

broke out among the cattle and a disease resembling scurvy attacked the inhabitants themselves. Stephenson has calculated that nine thousand men, twenty-eight thousand horses, eleven thousand cattle, one hundred and ninety thousand sheep, died from the effects of this one eruption. The most moderate calculation puts the number of human deaths at upwards of one thousand three hundred; and of cattle, etc., at about one hundred and fifty-six thousand."

The description of "the churn" is worth quoting. The company had sat down by the side of the little Geyser, when—"the whole earth shook, and Sigurdr, starting to his feet, upset the chess-board (I was just beginning to get the best of the game), and flung off full speed toward the great basin. By the time we reached its brim, however, the noise had ceased, and all we could see was a slight movement in the centre, as if an angel had passed by and troubled the water. Irritated at this false alarm, we determined to revenge ourselves by going and tormenting the Strokr. Strokr—or *the churn*—you must know, is an unfortunate Geyser, with so little command over his temper and his stomach that you can get a *rise* out of him whenever you like. All that is necessary is to collect a quantity of sods and throw them down his funnel. As he has no basin to protect him from these liberties, you can approach to the very edge of the pipe, about five feet in diameter, and look down at the boiling water which is perpetually seething at the bottom. In a few minutes the dose of turf you have just administered begins to disagree with him; he works himself up into an awful passion—tormented by the qualms of incipient sickness he groans and hisses and boils up and spits at you with malicious vehemence, until at last, with a roar of mingled pain and rage, he throws up into the air a column of water forty feet high, which carries with it all the sods that have been chucked in and scatters them scalded and half digested at your feet. So irritated has the poor thing's stomach become by the discipline it has undergone, that even long after all foreign matter has been thrown off, it goes on retching and sputtering until at last nature is exhausted, when sobbing and sighing to itself, it sinks back into the bottom of its den.

"Put into the highest spirits by the success of this performance, we turned away to examine the remaining springs. I do not know, however, that any of the rest are worthy of particular mention."

They had to keep watch four days to see the great Geyser rouse himself. He says:

"All the morning of the fourth day I had been playing chess with Sigurdr; Fitzgerald was photographing, Wilson was in the act of announcing luncheon, when a cry from the guides made us