

Road winding for hundreds of miles around the mountains, over torrents and under cliffs, bridging rivers and climbing rocky walls; I wanted to tell you about Mount Baker which seventy miles distant shone like silver in the brilliant sun, and of ever so many other things; but I have already overrun my time and space.

Six hundred miles of scenery is too much to be taken at one dose, or given in one telling, and the half has not been told. H.

A TRIP TO THE MOUNTAINS.

There is, perhaps, no spot on this side of the Atlantic ocean that can evoke more legendary lore than the Hudson and its surroundings. While sailing up the river in one of her most elegantly equipped steamers, it seemed as though every wave that lashed our sides was but striking the lyre of the past. The Hudson's charming historian appeared upon the horizon of our thoughts, and as we approached the Catskill Mountains the memory of Rip Van Winkle became so vivid that we saw, or seemed to see him as he trudged up the mountain side with dog and gun.

Through the pen of Irving, our gentle stream has become immortalized, and awakens more interest in the passing traveller because of its undying songs.

A week spent in the Catskill was time profitably utilized. The sublimity of nature, the multitudinous mountains, as they roll one upon another, fill the soul with an unspeakable grandeur.

The Overlook Mountain Tower presents one of the grandest views in the world. From this elevation we can look over an unbroken space of 32 thousand square miles, including the new Albany Capitol and the principal mountains in several states. The road which winds up to this dizzy height, is in places almost perpendicular. But as our horse conveyed us near the top; the unlimited river and

the redolence of the mountain balsam seemed to add our courage until we reached the summit. Our return trip over the other side of the mountain gave us a more extended view of the entire chain. We roamed around in such a circuitous route that the passing traveller would totally fail in keeping the points of the compass. For miles and miles we drove over roads made of broken flag-stones and often over positive rocks, where a native of this country would have pandered long ere he ventured with his light carriage.

Weary and worn we returned to our boarding place where a refreshing sleep restored our shattered nerves and overstrained eyes to their normal condition. Sleep is indeed nature's sweet restorer, and I am not sure but what the mountain air was so conducive to slumber that I might have passed a cycle with "Old Rip."

As the time approaches for our departure we feel a peculiar endearment for those scenes haunted by the poet's song, and it is with mingled feelings that we say farewell.

On my homeward journey I spent an accidental day in Cornwall. A "sister in trouble," like myself, having both of us to wait for evening trains, started off to inspect the town. We wandered up the drive-way leading to the spacious residence of E. P. Roe, the American Novelist, who has since my visit gone to his last home. A little further on we came to the dwelling of Dr. Abbott, the successor in the pulpit to Henry Ward Beecher. So the day passed very agreeably and when evening came I could not but hail it as a partial success.

In order to get the most effective view of a picture, stand back from it a while, and gaze on it from a distance. So with home, take a tour from home and when you return you see it in more glaring colors than you ever saw it before, you can almost feel the enthusiasm of William Tell on his return to Switzerland.

ELLA WEEKS.