

gry, and the meal looked so inviting, that I determined to take my own time, and go on to Georgetown the following day. The appetite that one gets in driving through this brisk mountain air is positively marvelous, and almost makes a man ashamed of himself, as he devours course after course. Then again, the bread seems whiter, butter sweeter, meat more juicy, and vegetables more luscious than that down in the valleys. Certain it is, however, that whether the air or the quality of the food, there is a something that gives everything a *gout*, unattainable by the use of even Lea & Perrin's much imitated but inimitable Worcestershire sauce.

After dinner I strolled out to look at the hot springs and the swimming baths. The springs were discovered in 1860, by some miners who were engaged in sinking a shaft, and who, at the depth of about sixteen feet, were compelled to abandon their work on account of the *heat* of the water that flooded the shaft. Now there are two comfortable swimming baths erected there, into which pours the hot spring water. One is 30x50 feet and the other 20x40 feet. There are also private baths for ladies and gentlemen; hot and cold shower baths, comfortable dressing rooms, barbers' shops, and all the necessaries to make things pleasant.

Although rather soon after dinner for such an experiment, I couldn't resist the temptation, so I took a dive head first into the warm soda water, and as I came up at the other end of the big bath, made up my mind that it was the most delicious thing I had ever experienced in the way of a swim. It doesn't do to stay in