

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 hotel people did not forget to put an item in the bill for the illumination, but it was well worth it.

Leaving Meiringen, the train begins to climb rapidly on a narrow shelf, blown out of the mountain-side by dynamite, now beneath overhanging crags, now through solemn pine-woods, now



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TOWN HALL AT SARNEN.—ON THE  
BRUNIG PASS.

in narrow gorges, and now, as we rise above the hills, commanding magnificent outlooks of the valley and distant snow-fields.

Now we begin our descent to the Unterwald, through quaint villages with their old churches

crowned by bulbous spires, the houses covered with scale-work of carved shingles, often with a pious inscription or Scripture text graven upon the timbers. The farmhouses look comfortable, with broad eaves, outside stairs and galleries, but with very small lattice windows, and frequently with great stones on the roof to prevent the wind from blowing the shingles off. But, especially in the higher Alps, not unfrequently the lower story is occupied by the cows and goats, and the garret by the fowls.