

Through the Crow's Nest Pass.

Winds" and say that the pleasant breezes that blow across the hot dry prairie land are born here. It is said to be a fact that when the western part of this lake is calm and mirror-like the eastern part is perhaps a sea of mad white caps. We skirted the aeolian spot for several miles in mute praise of its charm.

Not far from the lake a stream bursts from the rocky side of Sentinel Mountain and makes with its large flood the middle fork of the Old Man River. Did some Moses long centuries ago smite this stony summit and bid its hidden moisture issue forth? Who can tell? There it emerges from a gaping mouth above the lake level and its path is like ours now, on to the East.

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The most memorable sight in all this run is one that proves the mutability of nature. There is a word which tells us that one awful day men shall cry to the hills to fall upon them and cover that sense of deserved punishment that awakened conscience gives. Hills have their time to fall whether man wishes or not. The town of Frank is famous—at how great a cost!—as being the victim of huge Turtle Mountain when it wished to throw its crown upon the distant earth. Oh! what a scene is here. Before the hills in order stood was this the appearance of things? For two miles, one hundred feet in depth, mixed in the wildest confusion lies the once high head of that broken yet vast mountain yonder. We look across the path and think of Arctic seas we read about where the huge ice-berg and the shattered floe are piled up and up. The train stops and the station platform is crowded with Frank folk who are ready to tell you in strong and profane speech what they know of the disaster.

"Were you here the night of the slide?"

"Yes——!!" I omit the expletives.

"Scared?" a laugh and then "Yes! ——"

"Do you know how many were killed?"

"No we are sure of eighty but believe there were a good many more."

"Many people living here now?"

"About two hundred."

"Are you permitted to stay?"

"Yes but at our own risk."

"What about the remaining part of the hill?"

"It may spill over us now as we talk or it may stay there a hundred years."

"Is the mine working again?"