

ity of the world. In such a place one could hardly help moralizing on these subjects, nor thinking of the great commotion there would be among these bones at the sound of the last trump.

But this by way of digression. We would next proceed to Leipzig, which is situated about 250 miles nearly due east from Cologne. To go thither by rail all the way, or by steamer about 100 miles on the Rhine, and then by rail the rest of the way. We chose the latter. One look more then at the old mediæval city, at its quaint churches and guildhalls, and at its gaunt houses, from the spouts and gargoyles of all of which the stone heads of myriad griffins, dragons, and demons leer down upon the crowd below, and we stepped on board a steamer for a hundred miles sail up

THE RHINE.

This river is the grandest, most historic river in the world, deserving rank in these respects with the Nile and the Euphrates. It and the Danube take their rise in the high region of the Tyrolese Alps; but though born as it were in the bosom of the same hill, they flow in nearly opposite directions, the Danube east 1750 miles to the Black Sea, and the Rhine 750 miles west to the North Sea.

The Rhine is navigated by more than 100 steamboats, from local vessels of 15 to 20 horse power to the powerful tug steamers of upwards of 400.

During the last few years the average number of steamboat passengers has exceeded one million annually.

The part of the river we proposed to ascend was from Cologne to Bingen,—the part most picturesque and beautiful, and consequently most generally preferred by tourists.

We went on board the steamer at 6 o'clock, and in two hours and a half reached Bonn, a University town, pleasantly situated on the west bank of the river, and a favorite residence of English and other visitors.

The scenery up to this point is rather tame. Indeed from Bonn all the way down the river to its mouth, the country on both

sides is low and level. But it is quite otherwise above Bonn. As soon as Bonn is left the course of the river upward is among the mountains. These mountains are planted about half way up their sides with vineyards which produce an excellent quality of wine, as any passenger who pleases may verify on board the boat. These vineyards extend for miles along the river and cover hundreds and thousands of acres. In some places the mountains come down very boldly and ruggedly to the river, while between them here and there, through the openings of great gorges, glimpses may be had of other mountains in the distance. At every point of the ascent new beauties burst upon the eye.

By many persons the Rhine and the Hudson are supposed to bear some resemblance to each other; and in point of natural configuration and scenery the resemblance indeed holds. But the natural beauty of the Rhine constitutes only a part of its attraction. Its historical associations invest it with an interest which the Hudson can never have. There is scarcely a mountain or a headland along its banks that is not crowned with castle ruins which tell the story of long ago. Some of these have been restored at great expense, as that of Stolzenels, now owned by the Emperor of Germany, and sometimes occupied by him as a summer residence. Others lie completely in ruins, perhaps a solitary tower alone standing to tell of their former grandeur. In fact history, mythology, and poetry have combined to give the Rhine a fascination—a power to interest and charm such as few other rivers possess.

George Westinghouse has invented a lamp for passenger cars which utilizes the compressed air, resulting from the Westinghouse brake. A long cylinder is placed under the car containing felt saturated with some light hydrocarbon, such as benzine. A current of compressed air passing through this cylinder burns like gas in a lamp placed at the other end.