

uptilted formations and has reached the ancient granitic and crystalline rocks, which have been driven up like a huge wedge through the younger strata of the prairies, and now form the axis of the Colorado Mountains. But for the protrusion of this wedge the "Centennial State" would have been a quiet pastoral or agricultural territory like the region to the eastward. The rise of the granitic axis, however, has brought up with it that incredible mineral wealth which, in a few years, has converted the loneliest mountain solitudes into busy hives of industry. Places that a few years ago were haunted only by wild beasts, and probably hardly ever saw even a red man, now count their population by thousands. Mining camps have grown into cities with important public buildings, hotels, and many of the luxuries as well as vices of modern city life. There is a feverish rush westward. Advertisements placarded all over the Union by rival railroad companies show the cheapest and quickest route to the new El Dorado of Colorado, and hold out tempting prospects of rapidly acquiring a fortune there. We found ourselves unwittingly moving westward on this wave of emigration. It was tacitly assumed that we too were bound for a "claim" somewhere.

After a glimpse at the cañons and camp-life of these uplands, we skirted their eastern slopes amid mounds of *débris*, which renewed our interest in the problem that had been started by the prairie ant-hills. Without halting at that time, however, but pursuing our way westward by the Union Pacific Railroad, we made no stop till we came within sight of the Uintah Mountains in Wyoming. This long journey is marked in the recollection of a traveller by the complete demolition of his previous mental picture of the "Rocky Mountains." Misled by the absurd and utterly false system, still far from extinct, of representing