

SEEN IN SWITZERLAND.

THE ENCHANTING VIEWS TO BE FOUND AROUND LUCERNE.

Placid Lakes Which Make A Scene of Wonderful Beauty—The Grandeur of Mount Pilatus—The Journey Up the Rigi and What Was Found at the Summit.

I had enjoyed Interlaken so much that I had quite made up my mind that no other place would seem hardly as nice, and therefore decided to mourn for the entire afternoon—but I quickly forgot that—such a glorious day and such a lovely lake! Is there anything so lovely as the Swiss lakes or the Swiss mountains? Is there anything as beautiful as Switzerland in all the earth? The boat was full of merry, good-natured people in holiday humor—part of whom were Swiss and merry, part English and serious—taking their pleasure seriously. The English clergyman and his bride, shared notice with several other bridal couples. They got off when the steamer touched the little pier at Giesbach, that place where the wonderful white cataract tumbles down the precipitous rocks, a thread of pearly white foam winding its way through the dusky green woods. Evidently his reverence and company stopped at Interlaken, taking occasional excursions to various points of interest in the neighborhood. A good plan for a holiday we thought. We were on the lake for about an hour and a half, touching here and there first at one side of the lake and then the other, just where ever the pretty picturesque villages came in view. The water was full of the lovely changing colors, soft and pale and shining of light and shadow, cloud and blue sky, dusky green shadows under the tall covered cliffs and shining ripples in the distance. It was just cool enough to be pleasant and I for one was heartily sorry when we exchanged the boat for the train which was to take us over the mountains to Lucerne. Nevertheless I was a bit excited at the thought of the climbing railroad and the event proved it quite as novel and entertaining as we pictured it. We did not spend much time in the stuffy little carriages, it was far pleasanter to stand out on the platform and grasping the hand rail, watch the wonderful effect as we rose higher and higher and the marvellous landscape with its winding streams, broad farm lands—or precipitous ones—placid lakes, picturesque winding roadways twisting down mountain sides under leafy arches of the trees, quaint villages, venerable looking orchards, prim vineyards, and above all the magnificent mountains stretched wider and wider beneath us, the railroad describes an arch almost a perfect one I should imagine, for it seems as if for just half the time mounting and then we were descending again in among the mountains and lakes again, from the high regions where the whole world had lain beneath us. At the summit we got out, had luncheon and walk about with a full sense of the novelty of our exalted position, but greatly to our disappointment could find none of the lovely wild flowers that we had passed on our way up. It was a delightful journey, I had enjoyed few things better than that afternoon.

Lucerne is a town composed—as far as buildings are concerned—largely of hotels, and some of them are very large—the Switzerland is a mammoth, and when the people spread themselves through the streets it makes a very gay scene indeed, for the tourists are evidently very fashionable, and the hum of polyglot chatter is dizzying. Lucerne is very beautiful but to my mind not so much so as Interlaken. But it is not so characteristically Swiss, the tourist makes it as every day like as London, and one misses the grandeur and nearness of the mountains which surround and seem to shut dear little Interlaken away from the world. But Lucerne has its marvellously beautiful lake before it, and its quaint spires, towers and a queer old city wall, over and among gentle undulating hills of wonderful green. Opposite on the other side of the lake is Pilatus, one of the most magnificent and darkest of the mountains. There is a Swiss legend to the effect that after the death of our Lord, Pilate overcome by remorse fled here and killed himself, whereupon he was changed into that mountain and stands a monument of dark remorse throughout all the centuries.

Saturday was so perfect in the morning that we decided that we had better take advantage of the fine weather and go up the Rigi. So accordingly we set off. The boat was crowded with people—honey-moon couples predominating, we had several on board with whom we had travelled the day before. They were getting a bit monotonous, so we thought, and I sought relief in getting to the extreme end of the boat where we could have a full view of the lake and not embarrass their sensitive souls with our mundane regards. The lake was quite as well worth our notice, with its tiny islands and headlands, making it like a fairy lake, for with the deep shadows of the mountains, contrasted with the sheen of its sunny ripples, the cloud reflections pearl and gold which followed one another over its blue surface, and even the dainty picturesque chalets just making here and there a touch of warm, yet dusky red, in the midst of the thick vari-shaded foliage; it was indeed a scene of enchantment. It was heavenly.

Quite a crowd waited at Vitznau, that dear little village at the foot of the Rigi, and the two carriages which were to climb

with us up the mountain were comfortably filled. It is the nearest I ever came to realizing the sensations of a fly as he crawls up a wall, this ascent of the Rigi. I sat facing the downward slope and had to brace myself with much resolution against the back of my seat, to avoid precipitating myself into the lap of the excellent Englishman opposite, who was elderly and bland and kept making amusing remarks, greatly to the horror of his rather dowdy wife, who stared solemnly at the scenery through a pair of blue spectacles. Fancy having to see Switzerland through blue spectacles!

Lower and lower sank the world beneath us, until from our altitude it lay map-like beneath us—a wonderful picture, sunlit, save for the cloud shadows that were chasing over it. Like toy villages looked the four cantons of which from one point we had an excellent view, and the four lakes looked so deeply, darkly, beautifully blue that they looked like veritable bits of heaven dropped down on earth. And it was so wide, the mountain slopes were so magnificent in their sweeps one felt as if the whole earth had collected together every possible variety of its natural beauty and had spread it all before us. Here and there on the journey up, the train stopped at what might be described as a little stationette, generally in front of a cottage out of which several girls with their long hair plaited in flaxen tails came and besieged the train with edelweiss, alpine roses and strawberries. Several of the passengers got off at these stations, evidently with the intention of continuing the ascent on foot. We remained on the train, though we couldn't help sighing for the wild flowers that we passed—so lovely and so odd were they. However, we promised ourselves unbounded opportunity of wandering about when we got to the top. But alas, it began to darken up as we neared the top, and by the time we reached the very topmost pinnacle we found ourselves enveloped in a thick white fog which effectually hid the view all around the mountain and left us nothing more inspiring to gaze at than the enormous hotel which forms the crown of the noble Rigi. This white fog must have been a cloud, for as we stood on top of the mountain and gazed down into the vapour it began to shift and move about, giving us every now and then short and tantalizing glimpses of the glaciers on the tops of the mountains below the Rigi.

It was a dreadful disappointment. Those glimpses showed us something that was so magnificent, so awful in its splendour, that it was really a trial almost too hard to bear, to feel that we must lose this our only opportunity of seeing it. However, there was no help for it. We waited for a long time, but the fog grew thicker and the rain began to fall quite heavily—there wasn't a wild flower to be seen—so we went into the waiting room and waited patiently for a train to come and take us back again. It came at last, after about three-quarters of an hour of unmitigated dreariness, and then ensued a descent which is horrible to remember. The train was crowded with people whose clothes were uncomfortably damp, and the atmosphere was at once chill and muggy, and then to add to the charm, and to comfort their discouraged hearts, the men began to smoke—German cigars at that. Doubtless to those who have smelt them, the name alone will conjure up the horror. Those who have never gone through the experience could never possibly imagine what it was like. I was heartily glad when we got to Oetznan again, for they had made my head ache furiously.

It rained half the time on our return journey, and the glory of the lake had departed, although as I look back on it now, I remember it as being very beautiful in a grandly dark way, the tragic dark mists in which Pilatus had wrapped himself were eminently becoming to his Awfulness as I named him. But my head ached too much to allow me to enjoy it fully, and that awful cigar was all over the place. It was a little too bad as this was the first time we had moved about in Switzerland and felt perfectly free from anxiety about our luggage, hitherto the image of a possibly lost valise or trunk had haunted us every step of the way and mixed itself up in our mind with our appreciation of the mountains. Today set free from that anxiety—the omnipresent cigar had taken its place. N. J.

A Lady Speaks.

MR. EDITOR: Will you allow me space in your valuable paper to tell my many lady readers the valuable discovery I have made. Had I known this ten years ago it would have saved my husband hundreds of dollars and myself years of suffering. Since my boy was born, ten years ago, I have been a great sufferer from womb troubles; the best physicians in Canada and the United States were consulted, my husband sparing no expense for a cure. Getting no relief from their treatment I had given up hope. Last winter I caught a cold, which settled in my kidneys, and having seen Dodd's kidney pills advertised for this purpose tried a box, and strange to say my womb trouble began to disappear. After taking four boxes I was entirely cured of the old complaint.

I now take one of these pills every morning and feel like a young girl again. I have told many of my lady friends who were similarly afflicted and they used them with the same good results. I have never heard of these pills being recommended for that purpose and for this reason I write you that other suffering women may benefit by my experience. It is needless to add that the kidney trouble has also disappeared. Thanking you for your valuable space and trusting that this information may be the means of bringing health to many homes as it has to that of

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SOME MONEY IN FREAKS.

A PLACE WHERE PEOPLE GO TO SEE THEM IN BOSTON.

It Draws the Crowd and the Strangers Always Get There—A Rehe of the Old Circus Days—The Lizzie Borden Case and Other Curiosities of Justice.

BOSTON, May 9.—All the "famous" fat women in the county met in convention at Austin & Stone's this week. Nobody knows what business was done,—whether resolutions were passed to tell the truth in regard to weight, or a union formed for mutual benefit, and to make a uniform rate of wages for everyone in the fat woman business.

They sat on the platform and hundreds gazed upon them day after day. The convention existed solely in the advertisements, but what of that? It lent an interest and excited a curiosity which induced scores to go who otherwise would have stayed at home.

Austin & Stone's is a grand illustration of the immensity of the bumps of curiosity in mankind. Six days in the week the stuffy little show houses is crowded from morning till night. An ever moving throng wonders at the pictures at the entrance, hour after hour, and finally push their dimes into the little cage, to the music of the German band stowed away somewhere in the ceiling.

It's a great place, is Austin & Stone's, it is a unique feature in Boston amusements, a relic of the days when one-ring circuses and travelling showmen, put some little into country towns and pretentious cities.

There is no ring to be sure, no canvas or gasoline lamps, but there is sawdust in Austin & Stone's; there is the platform and the ropes, the peanuts and lemonade and all the gusto of the circus orator, but the Scollay Square show house out-does the circuses of today, and even when they do come around the young folks who visit the side show invariably remark "oh, we saw that at Austin & Stone's."

It is the headquarters for freaks in Boston and all the strange and wonderful men and women who ever appeared there, it met in convention, would make a show the world would want to see.

For all manner of people go to Austin & Stone's, both on the stage and in the auditorium. They come from far and near, and the Massachusetts farmer's boy, who has visited Boston and not yet the greater part of the day in the little red museum would be a curiosity greater than those on exhibition. It is the great resort for the countryman. He may by some strange chance wander into the museum of fine arts and gaze with astonishment at the men in clay with the broken arms or legs and wonder at the shamelessness of the people who 'run the show'; he may perchance visit the State house, and in the scrooped battened battle flags look for the one under which the heroes who sit around the stove in the country store fought, but the chances are in favor of his spending the day in Austin & Stone's. Ten cents admits to all—he can stay as long as he likes and he usually stays. And a fairly verdant countryman with a soft hat and a store suit is as interesting as anything on exhibition. He enjoys the show and cannot understand why the rich folks he reads about in the papers do not spend all their time there, taking in everything from the shooting gallery, the phonograph, the fortune teller and the weighing machine, and burying themselves in peanuts and lemonade.

There is one feature in Austin & Stone's which scores of people who visit the museum never see. They go to see the latest freak or renew the acquaintance of an old one on a return visit, but care nothing for the latest show. Yet the long and narrow music hall with its low ceiling, toy gallery and diminutive stage—all of which, in fact, resembles a very amateur theatre such as boys are wont to fit up in a barn. This little place is crowded always. The boys in the gallery can almost reach over and pull the hair of the men in the five cent reserve seats. The front row of the ten centers is mixed up with the orchestra, and the people who try to make ten cents admit to all stand up and look over a high board fence at the performance.

And such a performance! Of all the break-downs and screeching ever heard, Austin & Stone's makes the greatest impression, for the stage is so small and the place so compact that it is almost like dancing on a parlor table.

Then, the songs, comic and sentimental, you know, and the average performers idea of sentiment, although usually in keep with that of the audience is decidedly amusing. The earnestness with which they sing about dear old homes and mothers, old rocking chairs, cradles, sailor boys; and the advice somebody gave them at some time or other, all fired at the audience in a tone of voice which almost borders on a yell, is applauded and cheered with a heartiness remarkable. The comic songs too, about the singer being hit with a brick, or what he did that he didn't do, all sandwiched in between break-downs and walks around, strike the crowd as intensely funny, and the applause never stops till the orchestra swings around to the tune which indicates that the performer will come bouncing out again.

But there must be all kinds of shows for all kinds of people and Austin & Stone's suits the taste of a multitude of people.

An effort is being made to bring the case of Lizzie Borden to trial, and everybody must admit that it is near time.

There is a woman who has been in prison nearly a year charged with murder. She may be innocent, and if she is, what a sentence she has served!

All this delay is said to be owing to the illness of an officer of the government.

There are many instances of this sort of thing in Massachusetts every week, more law than justice, every time. The other day I saw a man in the police court who had committed some petty offence. He was not sentenced but "continued in \$300 bail" which in his particular case meant that he must lay in jail for six months, without being proved guilty, where as, had he been able

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to raise \$300 he could have enjoyed his freedom.

So it goes in scores of cases. When Sergt Owens told young Mr. Bushman up after his fine was paid, the jovial Bushman spent two weeks in jail. This, however was not according to law, but through carelessness or bungling on the part of officers.

In these cases however, it seems to be what legal rights call "good law," and ordinary people call a "damn shame."

R. G. LARSEN.

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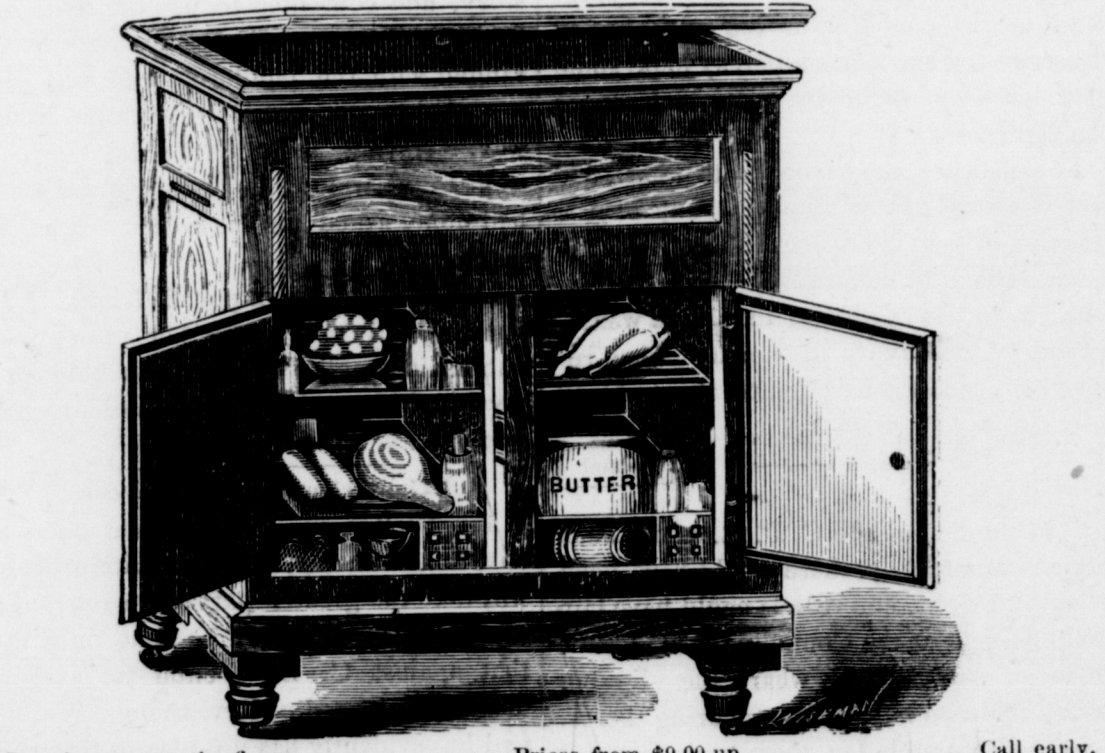
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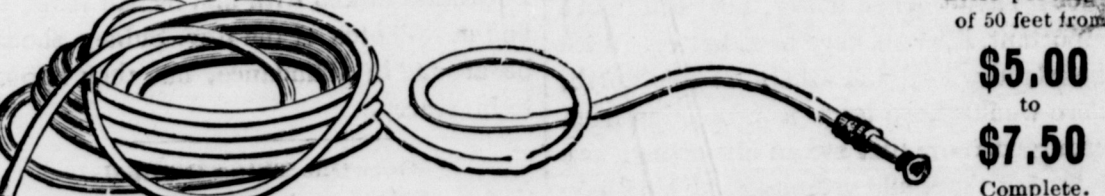
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