

glacier to await developments. Lots were cast to decide on one man who should be let down into the well by a rope. The village priest gave him the sacrament, as if he were about to die, and he was lowered into the depths between the ice-walls. More rope was needed, and more, and more. At last he reached the bottom and found the clergyman's body just where it had fallen. The rope measurement, made afterwards, showed that it was seven hundred and fifty feet below the spot where he had stood leaning on his alpenstock!

That is the tragic side of Swiss life. There is a merry side, too. These guides who have piloted us over the glaciers know cosy homes and hospitable country inns where there are rest and refreshment to make them forget past perils. If you would like to see these sturdy fellows off duty, look at a group before the door of a house in Meiringen. Meiringen can be found on the map some twenty-five miles across-country, northeast from Gydisdorf, over the mountains and down again into the valley of the river Aare. The specific location is numbered 35.

**35. *"Youthful years and maiden beauty,
Joy with them should still abide,
Instinct take the place of duty,
Love, not reason, guide."***

Again we feel as if this were a bit of stage setting; but it is the natural, everyday thing for these Swiss folk. The girls' gowns are much like those we saw about Gydisdorf, but the headgear of the damsel on the door-steps is something new and rather picturesque. Just see the quaint

build of that table with the spreading legs and the barred window with the wooden shutter. Have you noticed how the outer wall of the house is ornamented with horizontal bands of wood-carving? The carving of wood is a characteristic industry of the town. Fathers teach the children. Whole families work at carving just as whole families work in the fields in a farming region, and make a fair livelihood by putting their earnings together, though the wage-rate is surprisingly low when you consider the length of time spent in work. The standard of living is different here. Americans of the same degree of intelligence expect more. Of course there is an endless market for wood-carvings. Everybody who comes to Switzerland buys them, and troops of tourists make a point of coming to Meiringen and Hasli in August to see the annual festival, with its races and wrestling matches. They have held these athletic tournaments in the same neighborhood for years and years.

You see by reference to the map that Meiringen is on the river Aare. The Reichenbach, which helps carry off the melting snows from the east side of the Wetterhorn comes pouring its contributions into the Aare, already full to overflowing, and in years past sudden floods have done serious damage to the town. Now the river banks are protected against freshets by a dike a thousand feet long. Swiss engineering is as famous as Parisian surgery.

Shall we move on? These Meiringen damsels are excellent company, but meanwhile the mountains are calling us. We must follow the example of the youth with the

banner inscribed "Excelsior." He, too, was tempted by maidens offering him five-o'clock tea, but he tore himself away!

Just above this town the Aare makes its way northward through a remarkable cleft in the rocks. See the spot marked 36 near the right upper corner of Map No. 5.

36. The Wonderful Gorge of the River Aare

It is well worth a journey, is it not? That is the river, of which we get just a glimpse, away down below. The sky?—that is above our heads, it is true, but from just this point we cannot see the sky at all, the near folded precipices shut us in so closely. This gorge is a quarter of a mile long and the river waters, confined within these narrow walls, have worn their track deeper and deeper as ages have gone by. The depth of the water in this part of the river is said to be more than seventy-five feet; but after it issues from the gorge, it widens into a stream a hundred feet broad, rejoicing in its freedom like a wild creature let out of its cage. In some places these cliffs stand five hundred feet above the present level of the river-bed. The waters that we see away down below have come from farther south near the head-waters of the Rhone; we shall see by and by the region where the Aare was born. Now the river is on its way to Lake Brienz, and past Interlaken (Stereograph 23) through the Lake of Thun (Stereograph 22); these very waters will encircle Berne (Stereograph 17) and flow on to pour themselves into the Rhine, moving towards the North Sea.