

wildly over rocky inclines or between steep slopes, until, tired with its play and burdened with commerce, it placidly takes its course to join the great Brotherhood of Waters.

For many a mile the steel path of the Erie Railroad keeps company with the stream, as it winds erratically between the rugged steeps of the Delaware Mountains. Should daylight favor, a traveler along this route for some miles west of Port Jervis is treated to a succession of charming views. On one side a precipitous cliff menaces the train as it speeds on heedless of danger. Below, on the other hand, the impatient river hurries seaward, here boiling over "riffs," and yonder slackening its pace to gather strength for the next mad race. The rugged hills flanking its farther shore throw back defiance from their heights. Scantly clad pines, forming a thin skirmish line along the rocky hill-sides, stand guard over the feebler shrubs. The blue of the sky or gold of the afternoon sun reflects in the waters as we course onward past pool and shallow. Now the stern hills take on a gentle air. Deciduous trees lend their kindly cover to the naked rocks. Nature, seemingly satisfied with her sterner mood, is more wont to smile. The hills, once crowding, now recede, as if wearied with holding back their enemy, the white man. Rugged sides give place to less precipitous slopes, and here the vistas of short valleys reveal small farms. The white man has taken advantage of Nature's relaxation. Twisting and turning, the train continues sturdily around headland and through cut, until it suddenly brings up, with a hoarse cough, at a parting of the ways, as if in doubt.

Before us opens a panorama of rare beauty. The hills, relenting, enclose between their long arms a generous valley. The breath of summer descends their wooded sides. Rhododendron and mountain laurel, dogwood and trailing arbutus lend color to the picture and fill the land with their fragrance. The river, fascinated, forgets its mission and