

beaker, whistle, absorbing cotton, antiseptic salve, bandages, bicarbonate of soda, soap and towel, safety-pins, slippers, pocket knife, geological hammer, compass, note-book, pencil, wrapping paper, at least twelve cotton specimen bags, string, hydrochloric acid bottle, lantern, labels, matches, at least two pounds of black sausage, one pound of chocolate, sugar, lemon drops, one pound of dry fruit. The following are strictly forbidden:—straw hats, yellow boots, guns, linen shirts or collars."

With such of the above articles as I felt inclined to carry, I joined the party at the city of Constance, which you will see by a map, lies at the north-east corner of Switzerland. I found to my surprise that many of the students had all the articles of the above list, on their backs, and my heart went out to them. We now journeyed together to Wallenstadt Lake and walked along the south shore to the town of Wesen. This lake is not much inferior to the lake of Lucerne in grandeur. It is ten miles long and over a mile wide, with precipices of limestone and sandstone 3,000 feet high, which then rise to barren peaks of the Kurfürsten Range 7,500 feet high. Here we had grand example of folding and faulting, one thrust-fault of five miles where one series of rocks were thrust or shoved for that distance over others. The next day we visited Arth Goldan, the scene of the famous land slide, which 100 years ago this September, buried four villages, killing 457 persons; the old opening is easily seen yet, though moss and vegetation have covered most of the material in the valley below. We then walked along the shores of the beautiful Lowertzen See to the town of Schwyz, at the foot of the great Glarnish, 6,250 feet high. Starting the next morning for Brunnen we took the steamer to Lucerne, and saw that most beautiful city, surrounded by its great walls with nine towers. While its amphitheatrical situations offers a superb view of the famous Lake of Lucerne, back of which rise those great sentinels, Rigi and Pilatus with still a greater background of the Alps themselves. From Lucerne we took steamer to Brunnen passing between almost vertical walls of rock and by the hills and scenes made so interesting by Schiller in his "William Tell." From Brunnen we walked through the famous Axenstrasse to Fluelen. This road is hewn in the cliffs of rock like a shelf, and many tunnels are necessary in skirting the points jutting into the lake. The road cut into the cliffs along the lake is in places 360 feet above the water, with perfectly precipitous cliffs below. At Fluelen we took the St. Gotthard railway, which climbs a very steep valley, so steep in places that in order to make the ascent more gradual the train passes through three special tunnels, each about one mile long, and again emerges on the side of the valley, vertically over the point where it entered.

Farther on we reach the great St. Gotthard tunnel, over nine miles long. This tunnel is twenty-eight feet wide, and twenty-one feet high and is double tracked throughout, it is one of the great engineering feats of the world.

The train emerges at Airola, close to the border of sunny Italy. Here we turned to the west and after climbing a long rough valley, crossed the Nufenen Pass high above the snow-line at an attitude of 8,020 feet.. Here we found very interesting specimens of fossils in the highly metamorphosed rocks, including crinoidal stems in a compact marble, also belemnites and ammonites in