

different kinds were not uncommon, and we shot enough to supply our diminishing larder. Now and then we came upon a skunk or a badger, and at night we could hear the mingled bark and howl of the wolves. Andy's rifle was always ready, and he blazed away at everything. As he rode at the head of the party the first intimation those behind had of any game afoot was the crack of his rifle, followed by the immediate stampede of the mules and a round of execration from Jack. I do not remember that he ever shot anything save one wild duck, which immediately sank, or at least could not be found.

Reaching at length the Upper Geyser Basin, we camped by the river in the only group of trees in the immediate neighbourhood that had not been invaded by the sheets of white sinter which spread out all round on both sides of the river. There were hot springs, and spouting geysers, and steaming caldrons of boiling water in every direction. We had passed many openings by the way whence steam issued. In fact, in some parts of the route we seemed to be riding over a mere crust between the air above and a huge boiling vat below. At one place the hind foot of one of the horses went through this crust, and a day or two afterwards, repassing the spot, we saw it steaming. But we had come upon no actual eruptive geyser. In this basin, however, there is one geyser which, ever since the discovery of the region some ten years ago, has been remarkably regular in its action. It has an eruption once every hour and a few minutes more. The kindly name of "Old Faithful" has accordingly been bestowed upon it. We at once betook ourselves to this vent. It stands upon a low mound of sinter, which, seen from a little distance, looks as if built up of successive sheets piled one upon another. The stratified appearance, however, is due to the same