Thursday. June 17, 1869.

wheels which press this third rail on either side, and it is by this strong trac-tion that the train is pulled up. The carriages have corresponding wheels for the centre rail, but their only use is to keep the train on the track. Both cars and locomotive have double sets of brakes, one for the ordinary and one of brakes, one for the ordinary and one for the centre rail, so that they can screw the cars to the track with the grip of a vice, and render it almost im-possible for the carriages to run away. There is every precaution against accident; and I should only fear the snow storms of winter, and perhaps an ava-lanche in some places high up, which are not roofed in. We began to climb the hill directly

we left the station, exactly as a carriage drawn by horses would do. In fact, our track ran parallel to the carriage road all the way, was just as steep and made the short turns of the latter. Our train seemed to be a huge live reptile No. 413 N. FOURTH STREET, with legs and claws, that crawled up by its own power; it literally dug right up hill, and we felt ourselves mountd229;1y ing, and looking back, could see the steep incline. On the curves, where the wheels got a good grip of the rail, we moved with ease and more capidly than on a straight pull, where the locomotive evidently labored more, and we rose more slowly. The steepest grade on the road is one toot in nine feet, but this is only for short distances. The rise of one in twelve is more common; and the least (of which any note is taken) is one in twenty-five. The curves are so short as to be startling. We seeemed to turn in a space as small as an ordinary wagon could. The shortest curves are on a radius of only 120 feet; that is, our train would ran round feet; that is, our train would ran round a circle only 240 feet in diameter. Our track was all the time in sight, behind and before, running along the steep hillsides, and constantly doubling, like a compressed letter S. You march up with triumphant ease, rising among the grand snow peaks like a conqueror. The vallies open behind you, with their rivers and brown villa-ges, the great panorama expanding with every revolution of the wheels. You skirt precipices and look down upon nestling villages and green fields; you push your way up among the you push your way up among the snow regions, the stone huts of the begging, half naked, dirty peasants, and the refuge houses of the road: are whisthe refuge houses of the road: are whis-ked round rocky headlands, through tunnels and covered ways, over deep gullies and tracks of avalanches, rising always higher and higher, as by no ex-penditure of strength, into a purer air, among peaks of virgin snow, among the silent summits of the enduring Alps. The day was superb, with blue sky and fine air, and it was so warm even in the snow region, that I needed no over-coat. Our view was for the most part uninterrupted and magnificent. The summit level is about 6,400 feet shove the sea, and before we reached it we passed into a covered way, built of wood at the sides and arched with iron, and were immured in this, in the ascent, descent, and on the level for four or five miles, I should think; dark, unpleasant d49-6m passages, made worse by the smoke and fumes of the locomotive. These covered ways are absolutely necessary as a protection against avalanches in many places, and against the falls of snow for long distances. Through the chinks of the boards 1 could see the snow piled up high along the way. The summit station is in one of these long sheds, and is gloomy enough. We made the descent more rapidly than the ascent, swinging around the short bends with considerable velocity. The brakes were jammed hard down until I could smell the odor caused by the friction. On the descent I saw the frown-ing forts of Brumont d'Essillon, on peaks high above the abyss through which the Arc foams and roars, con-nected with the road by a thread of a suspension bridge over the gorge, called the Pont du Diable. The forts are being demolished now, under the agree-ment between France and Italy. Lower down, and about ten miles up the Entire Satisfaction mountain from St. Michel, we caught sight of the rubbish at the opening of THE PERFECT OPERATION OF EVERY the great tunnel, which enters the mountain at Fourneau. It is to be eight and a half miles long, and it is

with a drawl and nasal twang in his speech, that a Cape Cod man might envy; and he gave me a great deal of valuable informiation about the road, which I might here impart, if your readers cared for valuable information,

FELL'S RAILWAY OVER THE ALFS. PARIS, April 24.—The railway over Mount Canis, which is a temporary method of transit only until the tunnel is completed, is called the American railway, its inventor, Mr. Fell, who built the one up Mount Washington, being styled an American; and we were promised a ride in real American cars. The time of starting was 7 a na. There was a great crowd of all sorts at the box office, for the perfect French sys-tem has not reached the other side of the Atps), and then we waited till half-past 7 before we were let out to the cars. The train ready to go consisted of an engine and two first-class passenger

and with windows at the sides from which it is difficult to see out when one is squeezed in tight on the seat with his back to them. The cars also are very narrow, the track being only three feet six or seven inches guage, so that they are not much more comfortable than an omnibus. The fare, first class, was twenty-five, second class, twenty-two francs, from Susa to St. Michel, the time occupied in the passage being from four to five hours. The locomotives of these trains are small, compact, and powerful; their trucks, as well as those of the carriages, set well in the middle, so that they can turn very short curves. The track has three rails, one elevated in the centre, Besides its ordinary driving wheels, the locomotive has two horizontal wheels which press this third rail on





I talked with a locomotive driver on our train, by the way (an Englishman, as they all are on this road), who insistas they all are on this road), who insist-ed that Mr. Fell was not an American. He knew him well, lived near him in the north of England, and said he was not an engineer at all, except so far as this invention was concerned, but a dissenting clergyman. He is cer-tainly a dissenter from the ordinary style of railways. The en- 612 4 614 N. Main Street, St. Louis. H. gineer was an excellent specimen of an der am

CHARTER OAK STOVE STOTED IS DECOLULY expected to be completed in 1871. It is no doubt a great and most interesting bore, but if I desired a pleasure trip, I think I should prefer a road of Mr. Fell over the mountain to this hole through

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