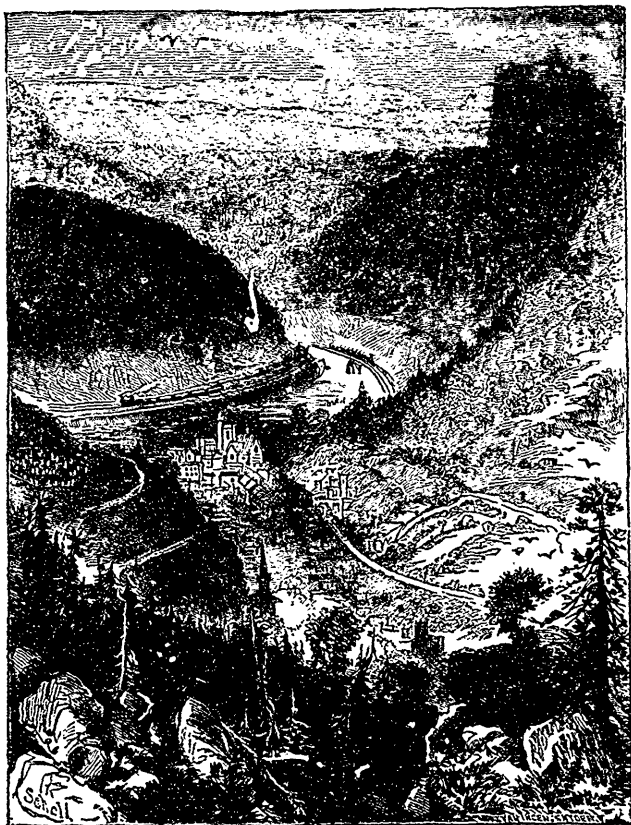


up—up—up. Now we begin to look down on the tree-tops, and the landscape below seems to be slowly but steadily receding. We speedily traverse two thousand three hundred and twenty-two feet of track, and, reaching the summit, are in reality eight hundred and sixty-four feet higher than our starting-point.



LEHIGH VALLEY, MAUCH CHUNK, PENN.

*Looking South from Mount Pisgah.*

Passing over a trestle-work spanning a wild ravine, we alight and follow a winding footpath to a still higher point—the Pavilion, where, from an observatory, we may look down upon a view than which certainly none more grand could be wished for by mortal eye. Away to the south, through Lehigh Gap, we