


A vintage illustration of a woman in a blue and white floral dress with a red bow, sitting in a chair and reading a book. A vase of red roses is on a table next to her. The text "A ROMANCE" is at the top and "of WONDERLAND" is at the bottom. The book she is reading has "BOSTON GLOBE" written on it. The background features a candelabra and a door.

it. That is my remarkable statement! This is the fact with which I startle the hitherto discreet pages of this diary.

But consider the provocation. For ten years I have been teaching school in this city and its suburbs. When I began I did not suspect that I should be an "extra." Jack used to tell me that I was only to teach a few months, to get my wedding outfit together, and then we would go west and make our fortune. One day he told me he thought he had better go first, to prepare the way. He did. I have never heard from him since. Whether he has been killed by Indians, or lost in a blizzard, or run away with by a ranch girl, I do not know. I have gone on teaching ever since. I live between the boarding-house and the school-room, with a diversion Wednesdays in the way of prayer meeting, and the Carlyle Club Thursdays. And I am tired of it. If we were a man, I would take up a mining claim in Montana, or hire out as a sailor on one of the Alaskan sealers. Being a woman—I am going to accept the invitation of the Mayor of Tacoma.

I have been reading up on Tacoma. It is the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railroad, concerning which I have so often talked to my pupils, reminding them that but for the faith and enterprise which built that great road in the face of so much opposition, the West would be but a tithe of what it now is. Many of the sons of our best families having gone to Tacoma, I am sure the society is all that it should be, and that I may hope to find all the comforts of civilization there—perhaps even a Browning Club. It is said that this town has many advantages over any other on the western coast, and that it is the largest western



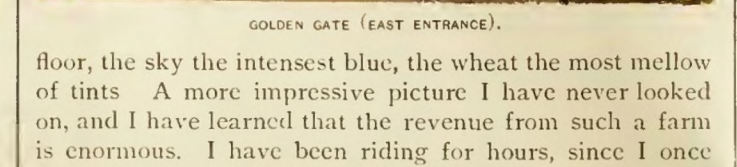
CLEOPATRA TERRACE.

shipping port in the West; also that it lies in a country not only rich in agriculture, but in mineral productions as well. Coal, iron, gold, silver are within easy reach; grains of all sorts are produced in abundance and the fruit rivals that of California; in addition to which the town engages in trade with the cities of the old world, such as Honolulu, Yokohama, Melbourne, Liverpool and London, not to mention

is also the most attractive of resorts for the sportsman, whether his weapon be rod or gun. We have passed a number of quiet and picturesque villages, which are as suggestive of contentment and cultivation as the eastern towns to which I am used. There is St. Cloud, with its numerous manufactories and pleasant homes, and Brainerd, "The City of the Pines," the large population and business success of which is due to some extent to the presence of the Northern Pacific Railroad shops at that place. They tell me, too, that this pine-decorated city lies in the midst of a hundred lakes. Detroit, where I laid off for a day, and from which I am now writing, is in the very heart of that famous lake country to which I referred. The hotel is most elegant, and is occupied by a great many wealthy persons from St. Paul and Minneapolis. I am glad to find that their grammar is all that I could wish. One does not always know what to expect in the far West.

EN ROUTE, June 29th.

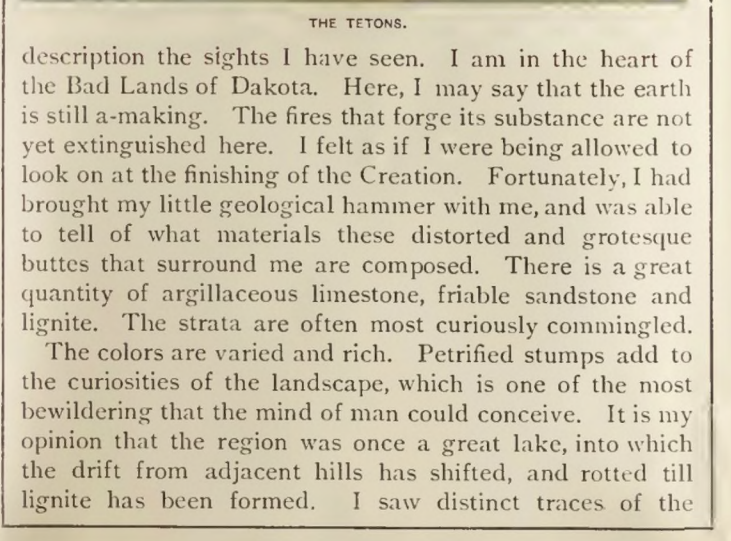
The meals served on the road are most satisfactory. I am a judge of good cooking if anyone is, and I say once for all that I am delighted. I have crossed the great Red River of the North. I have taken a hasty glance at Moorhead and Fargo, two thriving towns—Fargo being the larger—that guard the river; and I am now at Casselton, from which I have been driving out into the most wonderful wheat country I have ever seen. I can imagine nothing richer or more luxurious than these miles upon miles of waving wheat. Twenty-four self-binding reapers, so they say, ride over these fields side by side in harvest time, gathering in the golden grain. The fields are level as a



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more have taken my place on the train, through wheat fields. This bounteous country is something that Americans have cause to be very thankful for. Valley City, dropped in the midst of its hills, is a delightful town; Jamestown has attractive streets and tidy buildings; and Bismarck appears to be a stirring place. It lies in the valley of the Missouri, and is therefore surrounded by good agricultural land. We crossed the Missouri through a sort of natural pass or ford, just after leaving Bismarck. The river is very impressive at this point. Mandan is one of the most notable towns passed, though I was pleased with Dickinson, a new village, hardly out of its swaddling clothes yet, but a most vigorous infant.

July 1st.
I have spent one of the strangest days! I almost dread putting my pen to paper, lest I shall lessen by poor

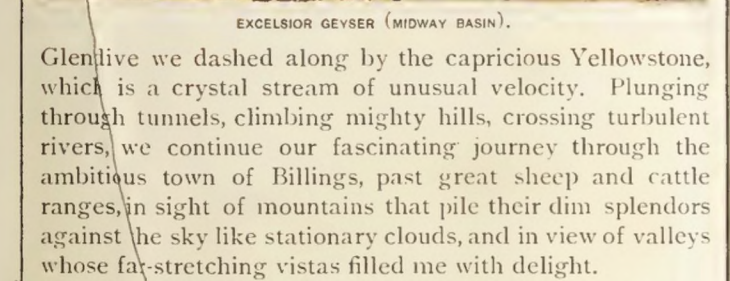


But it was at the Upper Basin that we saw the most wonderful display. Here, by the side of the Firehole River, are four hundred and forty springs and geysers. I refrain from consuming these pages with descriptions which would inevitably be inadequate. Within a few minutes' walk from each other lie the Giantess, a ferocious creature who shows her power only once in a fortnight, the Beehive, Old

Faithful, the Castle, the Giant with his retinue, the graceful Fan, the Lion and Lioness, the Splendid, and many others whose names—not always appropriate—it is hardly worth while retailing. I can only say that twilight came too soon and found me still wandering among these fountains, these grotesques, lined with mother-of-pearl, these pools in which the beauty of the butterfly's wing or the radiance of the jewel seemed to be caught.

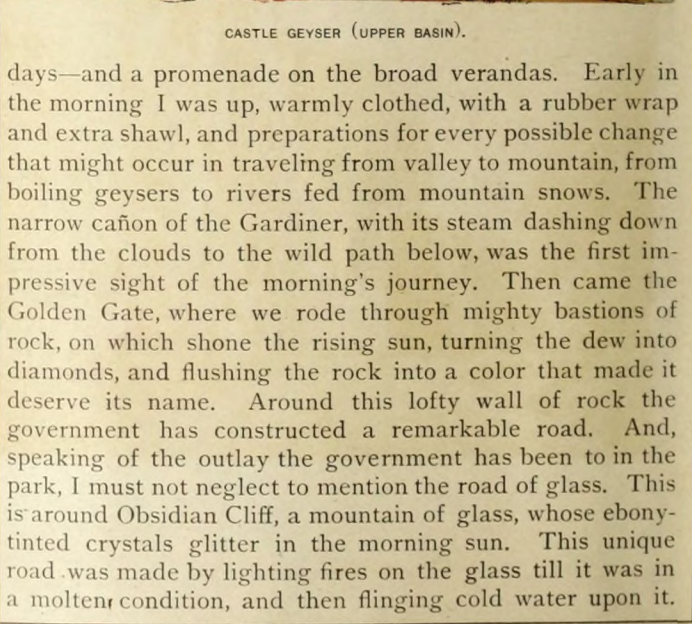
But the following day! What a wonderful day for me—how distinct from all other days of my life. The afternoon was half gone—or more—when we reached the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone. Since noon we had been riding over full-swellling hills, and through brook-watered hollows. Although the larch, the fir and the hemlock still lined our road, there was a gentleness about the scene that we had not previously seen in our journey through the park. We mounted saddle-horses at the Grand Cañon hotel, the

Pliocene age, though peculiar in appearance. I hear there are good grazing places a few miles back in the country, but I think myself that it would be a very distressing place to live. I have never known any Boston folk who would care to live amid such irregular phenomena. After leaving



How shall I record the events of the last few days? I feel that I could best express my state of mind by a row of exclamation points, or by a series of disconnected adjectives! At Livingston then, I left the train to take a local accommodation train running to Cinnabar, which is the gate of the Yellowstone Park. The ride from Livingston to Cinnabar is through Paradise Valley, a region lying between mist-ridden mountains, and spreading out farm after farm in the highest state of cultivation. The farms had the effect of great stretches of landscape gardening, as they lay there in the valley with their vari-colored fields. The air is wonderfully clear and invigorating, owing to the altitude. I think I neglected to say that even Livingston is 4,450 feet above sea-level. At Cinnabar, the terminus of the Park branch, we took coaches to the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, where we spent the day in great comfort. The place is surprisingly convenient and luxurious. The day was a busy one. It was spent for the most part on the Minerva terraces, which rise not far from the hotel. These terraces seem like a bit of enchantment, conjured from the solid and familiar earth to astound and bewitch. The palace of "She" seems to tower on one height, with wonders of stalagmite and stalactite, with ruddy recesses with bastions

of golden brown, with towers of luminous green. The cave of Aladdin, the island haunt of Monte Cristo, the very throne of Venus herself, might be here, and in those pools of limpid water that surprise the wanderer, the goddess of love might have bathed. I know that I should not permit myself to lose that mental equipage becoming to a school teacher and a Bostonian, and perhaps it will be more becoming for me to calmly explain that the material deposited by the hot springs which have made this wonderful mountain of beauty is mainly calcareous. Flowing downward to reach the Gardiner River, this is deposited in corrugated layers of carbonate of lime as travertine. Thus, in course of time, there has been built up a series of terraces, with scalloped edges, on which springs and pools of various temperatures and many tints still play or glimmer amid their fantastic settings.



ages of frost and ice, of sun and vapor have wrought— But here the voice took to itself such a familiar intonation, that I turned and looked. It was Jack! Jack, who had gone away from Boston so many years ago. He knelt me at once. But we bowed quite formally, and to hide confusion I begged him to go on with his very interesting remarks. He actually did it, though I am sure the listener must have wondered what there was in his observations to make his voice tremble.

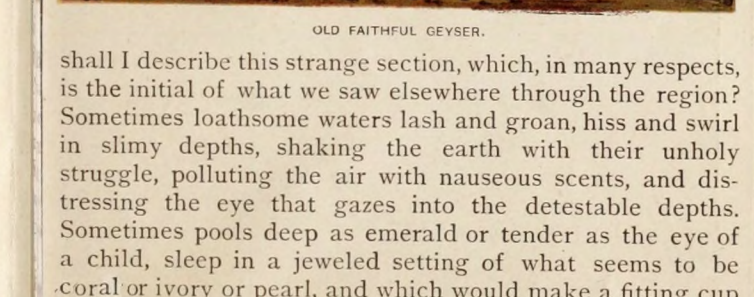
"The rock rises from 1,500 to 2,000 feet," he said. "The Lower Falls are, in round numbers, 350 feet, and the Upper Falls about 112 feet." So he went on, while I stood water in a fish-hawk wheel dizzily over the abyss. The glitter of the falls suddenly catching the last rays of the sun beamed with a thousand transparent prisms. Deep, watery niches grew mosses of green and brown, of gold and gold. Somber and still were the trees upon the savage banks. When we rode back to the hotel, Jack was with me. He asked me after tea to visit the Upper Falls with him. We walked through a shady path 'til we stood upon an overhanging rock. If the Lower Fall had awed me, this fired me. The conscious abandon of the flood was superb. As far as I could see the river rippled and rushed 'til it reached the plunge, after which it trembled luminously in those weird depths and so wound on. As Jack—well, Jack would have come for me years ago, as he had not "been in luck." Now things had changed, and the wonderful part of it was that he had made his fortune

in Tacoma. He was on his way to Boston to learn it I will still free. Of course I did not tell him how it was that I had started west. We have visited Yellowstone Lake together—a lake incomparable in its loveliness, I am sure. It lies 7,788 feet above the level of the sea, and is surrounded by majestic mountains. It is wild, and I can almost say, weird; yet, you may be sure that I was depressed by its melancholy beauties. They were on the point of setting up a delightful steamer on the lake, but at present it is not ready for use—though it will before I begin my diary for 1890.

But I have no words in which to describe the strange days that followed. I saw so many beautiful and curious sights that I felt positively uncanny, and had not my experiences been all happy I should have thought I had been bewitched in that marvelous "hoodoo region," where mysterious roarings and rumblings are heard overhead, and the rocks take to themselves the most fantastic shape. But when we were weary with wild sights, we could turn our attention to some of the scenery like Mary's Lake, which is as tender and as any placid sheet of water among the elms of New York State or the plains of New Hampshire.

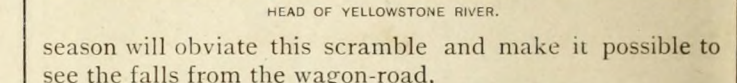
And here I am, once more in the Mammoth Hot Springs hotel, with the white terraces rising dimly before me in twilight. Jack is walking over his nose; I can tell him long way off, even in this light. To-morrow we shall married—at Livingston. Of course we return to Tacoma—mean, Jack returns. I shall make Jack promise never to read my diary, else he might learn how it was that I started for the West.

It broke into fragments, of course, and on this causeway we drove in greatest security, with the cliff stretching above and below. The Electric Peak, far to the north, rising severely towards the clouds, the Devil's Slide—why is the devil always given the credit of the most impressive things?—and Beaver Lake passed, we surmounted a ridge and came into sight of the Norris Geyser Basin. Here first we saw the active geysers, one of which is of recent origin, and will furnish data by which to tell the age of the others, from the nature and quantity of the geyserite or deposit. How



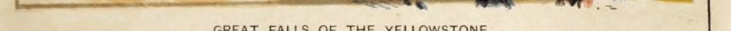
for Flora, should she come tripping that way when the morning is dewy and the year young.

After a lunch for which I developed an enormous appetite, we made our way toward the Gibbon Falls. They could fitly set down the charm of the Gibbon Falls. They were not to be seen from the road, but necessitated a scramble down through a growth of pine on the steep cañon side. Crunching millions of red pine needles beneath our feet, and letting ourselves down from root to root of the trees, we at last hung over a fall of wonderful beauty, throwing a snowy flood over the basaltic rock into a shadowy chasm, across which the sun threw bars of light in splendid shafts, in a vain attempt to illumine it. A new road is being built by the government, which by the recurring



Then came the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins. We were two days in these vicinities, always comfortably accommodated at hotels, built so as to command a good view of the surrounding country. In the Lower Geyser Basin there are six hundred and ninety-three springs, beside seventeen geysers. The valley is rimmed with pines, and in the midst the spectral clouds of steam arise like ghosts in the gray morning. Here, the peculiar beauties I had noticed in first seeing one of these geyser districts, were repeated with greater variety and delicacy. I could only say that the Wizards had been at work, making the most curious and dainty things to be devised. But I must not neglect to mention one remarkable feature of the basin in which is the geysers' geyser—the greatest in the world. We were not so fortunate as to see this in action, but they say that its eruptions are simply terrifying, and that the noise of its roar can be heard for several miles, while the Firehole River is changed from a modest stream into a raging flood of boiling water, from the overflow. But we had the pleasure of looking at the Prismatic Lake, a sheet of ever-changing water lying in a basin bronzed with some semi-luminous deposit of bronze green, and of seeing many other pools which were both interesting and beautiful.

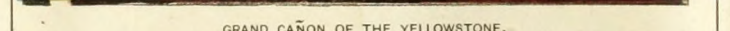
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largest and best appointed hotel in the park, and rode along a carriage drive for some distance, coming at last to a trail. Being well used to riding, I urged my horse ahead to the others, 'til the roar of the falls dinned in my ears, and at my horse's feet stretched—a chasm! The word does not mean much; I wish I knew of a better one. Sunlit pinnacles of white, of gold, of shimmering amber, of rose-mined blue, reaching up, to the fringes of larches and brooded over by a purple sky cannot be expressed by "chasm." These stretches of emblazoned wall, full of changing and mellow lights, mysterious with broken shadow, brought me nearer to nature than I had ever been before. Down 'twixt these walls of mystic forging writhed the Yellowstone, furious from its fall of over three hundred feet. In falling the water breaks into such a shower of jewels, shows such deep combs of translucent greenness, sends up such a witching spray of mist over the hardy plants that cling to its lower rocks, that were it not for the color of the water, I should have known I should not portray the loveliness of it. In a short time I was overtaken by my traveling companions, whose number seemed to be swelled by some



"The oxidation of iron causes that red," he was saying, pointing to the cañon, "and the sulphur is responsible for those remarkable gradations of yellow. The composition contains lava, lime and arsenic, and the effects of countless

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Rates and Arrangements for the Yellowstone Park Tour.

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The Northern Pacific will stop here May 1st and September 30th, en route from St. Paul, Minneapolis, Duluth or Ashland, to Sitka, Alaska, and return at cost of \$125.00. This rate includes:

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MAP OF THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

Compiled from different official explorations and our personal survey, 1882.

REFERENCES

Roads
Trails

Proposed Railroads.
Geyser Formation.

SCALE

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 Miles.

CARL J. HALS and A. RYDSTRÖM,
Civil Engineers.

