

ains (mountains so steep and high their tops are not discernable from the car windows) in such short curves that we can see the engine attached to our train as plainly as if it belonged to another, and we sway to the right and left in our seats continually.

Sometimes we plunged into long tunnels, the smoke and steam from the engine rendering the darkness still more intense, to find a lamp in the middle of the car lighted, and by-and-by come to understand that when this acceptable service is rendered, another plunge into darkness is close at hand; when we emerge into the light we can see, from the door of the last car (in which we are sitting), how grand was the mountain through whose base we have passed.

And now we drive swiftly into a deep cut, where the rocks are in such close proximity we could touch them with our hands, and where the sky is not visible, beginning the ascent of a high mountain, whose name we did not learn, making a circuit of 16 miles round and round the mountain to accomplish what on the level would have been but 4—so a brakeman informs us. We have two engines ahead, and fear is entertained that some of the chains which bind us to the strong propelling power will be broken, and we be precipitated into the valley below. Indeed to those who are unaccustomed to a mountainous country, the experience is somewhat startling, for up and still up higher we are moving at a rapid rate, and at last have reached the summit, which, we are informed, is three thousand feet above the level of the sea. Shall not soon forget the view of river and valley and city, and in the distance mountains again, one vast panorama, whose scenes were constantly changing; sometimes a city would be at our right hand, and in a few minutes the same place would be at our left, but still further away down in the valley below.

Other roads were also cut in the sides of the mountain, and coal trains, with over 100 short coal cars, would be

seen winding, like a long many jointed red snake, with smoke and steam issuing from its black head. A little further on we stop in front of a large hotel, where 400 guests may be accommodated. We have traveled 20 miles to reach the summit, and must over 14 more before the valley is reached, running down the mountain at the rate of 40 miles an hour, the grade being so steep it needs no steam to take us there.

Were wishing for a longer time to enjoy this new experience, because we were "up in the world" higher than ever before; still, felt relieved, when once more on a level with the generality of mankind.

We passed coal mines, indicated by what I called a derrick at the mouth, for the conveyance of the coal to the surface and sending it down to the valley below, and by the large quantities of refuse which was piled in every available spot, quite large hills being formed of that alone. Further on we pass great mills, where iron ore is utilized, the rocks in some of the smaller streams being covered with what looked like iron rust, and in some streams the water was black.

At Glen Onoko there is an hotel set down in a spot just large enough to hold it and the lawn, being hemmed in on every side by the "everlasting hills."

At Mauch Chunk, which, from the grandure of its scenery has been called the Switzerland of America—we long for ability to describe—but our pencil is commonplace, and we must be content. One mountain at our left is cone shape, large at the base and gradually growing smaller toward the top, seeming to be perfectly rounded; this, also, is covered with evergreens hiding the rock and stone. We also passed both slate and stone quarries, many large specimens of slate and flagstone being in sight. But still further south the farms are looking finely, field after field as far as the eye can reach being under cultivation, rising one above the other in some places, and white farm houses with their flat roofed barns in close