

as in England, in great profusion, are "Poppies in the wheat." We also notice large patches of lavender-colored flowers, which we suppose are cultivated for perfumery. The houses are very plainly built of stone or brick, with steep, tile roofs grown rusty, and these, with a vegetable garden attached, are surrounded by high stone walls. It is haying time here, also, and men and women are busily engaged in caring for it.

After twenty-six hours of steady travel over rough rails, and in coaches whose springs must have been forgotten, we arrive at the Lake of Thun, which is eleven miles long, one and a quarter broad, with a depth of 1,161 feet, and 1,837 feet above the level of the sea. Its waters are a bright green in color, and its banks are covered with villas and vineyards, with woods on the hillsides above.

And now we are repaid for the toilsome journey, for gradually the giants of the Bernois Oberland come into view, the Blunt's Alp being the most conspicuous for some time, and we get our first view of the beautiful snow-covered peaks of the mighty Jungfrau. We reach Interlaken at noon, and from there as the mountain railway on the rack and pinion slowly climbs the twelve-mile journey, the mountains present ever-varying aspects of grandeur, and at last the Grindewald glaciers come into sight. There can be no more charming sight in Europe than the group of hamlets, consisting of picturesque wooden cottages widely scattered, which stand at a height of 3,468 feet above the sea, in the green basin of the Grindewald, mainly on its north side, thus being protected from cold winds. The inhabitants are chiefly employed in raising cattle, of which 6,000 head are fed on neighboring pastures, and many act as guides.

Grindewald owes its celebrity to its position under the Wetterhorn, to the beauty of its views from the great Scheideck and Wengern Alp, and to its glaciers, which, as they descend be-

low the level of the village are easily accessible. Three great mountains form the south side of the valley, the Eiger, or giant, the Mettenberg or middle mountain, and the Wetterhorn (peak of tempests).

On either side of the Mettenberg, stream down the two glaciers; they are branches of the field or sea of ice, which occupies the table land and high valleys of the Bernese Alps, their chief beauty being from the contrast of the white ice fringed by dark forest and pasture.

Wherever possible the land is cultivated. It is haying time, and men and women are at work in the fields. In some instances a horse attached to a cart draws it to the barn, but oftener it is rolled into a coarse rope netting and carried on the back.

Up and away, often on crags where it would seem only a goat could climb, are the picturesque chalets with steep roofs and wide, overhanging eaves, and clean, white-curtained windows. People can live on these mountains only three months of the year, then they take up their abode in the valley. Their indoor occupation being the carving of wood, much of which is exposed in their little shops for sale. There is a quaint parish church and a schoolhouse with spires, one standing behind the other, an inscription on the latter in German running like this: "These are two fingers on God's hand, with which He upward draws the world, and in better conditions humanity places."

One day we make an excursion by carriage over the Wengern Alp to Lauterbrunnen, which lies 2,644 feet above the sea, but so sunk between mountains that in summer the sun does not appear until 7 o'clock and in winter not before 12.

About thirty wreaths of dangling water hang from the edge of the ramparts which form the sides of the valley, and when their tops are enveloped in clouds, appear to burst from the sky. But these are eclipsed by that of Staubbach, which is one of the loftiest