

a watershed on a map by a continuous range of mountain chain, most people have grown up in the belief that the backbone of North America consists of a colossal rampart of mountains which traverses the continent as a continuous range, running in a nearly north and south direction, and so extraordinarily rugged as to have deserved the special appellation of "Rocky." No conception could well be further from the reality. To depict the American watershed in this way is nearly as erroneous as it would be to draw a lofty mountain chain from the Pyrenees across the heart of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Russia, as indicative of the watershed of Europe. Such is the force of habit engendered by the long use of faulty maps that though we knew what the true structure of the country had been shown to be, it was yet with a feeling almost of incredulity that we looked out upon the scene on either side of the railroad track as the train approached the summit of the route. The Colorado Alps had sunk down into a series of low ridges, though we could still see in the far distance some of their more notable peaks. Northward the tops of some distant hills in Wyoming loomed up on the horizon, but all around us not only were there no mountains, but hardly anything that deserved to be called a hill—certainly nothing that for a moment suggested the crest of a mountain range. The railway company, with a laudable desire for the diffusion of correct geographical knowledge, has had a board inscribed "Summit of the Rocky Mountains," and placed at the highest level of their line. One looks round with a feeling of disappointment for the peaks and crests that ought to have been there. Instead of these, there is the same long smooth prairie-like slope, out of which rise numerous quaint knobs of pink granite. The central wedge not having been driven so far