

miringly upon its shining snow-fields, its white veinings in the gorges, and its shreds and streaks of silver where streams shoot sheer downward and festoon with falls the mountain-side. Emerging from this valley we cross, on a timber bridge, the West Fork of the Gardiner River, a stream of twenty feet in width. A little further on we ford the Middle Fork—some-what larger than the other. Now the valley narrows, and these approaching slopes, with

“The hill-tops hearsed with pines,”

shut out the loftier hills behind. For a little while mud-holes in the road relaxed the tension upon our admiration. The rev. Doctor showed great deftness in climbing to the high side of the coach. In the acrobatic arena he would have been a “star.” As for Mr. Avoirdupois in the back seat, he rides with one leg protruding from the stage ready for any emergency. He was



THE “OBSIDIAN CLIFFS” AND
“BEAVER LAKE.”

christened “Commodore” when the stage began to surge, and above the creaking of our craft would come the shout “Commodore! Steady on that tiller!” but all the while the “Commodore” kept a sharp lookout for where to jump. Having come a dozen miles, we reach Willow Park, covered with a dense growth of willows and bordered by wooded slopes. A mile further and Indian Creek comes pell-mell down a canyon to our right. Nearing the edge of Willow Park, there was upon our right a smooth incline, dotted with pine trees, resembling a model deer-park with well-kept sward and almost encircled by dense forest. Across this pretty opening there scampered three per-

fect beauties of black-tail deer. On reaching an opening in the thick timber beyond they halted and turned a startled look upon us. It was such a picture as would thrill a sportsman with delight.