

are "in bed." The sound of the rushing water soon soothes the most weary to sleep; but the more imaginative lie awake, looking up thousands of feet at the narrow strip of sky between the ragged edges of the defile,—a mere tracing of deep blue, with parts of constellations peeping down upon them.¹ Presently a bright star trembles on the verge of the cliff. Slowly it seems to float from its resting-place on a rock; will it drop? In fact, it does seem to descend in a gentle curve, as though the sky-curtain in which the stars are set was spread across the canyon, resting on either side, and swaying down by its own weight.

The weeks following were full of adventure and wonderful diversity of scenery; plunging madly through rapids, swept spinning



WINNIE'S GROTTA—A SIDE CANYON.