

in Europe, measuring 1,001 feet, and, from this cause, and the comparatively small body of water, it is shivered into veil-like spray long before it reaches the bottom.

From Lauterbrunnen to Murren by an electric wire-rope railway, almost perpendicularly up the side of a mountain we go—a perilous ride of fifty-five minute's duration—and, rising over 5,000 feet we reach another road, and wind along at the top of the dizzy heights. But the risk of the danger is fully repaid, when, immediately in front of us, across a deep and narrow gorge, we have the magnificent panorama of three giant mountains—the Eiger 13,042 feet, the Monch 13,645 feet, and the Jungfrau with its peaks Silberhorn and Ebenfluh 13,670 feet above the level of the sea. The latter received her name (Youngfrow) from the enthusiastic German-Swiss on account of the unsullied purity of her snow covered crest. Standing face to face with these grand mountains, the atmosphere is cool and bracing. At our feet are growing beautiful wild flowers of every hue, and far, far below is the thunder of a mighty mountain stream.

The return to the valley seems more enjoyable than the upward journey, and homeward bound, by covered wooden bridges which are ornamented with carvings, we cross swiftly flowing streams whose waters dash wildly over rocks and foam along, the music of a mountain horn often sounds in the distance before us, with its echoes thrown back by the "everlasting hills," and when we reach the sturdy mountaineer who is using it for our benefit, he humbly approaches the carriage, hat in hand.

But our sympathies are more enlisted on behalf of the girls and women, who sit or stand by the roadside industriously weaving lace, and who run along beside us to offer it for sale. Here and there by the roadside are covered shrines, showing the trend of religious feeling, although a great

portion of the inhabitants are Protestants. We are in love with the beautiful country, whose record is "No poverty, no ignorance, and no wealth."

But the time arrives when, with reluctance, we bid farewell to the mighty sentinels and the quiet Swiss vales, and journeying back to Interlaken, we take steamer on Lake Brienz, and find a pleasing voyage of nine miles before us, meanwhile watching heavy black clouds forming at the summit of the Eiger, and slowly descending until we too are enveloped in a sheet of driving wind and rain, with which our small steamer battles bravely, and we are forced to seek shelter in the cabin below. The waters of this lake are a dark green also, and the storm lashes them into white caps and foam. We pass a charming orchard country, an old castle in ruins, and the beautiful Geisback Falls.

At Bernig the rail is joined for Merinzen, and runs for awhile through a flat valley, but soon the direction is changed, the mountain engine attached to the other end of the train, and the ascent of the Bernig Pass commenced. Steadily rising on the rack rail, we reach Bernig station, 3,300 feet above the valley, and the highest point, after which we descend rapidly by Lungern and its lake, pass through a long black tunnel under Lepperberg Rock, and reach the open country lying round Lake Lucerne.

The situation of this city is picturesque, surrounded by the remains of an old wall erected in the fourteenth century, and overlooked by watch towers of quaint architecture.

It is very attractive, the lofty heights of Pilatus and the Rigi range rise from the water's edge a few miles from the town, and with the more distant chain of the Engleberger Mountains, over which the perpetually snow covered Tillis reigns supreme, form a panorama of surpassing loveliness. We see this snow-covered mountain at sunset, flushed with rose tints, deepening into copper hue, and with every shade of