

meadow sloped up to a belt of balsams and firs, a steep rocky knob, and climbing that on foot we stood upon the summit of Mount Mitchell at one o'clock. The summit is a nearly level spot of some thirty or forty feet in extent either way, with a floor of rock and loose stones. The sweep of the



ROYAL GORGE, AS SEEN NEAR "LICK LOG" TUNNEL.

prospect is vast. Portions of six States were in sight. What we saw, wherever we looked, was an inextricable tumble of mountains—domes, peaks, ridges, endless and countless, everywhere, some in shadow, some tipped with shafts of sunlight, all wooded and green or black, and all in more softened contours than our Northern hills, but still wild, lonesome,