

made to "Beecher's Cascade," a pretty little waterfall, found about one thousand feet from the hotel. Here, when in the mountains, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Brooklyn's famous pastor, is wont to pass his time, speculating probably about "Man's Inhumanity to Man," or, whiling away his leisure hours by reading "Somebody Else's Darling."

Then we again took seats in the cars, and after a half hour's ride, we reached the Fabyan House, where according to programme, we were to dine. Although the sun was shining brightly, the tops of the mountains were shrouded in mist and fog, which sometimes lifted for a moment.

Some one of the party proposed a trip to the top of Mount Washington, and after consulting Mr. Leve whether we would thereby miss our connection, and being by him informed that our proposed excursion would not in the least interfere with his programme, further than that we would have to dine on the mountain top, instead of at the Fabyan House, we, with the exception of two of our party, made ready to go. A ten minutes ride in the steam cars, and we found ourselves at the base of Mt. Washington, where we changed cars. There were two locomotives in waiting, each attached to one passenger coach. The locomotive was a queer looking machine and seemed ready to fall to pieces;—it was attached behind our car, and really pushed us up the mountain. The track, also, was something unusual, having besides the two outer rails a sort of cog-rail in the centre, in which a small wheel in the locomotive worked, and which acted as a very effective brake. This is made necessary by the steep incline, and prevents the train from slipping down.

We started, and soon left the valley far below us;—about one-third of the way up we stopped for water, and the gentlemen of the party took advantage of the opportunity to alight. We soon discovered that we were in the midst of a wild raspberry patch, which luckily, were