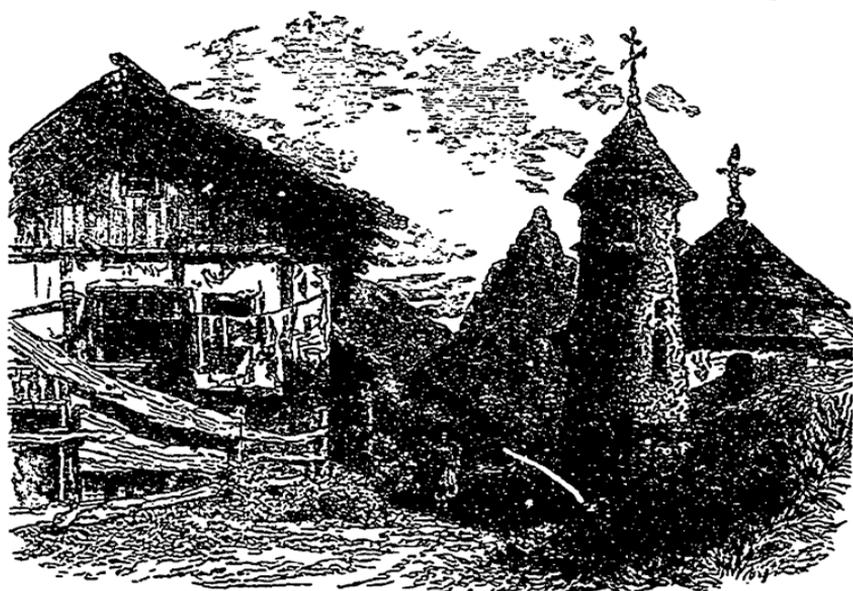


effect. They flashed against a background of dark rock and darker forest, like a cataract of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies, as the vari-coloured light—now white, now green, now purple, now crimson—played on the snowy cascade with a wondrous beauty that words cannot describe. The effect was magical. The hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Here began my Alpine tramp; and this, let me say, is the only way to see Switzerland properly—on foot. Behold me, then, starting out with knapsack on my back and long ash alpenstock in hand, just like the pictures of Bunyan's pilgrim faring forth



SWISS CHALET AND OLD TOWER.

on his eventful journey. For awhile all went well. But soon the knapsack grew intolerably heavy, and the sun very hot, and I was glad to engage a guide to carry my pack over the mountains to Grindelwald. (This is a method I would strongly recommend. It leaves one free to enjoy the scenery, instead of toiling like a pack-horse.) A faithful, obliging, intelligent fellow my guide proved. Our conversation was rather limited, for he could speak not a word of English, and I very little German. But I made the most of that little, and it is surprising how far a very little will go when one has no other medium of intercourse. The path winds steeply up some 2,000 feet to the Falls of the Reichenbach. It is only a bridle-path—no carriages can