It is one of the most picturesque of the Swiss Lakes. But, when I think of it, I believe that I wrote you from Zurich, so I will say any more about it.

On our way here we had a delightful sail up the lake of Zug, a small but perfectly beautiful little sheet of water.

Arriving at the foot of the Rigi we got into the cars of the curious little railroad that ascends the side of the mountain at an angle of 30°. It is much like the Mt. Washington R.R. I think you would be rather afraid to come up in it.

The Rigi is a solitary mountain rising from the plain some 4500 ft. It is made nearly an island by the lakes at its foot.

Although the mountain is not so lofty as the mountains around it, the view from its summit is simply grand, embracing an area of 300 miles in circumference. On one side the range of the Alps lie, extending as far as the eye can reach, with their grand snow-clad summits and enormous glaciers. On the other side, not fifty feet from the hotel, the side of the mountain descends almost perpendicularly 4000 ft. to the valley beneath. Last night I counted thirteen separate lakes under our feet. I don't believe that there is another such a spectacle to be seen in the world.

Last evening, before sunset it clouded over, so we missed one of the sights, a sunset. We hope to have one this evening, however. We were also disturbed out of a sunrise this morning. It is customary here every clear morning for a man to go through the halls blowing a big horn to wake up all the people so they may see the sunrise. If you want a faithful account of a sunrise on the Rigi, read Mark Twain's "A Tramp Abroad."