clouds pass away and Nick is with us once more.

We have now gone as far as we are to go in the main cave. So, turning back, we retrace our steps as far as the Vestibule, ascend a flight of steps and enter the Gothic Gallery. On either side of the path we see monuments of loose stones which bear various inscriptions. Nearly every state in the Union and almost all the countries of Europe are represented by these piles, which have grown and are growing by the addition made by visitors. Even some of the colleges are represented, among them Harvard, Yale, and the Institute. Now we stop before a group of stalactites, the altar of the Gothic Chapel. Several marriages have taken place here, the first being decidedly romantic. It seems that the bride's mother in this case was much opposed to her daughter's marriage; so much so that she made her promise never to marry her lover on the face of the earth. By being married in the Gothic Chapel she managed to keep the letter of her promise to her mother and keep, too, her engagement to her lover.

On we tramp, still in Gothic Avenue, until we come to Lake Purity. And now, once more we retrace our steps, this time to the Giant's Coffin. Behind this we find a small opening, through which we pass into the Wooden Bowl room, so called, because long ago a bowl of Indian origin was found there. Passing down steps from here, we come to the Side Saddle pit, which derives its name from the shape of an overhanging rock. This pit, by actual measurement, is sixty-five feet deep, while above it a dome adds thirty-five feet more, making in all one hundred feet from top to bottom.

After passing up and down several flights of stairs, through a narrow passage, the Labyrinth, Nick cries "Halt," and we stop before a narrow, window-like opening in the rock. Peering in we can see, in spite of the darkness, that it is another combined pit and dome. Nick tells us that this is Gorin's Dome. Leaving us, he goes to another opening and drops through it blue lights and paper saturated with oil. By the bright light thus produced we can see the bottom, one hundred feet below us, while by straining our eyes we imagine we see the top, which is a like distance above us. It is a sight which holds even the most careless spell-bound for the time, and if nothing else was to be seen, would amply repay a long journey. We are in the region of pits and domes. There are six or seven at least, within a short distance of each other. They serve, as shafts in a mine, to connect the several very distinct levels in the cave.

Retracing our steps, we come to the Bottomless pit, which Nick gravely informs us is called so because it has a bottom. It is fully one hundred feet in depth. On we go through Revellers' Hall and Penseco Avenue, to Grand Crossing, where two avenues of goodly size cross one another at right angles, one about ten feet higher than the other. From here we go through the Valley of Humility, the ceiling of which is so low that a tall man feels his backbone gradually becoming tied into a bow-knot, as it were, from the continued stooping. The passage narrows, but grows higher. At last, in Fat Man's Misery, it has narrowed to eighteen inches. This name then needs no explanation. The fattest man who ever passed through here weighed two hundred and eighty pounds. He managed, with the aid of his guide's muscle, to go through safely. But now we enter Great Relief, and our backs unbend. We tramp on, along the banks of the river Styx, until it disappears again in the rocky walls. These underground streams have no perceptible current, being merely back water of Green River, which flows near the caves. Returning to Great Relief on our way out of the cave, we find, to our joy, that we shall not have to be humble again, as there is another way out. We begin to go up, almost perpendicularly, over ladders and rocks, until we get about one hundred and fifty feet higher than we were at the base of this little mountain. Then, in like manner we descend, watching every step lest we go headlong. To our surprise we find ourselves on familiar