

"Part way up the canon we reached a little station called Beaver, in a wild, weird and romantic spot. The road makes a broad, bold sweep of curve, following the line of the stream, and at the station we seemed to be completely hemmed in close on every side by the beetling crags of granite. Perched high upon the rock, some fifty to seventy feet, was a pavilion reached by a staircase. It seemed to hang there like an eyrie, and looking up we saw it was well filled by some pic-nic party who had come to that cool and charming place to spend the day.

"Clear creek came thundering down alongside of our track, white with the foam of its dashing, while just above the station a small silvery rivulet came leaping down a gulch to join the creek on its way to the plain.

"More sinuous and winding than the track of a snake was our little railway, but its bed was firm as the mountains themselves, for it was laid upon the rocks, and we were compelled to go so slowly on a road that knows nothing of straight lines, that we felt no fear. In fact, it seemed to be a characteristic of all our journey, that the mind was so absorbed by the wonders of nature that the feeling of fear was quite unknown."

At Floyd's Hill, eighteen miles from Golden, there was a good coach with four horses in waiting, and climbing on top, I was whirled over to Idaho, five miles off, and through a continuation of the same indescribably wild and lovely scenery. I had intended to have gone straight through to Georgetown, but as we changed horses, I went into dinner at the hotel, and was so hun-