

We went up an immense wide avenue called "Broadway," then came to the "Rotunda," "The Theatre," "The Methodist Church" (with a natural pulpit), and then to the natural altar, where a romantic marriage took place some years ago.

A girl had promised under great pressure that she "would not marry any man on the face of the earth."

So she took her *fiancé* into the caves, and they were married *hére*.

Three pillars, formed by the meeting of stalactites and stalagmites, make a very natural-looking altar, and many cards are left here, showing that other couples have followed suit.

A rather pretty custom is adopted in these cases of dedicating cairns or heaps of stones to the different states in America or foreign countries dear to respective tourists. A card or piece of wood indicates the state or country.

I put a stone on "Massachusetts" for the sake of dear old Boston.

There was a very big heap for "England," to which, of course, we added, and another for Scotland. The habit is useful as well as sentimental, for it keeps the tracks clear.

I need not enumerate the various "points" shown