

## THE COCONINO SUN.

reflection from these as the light of candles or torches is thrown on them is dazzling in its brilliancy. But while the glance is momentarily riveted on the scene here exposed to view, attention is almost insensibly drawn to the floor beneath. There a view is presented that beggars description. At first glance it would seem that the bottom of the Indian ocean had been suddenly transplanted for the benefit of the visitors to this cave. Mountain after mountain of coral, pink and white appear in rapid succession, while sea anemones of every conceivable hue and color seem to float around in endless variety. There are parterres and rows of flowers arranged in such order that it would put any landscape painter to the blush, while the bowers and grottoes that abound might have served as a resting place for Queen Mab and her fairy satellites.

The second cave is about the same dimensions as the first, but much higher, and the columns of stalactite are very much larger and more diversified in shape. Here large pieces of stalactite have fallen from the roof and sides of the cave, pressed down by the superincumbent weight, and been shattered to atoms on the floor below, while vast sheets hang from the wall with scarcely any perceptible support, revealing almost every form of animate or inanimate nature, grotesque at times, 'tis true, but always with a sufficiently strong resemblance. Here may be found the jaws of leviathan sharks, the serrated rows of teeth looking as ugly as if the monster were springing from the deep to tear down its victim who was being hoisted on board a vessel; there the deadly swordfish, with its cruel, sharp weapon, ever in readiness for attack or defense; while in the most inconceivable places may be found saws of every description, from the tiniest to the big cross-cut saws.

But the most wonderful sight of all is what is called the "white cave." Shortly after entering the visitor is confronted with a lion rampant on a pedestal about eighteen inches long. The figure stands about a foot high and is as nearly perfect in detail as anything that ever left the sculptor's or molder's hands. A few feet from there stands a Burmese pagoda which, when a candle is placed in the rear of it, seems to be lighted up as if for service, while the sacred elephant stands out in bold relief in dazzling whiteness, a piece of crystalized lime forming the eye, which, with the glare of the candle upon it, seems to flash out luridly and angrily at having been disturbed after ages of repose.

It would be impossible to describe the various compartments the writer went through in a journey of about four hours. Many of them are of such enormous height that the flare of the candles or torches serves to reveal nothing but impenetrable blackness up above, while the sides in all cases are lined with the most fantastic and grotesque shapes. In one place is to be found a bay window, the curtains and window blinds arranged in the most artistic manner, while everywhere you can select your own chime of bells and discourse sweet music with cymbals thrown in. The cave has not yet been fully explored, and it is the writer's belief that it will extend for miles in the direction of the river. This is borne out by the fact that on the face of the same cliff about three-quarters of a mile further down the canyon two holes are apparent that have never been explored, but which may be outlets or entrances to the same cave or series of caves. On the opposite side of Clear Creek canyon, which is one of the network of canyons of the Grand Canyon, two other holes are apparent, which it is presumed are caves, but which have not yet been explored.