

lowers and you have to proceed with your head bent well to one side. A few moments and you are in "Grecian Bend Avenue," where everyone is constrained to assume a somewhat grotesque bend. The way is quite wide, so that if the party numbers twenty or thirty, its members present a very laughable appearance, as they walk along, some making a much more graceful bend than others.

Next comes "Fat Man's Misery." You draw in your breath as you enter a tortuous path, 235 feet long with eight bends and only one and a half feet wide. There is room enough to be erect, and you are congratulating yourself on this happy change from the bend just passed, when "Tall Man's Misery" is sounded along from tourist to tourist. The sides of the narrow cut have met about 4 or 5 feet above the path and down you must come, to get along. This is not easily done. But what of the next—"Every Man's Misery." Tall and stout, thick and thin, are in misery now. You are about to give up in despair. Some are gasping out, "Guide is this long?" "I'm done for. This gets away with everything." At this critical moment of suspense when you are really finding it exceedingly hard work, a pleasing sound falls upon your ear announcing the arrival of the guide at "Great Relief," a beautiful hall, where all take a needed rest, while discussing the "awful" pathway just left behind. A few minutes and we are on the way, walking along a beautiful avenue for some distance, known as "River Hill." As we go along our attention is called to the incrustations overhead, "Odd-Fellows' Links," "Atlantic Cable" and the "Bacon Chamber" to the right. In a few moments we are skirting the "Dead Sea," a gloomy body of water to the left, fifty feet below. Down a hill we pass, take a good view of the sea, then climb quite a steep grade and down on the "Natural Bridge," crossing the "River Styx." Up an incline, then down ninety-two steps and skirt "Lake Lethe" with cliffs along the side ninety feet high. Now cross the head of it, on a narrow bridge, and enter upon the "Long Walk" one-third of a mile—a magnificent sight when illuminated. At the end of this we find the "Echo River." Here we see several boats capable of carrying twenty persons each, and sail out upon the gloomy looking water for nearly a mile. At different points along the river, varying from twenty