

done for wood and water?" The former drawback finds little mitigation; but the latter is remedied by irrigation, the supply of water being obtained from the surrounding hills, instead of from the clouds. After passing Townsend, an uninviting country is traversed for a time and then comes a pleasing transition. Take the view upon our right. As far as the eye can reach are gentle slopes bordered by trees which grow in moat-like ravines that run from base to crest and at such regular intervals as to suggest a landscape gardener's design—albeit too colossal. Crowning the summit is a border of living green; and the whole presents a charming upland view of smooth greensward, rising as it recedes and patterned like a park. The winsome panorama ever changes—now closing in, now spreading out—sometimes rougher, sometimes smoother—till a short run in Prickly Pear Valley brings us to the foot of the Main Range of the Rockies. Here in that fabulously rich Last Chance Gulch, has sprung up the city of Helena, the capital of Montana, and the greatest mining camp in the world.

The sights and sounds make it difficult to realize that we are away up in the mountains. Approaching Helena, we saw handsome turnouts speeding along a well-kept drive past suburban residences; and here, awaiting the arrival of the train, is an extravagant array of elegant vehicles. Broughams, rock-aways, cabs, and omnibuses throng the long line of platform, and with lusty shouts the runners advocate their respective hotels. Many private carriages are there with their occupants, who find diversion in driving to the train; and four ladies, in jockey hat and habit, show their expertness in the saddle.

In some of the carriages are tawdry belles whose presence is a pestilence. The city is a mile away up yonder beneath the hills—whence it strides on up the gulch. From the few catch-penny saloons about the depôt there leads a beautiful roadway up to the clustering blocks and squares of the city; and, along it, numerous handsome equipages are driving. The spectacle has one most distressing feature. Helena must blame the shameless occupants of some of these carriages for imparting to her a most unsavoury reputation. Bare-faced immodesty, in eastern towns, were positive demureness here. It saddens one to think that the incipient greatness of this prolific heritage shall have to grapple with the deadliest of moral foes; and the conflict cannot come too soon. In the early twilight we