

the water dripping and splashing into the road, while they both hang on to the shafts to "brake" on the downward grade.

Little Marie Antoinette—Heaven defend this innocent child from the fate of that tragic queen!—in her shabby scarlet frock, brings the cows home at milking time; shying a stray stone every now and then at one which lingers overlong at some tempting blossom or lush grass.

A black-hooded buckboard has just driven up, a square box covered with oilcloth strapped on the back. An old woman brown and shrivelled like a winter apple has stepped down and is anxious for us to buy her *éttoffe du pays* made by her own hands, at her little cottage far away in some remote concession. The wool shorn from the sheep grazing on these mountain slopes, carded and combed, washed and woven in the long winter evenings into great bolts of homespun, a natural grey or a creamy white. Formerly their looms were very narrow and their combination of colour very limited—merely black threads and white in varying proximity and weaving, but now they make it much wider and dye the wool in beautiful shades of rose and blue, violet and green, and every possible combination of black and white and tweed mixtures. The