

villages, thriving towns, dark forests, fruitful plains, sparkling lakes, and rushing streams; taking in at one view eleven famous lakes, and over sixty peaks. What is that little moving speck on the clear sheet of water below? Why, it's a steamer plowing the wave. What is that dark little collection of tiny objects on the water's edge? Take your glass and look—Why, it's a town!

At half-past four in the morning, the long Alpine horn resounds through the corridors of the hotel, so long and so loud as



MOUNTAIN CHALET.

to drive all sleep from the drowsiest eye. We are half tempted to break the rule placed so conspicuously in our bedroom, to the effect that no traveller is allowed to take the blankets of his bed in which to wrap himself, for the morning air is a little more than fresh. By half-past five, a crowd of shivering forms has gathered on the Kulm to witness the sun's first greeting. Here are Britons and Italians, Frenchmen and Russians, Swiss and Americans, Spaniards and Poles, Germans and Hungarians, Scandinavians, and a rare Canadian, in every imaginable costume,