

silence, overland staging and Hank Monk fade out into the shadowy "good old times." Stay! One spot shall remain inviolate! Vandal valves and pistons shall not disturb and then destroy the pristine pageantry of this park; so here the ancient ark-on-wheels rolls on, and rocks complacently.

Four-horse Concord coaches and canopied stages are the prevailing equipages. Occasionally an enthusiastic equestrian, reckless of the long rest he has given his horsemanship, mounts a prancing steed and, flourishing his riding-whip, gallops gaily away. You have not seen the last of this meteoric horseman. When returning from your journeyings you find him loitering by the way, and learn that he has discovered that "really, there is no hurry." He has entirely changed his plans and for the present intends to "take it easy." We travel by coach; and our conveyance—a three-seated stage with canvas canopy—is at the door. Frank Dow holds "the ribands," and four of us step in and seat ourselves. A keen, nervous American is beside Frank, on my right is the amiable Missionary Secretary, and a ponderous Pennsylvanian monopolizes the back seat. By frequent relays of horses the drive is accomplished in four days. Comfortable stopping-places are reached each night, thus avoiding camping out.

"Yip-yip," in sharp falsetto, quickly followed by a ringing crack of the whip, and away we spin at a rattling pace, passing in front of the Crystal Stairs, illustrated in our last article, and soon we begin to climb Terrace Mountain—first, gradually, amongst the glacial moraines which strew its skirts, then more abruptly, till in three miles we increase our altitude one thousand feet! Mount Evarts on the left revives the story of the starving explorer who almost left his bones to bleach upon its heights. Ahead is Bunsen's Peak, which towers above the shadows of the valley and bathes its summit in the morning light. The road winds up and along the side of a gorge called Glen Kehl, down which a mountain stream makes merry music. At a cost of over twenty thousand dollars, engineering skill has constructed this rock-hewn carriage-way, twenty feet in width. Rolling along up the smoothly-graded drive, the pretty bits are blended with the majestic. Soon we plunge into the canyon—a perpendicular wall of granite on the right, a yawning gulf upon the left. Over the low parapet which