# TROLLEYING TO THE JUNG FRAU.

## An Alpine Railroad to be Built Above the Clouds.

## WILL BE 14,000 FEET HIGH.

### LONG A PET DREAM OF GREAT ENGINEERS.

**Over Mighty Glaciers, Through Great Mountains, Spanning Bottomless Precipices to the Hitherto Inaccessible Queen of the Alps.**

[Written for The Herald.]

Ask any Alpine clubman which is the hardest, the most difficult and the most hazardous mountain to ascend, and he will tell you the Jung Frau. Some may say the Matterhorn, perhaps, because the speaker climbed it. There are many men who have risked their lives to get to the top of the Matterhorn and a large number have attempted the task of climbing to the top of the Jung Frau, but mighty few can truthfully say they succeeded. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst ascended the Matterhorn, and likes to tell about it, but it is not on record that he ever climbed the Jung Frau.

Yet on June 5 the herculean task of building an electrical road through, across and over the Alps to this most dangerous mountain will be begun. It is difficult to give any idea of the thousand and one difficulties which obstruct the way of such a project. It will rank with the greatest of engineering feats in the history of the world. The Kiel canal, the Suez canal, the Brooklyn bridge are mere playthings to this great undertaking. It will be the most marvelous in its boldness and grandeur, and as a world-wonder will be second to nothing within the circumference of the earth. Man has never conquered nature to such a degree as will be the case here.

Just imagine a railroad which starts in the clouds a mile and a quarter above the sea level, going through great mountains, skirting along narrow ledges, crossing precipices thousands of feet deep, skimming the peak of a snow-clad forest, plunging through the frozen air and looking down upon great banks of clouds, and all the time going up higher and higher, until the Jung Frau has been reached, 14,000 feet above the level of the sea, or almost three miles straight up in the air. The top of a 300-foot building seems extraordinarily high to most people, but looking down upon the world from a height of 14,000 feet is almost too great for human realization.

The object of making the peak of the Jung Frau, the queen of the Alps, accessible to the vast army of Alpine tourists, as well as to a few daring climbers, was initiated on the 26th of December last, when the national Swiss congress voted the concession for the construction of the road. The company which obtained the concession entrusted the matter to the famous engineer, Adolph Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich. It is not expected that the road will be in operation until the summer of 1900, as it is believed that it will take five years to build.

According to the plans prepared, the railroad will begin at Station Scheidegg, which is 6,500 feet above the sea level. It will run, rising gradually, to the Eiger glacier, at the foot of the famous Eiger wall, and here will begin the tunnel, which will extend, moving in a southerly direction, to the Grindel wood. This tunnel, bored through a solid mountain, will be 8,000 feet in length, or something more than a mile and a half.

The tunnel will come out on the Walliser side of the mountain, and from that point it will extend in a westerly direction over the mountain to Eiger, a distance of 10,000 feet, or nearly two miles. From Eiger to Station Monch, more than half way to the Jung Frau, is another two miles.

After leaving Monch the course of the road is downward for a short distance, for the purpose of gaining the most accessible point for the final ascension to the Jung Frau. At the Griggl glacier will be another station, and from there the road will run to the Berne side of the mountain, bringing it to a height of 12,000 feet above the sea level. Then it will move upward and upward in a semi-circle to make the ascent perpendicular to the Jung Frau, from which can be had the most beautiful view of any of the peak of the Jung Frau an elevator will be constructed, running to an additional height of 200 feet. On the peak will be erected a steel and iron pavilion capable of entertaining 500 people at one time.

The motive power of the road will be electricity, and the cars used will be something on the order of the present trolley, but much larger and stronger and especially constructed to withstand the rigor of mountain work and the climatic severities of such great altitudes. The cars will move slowly, taking two hours for the trip of a trifle less than eight miles. This is done to give the passengers abundant opportunity to drink in the wonderful beauties of the journey and for the additional reason of lessening the chances of the trip proving injurious to the health of tourists. A sudden change into the rarified atmosphere of such a stupendous height as the Jung Frau might prove dangerous to any one afflicted with heart or lung troubles, and the slow journey will give the human system, it is thought, abundant time to adapt itself to the climatic change and make the trip a perfectly safe one for the average tourist.

It is curious to note that when the project of building the road to the Jung Frau was first made it met with most violent opposition, not because of its engineering difficulties, but by reason of sanitary obstacles. Professor Reynard, of Paris, and Professor Kronecker, of Berne, were consulted on the question, and after mature deliberation agreed that healthy people could safely undergo a gradual ascent to the Jung Frau. Persons not accustomed to mountain climates it was agreed should not remain at the top more than two or three hours.

**Physicians Will Be on Hand.**

The concession provides that a corps of physicians shall always be on hand at the starting point, Station Scheidegg, to examine doubtful passengers to see if they have heart or lung trouble, and if so, to prevent them from making the journey.

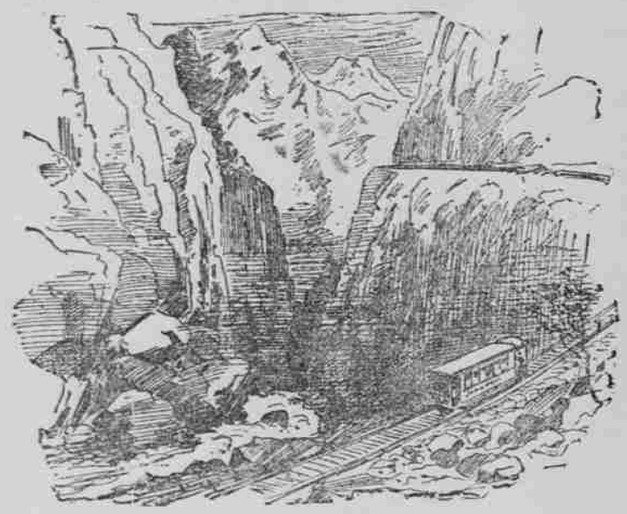
It has also been agreed that the workmen employed on the construction of the road shall be acclimated at the various heights under the guidance of physicians, to prevent any injurious effects.

**Will Be a Famous Tunnel.**

The length of the entire road is to be 1,213 kilometers, or about seven and five-eighth miles, of which five miles will be tunnel. The work of cutting tunnels of such length in mountains above the clouds, will be a great task in itself, and these tunnels will in extent compare favorably with any in the world. The famous Gothard tunnel is something more than eight miles in length, but the difficulties of building it were nothing in comparison to those to be overcome in the Jung Frau road.

The tunnels will be lighted by electricity and abundantly ventilated. The wild glacier stream of the Lauter-Brunner valley will be utilized to supply the power for the dynamo. It is estimated that the road will cost $1,600,000, not a great sum when the intricate magnitude of the work is considered.

It has long been the pet dream of great engineers to build a railroad up to the Jung Frau, and many propositions with that end in view were submitted to the Swiss government. In 1890 the famous engineer, S. Simon, worked out a plan, but upon minute examination it was not deemed practicable. Many other propositions met with the same fate from other sources. It was not until Guyer-Zeller came into the field with a plan that he had spent years upon in completing, that the consent of the government was secured. Guyer-Zeller had, with much labor and risk, gone over the entire route, measuring distances and allowing for dynamic forces and working out the plan which should make the heretofore inaccessible Jung Frau as handy to the tourist as Coney Island is to the New Yorker, and not a whit more dangerous.



UP TO THE JUNG-FRAU.

ROUTE OF THE ROAD.

### GYP REMEMBERED.

"I ain't no Solomon," said Sergeant Baker, "and I don't know how to decide this case."

Frederick Kalkof, saloon keeper, and John Muzzio claimed a spaniel. Muzzio was under arrest; Kalkof had been sent for and escorted through the dense crowd colected in front of the station house. The dog answered to Gyp and Bess without preference and obeyed the commands of both claimants.

"I've got it!" cried Kalkof. "My Gyp will walk on his forefeet. Give me a cane!"

The dog had retired to a corner. Kalkof tapped the hind legs with the cane. The dog ran to another corner. Kalkof followed and tapped the hind legs again. Then Gyp remembered, humped himself and walked on his forefeet.

Everybody shouted. Muzzio laughed, resigned his claim and was released. Even the dog laughed and the crowd outside shouted, too, though it did not know for what.—New York World.

# LINCOLN AND THE INSURRECTION.

## Word of It Carried in the Messenger's Boot.

## PLANS THAT WERE LAID.

### BLACKS WERE TO MAKE A SIMULTANEOUS RISE.

**Rosecrans Consults Garfield—Horace Greeley Taken Into Consideration—How a Project That Would Have Flooded the South with Blood Was Defeated.**

BY JAMES R. GILMORE.
("Edmund Kirke.")
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One day in May, 1863, I was seated in the private office of General Rosecrans at his headquarters in Murfreesborough, Tenn., when Charles R. Thompson, one of his aides, entered the room, and handed him a letter, saying that the bearer was waiting for an answer. Rosecrans opened the letter, and became at once absorbed in its contents. He then asked, "Pompy, what sort of a looking man gave you this?"

"A bright colored mulatto, decently clad, and, I should judge, of more than ordinary intelligence," was the answer.

"Tell him to wait," said the general. He then re-read the letter, and, handing it to me, said, "Read that; tell me what you think of it."

The outside of the letter was worn and leather stained, indicating that it had been pressed between the outer and inner soles of a shoe; but the inside startled me. It was written in a round, unpracticed hand, which, though badly spelled, showed that its author was accustomed to the hearing of good English. The date was May 18, 1863, and it began thus:

**Plan for a Negro Insurrection.**

"General—A plan has been adopted for a simultaneous movement, or rising, to sever the rebel communications throughout the whole south, which is now disclosed by some general in each military department in the Secesh states, in order that they may act in concert, and thus insure success.

"The plan is for the blacks to make a concerted and simultaneous rising on the night of the 1st of August next, over the whole state in rebellion; to arm themselves with any and every kind of weapon that may come to hand, and commence operations by burning all railway and country bridges, tearing up all railroad tracks, and cutting and destroying telegraph wires, and when this is done, take to the woods, the swamps or the mountains, whence they may emerge as occasion may offer, for provisions or for further depredations. No blood is to be shed except in self-defense.

"The corn will be in roasting ear about the 1st of August, and upon this, and by foraging on the farms at night, we can subsist. Concerted movement at the time named would be successful, and the rebellion be brought suddenly to an end."

The letter went on with some other details and ended as follows: "The plan will be a simultaneous rising over the whole south, and yet few of all engaged will know of its full extent. Please write 'I' and 'Approved,' and send by the bearer, that we may know you are with us.

"Be assured, General, that a copy of this letter has been sent to every military department in the rebel states, that the time of movement may be general over the entire south."

**Rosecrans Consults Garfield.**

As I finished the letter the General asked, "What do you think of it?"

I answered: "It would end the rebellion. Co-operated in by our forces it would certainly succeed; but—the south would run with blood.

"Innocent blood! Women and children!"

"Yes, women and children. If you let the blacks loose, they will rush into carnage like horses into a burning barn. St. Domingo would be multiplied by a million."

"He says no blood is to be shed except in self defense."

"He says so, and the leaders may mean so, but they could not restrain the rabbles. Every slave has some real or fancied wrong, and he would take such a time to scourge it."

"Well, I must talk with Garfield. Come, go with me."

We crossed the street to General Garfield's lodgings, where he was bolstered up in bed, just recovering from a fever. Rosecrans sat down on the foot of the bed and handed him the letter. Garfield read it over carefully and then laying it down, said: "It would never do, General. We don't want to whip by such means."

"I knew you would say so," said Rosecrans, "but he speaks of other department commanders—may they not come into it?"

"Yes, they may, and that should be looked to. Mr. Gilmore tells me that he goes home today. Send by him this letter to the president and let him head off the movement. He can do it, restraining the department commanders. Without their support it would soon fall through."

**Letter Hidden in the Messenger's Boot.**

It was not thought prudent to intrust the letter to the mails, nor with the railway infested with John Morgan's men and confederate guerillas, was it a safe document to carry about the person. If I should be captured and searched, and that was found upon me—with no attending proof to show the use of it that was intended—a short shrift and a long rope would be my way to glory. So, ripping open the top of my boot, I stowed it snugly away in the lining, and then having a shoemaker soldier nicely restore the broken stitches, I took it with me to Washington.

In a couple of days in a private interview, I submitted the insurrectionary letter to Mr. Lincoln. He read it over thoughtfully and then asked: "Is not this a hoax?"

I answered that at first I thought it was, however, it bore so many marks of genuineness—its style, just that of an uneducated negro, who had gathered a certain kind of oral culture from intercourse with the whites, but not the ability to express himself correctly in writing, and the leather stains upon the envelope—these looked so genuine that it seemed to me it would not be safe to treat it as counterfeit.

"Well," he said, "it does have a genuine look. What do Rosecrans and Garfield think of it?"

I told him.

"And they want me to put my foot upon it?"

"They do, most decidedly; they urge its having immediate attention. They think the country would be seriously compromised if the project were for a moment countenanced."

"They are right, and I will give it immediate attention. You may write them to that effect."

**Horace Greeley Consulted.**

This was late in May, and early in June I received a letter from Garfield dated the 4th inst., of which the following is an extract: "I am clearly of opinion that the negro project is every way bad, and should be repudiated, and, if possible, thwarted. If the slaves should, of their own accord, rise and assert their original rights to themselves, and cut their way through rebeldom, that is their own affair; but the government could have no complicity with it without outraging the sense of justice of the civilized world. We should create great sympathy for the rebels abroad, and God knows they have too much already. I hope you will ventilate the whole thing in the Tribune and show that the government and people disavow it."

I was at that time an editorial writer on the New York Tribune, and accordingly I submitted General Garfield's letter to Horace Greeley and Sidney Howard Gay, the latter the managing editor, in succession to Hon. Charles A. Dana. This I did, as I felt in duty bound to give them all important information, but not because I desired to then make the publication. Both urged it, but I said "The matter is now in the hands of Mr. Lincoln. It might interfere with his plans, if it should be prematurely published. However, I will write him at once."

His reply is now in the Historical Library of the Johns Hopkins university at Baltimore. It was in a letter from his private secretary, John G. Nicolay, dated June 14, 1863. So much of it as refers to this subject is as follows: "The president has no objection whatever to your publishing what you propose concerning the negro insurrection, provided you do not in any way connect his name with it."

**Commanders Favor the Insurrection**

Before the arrival of this reply from the president, I received another letter from General Garfield, in which he said: "The negro scheme of which we talked has been pressed upon us again, and the letter asserts that five out of our nine department commanders have approved it. Another letter, received yesterday, says one more department has gone into it, and that the scheme is being rapidly and thoroughly perfected, and the blow will certainly be struck."

This last letter convinced me that no time was to be lost, and after conferring again with Messrs. Greeley and Gay, I decided to go on to Washington, to show Mr. Lincoln the necessity for prompt action and to gain from him such other facts as would be prudent to make public.

**A Talk with Lincoln.**

The president read the two letters of Garfield in his quiet, thoughtful way, and then moving his one leg from where it dangled across the other, he said emphatically, "That Garfield is a trump—there is no discount upon that."

Not being in a mood to listen to an eulogy upon Garfield, or any one else, I hastily assented, and was about to ask him what he had done about the negro project, when he went on: "Do you know—that job of his on the big Sandy was the neatest thing that has been done in the war. It's something to have been born in a log shanty."

"And to have split rails," I rejoined, laughing.

"Yes," he answered, "and I'll bet Garfield has done that."

"I don't know about his having done it, but his mother has—she told me so herself."

"Is that so?" he said, smiling. "That accounts for Garfield—he had a good mother."

Then subsiding into a serious mood, he added, "Now about that negro business. As Garfield says, it is bad every way, and we can't afford it. I think I have put my foot upon it."

"And are you disposed to give me any inside facts for publication in the Tribune? I might suppress the names of the six department commanders, if you thought it advisable."

"I've been thinking on that subject. I guess we had better say nothing whatever just yet. You see, I have scotched the snake, not actually killed it. When it is dead will be time enough to preach its funeral sermon."

"And you will let me know when you are ready for the sermon."

He promised to do so and soon the interview ended.

I do not assert that this projected insurrection was not, what Mr. Lincoln at first surmised it might be, a hoax. I simply affirm that Generals Rosecrans and Garfield—and soon Mr. Lincoln also—believed it to be a real danger which threatened the south with all the horrors of St. Domingo. But, whether the danger was real or not, the action of the president and of the others who had connection with this projected insurrection has the same character of genuine human kindness towards the south.

All know that the insurrection did not take place, and I have always doubted if the conspiracy was so widespread and universal as it was supposed to be by the subordinate leader who wrote the letters to Rosecrans.

The uprising was fixed for the first of August, and serious outbreaks occurred among the blacks in Georgia and Alabama in September. May not those have been the work of subordinate leaders who, maddened at the miscarriage of the main design, were determined to carry out their part of the programme at all hazards?

Mr. Lincoln was disinclined to talk about the part he took in the affair. The last he said to me upon the subject was a short time before his death, when he said: "Some time, when I have a little leisure I will tell you the whole of that story." The assassin's bullet cut short the story.

### HAVING A TOOTH FILLED.

**The Dentist's Playful Proceedings Described By a Customer.**

The doctor stretched my mouth open until he could see my heart beat; then he said: "I think we can save the tooth." Running a long, inquisitive wire into the tooth to a depth of about sixteen inches, he stirred up something known as a "nerve." In response to my fervent yell, he asked: "Does that hurt?" I wiped the tears out of my eyes and said, simply: "Yes." Then he got some Zahn-Arixt crowbars and pried here and there at the tooth, occasionally waking up that cussed nerve, which had been growling ever since at its unceremonious handling. Then he said: "We will have to kill the nerve first and fill the tooth afterward."

"How long will that take?" I asked, anxiously.

"Oh, you can't tell about that," he replied; "you can have it pulled if you prefer it," he added.

I went to the glass and smiled at myself. It was as I feared; if that tooth was yanked out my smile was ruined.

There is nothing so unpleasant as a foreshortened smile. The absence of a tooth at either end of it gives it a wolfish character. A tooth out of the center of a smile simply wrecks it. No, I could not afford to have that tooth pulled.

Stimulated then by the strongest ingredient in the male character, viz: vanity, I resolved to take my medicine, and so the pact was made.

I began to make regular trips to his office, and soon became inured to scenes that at first chilled the glad blood in my veins, and caused the soft and significant goose-pimples to start from my flesh at a trumpet call. People with a strained expression of countenance met there, and the doctor's little room, which I had mentally named the chamber of horrors, re-echoed with groans, yells and imprecations. And yet he was a gentle-hearted man. He did not revel in those pandemonium of whoops and sobs, but the stern necessities of dentistry compelled them.

His instruments of torture, called by courtesy dental tools, were many and varied. He was very skilful in his profession, and when he took a job he did it in first-class style. The dental tools are simply copies in miniature of articles used in the Spanish inquisition and on refractory prisoners in the tower of London. There are monkey-wrenches, raspers, files, gougers, cleavers, picks, squeezers, drills, daggers, little crowbars, punches, chisels, pincers, and long wire feelers prehensile, palpitating tips, that can reach down through the roots of a throbbing tooth and fish up a yell from your inner consciousness. When a painstaking dentist cannot hurt you with the cold steel, he lights a small alcohol lamp and heats one of his little spades red hot, and hovers over you with an expectant smile.

Then he deftly inserts this into your mouth, and when you give a yell he says: "Does that hurt?"

Well, the first thing to do was to kill the nerve. The nerve is a long, starved angle-worm growth that starts in the tooth somewhere and grows down and up with three distinct tentacles or feelers. One of these connects with your brain, one with your heart, and the other with your soul. Every time the nerve is touched an electric shock goes to each of these terminal points, and you feel as if you had been shot, stabbed and burned with a hot iron, at one and the same time.

The doctor toyed with this nerve of mine for some weeks. Whenever the combination was made I used to kick out with one foot and cry, "Ow!" or grab his hand and say, appealingly, "Oh! don't." Then he would say, "We won't hurt you."

Sometimes he would lull me into a fancied security, and I would be counting 300 or saying to myself, "Even this will pass away," when all of a sudden 4,000 rattlesnakes would dart their venom into me simultaneously, a hundred mules would kick me, a score of bumble-bees would sock their stingers into me, and the world would come to an end. Then I would know he had stepped on my boss nerve with the "teaser." The "teaser" is the boss "feeler," it being fine as a horsehair, and of the most undoubted yell-producing power.

After a long while the nerve capitulated. I had lost eleven pounds in the process, but a great gain had been made. The tooth was now as tender as a mush and milk poultice, and even to tickle it with an ostrich tip would produce exquisite agony. He used to soothe it from time to time with various lotions, and finally he began to quarry out the dead bone a little. This was grewsome work, for there were tender places all over the tooth as thick as spots on a leopard, and every time he jammed a chisel into one of them I almost fainted. I was kept in a continuous cold sweat for weeks thinking about it before I went, going through with it while I was at the office and thinking about it after I had left.

After he had amused himself by digging and blasting out a lot of little galleries in the upper part of the tooth, he began to "treat" the root apertures.

This is a most ingenious and refined cruelty, and by some dentists is preferred even to nerve killing. The process is to first feel around with the "teaser" on the sensitive roots; next put a little cotton dipped in carbolic or nitric acid, creosote or turpentine around the "teaser" and stick it away down into the same place. This hurts powerfully. It cleanses the roots of impurities, though. A lighted match would be less painful, but the aperture is not large enough to admit one. After this some cotton filling is stuffed in, and you are told to come back in three days. That night you wake at 12 o'clock with your "soul in arms and eager for the fray." You dig out all the filling and pace up and down the room, saying at intervals:

"Oh, Gosh! why didn't I have it pulled?" Then you go back and the treatment is renewed. The doctor varied the upper filling by putting in hard rubber filling after awhile. This is put in soft and hot, and hardens when it gets cold.

When you wake up with this hurting you at night you can't get it out. A red hot hair pin may get some of it out, but you are liable to glance off and get your gums in the sere, and yellow. So you generally recoup by taking the Lord's name, as some say, in vain, but it soothes you, anyhow.

When the roots are ready to fill a gladsome joy pervades your entire system. The birds sing, the skies are bright, roses bloom, men and women are better, the whole world has changed in the twinkling of an eye. The day the roots are filled you go home and kiss your mother and eat your supper on both sides of your mouth. For, mark you, when a tooth is being filled, the jaw it adorns is practically sidetracked until the crucifixion is over.

The last scene in the drama was when the doctor put in the top filling. The roots had already been plugged with a red putty, which had hardened into a regular tooth cement. I lay back in the chair, and the tap, tap of the hammer and punch sounded as melodious as Joaquin Miller's line of A wood-pecker pounded a pine-knot shell.

I was rapt in a dream of delicious joy. Not like some of my acquaintances, would I be forced to launch myself into society with a fragmentary, misfit smile. No, indeed. And when the whole thing was through I shook the doc's hand, and he told me that he had never meant all along to so kill me by inches, but that dentistry was dentistry.

Then I went to the glass and smiled. Veni, vidi, vici.—Chicago Herald.

### CLASS IN ETHNOLOGY.

Teacher—Who were the three sons of Noah?

The class—Shem, Ham and Japheth.

Teacher—Where did the descendants of Shem settle?

The class—In Asia.

Teacher—Where did the children of Japheth settle?

The Class—In Europe.

Teacher—Where did the children of Ham settle?

Bright boy (after a pause)—My father says they're all on the stage.—Boston Transcript.


WHAT GIVES THE STEARNS AND SMALLEY BICYCLES THEIR GREAT REPUTATION

With the experienced riders? has been asked. The answer is that these bicycles retain their value after use, as witness the fact that the Stearns wheels of 1894 make, after having been used for a whole year, sold for $85.00 and $90.00, and this price was paid when the new '95 machines could be bought for $100. Buy a Stearns or Smalley and you have the best. You have a bicycle that is worth $100—that is not sold for less than $100; that you can get very close to what you paid for after you ride it a year.

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