

steps, which lead up to it. This is the highest gallery in the cave and marks the first bed of the extinct river. I would like to take you down this beautiful avenue, about 20 or 30 feet wide and 20 feet high, and rich in interesting places, but it is not a part of the long route. The guide cries out "Follow on," after he thinks we have seen the entrance to Gothic avenue and the ledge of rock on which Edwin Booth recited selections from Shakespeare, when he visited the cave, some years ago. "Ball-room" is announced and we halt. Really, man could not prepare a more attractive spot for keeping time to good music. How invigorating the air, how clear and pure it seems! Our spirits are up and we are experiencing some subtle influence unknown in the world outside. We are full of energy. The guide can scarcely keep us behind him. We wonder, why it is. He tells us this is a characteristic of the cave, and that it is no uncommon thing for persons, almost unable to walk a mile outside, to make the long trip, 18 miles, without a complaint. As we walk on, we pass the four "Standing Rocks," each about 20 feet long, 4 feet thick, 8 feet high, standing on its edge. A few yards farther on and all are told to stand and listen. "What do you hear?" A veritable clock, tick—tick—tick. This is the clock of the cave. It is caused by a constant dropping of water into a small cavity. The drop falls only a few inches, but the rocks are so arranged about it, that the sound seems increased in volume and can be heard quite a distance from it. Now comes the "Grand Arch" 50 feet high and 60 wide. At this point the guide takes out of his bag what seems to be a large bag saturated with oil, he lights it, and carries it on the end of his stick. This blazing torch illumines the royal archway with fine effect. As soon as this is burnt down, he takes from another bag a small parcel of prepared chemicals, ignites it and leaves it upon a rock. As it burns the grand arch is lit up with glowing splendor. We were delighted with the torch, but words now fail us to express the effect of the Bengal light illuminating this regal avenue.

Telling us to proceed a little further to a notice "Stop Here," he returns a short distance—our lights are put out, and we await further developments. A whistle indicates that we are to look back, and lo! there we see a magnificent statue of "Martha Washington." This marvellous object of interest is produced by