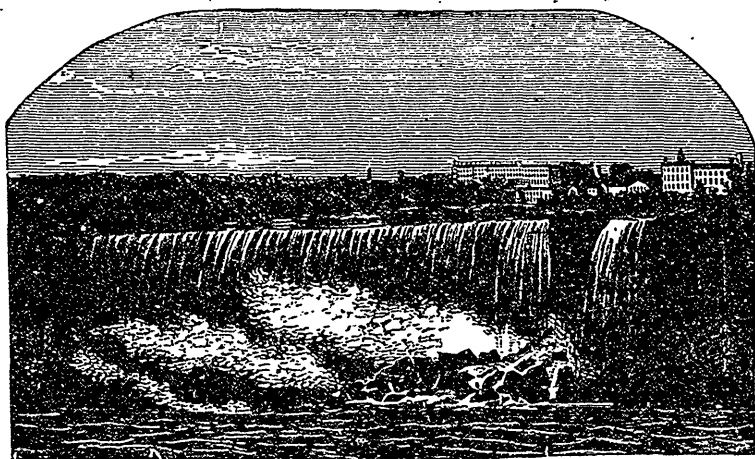


puts his watch and money in a tin box, which he locks and fastens the key to his girdle. A straw hat is tied firmly on the head, and felt sandals on the feet, to prevent slipping on the rocks or wooden steps.

Now, accompanied by a sturdy guide, we go down a winding stair, from whose loop-holes we catch glimpses of the cliff rising higher and higher as we descend. We are soon at the foot of the stairway, and follow a beaten path over the broken *débris* which, during immemorial ages, has formed a rocky ledge at the base of the cliff. We at length reach the grand portal of the "Cave of the Winds." It is a mighty arch, nearly a hundred and fifty feet high—one side formed of overhanging cliff, and



THE AMERICAN FALL—FROM THE CANADA SIDE.

the other of the majestic sweep of the fall. The latter seems like a solid wall of water many feet thick, glossy green at the top, but so shattered and torn near the bottom that it is a snowy white. Beneath this portal we pass. A long, steep stairway, covered with a green confervoid growth, leads down into a dim abyss of spray and deafening noise. Now the benefit of the felt sandals is felt; without them we would assuredly slip and fall. Firmly clinging to the arm of the guide, we go down, it seems almost into the heart of the earth. Great fragments of the seething cataract—not mere drops, but what seem to be solid *chunks* of water, rent from the main body—are hurled down with catapult-like violence, upon our heads. The air is filled