



IN THE ROCKIES—DIFFICULT CLIMBS NEAR FIELD

right firs, now skirting the brink of some fern-dressed canyon, the bed of a brawling, ice-born stream, and again leading over more open lands, prairie-like, flower-decked, sun-steeped, peaceful and beautiful.

These prairies, lying above the timber line, sometimes on the top of a shoulder of absolutely barren rock, and at the base of vast bare bluffs, are veritable gardens of wild flowers that grow luxuriantly amid a short scrub-growth of blue-leaved, high-bush barberry, gray lichens, and masses of false heather. White mountain lilies, purple asters, yellow arnica, and scarlet painter's-brush are set like precious jewels in these flats, saturated with the warmth of summer sunbeams. Below, down into the valley, pines and firs, hemlocks, tamarack, spruce and poplars stretch in restful green—above, the grey cliffs are banded with strangely symmetrical stripes of red and ochre, their round



A LOFTY PEAK