

up the picture; but it is the rock, the grim, gray rock, which everywhere presides over the scene of wondrous majesty and sublimity. Each turn presents new forms, and our artists were on the alert. We paused, and again moved on as they desired. About half way down the canon the North Boulder comes rushing down the mountain gorge and plunges into the principal stream. Here is the finest water-fall we have yet seen in all our tour. This must be taken at the central point of the canon.

“After leaving the cascade, we followed down stream, still rapid, but gradually becoming less boisterous and wild, and the scenery little by little assuming a milder tone. A broken bridge hindered our progress for a time, but this being soon repaired we passed on, and at evening emerged from the canon and came to Boulder, a town of 1,500 inhabitants, situated at the entrance just outside of the foot-hills. What a change! after eight days up and down incessantly among the mountains to thus suddenly emerge into the plain. The last night, even with all our resources of covering, we were shivering with cold, and here it was summer again. We had descended, since morning, 5,000 feet.

“After remaining over night in camp near Boulder, we rode into Denver this morning, arriving in the city about noon. Thus ends the tour among the mountains, on the whole a gratifying success. None of us would have missed it. The editorial party, in this visit to the mountains, made three good objective points which I can commend to every tourist in this region: first,