

try the Mischabel. It appeared that we should have to start the next morning at about ten, and drive to Randa. From Randa, which is a village in the valley between Zermatt and Saint Nicholas, the ascent was to begin; and it further appeared that we should have to bivouac for a night in the open, on a shelf of rock on the side of the mountain, said to be some 7000 feet above Randa. Christian undertook to provide the rugs, the trap, and the second guide—who turned out to be a first-rate fellow—and said he would find porters at Randa. M. and Madame Seiler, the most friendly and sympathizing of hosts and hostesses, engaged to attend to the commissariat; and everything being thus arranged, we smoked our final pipe amid joyous anticipations of a fine new mountain excursion on the morrow.

One thing only troubled me: a ruck in a stocking had rubbed a hole in one heel, and had made a large sore place. What of that? One can't stop long in the Alps; weather there is changeable, and perhaps the heel won't hurt on the Mischabel. Anyhow the die is cast, and to-morrow "up we go!"

The next morning duly came, ten o'clock arrived, and with it all our necessaries. At last we got under weigh from Zermatt. The provisions were packed, and the rugs were not forgotten.