

study of death and animation. From hundreds of fissures in the white "top-coat," the hot vapour rising into the crisp air forms a phantom forest of swelling trunks, with spreading tops of fleecy foliage. And now, yielding to be led captive of caprice, those cloud-capped pillars of steam from boiling springs are changed to climbing columns of smoke from kindling fires, —and fancy's falcon hovers above the belching flues of a buried city, where frenzied stokers, sweltering in grime and sweat at glowing furnaces, toil on, in desperate hope that furious flames will burst their suffocating bonds of earth.

Dismissing dreams, I make haste to "see the sights" of this the greatest geyser basin in the world! Down the slope and across the Firehole River on a foot-bridge, I reach the "Beehive." This effigy of the honey-gatherer's storehouse is a symmetrical cone, about waist-high, having a diameter of a yard at the top, narrowing to a one-foot aperture, at the level of the surrounding crust. Bending over, you see the seething waters beneath the aperture, but they act with such reassuring regularity that you venture to look long and admiringly at the beautiful throat, around which, like copious folds of rich, rare laces, the coral-like cell-work is draped in diversified and exquisite festoons. Under your feet, you feel, as well as hear, ominous mutterings and moanings as if the mountains were in agony. Next in interest to Old Faithful is the Beehive, and between the two there are many reciprocal symptoms. The eruptions of the latter occur once or twice a day, and the illustration presents this imposing spectacle. Close by the Beehive are numerous boiling pools, into whose transparent depths you seem to see interminably, and upon whose walls of fascinating net-work, prismatic tints dangle and sway as if the flowers and rainbows had turned their colours loose to play, and here they are dancing for very joy. We hurry back over the bridge and up the river, for Old Faithful is giving premonitions of activity.

I stand with my back to the sun, just fairly risen above the range of hills behind me. Within a few yards of my feet is the crater of Old Faithful at the apex of a shapely, shelving dome. A few convulsive spurts, and the glittering phenomenon mounts higher and higher, till the super-heated water stands like a shaft of silver in the morning sun. Flanking it on either