



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

As one proceeds westward, after the first distant glimpse of the Rocky Mountains, the scenery grows in grandeur. Higher and higher rise the snowy peaks, loftier and more majestic than Alp or Appennine. One never grows weary of their ever-changing aspects. Like Cleopatra's beauty, age cannot wither nor custom stale their infinite variety. Rose-pink at dawn and eye, snow-white beneath the noontide sun, pale and spectral by the wan moonlight, they are a thing of beauty, and a joy forever.