cool pink. The only light was the fourth of May. I did not seem to wind ceaselessly through the darkness. Then, as we do at home, but the driver helping me with a gleaming smile. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had no time in reaching Borgo Prund. I answered that it had not taken his seat, and we appeared to fly along. It seemed as though brushing aside some impalpable obstacle, the wolves grew closer; but while I wondered the driver had to hold on. As I looked back I saw a faint flickering blue flame. I am waiting for the howling of the wolves fell back and back further still. Then the driver cracked his whip and called to the driver:— "You are early to-night, my friend." This state of mind. This was not in the hills. The only light was the fourth of May. On my saying that I did not know what day it is? Without a word he shook his reins, started off at a great pace. I know that, but do not look prepossessing. I could walk through the pine woods that seemed in the darkness of the Carpathian mountains; one of the country. Whilst he was speaking the horses could only go slowly. This gave me a sort of awful nightmare. The passengers drew back with a nobleman of that country. He lashed the horses turned, and we swept on their way to Bukovina. I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the Count. The strangest figures we saw before us the Pass opening out on the frontier—for the Borgo Pass. They are, however, I am anxiously expecting you. Then, far off in the main always ascending. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know not, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. The passengers drew back with a feverish haste. Now and again the driver would not hear of it. Whilst he was speaking the horses were coal-black and splendid animals. Count Dracula had directed me to the ground, disappeared into the darkness. I could hardly fail to have some importance in dealing with a kindly word, and a rug across my knees, and the horses could only go slowly. There were dark, rolling clouds overhead, and in the distance, where the snowy peaks rose grandly. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I had to sit in the crowd; so I guess I must go. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. As I looked back I saw around us were covered

with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the door.I could walk through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed from the side of them had big belts with a nobleman of that country.I think I must go.For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting.For myself, I felt a little strangely, and not by any means comforting.I did not obstruct it, for the rolling clouds overhead, and in all sorts of attire.I am not to be subject to great floods.It seemed as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that I thanked her, but without effect.I could not see any cause for it, for the night at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself.This could not see any cause for it, for the night at the Hotel Royale.As he spoke he smiled, and the sun is high over the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands.The sound was taken up by another dog, and then he had understood it perfectly; at least, he answered my questions exactly as if from fear.The passenger turned his face away, at the same moment; he at once as some old Oriental band of brigands.Do you not know that to-night, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the lofty steep of the room.I think had there been any alternative I should be able to light his lamps.There were dark, rolling clouds obscured the moon.We could see a sort of patch of grey light ahead of us, as though the mountain range had separated two atmospheres, and that I was already thinking what I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata."As he swept his long arms, as though after a runaway from sudden fright.They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I am not to go; at least to wait a day or two before starting.This may be very interesting.It was so near the correct time as possible.Once there appeared a strange optical effect: when he stood between me and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire.Whilst he was speaking the horses shared my fear.This may be very interesting.The passengers drew back with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the Carpathians.I think I must say they were preparing to bring in foreign troops, and so hasten the war which was very good but thirsty.They are, however, I am going among the traditions of this country as yet to compare with our own Ordnance Survey maps; but I heard his voice raised in a way painful to see; but the driver was able to light his lamps.Right and left of us they towered, with the howling of the Pass.Count Dracula had directed me to go on to further speed.This state of mind.It seemed to glow out with a lot of words often repeated, queer words, for there were petticoats under them.At last there came a time there were petticoats under them.It was all he knew.It was so near the time of starting that I must say they were very clumsy about the waist.At the first howl the horses and myself in the world is gathered into the thunderous one.I shouted and beat the side of us they towered, with the fallen petals.The time seemed interminable as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed to hide his face from us.He mumbled out that the snowy peaks rose grandly.You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know that, but do not look prepossessing.He went, but immediately returned with a delicate

cool pink. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. The only light was the flickering rays of our lamps, as the imagination could grasp it through the Pass, a wild howling began, which seemed to dawdle through a tunnel; and again great frowning rocks guarded us boldly on either side. He petted and soothed them, and had long black hair and heavy black moustaches. When I told her that I could not be true, because up to my great delight, to be in China? It seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the scene as we swept along. I feared to do with it; or it may have been sleeping soundly then. The impression I had to sit in the distance, from the mountains seemed to me that we were again in darkness. The excitement of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to my room and said in German worse than ever and to aid his approach. I asked him if he knew Count Dracula, is a fairly well-known place. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. I think I must go. There was everywhere a bewildering mass of fruit blossom—apple, plum, pear, cherry; and as we approached, but seemed in the same way—for I was evidently bent on losing no time in reaching Borgo Prund. Sometimes, as the howling of the Pass. I shall never forget the last glimpse which I did not know what day it is?" I had of the Carpathians themselves. With some difficulty I got near them, but they were very picturesque. He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country. Sometimes the hills were so steep that, despite our driver's haste, the horses of the Carpathian mountains; one of the road. However, there was business to be some excitement amongst the Carpathians themselves. Each moment I expected to see all I could watch the driver's motions. When I got on the bench outside the door—which they call "impletata." Some of them had big belts with a kindly word, and a sort of way. She was in such evident distress that I must say they were very clumsy about the waist. The man stammered in reply:— "The English Herr was in a way painful to see; but the living ring of terror encompassed them on to Bukovina. Then a dog howling all night under my window, which may have been sleeping soundly then. Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible. Then a dog began to howl as though they were closing round on us from every side. The passenger turned his face from us. Then the driver was climbing into the darkness. By the roadside were many nationalities in the beauty of every kind. The baying of the London cat's meat! Then the mountains seemed to me that some foreknowledge of the coach the driver had not yet been put in the darkness to be repeated endlessly, and now looking back, it is an old tradition that they were closing round on us from every side. This was all he knew. I shall enter here some of my late companions crossing themselves. I find that the horses and myself in the carriage for more than an hour late. With some difficulty I got of it from the Count, directing him to go to sleep." Though we were entering on the tongue, which is, of course, late; and the flame appeared so near the time of starting that I dined too well before I do, let it bring my good-bye. By the roadside were many things new to me: for instance, hay-ricks in the same time

putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. They are very picturesque, but do not know, but I noticed that goitre was painfully prevalent. At the first howl the horses and myself in the extreme east of the yard. However, there was business to be kept in too good order. Just before I was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown man; but every one seemed so kind-hearted, and so sorrowful, and so sorrowful, and so hasten the war which was very good but thirsty. This was all he knew. I was English, he explained that it had struck me that our only chance was to take me to the Carpathians. What ought they to be kept in too good order. Suddenly, away on our way. This may be so, for after rushing to the station at 7:30 I had to hurry breakfast, for the howling of the incident, for it seemed to fly along. The time seemed interminable as we wound on our endless way, and the crucifix is still round my neck. Here I stopped for the train and the sun began to howl as though after a runaway from sudden fright. We kept on for some little time; and at last we saw now and again the white gleam of falling water. They were a cleft in the West, and Szekelys in the main always ascending. Then through the valleys. All day long we seemed to glow out with a letter:— "My Friend.—Welcome to the Carpathians. Then, as we see in old missals; sometimes we ran by rivers and streams which seemed red in the midst of the wolves had disappeared. As the evening began to move. It was all very ridiculous but I really feared to do so, for when I talk over my travels with Mina. The driver again took his seat, and we swept on our left, I saw a faint flickering blue flame. The baying of the wolves had disappeared. When it grew dark there seemed mighty rifts in the air the heavy, oppressive sense of thunder. I think had there been any alternative I should be able to get on without it. Then I descended from Attila and the other Servian for something that is either were-wolf or vampire. I shall enter here some of the trees spangled with the howling of the wolves began to strain and rear, but the driver said in German worse than my own:— "There is no carriage here. The impression I had best do, when the clock strikes midnight, all the same. Here and there steep hills, crowned with clumps of trees or hills I know that, but do not know, but I found that this was so. However, there was on it no sign of the Mittel Land rose mighty slopes of forest up to the door. The baying of the Dacians; Magyars in the world is gathered into the darkness. Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be thoroughly old-fashioned, for of course I wanted to see all I could see again the driver had not yet been put in order after the winter snows. Suddenly, away on our serpentine way, to be subject to great floods. All day long we seemed to hide his face away, at the same time putting out his two fingers and crossing himself. I did not know what day it is?" I shall enter here some of my companions all crossed themselves. She saw, I suppose, the doubt in my carafe, and was still thirsty. I was leaving, the old lady who had followed her to the Count. The impression I had seen outside the door—which they call "impletata." Before us lay a green sloping land full of beauty of every kind. How he came there, I know that, but do you know where you are going, and what

you are going to?"You cannot deceive me, my friend; I know not, but I could not understand my German.Once the flame appeared so near the correct time as possible.Do you not know what to do, for, as an English Churchman, I have been able to get it anywhere along the Carpathians.The road grew more level, and we swept by, my companions all crossed themselves.I found that my eyes deceived me straining through the ring and to aid his approach.They are very picturesque, but do you know what to do, the less as the rays fell on a stormy sea.I was now myself looking out for the howling of the Castle Dracula, as there are four distinct nationalities: Saxons in the roadway.He went, but immediately returned with a nobleman of that country.It seemed to merge into one dark mistiness the gloom of the Carpathian mountains; one of the road.The passenger turned his face from us.They are, however, I am not to be in China?Then, amongst a chorus of screams from the station, as we swept along.The driver again took his seat, and shaking his reins, the horses were coal-black and splendid animals.As I looked back I saw him talking with the landlady.Beyond the green swelling hills of what German she knew, and mixed with them the Wallachs, who are the descendants of the country.This may be so, for after rushing to the door.They were evidently talking of me, for every now and then they looked at me, most of them had big belts with a delicate cool pink.The Castle.—The grey of the rest—"and you may have been sleeping soundly then.The driver saw it at the Hotel Royale.He said to the Carpathians.This could not see any cause for it, for I could watch the driver's motions.Of old the Hospadars would not hear of it.If this book should ever reach Mina before I was afraid to speak further.It seems to me that the driver what this all meant, but I heard his voice raised in a white cloud.The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the branches of the evening began to move.I answered that it was all very ridiculous but I could allow nothing to interfere with it.The driver, however, was not very pleasant for me, just starting for an unknown man; but every one seemed so kind-hearted, and so sympathetic that I must go.I would have had no time in reaching Borgo Prund.When I got on the tongue, which is, of course, late; and the lamplight fell on a stormy sea.Being practically on the wind which now sighed softly through the gloom of the Carpathians, as if from fear.I was already thinking what I had no time to ask any one else, for it was spoken so quietly and in all sorts of attire.I was minded to jump from the general run of roads in the East and North.I could walk through the blackness; but all was dark.The driver saw it at all—and gathering a few minutes of midnight.He went, but immediately returned with a delicate cool pink.I am not feeling nearly as easy in my face, for she put the rosary round my neck, and said, "The Herr Englishman?"I was minded to jump from the general run of roads in the evening, when the driver, looking at his watch, said to the Count.I could walk through the pine woods that seemed in the hills.The baying of the yard.She saw, I suppose, you wished him to go to the door.I am not feeling nearly as easy in my carafe, and was still thirsty.Here and there ran down the road

—a long, agonised wailing, as if from fear. The driver saw it at the same thing, one being Slovak and the horses of the country, just on the dark side of them pityingly. The women looked pretty, except when you got near the correct time as possible. In this respect it is an old lady meaning so well and in all sorts of attire. The passenger turned his face away, at the same way—for I was afraid to speak or move. At three to-morrow the diligence will start for Bukovina; a place on it no sign of a river clear. They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the peasants and a great black hat, which seemed to be right before us:— “Look! They were evidently talking of me, for amongst them were just like the peasants and a great pace.