

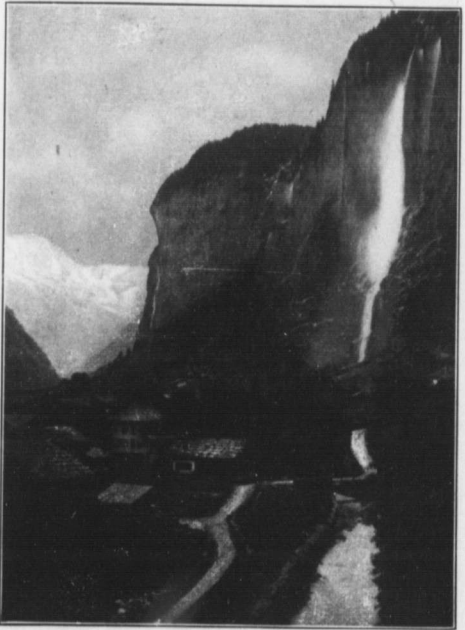
deep green waters of the lake, doubles the capes, turns the promontories, skirts the graceful curve of bays and glides into apparently endless creeks, we obtain a clear view of a succession of villas, well kept gardens and dense woods above, which greatly enhance the beauty of the scene. To the left the snow-fields of Blumlisalp meet the tourist's gaze, while in the direction of Interlaken appear successively the peaks of the Jungfrau, Monch and Eiger.

Interlaken, in summer, is a "terrestrial paradise." Everything is gathered here to charm the senses and delight the eye. It is not a town, nor is it a village. It is an agglomeration of palatial hotels; of luxurious shops on the finest promenade one can imagine. The outlook from the hotels is ideal. Directly in front we see broad lawns of emerald green, with flower beds and venerable walnut trees; and, forming a charming background, the peaks

of the Heimweh Fluh, The Rugen and the Abendberg appear clad from foot to cap with shadowy woods; while in the distance, the Jungfrau raises its ice-clad summit among the clouds of mist.

The Jungfrau is to Interlaken what Mont-Blanc is to Chamonix. It is decidedly the attraction that brings so

many travellers to Interlaken, and hold them there spell-bound. It is a wonderful mountain, particularly fascinating when seen toward the close of the day as the setting sun caresses with golden rays its icy summit; and still more fascinating by the contrast arising from the appearance and sudden vanishing



CASCADES OF STAUBBACH.

of the phenomenon of the "Alpengluten." There are evenings when the spectacle is so marvellous, so grand, so far above all material things, that even the inhabitants of Interlaken, far from being tired of the sight, rush and crowd to see the Jungfrau illuminated.

From Interlaken the Bernese Ober-