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ROMANCE OF THE ROCKIES

CHAPTER I.

THE dawning light of a new day descended with chilling steadiness, dispelling the dreamy darkness of night, and heralding the approach of the King of Light in all the splendor and majesty of his golden sovereignty. Scarcely perceptible, and yet boldly asserting their existence, the sharp mountain peaks stood forth beneath the brightening dome as jagged tops to the mighty walls which encircled the valley. Thinner and thinner became the veil between night and morning. The pines, for a time ghost-like in the struggle between darkness and light, cast aside their shrouds and revealed themselves, tier after tier, in their beauty and strength. The shrubbery, marking the margins of the stream and barely distinguishable, the next moment threw off the blur, and on the soft breeze which rustled its leaves, sent loving whispers to the fast-moving waters as a

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