

Professor, Bradley, Senica, and Hall went up the river five miles, measuring a geological section. All in camp by three o'clock, when we loaded up and pulled on again into a channel as crooked as a street in Boston. Passed out of Flaming Gorge into Horseshoe Canon, out of Horseshoe Canon into Kingfisher Canon. While rounding a bend, we came on a herd of mountain sheep, that scampered up a steep, rocky side of the canon at an astonishing rate. The crews of the freight boats opened a volley on them that made the wilderness ring, reminding us all of other scenes and times, when we were the scampering party. Passed the mouth of a small stream coming in from the west, which we named King Fisher Creek, as there was a bird of that species perched on the branch of a dead willow, watching the finny tribe with the determination of purpose that we often see exhibited by politicians while watching for the spoils of office. Killed two geese, and saw a great number of beavers today, but failed to get any of them. No sooner would we get within gun-shot, than down they would go with a plumping noise like dropping a heavy stone into the water. Made seven miles today, and camped for the night on the west bank opposite a huge grayish white sandstone that loomed up a thousand feet from the water's edge, very much the shape of an old-fashioned straw beehive, and we named it "Beehive Point." Saw the tracks of elk, deer and sheep on the sand. Near our camp, Goodman saw one elk, but missed it.