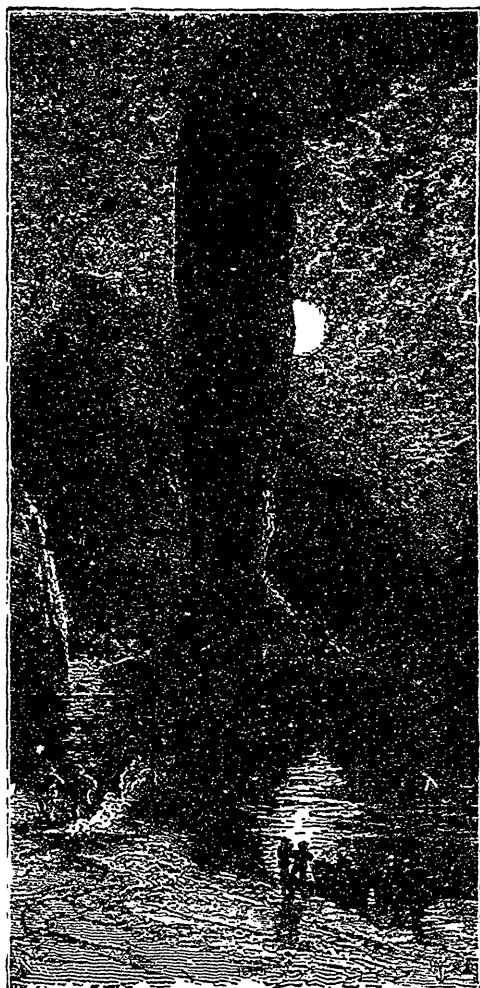


Colorado have subdivided the entire plateau into hundreds of table-lands; and the traveller, if he be taking an overland journey westward from the Rocky Mountains, with the Grand Canyon as his goal, will not find the best of roads for himself or his patient pack-mule. The close of a long day of such journeying is hailed with supreme joy. The fatigue of ten hours in the saddle, going from peak to peak, from valley to valley, and across table-lands of soft marls, is, perhaps, in the end, good for the general constitution, but, toward sunset, the only *end* worth living for is the end of the day. The hungering for repose is evident in the serious mien and silent lips of the men. The pack-train does not come to its camping-ground, therefore, with the hilarity, the flux of spirits, with which it set off in the morning. If the march has been a serious one, thirty miles, say, the mules are jaded, the horses catch an occasional



ISLAND MONUMENT IN GLEN CANYON.

green shrub for a bit of provender. The first anxiety is water; in fact, the end of a day's toil is solely determined by the desired arrival at a brook or water-pocket. A division of an exploring