

bare, bold rocks, while here and there rose precipitous sides, scantily covered with stunted, scrawny cedars and pines. The track twisted and curved about; now apparently we were running up against a lofty wall that swept up into the sky before our eyes and defied us, when suddenly we dodged into some opening before hidden to our view.

“The creek was high from the melting snows, and down over the rocks and immense boulders that had fallen from the mountain height, it poured in endless cascades, foaming, boiling, roaring, rushing on its way. Often we were completely shut in by the towering hills before and behind us. Bleak and frowning rocks stood out over the creek and over the railroad, our train, once and again, passing completely under some overhanging bluff. The face of the mountain sometimes assumed fantastic shapes. At various points the fallen boulders, torn from the mountain side, had blocked up the stream, and a path had been blasted through them for our little railway. One hundred and seventy feet to the mile our engine climbed through the narrow defile, and out of the car window we often stretched our heads and strained our eyes to scale the frowning tops of those mountain sides, from 500 to 2,500 feet above us. The only pain I felt in that journey of wonderful delight was that I could not look out of the car from both sides at the same moment. Pictures of rarest beauty were breaking upon the vision. The eye grew fairly weary, looking upon the wild sublimity and grandeur, and I was glad to rest.