

of some seventy feet, and with a depth of four or five feet, through the pure, deep green of which the hardly wavering outlines of the brown boulders beneath are distinctly visible, springs to the crest with an intensity of motion that makes its clear depths fairly seem to quiver. Just before making the plunge, the stream is again contracted, and the water is thrown in from both sides toward the center, so that two bold, rounded prominences or buttresses, as it were, are formed where green and white commingle. Lying prostrate and looking down into the depth, with the cold breath of the canyon fanning the face, one can see that these ribs continue downward, the whole mass of the fall gradually breaking into spray against the air, until lost in the vast cloud of vapor that hides its lowest third, and out of which, 390 feet beneath, comes up a mighty roar that shakes the hills and communicates a strange vibration to the nerves. From far below this cloud emerges a narrow, green ribbon, winding and twisting, in which the river is hardly recognizable, so dwarfed is it, and creeping with so oily and sluggish a current, as though its fall had stunned it. On either hand the walls of the canyon curve back from the plunging torrent, and rise, weltering with moisture, to the level of the fall, again ascending 500 or 600 feet to the pine-fringed margin of the canyon; pinnacles and towers projecting far into the space between, and seeming to overhang their bases. These details are comparatively easy to give, but how find words which shall suggest the marvelous picture as a whole! The sun had come out, after a brief shower, and, shining nearly from the meridian straight into the canyon, flooded it with light, and illuminated it with a wealth and luxuriance of color almost supernatural. The walls appeared to glow with a cold, inward radiance of their own, and gave back tints of orange, pink, yellow, red, white and brown, of a vividness and massiveness hopeless to describe, and which would overtax the powers of the greatest artist to portray. The lower slopes, wet with spray, were decorated with the rich hue of vegetation, while through the midst, the river, of a still more brilliant green, far below, pursued its tortuous course, and the eye followed it down through this ocean of color until, two or three miles away, a curve in the canyon hid it from view, and formed its own appropriate background."

Just below the canyon we come to Tower creek, up which a short distance are the beautiful

TOWER FALLS.

Less grand than the imposing ones of the main stream, yet they are a pleasant sight to behold, as the water shoots with the speed of an arrow over the brink and falls in a solid mass 156 feet into the pool below. Says Lieutenant Doan: "Nothing can be more chastely beautiful than this lovely cascade, hidden away in the dim light of over-shadowing rocks and woods, its very voice hushed to a low murmur, unheard at the distance of a few hundred yards. Thousands might pass by within half a mile and not dream of its existence."

Crossing the Yellowstone at Jack Baronet's bridge, below the mouth of Tower creek, we visit a region as yet but little frequented by tourists, lying fifty miles to the southeast, and bearing the whimsical title of

HOODOO BASIN.

High up on the side of Hoodoo mountain, obscured from view at a distance, is a low, flat tract, surrounded by hills, containing rocky pillars,

shafts and spires of the most fantastic shapes, and resembling animals, men, churches, and a multitude of animate and inanimate objects, only limited by the imagination of the beholder. The storms of ages have worn among them deep, narrow, tortuous channels, through which the visitor wanders as in a bewildering labyrinth. It is a wierd spot, and one never tires of threading these rocky mazes and gazing upon Time's sculpturings.

Retracing our steps to Baronet's bridge, we again cross the Yellowstone, and four miles beyond come to the

PETRIFIED FOREST,

which consists of a cluster of petrified trees, still standing as in life, and very curious to behold. Beyond this we find the East Gardiner river falls, two in number, and very beautiful. Three miles farther we reach the Mammoth springs, our starting point, and bid farewell to the "Enchanted Land."

We now return to Livingston and resume our journey eastward, passing down the beautiful

YELLOWSTONE VALLEY.

From the point where the river bursts through the mountain barriers, it flows through a gradually widening valley, and between mountains that sink by degrees into a broad expanse of rolling prairie, until it unites with the Missouri more than 500 miles to the northeast. Soon after leaving Livingston the stream is crossed, and we continue down the south bank through the little valleys that lie along its many small tributaries. Opposite to us is Shields river, along which is a splendid farming country partially settled. This region is naturally tributary to Livingston. Three times more we cross the river, forced to do so by the course of the stream in first hugging one side of the valley and then the other. Finally, after running for many miles down the north bank, we come to

BILLINGS,

a distance of 115 miles from Livingston. This is an enterprising town, less than two years old, and named in honor of Frederick F. Billings, late president of the Northern Pacific. It has a population of about 1,200, and is the seat of justice of the recently-created county of Yellowstone. In the vicinity are many thousand acres of fine agricultural land, especially in Clarke's fork bottom, lying along the north bank of the river for thirty-five miles. The railroad lands in this fertile region, amounting to nearly 60,000 acres, have been purchased by the M. & M. L. & I. Co., proprietor of the town site. The company is constructing an immense ditch for irrigating the whole bottom, which will soon be completed. More than 100,000 acres will thus be rendered productive, and as the supply of water is abundant, a failure of crops will be almost unknown. The even-numbered sections are government land, and such as are not yet taken are open to settlement. Nearly 50,000 acres are in grain this year, and a large surplus is expected. Great numbers of cattle from the surrounding ranges are brought here for shipment. It is expected that Billings will be chosen by the railroad company as the location for large machine shops. Work will soon be commenced on a branch road running from this point through the fertile Musselshell country to Fort Benton, and the first fifty miles will be completed this season. When connection is made with Fort Benton, the trade and travel of Upper Montana will pass through Billings.

Soon after leaving Clarke's fork bottom, the road again crosses the Yellowstone and runs for miles through the

CROW RESERVATION,

which extends along the river for 200 miles. Thousands of acres of valuable agricultural and grazing land are within its limits, useless to the Indians and withheld from the whites. On the opposite side of the river many settlements are being made. It will be a matter of a few years only when this whole region will be thrown open to the people. Thirty miles from Billings we pass

POMPEY'S PILLAR,

a column of yellow sandstone rising abruptly between us and the river to the height of 400 feet, its base covering nearly an acre of ground. About half way up on the north side is the inscription, "William Clarke, July 25, 1806," carved by the associate of Captain Lewis on his return from the first expedition across the continent. Thirty miles further on we reach the mouth of

BIG HORN,

the stream made famous by the terrible massacre of General Custer and his command by the Sioux under Sitting Bull. Up the river a few miles is Fort Custer, a military post on the reservation, named in honor of the fallen hero. Below the mouth of Big Horn, which is its largest tributary, the Yellowstone is navigable by steamers of 300 tons. At this point, also, the valley becomes broader and the annual rainfall rapidly increases, so much so that irrigation ceases to be necessary. Still following down the valley, the road leaves the reservation and enters

MILES CITY,

situated on the bank of Tongue river at its junction with the Yellowstone, and 146 miles from Billings. Though but a new town it has two newspapers, two banks, a population of 2,000, and has become quite a trade and shipping point. Surrounding it is a large section of valuable agricultural land that is being rapidly settled upon by an industrious class of people. Fort Keogh is within two miles of the city and on the opposite side of Tongue river. For the next eighty miles the valley proper widens considerably, and the upper country back of it sinks from mountain ridges into high, rolling hills, much of it fine farming and grazing lands and other portions broken and rocky. The land on both sides improves materially after Powder river is crossed, and there are farms lying open for the occupancy of thousands of industrious families. From Tongue river the road runs for eighty miles farther along the south bank of the Yellowstone, which here flows in a northeasterly direction, until it finally leaves that stream at

GLENDIVE,

and strikes off across the country eastward. This is the place where the railroad makes connection with steamers plying on the Yellowstone, and is the commercial and shipping point for an immense agricultural and grazing region. Not only the valley lands, but the whole country embraced between the Yellowstone and Missouri, from Glendive on the one to the mouth of Judith river on the other, comprising an area of more than 5,000 square miles, is farming land of the finest quality. The dividing ridge between the two streams has almost disappeared at this point, and the whole country is one grand, rolling prairie, covered with nutritious grass, having a rich, loamy soil, and watered by numerous streams and a bountiful