



The Jungfrau. Scheidegg in Foreground, Surrounded by Mountain Pastures.

us, and next winding along the edge of a cliff a thousand feet or more in height, with smiling Swiss farms and houses on the slopes away below, we were like schoolboys let loose. Exclamations of delight, with long drawn oh's of wonderment as lovely scenes were passed and others still more beautiful appeared, varied with jumping to the feet to see something on the other side of the car, were the order of the time. Everyone's voice was pitched on a high key with dozens exclaiming at once. Reverends and rev. doctors, missionaries, staid old elders, grim school teachers, matter-of-fact business men—all were alike. Not quite all. One good lady kept her mouth closed, and seemed as if possibly disgusted with the vagaries of the others. But only for a time. On a sudden she broke out, into such extravagant expressions of delight as to outdo the others.

Arriving at the end of the railway and the hotel there at 1 p.m., the most of the party went in for lunch. The few wiser ones stayed out, and in the bright sunshine enjoyed the widespread scene around. Before the tiresome lunch, with its numerous courses, was finished a cloud came up and enveloped us, blotting out everything. Disgusted, we prowled around inside the hotel, longing for the sky to clear. It was miserably cold, too, and no place warm except the dining-room. Pretty soon it began to rain, then sleet, mingled with the rain, "ping'd" on the windows, and presently snow-flakes were seen and for a short spell a real snowstorm raged. The 16th of July it was, too. After a while the sky began to clear, and we ran to the real summit, a hundred feet or so higher than the hotel. How cold the wind was! But, as the clouds trailed off slowly to the eastward, what a view was spread before us! Six different lakes were in plain sight within the circle of vision, and one or two more there were, hidden by cloud, which continued to linger in one quarter. The obstacle of intervening hills was overcome because of our greater height. Alp behind Alp, with glaciers among the rocks, glowed in the sunlight. A steamboat on the lake below looked like a bug making a track on the water, and Lucerne, a city of 40,000 inhabitants, thirteen miles away, appeared a huddle of tiny huts. We were carried off, not as in the ascent, into ecstasies, but into rapture. For once expectation had been exceeded by the reality. Our thoughts of what we should see from a mountain top were blotted out of all remembrance by what we did see. The descent and return sail were accomplished under dull skies, with occasional rain. It was a tired crowd, somewhat awed, that gathered in the hotel at Lucerne that evening.

Next afternoon our tour led us over the Bernese Oberland. The name conveyed no idea to our minds. An ordinary railway ride was what we expected. Instead, we were drawn in three trains, by mountain engines, up dizzy slopes, along the crests of high hills, and at times on the face of towering steep thousands of feet in height. Below us for a part of the journey was a level valley through which flowed a swift river, with an ordinary railroad alongside, whose trains looked like toys from our superior height. Mid-

way up the height, fronting us across the valley, could be seen a slight cut, a level line, which followed the indentations of the mountain and which we correctly judged to be a railway. In some way we by and by found ourselves on this very line, and, after sweeping around in great downward curves, we at last reached the level of the valley below and boarded a train on the riverside railway we had so much despised when seen from above. The day concluded with a sail over the length of Lake Brienz, landing at dusk at Interlaken.

Next morning we were up bright and early, anxiously scanning the sky in hopes of fine weather, for we were that day to make the ascent of that queen among Swiss mountains, the Jungfrau (pronounced, young vrow). Tourists have been known to stay weeks at Interlaken for a day fine enough to make the trip worth while. We had but the one day—no choice of another. To our delight, the mists which had beclouded the early morning sun began to break up and disperse about eight o'clock, and by nine, when we started, the glittering Jungfrau, twenty miles off, was in plain sight. Our ride thither and return was over roads similar to those of the day before, ending up on an electric line at a point 7,550 feet above sea level and just on the snow line. The scenery was also similar, though, of course, we had a nearer-hand view of glaciers, and mountain waterfalls were more in evidence. We went by way of Lauterbrunnen and returned by Grindelwald. Fertile valleys, with farm houses dotting

them, and villages at short intervals, were constantly in sight. Crops are grown wherever possible, and the fields too steep to plow are kept in grass, from which successive hay crops are cut. How the crop is gathered on some fields we never learned. It may be by being set rolling and then collected at the bottom. Another undiscovered secret is how these people on their little farms all make a living. This feature in Alpine scenery—the presence of houses and people and green fields—gives a charm to the landscape which for many years to come will be lacking in the Rockies.

There are four well defined zones on the Alpine mountains. First, as has been noted, the farm lands. Second, where the slope grows more precipitous and the rocks protrude, is the forest belt. There is a line about 5,000 feet up beyond which trees will not grow, and above this, where there is any soil at all, grass fields brilliant with flowers are again seen. This third zone constitutes the mountain pastures and reaches to the snow line. Lastly, the rocks and snows of the peaks, with not a green thing visible.

A considerable number of our party took a further ride of six miles almost entirely by tunnel to a point 11,000 feet high. We were somewhat disappointed in the view obtained there. Some who ventured further afoot on the steep snow slopes than the rest of us said they saw Interlaken, but for most the view was limited by other rocky summits, and took in nothing but rock and glacier. The remembrance of the wild and desolate scene of cold and barrenness in that region above the clouds seems likely, however, to last with us long after those of mere beauty have passed entirely out of mind. The end of the tunnel out of which we walked on to the snow slope was coated thickly with ice above, below, and on the sides. The Company who operate this tunnel railway have under construction an extension of the tunnel to a point exactly below the actual top of the mountain, to which tourists will be hoisted by elevators. The Jungfrau is but one of three peaks, though miles apart, of the same mountain, the Eiger, 12,920 feet; the Monch, 13,845 feet, and the Jungfrau itself, or herself, 13,540 feet above the sea. Those who remained behind at the "Scheidegg" were able by taking short walks to enjoy some fine views.

After the Jungfrau we expected no mountain scenery worth mentioning, as we were billed to start next morning from Interlaken for Geneva. Our way was by steam and electric railroad to Lake Lemman, and by steamboat down the lake to Geneva. The whole journey to our pleasure and surprise was one long-drawn-out delight. The route by land followed a deep valley in great part, the foreground being a succession of exquisite landscapes, with a skyline on either side of rock-topped mountains. We never realized before the possibility of so many mountains and such numberless scenes of beauty being massed together on a small portion of the earth's surface. We were never out of sight of snowy peaks the whole long day. Our sighs, as we drew towards Geneva in the gathering darkness, were those of utter satisfaction. We had seen the Alps, had been filled with them, and were content.

T. B.



Railway Up Mt. Rigi.