

panies have existed for centuries, and one, having its headquarters in Gernsbach, owns sixteen thousand acres of forest. The timber is floated down the streams leading to the Rhine; there it is built into large rafts and sent to Holland.

One important industry of the Black Forest is the manufacturing of carved wooden clocks and wooden toys. One hundred and eighty thousand clocks are annually exported, and a visit to a Black Forest shop is much like attending a wooden wedding. Speaking of weddings, we were resting one afternoon in the garden before a village inn when we heard very gay music and saw a wedding procession passing. First came musicians, then the bride and groom. The bridal wreath was made not of flowers but of quantities of glass beads, of every sort and color, all formed into a huge wreath-like cap. Behind the bridal couple came relatives and friends. The men wore broad flat hats, long coats of black velvet lined with scarlet, and velvet knee-breeches. The women wore short black skirts and bodices of embroidered velvet and tinsel over snowy muslin waists. Their straw hats were flat, adorned, in the case of married women, with black rosettes, while those on hats worn by the young girls were scarlet. This fashion probably simplifies matters for young men from neighboring villages who are in search of wives.

All through the *Schwarzwald* there are small mineral springs around which little watering-places have grown up and where the inns bear such quaint names as "The Green Tree," "The Plow," "The Forest Horn," etc. In many of these places pine-cone or pine-needle baths may be taken. But these, we soon discovered, were not to be had without much forethought and preparation. First, with tremendous clatter, a fire was built in a tall porcelain stove to heat the water; this was poured into a clumsy wooden tub, and the whole household seemed to be in an uproar before the bath was pronounced ready. Baths were evidently regarded as expensive and superfluous luxuries, unless one were seriously ill.

The peasants are little troubled by modern ideas of sanitation. Never once did we see a window open in their houses, but they are a rosy-cheeked healthy looking people. Their farm houses have walls of white plaster crossed by heavy beams of oak, black from weather stains, tiny lattice windows, and roofs of thatched straw. The roofs have a very steep pitch and the eaves project quite a distance. Hay, grain and tools are stored in the place beneath the roof; wood, cut and split, is packed close to the side of the house. Gay flowers, red carnations or the like, were often blooming in the window-boxes, and in July the cherry-trees, which abound, hung full of scarlet fruit. This was afterwards to be made into cherry brandy, a specialty of the country.

From Hornberg to Danaeschingen the route is remarkably interesting. Hornberg is a prosperous little town lying in a deep ravine. High on the rocks above the town stands an old ruined castle. Dur-