

her kid from the swoop of an eagle, was really pathetic in its expression. The Swiss *châlets*, cuckoo-clocks, and the like, are of wonderful delicacy of construction and carving. Musical boxes are concealed in many unsuspected places, and while you sit down on a chair or take hold of a watch case you are surprised by their pleasant tinkle. Here is seen in perfection the pretty Bernese female costume—black laced bodice, or scarlet trimmed with black, full white sleeves, silver chains looped up over the shoulders, and a short striped skirt. The flaxen hair hangs down the back in two long braids. On the head is worn sometimes a jaunty velvet cap, but more frequently a broad-leaved straw hat, trimmed with their native edelweiss, or Alpine rose.



SWISS HOLIDAY-MAKERS ON THE SHORE OF LAKE THUN.

The fine old cathedral dates from 1421. The sculptures of the west portal represent, in a singularly *naïve* manner, the Last Judgment and The Wise and Foolish Virgins. In the square fronting the cathedral are fine effigies of the ubiquitous bears. The noble terrace of the church, one hundred feet above the river, is crowded, in fine weather, with promenaders in their picturesque holiday garb, while at intervals a fine band plays selections of high-class music.

The glory of Berne is its unrivalled view of the whole range of the Bernese Alps—the Mönch, Eiger, Jungfrau, and all the rest of the glorious company—considered by Humboldt the finest view in Europe. At sunset their serrated and pinnaced crests gleam and glow with unearthly beauty—golden and snowy and amethystine, like the crystal walls and pearly gates of the New