

and continuing in eruption for twelve hours. The Castle every two days disports itself for half an hour by discharging from between its scarred walls and battlements a hundred-foot stream. Half as often, but for two hours at a time, the Giant, from its coliseum-like crater sends up a mighty pillar of water, two yards in diameter and two hundred feet in height.

The Grotto is aptly named. It has built up a curious and imposing combination of wall, and arch, and cavern, all gemmed with sparkling beads of geyserite. Its weird recesses are glittering avenues made all the more resplendent by frequent baptisms of the boiling but beautifying water. There are many other geysers with titles indicating their peculiarities, such as the Lioness and Cubs, Lion, Saw-mill, Turban, and Splendid. The remaining candidates for notice may be relegated to the auctioneer's refuge—"too numerous to mention." Before emerging from this wonderful geyser-region, we ford the Firehole River, and there—half on shore and half in stream—is the Riverside, like a miniature martello-tower, with its walls washed by the rushing river, while within they are fretted by seething waters surging up from subterranean caldrons. Now to our left is the last of this great aggregation of intermittent fountains, the Fan, which produces a semblance of its designation by two streams crossing each other.

Before leaving this unique and wonder-exciting spot, let us stand for a moment on the verge of the Morning Glory. It is a symmetrical, bell-mouthed pool, in form the very perfection of a colossal convolvulus. It is filled to the brim with transparent liquid, which unravels the morning sunlight and paints upon the delicately-chased and snowy walls gorgeous opalescent tints, faintly lurking in mother-of-pearl but yet, incomparable in lavish opulence of colour and diversity; so that the radiant effigy blooms with beauty indescribable. The buoyancy of the water is phenomenal. Half shrinking from such vandalism, but to demonstrate this feature, I toss a stone into the pool and, with uncertain gravity, it sinks slowly and waveringly into the glassy depths.

What produces geyser action? The more violent manifestations are so terrible that at night the pilgrim-sleeper starts suddenly, when the pent-up waters burst forth with sullen roar and the earth rumbles and quakes so that the building itself