

A VISIT TO THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

To one who has never visited the White Mountains and seen the wonder and grandeur of their lofty heights a description by an eyewitness may seem exaggerated. As I wished to see them from the best possible points, I decided to take the Maine Central railroad. Leaving Boston one fine afternoon in July, we proceeded by the B. & M. to the town of North Conway in New Hampshire, in order to make connection with the M. C. After staying over night in this pretty village, which is quite a summer resort, we took the M. C. train next morning for Crawford's, a ride of about an hour and a half. Speeding along we passed Intervale, Glen, and Bartlett, the last station before we began to ascend the mountains. Here the engine was taken off, and a heavier one, with better climbing powers, substituted.

The day being fine an open observation car was attached, in which, comfortably seated, we pulled out of Bartlett at 7.30 a.m. To Sawyer's River, a distance of five miles, we ran at full speed, there being nothing of importance to necessitate our travelling slowly. Then gradually we approach and enter the hills. Behind and above them is seen height rising upon height, outlined clearly against the sky, and seeming to make a connection between earth and heaven. Wonderful are these piles of granite, which have given to this state its name—the "Granite State."

Suddenly rounding a curve we enter into the mountains and our sightseeing begins. On our left, but a few feet from us, a huge mass towers above us. Looking down to our right we are almost shocked to find that the track runs along a shelf cut into the side of the solid rock. Upward we go to Avalanche, passing a couple of sawmills which are doing a thriving business. Here in a slight depression the train stopped at a tank to take water. Improving the opportunity some of us get off and learn that the name Avalanche was given to this place because some years since a huge mass of snow rolled down the mountain side and striking a summer hotel at the base completely demolished it, with the exception of a small porch. Luckily the inmates were in this part and so escaped.

The spot upon which I stood while this house was pointed