

heavy boots clatter upon the round pebbles of the pavement in front of the hotel. His manly, cheery face expresses eloquently honesty, courage, fidelity, friendliness. He has done every big thing in the Alps, and has done many for the first time; some, as for instance the unique *Dent Blanche*, on one of the only two occasions on which that most difficult peak had been ascended. His Red Indian sagacity is equal to his cheerful trustworthiness. His step on the glacier is as sure as his heart is firm and true. To engage Christian is not merely to "employ" him. You secure the zealous dependable assistance of a friendly man, as worthy and pleasant as he is competent. I always fancied that my giant guide presented to the sense of poet or of painter an ideal of William Tell. His clear laughing eye is of a light bluish grey; his weather-beaten features are sunburnt past all praying for; his light moustache and beard frame a mouth as firm in danger as it is kindly in repose. He combines all the highest qualities (and they are very high ones) of the first-class Swiss guide.

This picturesque and gigantesque figure, then, saunters slowly up to the bench on which my friend, who has found the place in Ball, is sitting under the lamp, and joins good-humouredly in our consultation.

"Look here!" cries Arthur, reading from his guide-book, "Ball says of the Mischabel range—