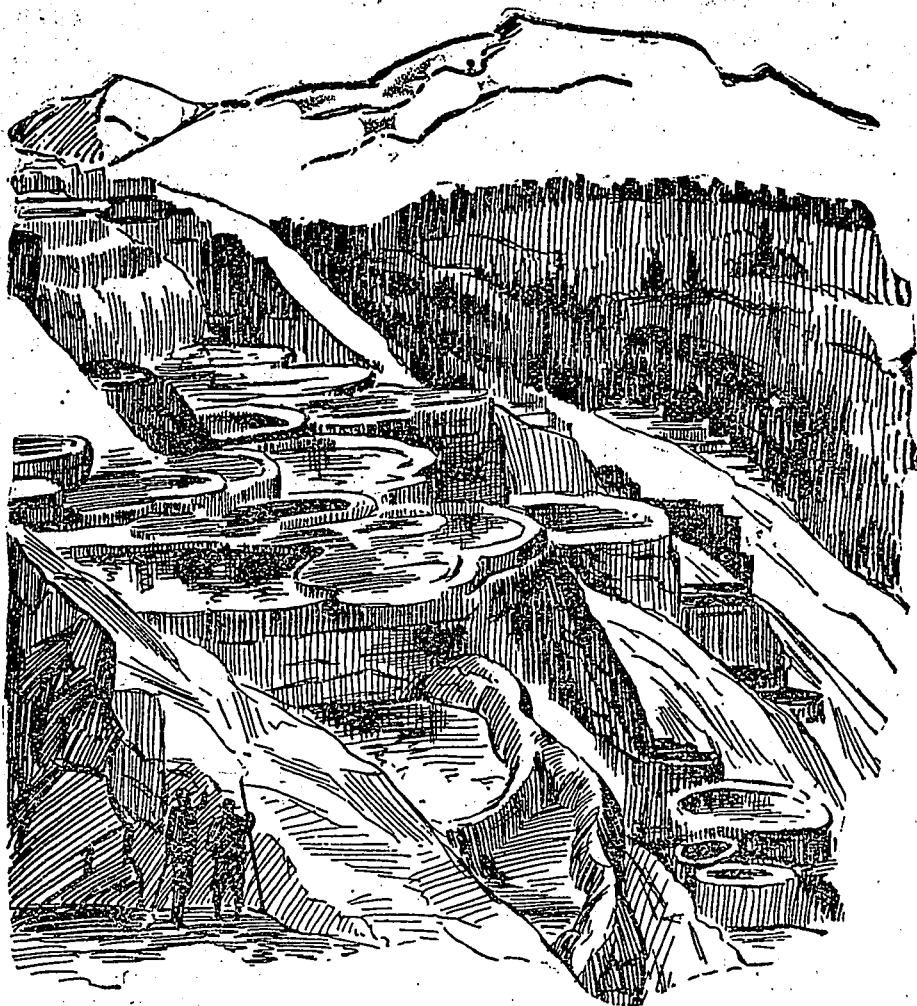


light as we gazed upon this exquisite creation. Like pure marble it looked, and the etchings and chasings along its edges are wonderful. But the great geyser is the Monarch, which plays every three or four days. Although at the farthest point of the formation, we heard the burst of water from the hillside, and at the cry, 'The Monarch is playing,' even the oldest in the company forgot the dignity of years and ran as they were wont when school girls and boys. This geyser sends up a column of hot water from 100 to 240 feet, and plays about fifteen minutes.

Our coach, however, stands waiting for us. Just as we step in the Minute Man geyser goes off, and spouts steam and water to a height of thirty feet. We wonder can there be anything beyond more interesting, more wonderfully beautiful?

Our faithful driver brings us at last, at the close of the day, safely around the windings and turnings of the mountains' sides, setting us down at the Fountain Hotel. Here we are told that the bears will be fed, and that it will be safe to go out and see them eat. They feed upon the table refuse which is dumped near the woods, and the bears come down out of the woods to eat; as many as seven at a time may be seen. We hurriedly eat our dinner, and go with fear and trembling to watch them, hoping they will make no mistake in looking for their supper. Near this hotel the Fountain geyser is the chief attraction, playing at intervals of about five hours. The eruption is a beautiful one, and resembles that of a large fountain. Near the geyser are the richly colored paint pots. In this basin is a mass of fine, whitish substance which is in a state of constant agitation. It resembles a vast pot of boiling paint, or bed of mortar constantly boiling. We were shown pictures



THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

painted from the colors obtained from these paint pots.

Prismatic Lake is probably the largest and certainly one of the most beautiful springs in the entire Park region. It would be impossible to exaggerate the delicacy and richness of the colorings in and about this wonderful phenomenon of nature. Excelsior Geyser, the largest of all the geysers, plays only at intervals of several years, and, when it does play, ejects more water than all the other geysers combined. There is something so uncanny about this region, we gladly hasten across this formation to meet our coach on the other side.

Now just in front of us behold Sapphire Pool, Morning Glory Spring and Emerald Pool. These are wonderfully beautiful, and in shape and coloring are just what their names indicate. But here we are at the lunch station, and only ten minutes more when one of the grandest sights is yet to be seen, Old Faithful, the unfailing delight of the tourist. As we stand before this geyser with expectancy, a feeling of awe creeps over us; but we wait only a moment, and then Old Faithful hurls its enormous body of steam and water fully 150 feet. The Bee Hive, the Grand, the Splendid, the Lioness, the Castle, the Giant and others are just as magnificent. Indeed, among all this variety of display, it would be difficult to say which was superior. Feeling that there can be nothing grander beyond, we reluctantly turn away, wishing the day had been longer, or more time had been allotted this part of the trip.

Our route now takes us on up the mountain steeps until we reach the Continental Divide, 8,300 feet above the sea level, where the waters flow east to the Atlantic and west to the Pacific. This drive is wholly unlike the preceding ones. A quick turn and Yellowstone Lake, 20 x 16 miles in size, like a beautiful picture greets us. At the West Arm of the lake we stop for lunch, and then continue our journey to Lake Hotel.

The morning finds us en route for the Grand Canon. The seventeen miles take us through the Yellowstone Valley the entire distance. Just before reaching the hotel, a curve in the road brings us in full view of the Cascades, which terminate in a perpendicular fall of 140 feet. But the canon! Who can describe this wondrous unfolding of the glories and powers of God working through nature? Who can describe its overpowering grandeur, and, at the same time, its inexpressible beauty? It tells its own story as no one else can tell it. It seems as if the rays of every rainbow that had spanned the canon, the iridescence of every sunset that all these centuries had set over the region had been caught and transfixed forever upon the walls of the canon in startling brilliancy. Then the view of the Lower Falls; not the grandest in the world, but there are none more beautiful; as the water seems to wait a moment on the verge of the level rock over which it leaps, it passes with a single bound 360 feet into the gorge below, a sheer, unbroken, shining mass of spray and foam as white as the driven snow.

Reaping.

'Reaper,' I asked, 'among the golden sheaves,
Toiling at noon amid the falling leaves,
What recompense hast thou for all thy toil,
What tithe of all thy Master's wine and oil?
Or dost thou coin thy brow's hot drops to gold,
Or add to house and land, or flock and fold?'
The reaper paused from binding close the grain,
And said, while shone his smile through labor's stain,
'I do my Master's work, as He has taught:
And work of love with gold was never bought.
He knoweth all of which my life hath need:
His servants reap as they have sown the seed.
With all my heart I bind my Master's grain,
And love makes sweet my labor and my pain.'
—'Waif.'



'THE MONARCH IS PLAYING.'