

primitive in character, but are most awkwardly made. Some allowance can be made for the absence of modern farm implements, however, when it is considered that a full-sized American reaper would scarcely have room to turn around upon the diminutive farms of the Swiss cantons.

Fences are seldom used, and where handsome hedges, beautifully trimmed, are not growing, imaginary lines divide the little farms, lying a hundred on a single hill. The cattle, of course, are not allowed to run at large, but are carefully stalled, day and night, summer and winter, in close, dark stone barns. The darker the barn, the less the food consumed, seems to be the Swiss milkman's philosophy.

A peasant's cows and goats are his treasures, second only to his children. An acre or so of land and a half a dozen of the kind, mouse-coloured cows, is often all the store the Swiss peasant has. His cows produce him butter, milk and cheese for his own use and to spare.

He grows but little wheat or corn, and buys his flour, imported, nearly all, from Hungary. Himself, his wife, and children too, if not in school, must work, and work continually, out doors and in, to make the little farm and cows supply their wants, and have both ends meet at Christmas-time, when doctor's bill, and grocer's bill, and dry-goods bill must all be paid.

On rainy days and hours, between the out-door work and the in door cares, the busy loom is plied, and the pretty woven silks add trifles of ready cash to the poor man's treasury. A sort of happiness is his, not born of contentment, but of a knowledge of the impossibility to him of better things. He has enough to eat, and drink and wear, but nothing more—not even this, if summer rains and late spring frosts or heavy storms should come.

In the many changes of the day, the old mountain villages of Switzerland, at least, remain, and nothing is more peculiar to, or characteristic of, the country than they. Wooden towns, centuries of age, standing on the green, grassy slopes of mountain sides, or nestling close up in little vales and glens, they give us back our heart's idea of Switzerland.

These Alpine towns, villages and hamlets represent a rural simplicity of life not found elsewhere in the world. The houses that make the towns are old, and the people who live in the houses are old; old in their ways, at least, and often very old in years. It is no uncommon thing to find in villages among the Alps men almost a century old, living in the house where they were born and where their fathers, their grandfathers, and their great-grandfathers were born, and where they lived and died. Who built