to take photographs on the way. We went by carriage the first ten miles as a "starter," and then set out on foot, rather heavily loaded with our packs and photographic outfit. Our plan was to make the ascent of Mt. Washington by path through Tuckerman's Ravine, made by the Appalachian Mountain Club, and to camp over night in a log-hut built by the club in the ravine for the free use of such wayfarers as we.

We visited Glen Ellis, with its fine cataract, and then, a short distance farther on, left the Glen road and took the Appalachian Club path, which strikes off from the main road three miles south of the Glen House. Following this path we soon came to Crystal Cascade; this and Glen Ellis are called the two most beautiful waterfalls in the mountains.

We stopped to take a photograph of the falls, and then hastened on up the path. The slope, excepting here and there, was quite gradual, and the climbing not over-difficult; but our pleasure was not enhanced by the drizzling rain that set in about three o'clock, which rendered the roots and messes, over which we made our way, rather slippery and treacherous. The thick woods, however, served to screen us somewhat from the rain, and we made all haste to reach the hut before the storm should increase. About half past four we reached Hermit Lake, and rejoiced to see, nailed to a tree, a board bearing the cheerful inscription, "To the Hut," with an arrowhead. It was none too soon, for just then the rain began to pour down in torrents, and we hurried along the little side path to the hut with all convenient speed. Never did shelter seem more welcome than did that little log-hut, half way up Mt. Washington. It was a rude affair, covered with boughs, and over the entrance was a board on which were the initials A. M. C. (Appalachian Mt. Club). Luckily, it was water-tight, and it was well, for the storm continued unabated nearly all night.

On awaking the next morning, we found the rain had ceased; but the clouds were scurrying over the mountains in the high wind, presenting a most striking appearance. We went out to enjoy the view, and it was grand beyond description. Before us was Hermit Lake, while beyond, and on three sides of us, like a vast amphitheatre, arose the mountain-sides, steep and rugged, the cliffs towering from one thousand to fifteen hundred feet above our heads; while the effect of the mountain-tops, partially veiled in clouds, was beautiful in the extreme. After eating an early breakfast, and taking a view of the camp, we packed up and started on the hardest part of our journey, to scale the cliffs which, from below, seemed wellnigh impregnable. Just above Hermit Lake we came upon the snow, of which there was then (the first day of August) a patch from two hundred to three hundred feet long, and from ten to fifteen feet deep, forming a kind of glacier. Above this is the poetically named "Cataract of a Thousand Streams," whose waters, pouring out in myriads of places from the nearly perpendicular cliffs, flow under the snow, and thus form the so-called "Snow Arch."

Above the line of vegetation the path was marked by patches of white paint on the rocks at intervals of two or three rods, and this part of the ascent over the rocky cone was extremely difficult, heavily loaded as we were. We were in the clouds almost all the way up, and got only occasional views. We arrived at the summit about eight o'clock in the morning, the distance from Hermit Lake being two miles. The wind was blowing about sixty miles per hour, and it was very cold. Below us the landscape was perfectly clear; but the light clouds blew over the summit like waves over a ship at sea. Our glimpses of the outside world were but momentary, when, the clouds parting for the instant, the whole vast panorama would break suddenly upon our view, and then as suddenly be lost to sight, as the clouds closed in again like a curtain.

In the clear intervals we succeeded in signaling our friends, twenty miles distant, by sending a flash of light with an ordinary hand-glass, and we distinctly saw their flashes in reply. This, by the way, is a common means of signaling in the mountains, and flashes of light may be sent to almost an incredible distance in this