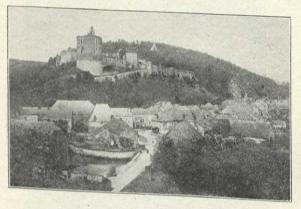
slate-roofed sheds, or sawing out and working into shape great blocks of precious marble. In the larger places the sidewalks are often of marble, and if you enter the shabbiest hotel, you find floors, wainscots, tables, mantles all marble—the only luxury, however, to be found in them.

In so narrow a valley one expects to see narrow streets, and one is not disappointed; and in so stony a region these streets are naturally paved with blocks of stone, with a gutter and a narrow sidewalk of slate. As there are no sewers, the house drains are often made to pour, by a stone spout, right over the sidewalk slabs to reach the gutter. In many places, there is a small round window cut out of a block



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of stone just over the drain spout, so that the slop-maid may see when the coast is clear. In some of the villages, new and stylish houses have no such spout, having, I suppose, provided underground drainage; but the peep-hole window is there just the same, a typically use-less rudimentary structure.

When we tramped or drove in our three-horse carriage along the winding Meuse, the crops were just ripening, and it was really beautiful to see the gay ribbon of cultivation follow the bank of the gray water, a strip of grass still green, another of wheat or of barley or of oats, now ripe, each miniature field not more than twenty or thirty feet wide and a hundred long. Old women, bent with work, cut the grain with sichles, and carry it off to the lofts in the village, heaped in great baskets on their backs; while other women come down the mountain-side,