we, and even the village, were but specks stretched away in all directions with nothing to break the monotony. Far away to the south in front of us we caught the dim outline of mountains and turning to look back toward the north we saw the horizon then bounded by the same ragged outline. Between these distant ranges on the north and on the south lay this great plain, the broad valley of the Snake River, a quiet frozen sea, which once was molten lava. Some of this lava may be, as has been suggested, comparatively recent in its origin but most of it is probably more nearly a few hundred thousand years in age though in geological language still very recent. From ten thousand to fifteen thousand square miles

of southern Idaho is buried by this lava to a depth sometimes of many hundred feet. As we passed on the monotony of the landscape became very tiresome. The surface of this lava is scarcely decomposed at all, often looking as fresh as though poured out but a few months ago, very little or no soil has been formed, or having been formed the winds have swept it away. The climate is dry and no vegetation exists except the scattering tufts of sage-grass with its dull brown colors, and cactus with its bright red, yellow and occasionally white flowers.

To appreciate that we had changed position and were really moving we had occasionally to look at the horses' legs as they moved forward in easy trot or to watch the wheels revolve. As hour after hour passed our glances at the landscape alone did not indicate to us that we had gained or lost in our journey. When we saw a short distance off at the right of the road a small shrub, three or four feet in height we greeted it as one greets an old friend when met in a foreign land. A stranger in a strange land it indeed seemed, the only shrub seen in the journey.

With nothing to indicate its presence till we literally stood upon its brink and were looking down into its depths we suddenly found a gigantic rift in the plain extending directly across our path. Within its depth we heard the roar of waters, but saw at first only a placid surface. Leaving our carriages we went to a more convenient point of observation and here saw the famous Great Shoshone Falls directly below us. Gazing with awe, for a few minutes we soon retraced our steps to the carriages and began the descent into the canyon through a sharp niche which Nature had kindly provided as a means of access to one of her greatest wonders. The descent is very steep, toward up stream till nearly at the bottom the road makes a very sharp angular turn and reaches the level of the river only a few feet from the brink of the Falls. The hotel for the accommodation of visitors is on the opposite bank and we had to cross over in a ferry-boat, that is attached to a strong cable extending from bank to bank across the