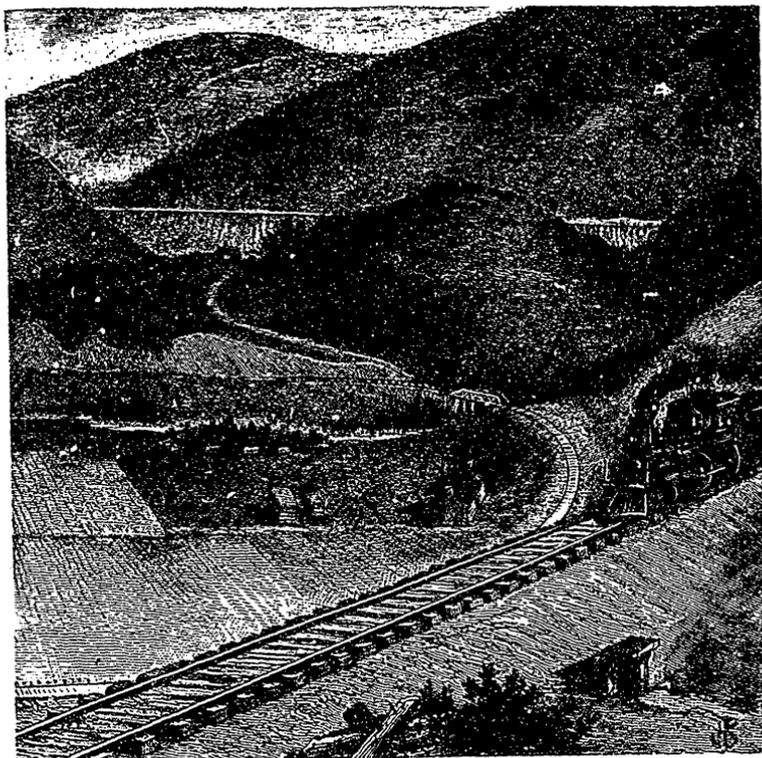


to discover the route above, his eyes penetrate into some deep gorge when he sees the thread-like track over which he has already come. The train rolls easily along from ridge to ridge, and circling the knobs and dodging the coves like a thing of life, but ever ascending higher and higher until with a bound it plunges into the tunnel through which it burrows under the gap, and after a moment's suspense emerges into the light of



FOUR PARALLEL TRACKS, NEAR ROUND KNOB.

day on the western slope of the Blue Ridge. The first long whistle of the engine is echoed down the streams which flow to the Mississippi, instead of the Atlantic, and the conductor announces "Black Mountain Station."

The eager passenger looks to see the lofty mountain peak which rises above all others east of the "Rockies." If the day be clear, his curiosity will be gratified, but "clouds and dark-

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