

the plains. Running the gauntlet of these scraggy warders of the castle of the mountain-gods within, the train boldly assaults the gates of the castle itself. The eager traveler soon finds himself locked between precipitous hillsides strewn with jagged fragments, as though the Titans had tossed in here the chips from their workshop of

right, then the left, then the right one beyond strike on our view, each one half obscured by its fellow in front, each showing itself level-browed with its comrades as we come even with it, each a score of hundreds of dizzy feet in height, rising perpendicularly from the water and the track, splintered atop into airy pinnacles,



GRAND CAÑON OF THE ARKANSAS.

the world. He strives for language large enough to picture the heights that with ceaselessly growing altitude hasten to meet him. The roar of the river at his side mingles with the crashing echoes of the train, reverberating heavenward through rocks that rise perpendicularly to unmeasured heights. How those sharp-edged cliffs, standing with upright heads that play at hand-ball with the clouds, alternate with one another, so that first the

braced behind against the almost continental mass through which the chasm has been cleft. This is the Royal Gorge!

A NEW MEXICAN farm house, or "ranch," looks like a small fort, and makes a very pleasant picture. It is square, rarely more than one storey high, is built of mud, and roofed with immense rounded rafters, the ends of which protrude irregularly beyond the wall, because the build-