

happened, and when we could realize what it was, we saw the great top of the mountain gleaming like burning silver in the sunshine. I never saw anything like it except the Matterhorn, and this has many times as much snow and consequently many times as much brilliancy. Underneath the great mantle of clouds around its middle, the mountain as the sun sank turned into Alpine pink; at the top it was a glorious white, like the Silberhorn, and below the contrasting clouds, it was this exquisite pink. We watched it as the sunset colors deepened into crimson and amethyst on the peak, and turned away with thoughts of a western sky, before the beauty died.

The Hermitage, Mount Cook, March 8.—There was a great piece of news today. I saw the sun rise on Mount Cook. I found a perfectly clear morning sky with a new moon and the morning star shining by its side. The whole of Mount Cook from base to summit stood before me, like the Jungfrau at Muerren with this difference that instead of being right up against it as at Muerren we were at the proper perspective distance for so great a mountain—forty miles. The color of the sunrise on the mountain was indescribable—it was more than pink—a translucent gold. All its majestic attendant mountains became golden waves, and in the midst of them it rose above all, a great tidal wave of magnificence. All day long we have been driving and walking towards Mount Cook. You can imagine its size when I tell you that you could put Mount Washington on top of another and still have to add a thousand feet more to get as high as Mount Cook. All day long there has not been a cloud on one of the wonderful processions of mountains before us. The views have been indescribably fine, and we have taken a lot of photographs. Nothing we saw in Switzerland excel these Southern Alps. We are off early tomorrow morning to climb one of the lesser peaks to get the view—as restless mortals will do, even when as in this case, they have already had without climbing, the best there could be.

March 10.—Instead of climbing Seeley Mountain to get a view of these mountains from the top we suddenly changed our plans—revolutionizing the order of battle in the middle of the engagement—took horses, travelled on horseback, fording rivers, climbing moraines, threading ravines, to an Alpine hut called Ball Hut, then walking three and a half miles on the ice of the great Tasman glacier—greater than any in

## ...LOANS...

*On North Shore Vacant and Improved Real Estate.*

### BUILDING LOANS

**Peabody, Houghteling & Co.**

No. 164 Dearborn Street,

**CHICAGO.**

Or Care J. L. Houghteling, Winnetka.

## Electric Light Wiring...

Let me figure on Wiring your House or Store.  
First class work. Prompt service. Reasonable rates.

**G. Whitney, Prouty Blk., Winnetka.**

**Fred C. Richardson,**

Horses and Carriages Furnished for  
Parties, Weddings, Balls, Etc

**Livery, Boarding and Sales Stables.**

Expressing and Furniture Moving  
a Specialty.

**WINNETKA, ILLINOIS.**

**ALONZO L. RICHARDSON,**

**Coal and Wood. Twin Lakes Ice.**

Mail Orders have  
Prompt Attention

Pennsylvania Oil and Gasoline sold by barrel or gallon.

Barber Shop, Glencoe.

Elm St., Winnetka.

**FRANK OTTO, FLORIST,**

W. Willow Street, near Provident Avenue.

P. O. Box 153,  
WINNETKA.

**Cut Flowers and Plants.**

**Palms and Ferns.**

**Wm. Landwehr,** Dealer in

**Pure Milk, Cream, Etc.**

Skim Milk, Sour Milk, Buttermilk, Cottage  
Cheese and Whipped Cream.

Hotels, restaurants and boarding houses supplied at reasonable rates.

Depot: W. Elm St., Winnetka.

**CHAS. SCHROEDER,**

Dealer in

**Fresh, Salt and Smoked Meats.**

Orders called for and promptly  
delivered.

Opp. Depot.

Winnetka.

**H. A. LINDWALL,**

**Upholstering and Window Shades.**

West Elm Street, Winnetka.

**Dr. Arthur H. Murdow,**

**DENTIST**

ELM ST. WINNETKA.

**GEORGE BISSET,**

**Plumber.**

Shop: Opp. Depot; Res., over Meyer's Store.

**E. C. WEISSENBERG,**

**Coal, Wood, Feed and Ice**

W. ELM STREET.