

grandeur of glittering snow, lend to this enchanting scene an appearance of awe-inspiring severity, that contrasts strangely with the peaceful landscape reposing at our feet. The rugged vertebræ of the Bitter Roots rise sharply heavenward, and form the far-off eastern boundary of the prairie, while spurs of this mighty range stretch far away to the northward, and form the rocky-ribbed Cœur d' Alene mountains, behind whose towering crests rise the pinnacles of the mother range, priest-robed with the snows of eternal age.

But the eye soon tires of the stern grandeur and unutterable solitudes of these primeval hills, and seeks harmony in contemplation of the green pastures below. The stage road, running the full length of the valley, and by its dense blackness attesting the unexcelled fecundity of the soil, an occasional cabin, the remnants of a stockade fort erected in the dark and bloody days of 1877, the villages of Grangeville, Mt. Idaho and Camp Howard glittering in the

sun and nestling snugly in their respective locations at the far end of the valley, with the limited area in cultivation hidden from view—from our elevated standpoint these are the only evidences of civilization visible on Camas prairie—the land of Indian romance and historical tragedy, the most beautiful country in the world.

Nothing in nature is more enchanting than a view of this romantic spot, obtained at a time when the green of the prairie is suffused with the golden glow of the setting sun; and but for the fact that, like Dædalus of old, our wings are of wax and liable to melt if we soar too near the sun, we would love to linger upon the beauties of the landscape, to which, however, no pencil and no brush can do adequate justice. As we descended the hill to Cottonwood, and traversed the thousands of acres of fertile soil, untilled and crying to heaven for the plow, our determination to advertise to the world the wondrous wealth of Northern Idaho became like cast iron in its rigidity.—*Nez Perce News.*

