

men were engaged in conveying the brick-like blocks of peat that issued from a great iron machine in continuous procession, to large iron tramcars, which were run on rails into the huge brick drying chambers on either side of the driveway. Massive iron doors, studded with iron bolts, shut in the tramcars with their precious burden with a clashing sound, and then the heat was turned on, fierce, terrific, the furnaces, when the doors were opened for a second, belching out fire and smoke like Dante's Inferno.

To the scientific of the party the process of heating and draughts was explained. Behind the furnaces were rows and rows of peat blocks, drying in the sun and air to be used in the furnaces.

Then we were taken to the bog. A narrow trestlework, supported a cable-like arrangement by which the peat was carried in something like the conveyors in a flour mill, the lower ones from the bog full of peat, the upper ones returning empty.

Our three dauntless females followed their attentive guide on this very narrow pathway, a tight-rope feat bravely carried out despite the instructions of the fatherly one of the party, who held his breath between times and occasionally ejaculated "Don't talk," "Go slow," "Watch your footsteps." Once we did look around to see the deep-voiced one of the party taking a snap shot of us on our perilous journey.

At last the opening in the bog was reached, where the derricks were placed, with knives descending and claspings the peat and bringing it to the surface. Here it was shovelled aside to dry, by a stalwart German in overalls, who might be a study for a painter or sculptor, with his grace of action and magnificent proportions. The cranks of the derricks were turned by the ladies of the party, and only once they struck a snag and needed assistance. We learned that as soon as the space is large enough steam dredges will be set to work bringing up larger quantities of peat.

It takes Nature fifty years, it is said, to make a foot of peat, and, as the bog here has over thirty feet of peat, as was shown by a slender iron rod driven down for our benefit, one can imagine how almost inexhaustible is the supply.

This "household fuel" is economical, clean and non-odorous.