

are no eruptive springs or geysers at this locality now, though a large pillar of sinter on the plain below probably marks the site of one. Jack assured us that even since the time he had first been up here, some ten years before, the water had perceptibly diminished.

The contrast between the heat below and the cold above ground at nights was sometimes very great. We used to rise about daybreak, and repairing to the nearest brook or river for ablution, sometimes found a crust of ice on its quiet pools. One night, indeed, the thermometer fell to 19° , and my sponge, lying in its bag inside our tent, was solidly frozen, so that I could have broken it with my hammer. The camping-ground, selected where wood, water, and forage for the animals could be had together, was usually reached by about three o'clock in the afternoon, so that we had still several hours of daylight for sketching, or any exploration which the locality seemed to invite. About sunset Andy's fire had cooked our dinner, which we set out on the wooden box that held our cooking implements. Then came the camp-fire stories, of which our companions had a sufficient supply. Andy, in particular, would never be outdone. Nothing marvellous was told that he could not instantly cap with something more wonderful still that had happened in his own experience. What distances he had ridden! What hairbreadth escapes from Indians he had gone through! What marvels of nature he had seen! And all the while, as the tales went round and the fire burnt low or was wakened into fiercer blaze by piles of pine logs hewn down by Jack's diligent axe, the stars were coming out in the sky overhead. Such a canopy to sleep under! Wrapping myself round in my travelling cloak, I used to lie apart for a while gazing up at that sky so clear, so sparkling, so utterly and almost