





## A Farm-house in the Black Forest.



**D**URING the year 1874, we were spending some time in the old and interesting city of Strasburg, where, day after day, we haunted the wonderful cathedral, frequently ascending to the top of the towers, from one of which an open, lace-like spire lifts a tall finger as far above the spectator as he is above the street.

From thence we could look far, far away southward, toward a range of mountains which, to every one fond of mystic lore, possesses an indescribable charm. This range was the Hartz Mountains, extending over many leagues, and generally known as the Black Forest. The name recalled many stories, the delight of our childhood, of elves and sprites, of goblins and queer little woodmen, peeping from behind the tall trees, or noiselessly tripping over the tufted grass, only to vanish again as suddenly as they had appeared, in a dense and dark green thicket. Dreams in which we had indulged long years before now sprang into life again—waking dreams which could readily become reality with slight exertion on our part.

So, crowding a few necessary articles into a small hand-bag, we one day set off for the home of the gnomes and kobolds. Our train rattled out of the Strasburg station, made a complete circuit of the city, shot across the fine bridge over the Rhine to Kehl, and then at Appenweiler turned short toward Freiburg and Mulheim. At this latter place a post-omnibus took us up, and in three-quarters of an hour we were at Badenweiler, a fashionable resort for those who aim to combine amusement with a search for health.

This is one of the entrances to the Black Forest region, which is really a continuation of Switzerland, being separated from it by the Rhine. This celebrated river descends toward Bâle in a westerly direction, but on reaching that city it turns a right angle and flows north. In that bend is situated the southern part of the Black Forest.

The chief mountain of this portion of the Hartz range is Blauenberg. The forests on its slopes are unusually black, and there are few openings till the summit is reached. Then the view is magnificent; the Alps, standing out in bold relief, Strasburg Minster, and Freiburg Cathedral being distinctly visible, while far to the westward is the more modest range of the French Vosges. It is an exquisite treat to stand there and look down upon the earth beneath you with an almost eagle's eye, and to find that you have the power by your mere vision of extending your consciousness to scenes that are miles away, and so to have a foretaste as it were, of the vast expansion of our being which is destined to ensue when the faculties are no longer "cribbed, cabined, and confined" within the close prison-walls of the body.

This forest does not seem, when you are in it, a mere mass of trees, but instinct with life, from the strange, middle-age myths wrapped

about it. For though we are all sufficiently scientific in this nineteenth century to place little or no trust in goblin stories, or tales of hybrid monsters, still, in the thick dusk and solitude of the wooded dingles, our eyes will, in spite of reason, twist the vague forms of trees and shrubs into spectral figures and unearthly shapes, so that though we know they are optical delusions, yet we know it was not so with medieval peasants, and wise men too, who had not learned to "correct the evidence of their senses by their understandings," and therefore believed devoutly in all they fancied they saw.

To enjoy the Black Forest one must go on foot, for the most miserable hostelry in that glorious region is as full of romantic interest as an enchanted castle, while the rude mountain path, the roving haphazard life, the roadside inn, with the primitive hospitable manners of the host and hostess, give such a charm to the spot as can never be found in sumptuous hotels, amid the elaborate elegancies with which are indissolubly connected what is tame and commonplace.

We left Badenweiler on foot and threaded the woods by a well-worn path. The feathery firs and stately pines were almost black, having merely a tint of dark bronze-green in those parts where the light fell upon the foliage, or where the moss upon the trunks was soft and fresh and "shot" with many shades like a butterfly's wings. The air too was redolent with the faint mushroomy odor of the woods, and musical with the sighing of the autumn wind, and the far-away call of a song-bird to his mate.

At the close of the day we found ourselves approaching the curious farm-house which forms the central view in the series of woodcuts here given. Before we enter the quaint old building, whose door opened hospitably at our approach, let us observe some of the peculiarities of the exterior. The object which struck us first, appealing to us through our sense of smell, was the large pile of compost directly before the front door. In America, we would object to its position, even while admitting its value on the farm. But the wealth and thriftiness of the Black Forest peasant is rather gauged by the size of his manure heap, as in many parts of Switzerland, and any criticism upon its proximity to the dwelling calls forth the invariable response, "Es is aber zehr gesund" (It is very healthy).

Considerable science is displayed in the construction of these heaps. Huge ropes of straw form the walls, which are laid like solid courses of masonry, as they are needed, the structure going up, up, up, till it is of astonishing proportions. Meanwhile, the happy family sit about it when the weather permits, as we would solace ourselves in a bower of roses.

The timbers of the frame work of the house are massive logs of red pine, the edifice being intended to endure, "not for a day, but for all time." Unlike the ark of Noah, this primitive building has many windows, and like the cowslips in Mary's garden, as related in the nursery rhyme, in front, they are "all in a row," the only separation between them being the stout wooden timbers of the frame-

work. In this way is secured the greatest amount of light for the short, dark days of winter.

To the left of the front door is a covered gallery, which conducts to the private offices of the house, and which is indispensable in stormy weather.

The steep roof is partly thatched and partly shingled, for reasons which are obvious at a glance, since the chimney rises from amidst the shingles, and not from amidst the thatch. The chimney, too, has its own roof, which may be turned over as necessity requires, for protection against the furious driving storms of snow and wind, so frequent in winter.

On the edge of the pond stand two short, stumpy pollard willows, fair samples of an extensive growth in a marshy part of the farm not far away. From these are obtained materials for the huge farm baskets, and the more dainty ones suited to a lady's work-table, which the peasants deftly weave into shape during the long winter days and evenings.

Immediately in the foreground is the water-gate, by which the pond is let into the sluiceway of the mill. This is represented in the cut above, while across the high road is the store-house for corn and grain.

As we entered the door our eyes were caught by the date of erection, A.D. 1642, cut deep into the thick timbers, and under it this legend:

The Lord this dwelling be about,  
And bless all who go in and out—

a pious wish which we earnestly echoed in our hearts.

The panes of glass in the long range of windows in the living room were small, lozenge-shaped, and set in lead. Beneath them stood a stout oaken bench, fastened to the wall, and before it a round pine table, scoured as white as milk, upon which rosy, good-natured Gretchen served us our meals.

Opposite towered aloft a great German stove, built up with walls of porcelain, flanked on one side by the bake oven, and on the other by a ponderous table, formed of beams, brick and mortar, and immovable, of course, and which I have more than once seen laden with loaves, intended to last the family a month. No dainty Vienna rolls or crisp muffins for breakfast in the Black Forest—no cream cakes or flaky biscuit for tea! But the bread, though dark, is sweet—though dry, is very palatable, to one who has spent the day in toiling over steep mountain paths, or inhaling the balsamy odors of the pine forests.

The bake-oven, which opens into the sitting room, forms the back of the open fire-place in the kitchen, which is directly in the rear. In some houses a large iron funnel gathers the smoke and fumes of the cooking, conveying them safely into the outer air. But in the house, which was our home for several weeks, the kitchen was two-storied, the smoke being utilized for the cure of sundry sausages, hams, bacon and beef, which were suspended from the rafters.

The barn and spring house, where is a constant flow of pure, sweet water, brought from springs in the mountain side, form part of the large farm-house. In the lower part of



the house is the stable, for in this country of long and severe winters and drifting snows of insurmountable depth, it is important that the cattle should be comfortably housed, where they are easily accessible, that they may receive that constant care which the best husbandry always gives its dumb and faithful servants.

Our artist has introduced the tiny wayside chapel, to complete the daily life of the German peasant. From far and near the neighbors gather on Sundays and holidays, to say their prayers at this simple shrine, though worship is not with them a mere Sunday observance. They are in their way a devotional people, made so doubtless by their very simplicity and their constant intercourse with nature. Yet mixed with their religion is, I fear, much superstition; so that with many the cross before which they bow the knee is not looked upon as a type only of the tree upon which our Saviour suffered, but rather as a charmed wand that has power over all things. But perhaps it is better to believe too much than too little; better to live feeling One is ever beside you, upon whom you can call in the most trifling need, and to die as those simple peasants do, *sure* of the home awaiting them, than to live as so many of their superiors do, in doubt and speculation, to die at last with no joyful *Auf wiedersehen!* upon their lips for the beloved left behind.

### The Beauty of the Seasons.

BY E. E. CHEESBOROUGH.

**DO**U think the Spring the loveliest time,  
Because it brings the flowers,  
And wakes to life the sleeping buds  
Within the fragrant bowers;  
And bluer glow the sunny skies,  
And gentler sighs the gale,  
As Spring, with lightsome step of youth,  
Walks over hill and dale.

**AND** yet, I'm sure, each season brings  
Its own sweet grace and cheer,  
And lights, as if with heavenly gleams,  
The fast revolving year.  
The months drop jewels as they pass;  
Not only Spring is sweet,  
But graces full of tenderness  
In all the Seasons meet.

**BUFF** Winter, with its snowy crown,  
And Autumn with its glow  
Of gorgeous sunsets, all aflame,  
And Summer with its flow  
Of silver brooks and scented gales,  
And breath of fragrant bowers,  
And crystal rains that dance upon  
The rosy-tinted flowers.

**THESE** daughters, fair, of mother-earth,  
Fond sisters, hand in hand,  
Rule with an equal sovereignty  
O'er ocean, sky, and land;  
For He who made the Seasons all  
To all gave beauty rare,  
And each bright sister shines a gem  
Set in the golden year.

### Talks with Girls.

BY JENNIE JUNE.

#### HUMAN WORK.



**H**O those whose opportunities enable them to judge of the extent and variety of unpaid human work which women seem of late years called upon to perform, it is interesting to see, not only how heartily, and in many cases, unconsciously they execute the part assigned to them; but also how successfully, and with what admirable methods, considering that, until recently, they have been generally excluded from participation in affairs, and that even now they are tolerated as a last desperate remedy, maybe by a physician, when nothing else is forthcoming, or after everything else has failed, and have to make their own means of attack and defense, their own instrument of warfare, their own regulating and propelling machinery as they go along.

In fact, so much are we the slaves of tradition, and prejudice, that hundreds of women will do a thing, if they are not obliged to do it under a given name.

A lady, for instance, becomes profoundly interested in the poor of her neighborhood. She organizes classes for the men, and mothers' meetings for the women; she visits, she consoles, she advises, she exhorts; it never enters her head that she preaches, but she does, and more effectually than most pastors, notwithstanding that she looks with severity on the accredited woman minister, and considers her quite out of her place.

Another woman will give her whole time and strength to an "institution"—work early and late for it, attend committee meetings, organize fairs, sell articles with more than the zeal of a saleswoman, yet consider *real* business an impossible contingency, should sudden disaster compel her to look for means of subsistence for herself, or her little ones.

One of the great difficulties with women is the fear of assuming responsibility. As a rule in charitable, or what I have called "human" work, they have either followed the lead of some man, or have got a man, or a number of men to stand as the representatives of it, while they humbly, willingly, and gladly did the work.

In a vast number of the modern instances in which women have come to the front in humanitarian work, expensive masculine organizations for performing the same work already existed, but had become a dead letter; and the need, the necessity, rousing women, they have taken hold in their own way, quite satis-

fied if they were allowed to go along unmo-  
lested. The Temperance Crusade, which began in Ohio, is a striking example of this woman's method of entering the breach, and using such weapons as she had to conquer her enemy. In this instance it was prayer. "A liquor saloon is no place for a decent woman to pray in," observed a gentleman contemptuously, in the presence of one of these women. "If my husband and my son go there to drink, may I not go there to pray?" she asked. There was no logic about this movement, but there was eminent fitness and poetical justice. It was striking at the camp of the enemy, it was entering their stronghold with the most powerful weapon they had at their command. And now these very women find themselves leaders in a great and powerful organization; one which has its ramifications throughout the country, which has displaced the old dead-and-alive temperance societies among them, or only uses them as auxiliary to the newer, and more rapid movements. Had the women seen this work, had they seen the responsibility which it entails in the first place, they would not have dared to touch it; but it pressed upon them as a human, not an individual duty, and they accepted the call, without knowing where it would lead.

Much of the human work of to-day is in the hands of women, and it would be as well for young women to consider it, and what are their own duties and responsibilities. That they may be made important factors in the world's progress there is no doubt, and the first step toward becoming so is to establish themselves on a basis of principle.

Whatever a man may be of himself, he likes a woman to be conscientious, honest, and true, and respects her accordingly. A girl can make no greater mistake in her life than to yield up an iota of her conscience or her self-respect at the bidding of any man, or with the hope and desire of pleasing him. The evidence of truth, honesty, sincerity and purity on the part of a girl, and her adherence, despite her tenderness, her affection, her sympathy, to a line of conduct which she knows to be right, has saved many men, and brought happiness instead of misery to herself. Whatever the consequences may be, they are certain to be infinitely worse if the result of reckless, heedless indifference and disregard of the highest and strongest of our obligations.

Nor can the mistake be rectified by any after effort; the beginnings are what it is most needful to make exactly right. If you start wrong alone you may possibly turn back and retrieve your error; but if you start wrong in company the matter becomes complicated, you must obtain the consent of your company to take the back track, and begin upon a new basis; and even then the first wrong start will not be forgotten. The question is a very important one for young women, not only on account of the influence which they are individually able to wield, but also in regard to the bearing which it has upon their future, as women, and human workers. There is no occasion for girls to lose any of the charm of their girlhood, there is no occasion for them