

just ripe and ready for picking. We continued gathering them until the engineer blew the whistle as a signal for starting. Some one now passed around, and asked for our respective names, which appeared in print an hour later, in a paper published on the summit, having the pretentious title "Among the clouds." Scanning the names on his list, we found that Mr. Wheeler, Vice-President of the United States was in our car, and we soon engaged him in conversation. He was accompanied by his sister, and another lady, and turned out to be a very plain and unassuming gentleman, chatting unconstrainedly with our whole party. At Mr. Leve's suggestion I handed him a programme of our trip, which seemed to interest him greatly, as he asked many questions regarding it. When about half way up the mountain, we obtained a splendid view of the surrounding country, which was soon shut out, however, by the dense fog into which we plunged, and which continued to the top.

Vegetation also grew scarcer, and gradually every shrub disappeared, leaving nothing but mosses and the bare rocks;—it also became quite cold, compelling the gentlemen to closely button their overcoats, while the ladies were glad enough to envelop themselves in their shawls and capes. At last, after passing up "Jacob's Ladder," which is the steepest part of the mountain, and on which a rude pile of immense boulders alone marks the spot where a young lady, named Lizzie Bourne, miserably perished, by making a fatal mis-step, the summit was reached, 6400 feet above the level of the valley. We entered the Summit Hotel, a two story frame house, which was anchored to the ground by two immense cables, and found a bright, open wood fire crackling cheerfully, whose benefits we were not slow to enjoy. A visit to the United States Signal Observatory, situated about thirty yards distant from the hotel, was next in order, but, as the wind was blowing at the rate of forty miles an hour, we—particularly the ladies,—had some difficulty