

Yellowstone Park.

Chester C. Beecher, in 'Christian Work,' describes a journey from Minneapolis to Yellowstone Park. After describing the objects to be seen before coming to Cinnabar he says:

At Cinnabar the train is exchanged for the stage coach, and we enter upon a new experience. Outside and inside the tourists climb, all available space is taken; and, after much jollity and laughter, we start out upon our ride of one hundred and seventy miles over the mountains, through the valleys, around the turns and curves, until, as one of our party remarked, 'The curves are so sharp, you meet yourself coming back on the other side.' Mammoth Hot Springs is our first stopping place. We stay here at the hotel until the next morning. Here there are nearly two hundred acres of variously colored hot springs, and the boiling or hot river that carries these heated waters down and under the earth to Gardiner River, a couple of miles away. This group is one of the most remarkable in the limits of the park, and probably has not its equal in grandeur in the world. The steep sides of the hill are ornamented with a series of semicircular basins, with margins varying in height from a few inches to six or eight feet, and so beautifully scalloped and adorned with a kind of bead work that the beholder stands amazed at this marvel of nature's handiwork. Add to this a snow white ground; there is every variety of shade of scarlet, green and yellow. The pools or basins are of all sizes, from a few inches to six or eight feet in diameter, and from two inches to two feet in depth. At the top of the hill there is a broad flat terrace covered more or less with these basins 150 to 200 yards in diameter. Here we find the largest, finest and most active spring of the group at the present time. The largest spring is very near the outer margin of the terrace, and is 25 by 40 feet in diameter. The sides of the basin are ornamented with coral-like forms, with a great variety of shades, from pure white to a bright cream yellow; and the blue sky reflected in the transparent waters gives an azure tint to the whole which surpasses all art. The calcareous deposit around the rim is also most elegantly ornamented, but, like the icy covering of a pool, extends from the edge toward the centre, and this projects over the basin until it is not more than a fourth of an inch thick. These springs have one or more centres of ebullition, and in this group it is constant, seldom rising more than two to four inches above the surface. From various portions of the rim the water flows out in moderate quantities over the sides of the hill. Whenever it gathers into a channel and flows quite swiftly, basins with sides from two to eight feet high are formed, with the ornamental designs proportionately coarse; but when the water flows slowly, myriads of the little basins are formed, one below the other, with a kind of irregular system, as it might be called, which constitutes the difference between the works of nature and the works of art. As these waters flow down the sides of the mountains, they constantly deposit more or less of this calcareous sediment in almost every possible variety of form. Underneath the sides of many of these pools are rows of stalactites of all sizes, many of them exquisitely ornamented, formed by the dripping of the water over the margins of the basins. One of the most attractive features of this remarkable scene are the old ruins, which indicate the former existence of a far greater number of hot springs than are



THE GIANT GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE PARK.

found at the present time, with here and there a dead geyser mound.

Next forenoon we were ready to go forward. After spending the night here, and lunch over, we can hardly wait for the slow hands of the clock to point the hour of two, when the guide gathers the tourists about him for the trip to the formation. The afternoon is spent roaming about the terraces. So varied, so beautiful are these, that it is hard to say which of them one likes the best. Minerva, Pulpit, Cleopatra, Angel, Narrow Gauge, Elephant's Back are among the most beautiful ones.

The morning gave promise of a charming autumn day as we once again took seats in the coach—no outside seats from here on. We hardly realize that we are 6,215 feet above sea level. As we ascend Golden Gate Hill, Bunsen Park, with its steep yellow slopes and high precipices, seems to rise to twice its actual height. Golden Gate, with its yellow cliff 200 or 300 feet high, with the roadway clinging to it on one side (which, by the way, was built at a cost of about \$15,000 per mile) and the single stone pillar about twelve feet high, and the ravine below on the other side, never lacks in interest to the tourist. Now we ride out into Swan Lake Valley. Truly we feel that God has wrinkled the earth into mountains and poured the water into the hollows

of the hills. Everywhere the trim, white mile posts tell the traveller where he is, but the windings and turnings bring us at last to a long avenue of trees, and ahead we see on a knoll a white city of tents, and we know we have reached the lunch station at Norris Geyser Basin.

It is here that we pass Obsidian Cliff, consisting of vertical columns of pentagonal shaped blocks of obsidian or a jet black and opaque mineral glass, sometimes streaked with red and yellow. The roadway at the base of the cliff was made by great fires being built around the blocks of glass, which, when expanded, were suddenly cooled by dashing water upon them, so shattering the blocks into small fragments. This is probably the only piece of glass roadway in the world.

Lunch over, our guide conducts us out upon the formation. Long before reaching it we can hear Black Growler; though why it should be called black we could not learn. There is a small opening in the hill about two feet in diameter through which issues continually a solid column of steam and can be heard two miles away. This is the steam vent for this section of the geysers. The Devil's Inkstand, Emerald Pool, Congress Spring, the New Crater geysers, were all full of interest to us, while Marble Terrace called forth exclamations of de-