

Tourist's Guide



Rocky Mountains
TO THE
Golden Gate

MURRAY HILL HOTEL



40TH TO 41ST STS. PARK AVE.
NEW YORK.

LOCATED one block
from
GRAND CENTRAL STATION,
and on highest grade of
land in the city.

A Hotel of Superior
Excellence, conducted
on both the

**AMERICAN AND
EUROPEAN PLANS.**

The water and ice used are vaporized and frozen
and free from disease germs.

THE PATRONS OF THE

— MURRAY HILL HOTEL —

HAVE THEIR BAGGAGE TRANSFERRED TO AND FROM THE GRAND CENTRAL STATION
FREE OF CHARGE.

PLAZA



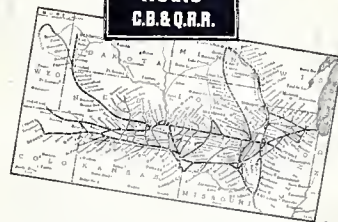
places of amusement and stores. Fifth Avenue stages, cross-town
and belt-line horse cars pass the doors. Terminal Station Sixth
Avenue Elevated Road within half a block.

THE HOTEL IS ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

Conducted on American and European plans. The water and
ice used are vaporized and frozen on the premises, and certified to
by Prof. Chas. F. Chandler as to purity. Summer rates.

F. A. HAMMOND.

**Burlington
Route
C.B. & Q.R.R.**



BEST LINE FROM —
CHICAGO AND ST. LOUIS
— TO ALL POINTS
NORTHWEST
WEST AND —
SOUTHWEST

**Burlington
Route
C.B. & Q.R.R.**

BEST LINE

**Burlington
Route
C.B. & Q.R.R.**

Chicago and St. Louis

TO

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS,

OMAHA, LINCOLN,

DENVER,

CHEYENNE, DEADWOOD,

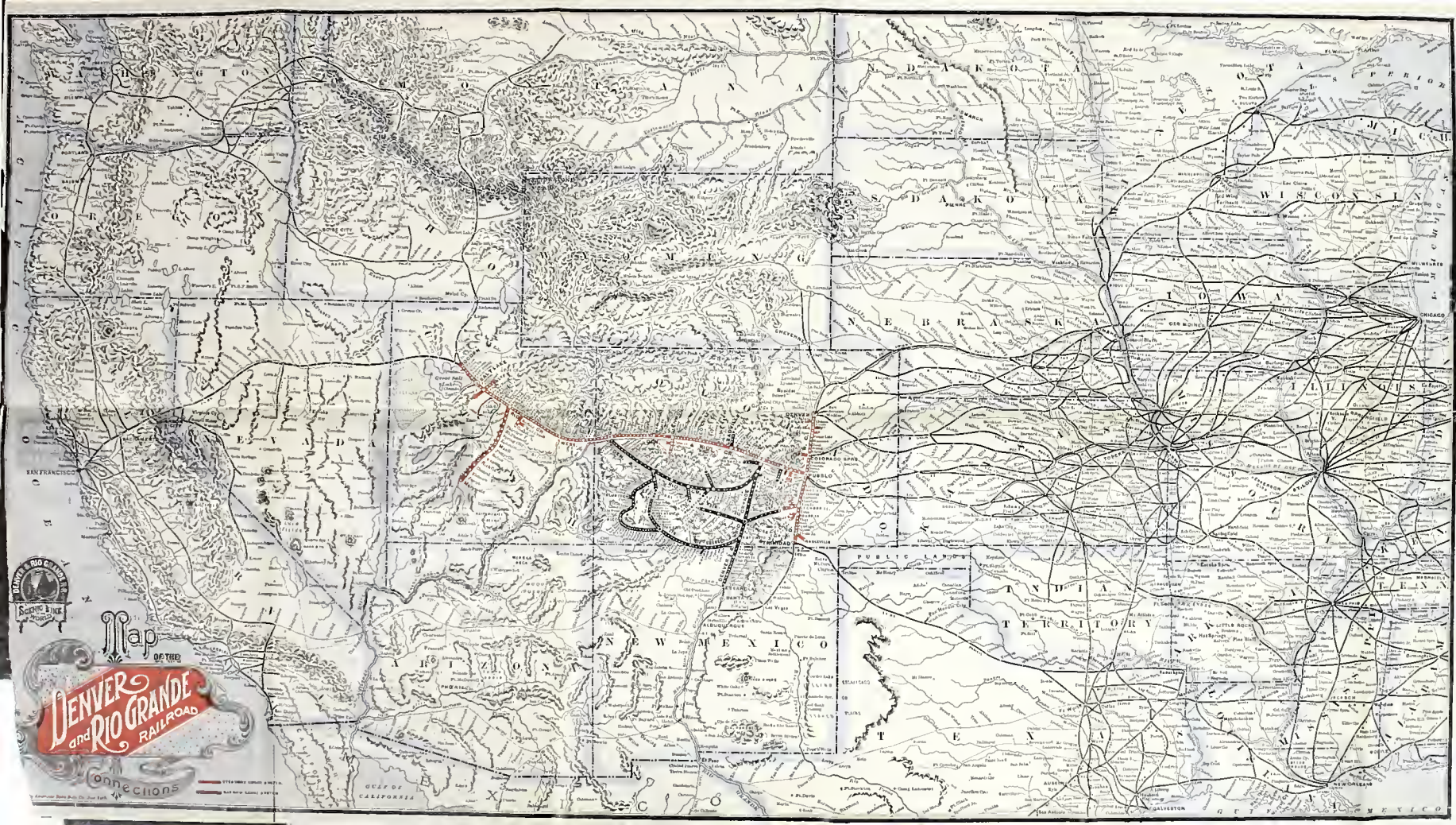
ST. JOSEPH, KANSAS CITY,

AND TO

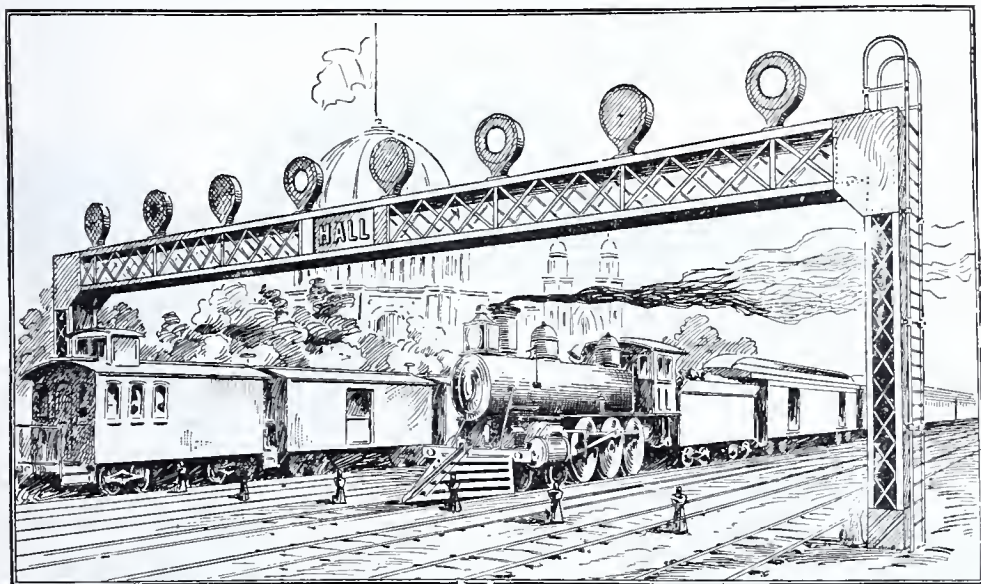
All Pacific Coast and Texas Points.

For tickets and rates, or general information regarding the "Burlington Route," call on any Railroad Agent in the United States or Canada, or address

P. S. EUSTIS, General Passenger and Ticket Agent
CHICAGO, BURLINGTON & QUINCY R.R.
Chicago, Ill.



World's Columbian Exposition.



HALL AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC BLOCK SYSTEM ON THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.R.

AFTER the most thorough investigation ever made into the subject of block signals THE ILLINOIS CENTRAL RAILROAD COMPANY HAS ADOPTED THE HALL SYSTEM OF AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC SIGNALS for the protection of their entire WORLD'S FAIR TRAFFIC on their eight tracks from CHICAGO to GRAND CROSSING, and four tracks from GRAND CROSSING to KENSINGTON.

THE CHICAGO & NORTHWESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY HAS ADOPTED THE HALL SYSTEM for the block signaling of their Galena, Milwaukee and Wisconsin divisions—87 miles of double track, 201 block signals, and also providing protection for 188 switches.

THE HALL SIGNAL COMPANY,

WILLIAM P. HALL, Pres. W. S. GILMORE, Treas. MELVILLE P. HALL, Sec'y.

S. MARSH YOUNG, General Agent. C. W. BREWSTER, Sales Agent.

HENRY BEZER, Mechanical Signal Engineer.

A. J. WILSON, Sup't Electrical Construction.

W. W. SALMON, Signal Engineer.

C. H. FARGO & CO.
ESTABLISHED 1856,
Wholesale Shoe Manufacturers
CHICAGO.



TRADE MARK.
(COPYRIGHTED.)

FARGO'S \$2.50 CALF SHOE,

Fargo's \$2.50 Ladies Boot.

A leading and popular article of footwear.

Fargo's "Box Tip" School Shoes for Boys and Girls.

Ask your dealer for them, and if he does not keep them send to us for a descriptive list.

C. H. FARGO & CO. CHICAGO.

Rocky Mountains ... TO ... The Golden Gate.

A TOURIST GUIDE

DESCRIPTIVE OF TERRITORY BETWEEN

The Eastern Foot-Hills of the Rockies
and the Pacific Coast.



BY

REV. JOHN A. GUTTERIDGE, B. D.

FELLOW OF THE AMERICAN GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Published under the auspices of the Passenger Department

OF THE

Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

INTRODUCTION.

No land on earth can produce finer scenery than America. And there is no part of America where so much of this grand, sublime and beautiful scenery is to be found as in the territory we shall describe within the pages of this book. Would that we could picture it in any degree equal to Nature's own production! Would that we could describe it in a manner worthy of itself! The narrow limits of space at our disposal will prohibit any detailed description notwithstanding every part we shall touch affords abundant material for the most elaborate treatment. While many volumes have been written, and doubtless many more will yet be written, of the wondrous sights that meet the gaze of every traveler through this enchanted land, we can do no more than indicate what the principal attractions are, conduct the tourist to them by the nearest route, and leave him there to be impressed by the sights and scenes themselves, being fully assured that they will fulfill the task as no words or pictures can ever do, were they written by the pen of the readiest writer or sketched by the pencil of the most skilled limner.

If the highlands of Scotland can furnish such scenes as their own native poets have described, what may not be said and written of the scenery of the Rockies and the Sierras? For, certain it is, these mighty mountains excel the hills of Scotland as far as the Alps of Switzerland excel the Highlands of the Hudson. And if the world-renowned Scottish poet refrained from attempting a description of a certain scene in "Marmion," who shall presume to describe some of the grander scenery of Colorado? It would be more modest, in many cases, to make use of Sir Walter Scott's own words as a fitting excuse for our not making the attempt, and say:

"Expect not, noble dames and lords,
That I can tell such scenes in words:
What skillful limner e'er would choose
To paint the rainbow's varying hues,
Unless to mortal it were given
To dip his brush in dyes of heaven?"


The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company will undertake to convey passengers in safety and perfect comfort over the "Scenic Route of the World;" but they have not yet been able to find the writer who can do full justice to the scenes themselves.

The object of this book is to point out what there is to see, tell where it is to be found, and show how it is to be reached.

J. A. G.

The Rocky Mountains.

"Then the mountains, how fair! to the blue vault of heaven,
Towering up in the sunshine and drinking the light;
While adown their deep chasm, all splintered and riven,
Fall the far-gleaming cataracts, silvery white."

UR PLAN is to include all the various routes by which the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad encompasses the mountains, traverses the vales, surmounts the hills, cuts through the cañons, encircles the parks, and penetrates the vast Rocky Mountain system in every direction; and to show the relation this railroad sustains to the other great railroads between the East and West as a through and direct route to California and the Pacific Coast.

We shall divide the book into three sections:

I. DENVER TO TRINIDAD;

Or, The Sights and Scenes Along the Foot-Hills.

II. THE TRIP AROUND THE CIRCLE;

Or, "The Scenic Route of the World."

III. BETWEEN DENVER AND THE PACIFIC COAST;

Or, The Through Route to California.

DENVER TO TRINIDAD.

It is best to make Denver a starting point for our book, and it will be to the advantage of the the tourist, in many respects, to make it a starting point at which to begin his travels. For it is in this city the headquarters of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company are established; and there can be obtained all the latest information about the trains, and there can be secured the most favorable terms in purchasing a ticket.

The trip from Denver to Trinidad is one of very great interest. It extends all along the Foot-Hills for a distance of 211 miles. But before we start on our journey it is proper that we should dwell a little at Denver, in order to become acquainted with the charms and beauties of the "Queen City of the West."

Denver, the capital of Colorado, is a city that stands on an elevation nearly 5200 feet above the sea. The majestic mountains, sublime in their snow-crowned summits, environ her most beautifully and romantically. Truly she is peerless in all her attributes of situation. Few places in this or any other country have grown so rapidly. Denver had only 5000 inhabitants twenty years ago, it has now 150,000. It is the largest city between the Missouri River and San Francisco, and is destined to be one of the largest cities on the American continent.

No less than twelve great railroads run into Denver. In fact it is connected with every railroad that crosses the continent. It is not to be wondered at that a city holding out such inducements should attract over 700 visitors daily, on an average, the year round. Invalids find great benefit in making this their home, for they not only find the clear atmosphere delightfully exhilarating, and the pure water delightfully refreshing, but there is always some pleasing attraction to divert the mind. The pure air is marvelously transparent. This has a marked effect upon the mountain scenery. Modern architecture, style, material, all have their influence upon the sensibilities, and one and all play their part in producing a combination of effects that is wondrously pleasing and attractive.

Many of the older cities of our country have been marred in their general effect by narrow and crooked streets, many small and unsightly buildings, poor and unattractive material, and poorer workmanship. Now Denver has been laid out according to plan: streets have been widened according to modern ideas; material of unsurpassed quality has been made use of; and architects, the most

skillful in the land, have vied with each other in producing effects the most charming and beautiful. To do this they have been aided by conditions essentially requisite for such results. First, an abundance of material at hand of the finest quality for the purpose. Then, they have been encouraged to design elaborately and expensively by citizens full of hopes and ambitions. This is seen in the innumerable efforts to out rival one another in the magnificence and costliness of their homes. Then, again, Nature has come in with her aid, not alone in the beautiful and variegated tints to be found in marble and stone that are native to the Rocky Mountain regions, but in a variety of native trees, the symmetry of which is strik-

ingly graceful and the foliage of which is exquisitely beautiful in the variety of its shades and shapes. Furthermore, the designers, both of the buildings and the surrounding gardens, have had scope for the display of their genius in a sufficiency of room; there is no crowding of buildings either with respect to each other or to the street on which they stand.

Excepting in the purely business sections of the city, nearly every home has its spacious lawn in front, and very often its intervening garden, while the streets themselves are ornamented with stately shade trees that add much to their attractiveness. There is said to be 250,000 shade trees and 260 miles of irrigating channels within the city.

These, then, are thy attributes, fair Denver! that proclaim thee Queen of the Beautiful;—the lofty mountains, crowned with their wreath of eternal snow, whose proud turrets, castellated heights, stately towers and mighty

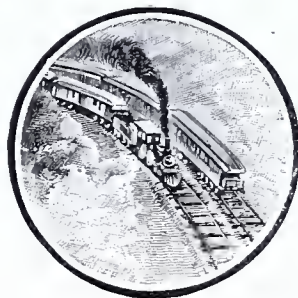


bulwarks, lend grace and beauty to the exterior of thy lovely palace home—thy cabinets of gold and silver and gems of sparkling brightness that at thy command come forth to shine in the diadem that is on thy brow—the glorious sunshine that illuminates thy countenance, adds new lustre to thy fair complexion, and gives ever-increasing beauty to the charms of thy bright and smiling face. And then, in order to show thy shapely form to best advantage, Nature has woven thine outer garments in her own factory, with her own machinery and by her own master hand, and has spread them out before thee in velvet lawns, luxuriant foliage and choicest flowers, ornate and beautiful, varied as the rainbow and fragrant as the odors of Eden.

The most lavish expenditure has been bestowed upon the buildings both public and private. The buildings and grounds of the Capitol cost \$1,500,000; the Custom House and Post-office, \$1,000,000; the Tabor Grand Opera House, \$850,000. There are sixty churches in Denver, many of them very costly. The principal buildings are the United States Mint, the County Court House—a most elegant and costly structure, occupying an entire block with the buildings and grounds; the City Hall, University of Denver, St. Mary's Academy, Wolfe Hall, Trinity M. E. Church, St. John's Cathedral, College of the Sacred Heart, Jarvis Hall, Baptist Female College; the Argo, Holden and Grant Smelting Works, and a large number of churches, hotels and business blocks, any of which would do credit to any of the metropolitan cities of the East.

Denver has the largest smelting works in the world, and there are many and various extensive manufactories. Millions of dollars' worth of gold, silver, copper, lead and other minerals are turned out from the great smelters every year.

I was never in a city where so perfect a system of cable and electric cars existed and where such rapid transit facilities are enjoyed. It is brilliantly lighted by electricity, and hundreds of artesian wells furnish a copious supply of pure water. This, in connection with pure air, bright sunshine and perfect drainage, make Denver one of the healthiest cities in the world. I observe, upon reference to the table of vital statistics, that the death rate in Denver is below that of any other great city: for example, the annual death rate per thousand in New Orleans is twenty-seven, New York twenty-five, Newark twenty-three, Brooklyn twenty-two, Baltimore twenty, San Francisco nineteen, Chicago nineteen, Richmond seventeen, Indianapolis fifteen, St. Paul twelve, Denver ten. Denver is supplied with a large number of first-class hotels, boarding houses, lodging rooms and restaurants innumerable. Accommodations can be found to suit all pockets. Among the leading hotels may be mentioned the H. C. Brown Palace Hotel, the Hotel Metropole, the Windsor, the Albany, the American and the St. James.



ALONG THE FOOT-HILLS.

We follow the base of the Rocky Mountains for 211 miles, having Pike's Peak almost constantly in view on our right. On the left stretch away the great plains that extend eastward to the Alleghenies, a distance of a thousand miles.

Castle Rock.—Thirty-three miles south of Denver a remarkable promontory presents an imposing appearance. It springs right up from the plains, and invariably attracts the attention of tourists. The pretty little village that nestles beneath its shadow has taken its name from this remarkable freak of Nature, and is now known by the name of Castle Rock, and has a depot on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad.

Away off to the right, at some distance, is Bear Cañon. Here begins what are called the Ramparts, surmounted by several high peaks, such as Platte Peak, Thunder Butte, Camel's Back, etc.

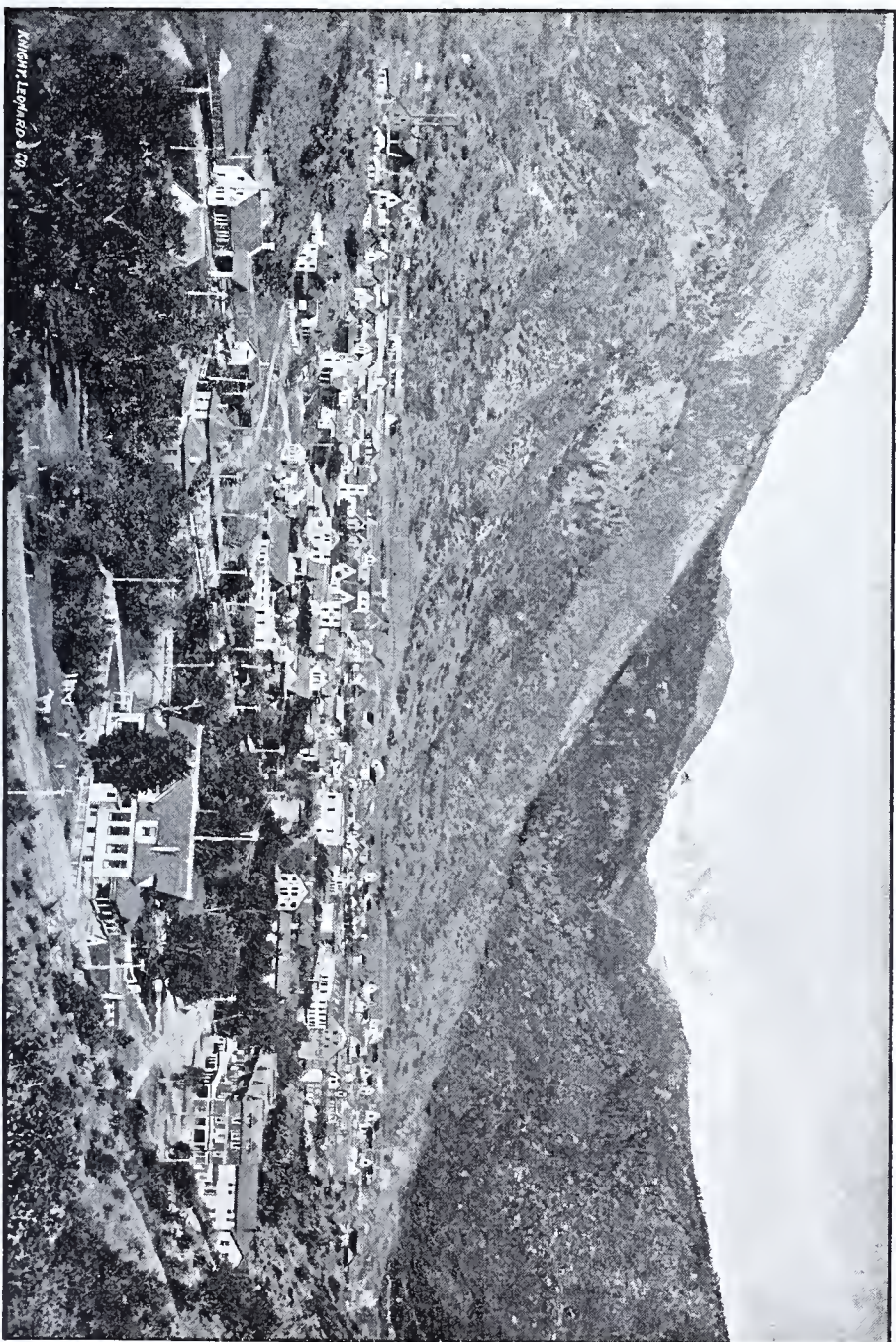
Perry Park.—About half an hour's drive from Larkspur Station we reach this very attractive pleasure and health resort. It is much frequented by residents of Denver and neighborhood on account of its romantic location at the foot of the Front range of mountains, and its being in the midst of much of that grotesque and wonderful phenomena of rock formation that has made famous the Garden of the Gods.

After Larkspur is passed the country presents a more uneven aspect, and we observe a number of high buttes and mesas. These present many fantastic shapes, suggesting battlements, towers, fortresses, castles, etc. some of which rise up many hundred feet above the billowy plain. We ascend a somewhat steep grade to the summit of the divide, from the top of which we look back into the valley down which the Platte flows, and forward into the valley drained by the streams that flow into the Arkansas.

Palmer Lake.—This beautiful lake occupies the summit of the divide, and being within fifty miles of Denver, it is becoming a very popular resort. The mountain scenery is very beautiful all around, and the lake itself is elevated 7238 feet above sea level. The train stops right on the shore of the lake. Time is allowed for refreshments, which some partake of, while others stroll along the water's edge. W. E. Pabor has written a pretty little poem about Palmer Lake, a single stanza only of which I can find room for. It begins :

“ Serene and sweet and smiling as a bride
Nestles Lake Palmer on the green Divide ;
The hills around it, the blue sky above,
The summer sunshine bathing it in love ;
Fair as the lochs that lie in Scotia's glens,
Worthy the praise that comes from poets' pens,
Its sparkling waters in the sunshine gleam,
Full of the glamour of the sweetest dream.”

The lake is a never-failing attraction either to the passing tourist, the happy sojourner for a season of pleasure, or to those who have taken up their permanent abode amid the beautiful mountain scenery of this region. The passing tourist is usually afforded an opportunity here of refreshing the inner man at the excellent restaurant connected with the depot ; the sojourner



Knight, Leonard & Co.

MANITOU.

will be most comfortably and handsomely entertained at the Glen House, while he who intends to make his home here will find the walks and drives in the vicinity of Palmer Lake of pleasant and varied interest. Some of the more noted places are "Phœbe's Arch," "Glen D'Eau," "Bellevue Point," "Ben Lomond" and "Perry Park."

Glen Park.—Here is located the Chautauqua of the West. It is a charming place, surrounded by scenery of the most picturesque nature and adjacent to one of the prettiest glens in America. The spacious auditorium has a seating capacity of more than a thousand people, and affords accommodations for the offices of the Glen Park Association. The drives in this vicinity are a very attractive feature of interest to sojourners here. Its proximity to Denver enables business men to attend to their occupations in the city during the day, while the excellent railroad facilities speedily bring them to their homes, where they can unite with their families every night in the full enjoyment of the attractions of the country.

But we must hasten on our journey. An outlying spur of the Rockies, running at right angles from the main chain and extending eastward into the plains, is what produces the barrier which is called the Divide. This turns the streams in different directions and compels every train and traveler to ascend and descend it. The southern slope of the Divide is rather steep and the trains run down it at a merry gait—much too swift for those who would fain linger longer to enjoy the ever-changing panorama. There is a fall of about 1200 feet in the run of twenty-three miles from Palmer Lake to Colorado Springs.

Colorado Springs.—This fashionable city of 12,000 inhabitants is delightfully situated on a plateau over 6000 feet high. It is located seventy-five miles from Denver, right opposite the entrance to the famous Ute Pass, which leads to Manitou, Pike's Peak and the interior of the Colorado mountain region. The city is renowned throughout the country as a famous health resort. From all parts of the city the grandest scenery is visible. Pike's Peak guards the entrance to the Pass, and shows up finely from the streets of the city. The attractive surroundings, broad avenues, shady streets, splendid drives and pure air, have induced 12,000 people to make it their permanent home. Their fine residences speak well for the future of the place, and tell plainly enough how good a class of people come here to live. Colorado Springs is literally a town of residences, boarding houses and fine hotels.

The Antlers is one of the leading hotels of the State. It is a stone structure, built in the Queen Anne style, and has extensive parks and grounds. The Alamo Hotel is exceedingly popular and entertains a fine class of patrons. There are a number of smaller hotels and a good supply of comfortable and home-like boarding houses in different parts of the town; also fine livery stables, where riding and driving horses and carriages of the best are furnished at reasonable prices.

Manitou Springs.—Thousands visit Manitou every year; and no wonder! For it is one of the loveliest spots in all Colorado—and that is saying a good deal; but we might go further and truthfully say, that it is one of the loveliest little towns to be found anywhere. Moreover, its attractions are not by any means wholly confined within itself, for it is surrounded on all sides by more objects of interest and scenic attraction

in the way of natural wonders, grotesque phenomena and majestic mountain peaks than any resort of a similar character on this continent or any other. Think of such a list as this: Pike's Peak, the Ute Pass, the Garden of the Gods, the Manitou Grand Caverns, Cheyenne Cañon, the Fontaine-qui-Bouille, the Rainbow Falls, Briarhurst, Williams's Cañon, the Cave of the Winds, Engleman's Cañon, Grace Greenwood's Cottage, Helen Hunt Jackson's grave, "My Garden," the favorite resort of that literary celebrity whose *nom de plume* of "H. H." will be more readily recognized than her name, Queen's Cañon, Glen Eyrie, Blair Athol, Bear Creek Cañon, Seven Falls, Crystal Park, Monument Park, Pike's Peak Trail, the Carriage Road to the Peak, the ascent by the Pike's Peak Railroad—these, and many other attractive spots that might be named within a mile or two of Manitou, in addition to the attractions within the town, such as the famous Mineral Springs, where the refreshing soda from Nature's own laboratory flows abundant, full and free, the delightful shady walks by the side of the clear running brooks, the music furnished by the splendid orchestras connected with the fine hotels, the evening parties, the social hours in the best society, the groups of equestrians—the élite upon horseback, the mountaineers upon mules, the happy little folks upon donkeys, these—all these, I say, make Manitou one of the most delightfully interesting and enjoyable places on earth.

With such an array of attractions, no wonder thousands flock to Manitou every year, and many make it their abiding home. Situated beneath the shadow of the mountain, Manitou is to Pike's Peak what Interlachen is to the Jungfrau. Like the celebrated Swiss town, Manitou is a town of hotels and boarding houses. These are constructed for the special accommodation and comfort of those who know how to appreciate the advantages of a first-class hotel when traveling, or seeking the quiet and comfort of home-like surroundings when making a prolonged stay for health or recreation. Such famous houses as the Mansions, the Manitou House, the Barker House, the Cliff House, the Iron Springs Hotel, and many excellent boarding houses, furnish ample accommodations to the public, and can be recommended for their excellent management, first-class equipment, and beautiful and attractive external surroundings. I am at this moment in receipt of a very handsome little guide book called, "The Story of Manitou," just from the press, which Mr. S. K. Hooper, the General Passenger Agent of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company, Denver, Colo. will mail free to anyone applying for the same, and I can do no better than refer the reader to that for any additional information he may desire concerning Manitou.

The Pike's Peak Railroad.—Until a recent date the ascent of Pike's Peak has been a toilsome one on foot or on horseback; two or three years ago a carriage road was constructed from Cascade Station. By this route the writer, in company with Col. John J. McCook and others, ascended the mountain in a carriage the summer before last. Since then the Pike's Peak Railroad has been built. This season tourists can avail themselves of this exalted privilege, and by taking a comfortable seat in one of the coaches of the Pike's Peak Cog-Wheel Railway can be lifted to the very topmost pinnacle of the famous mountain.

The starting point from Manitou is from Engleman's Cañon opposite the Ute Iron Spring. The top of the Pike's Peak is at an elevation of 14,147 feet above the sea. The railroad starts at an elevation of 6622 feet, so that

from the base to the summit of the mountain the rise is 7525 feet. This required the construction of a track nearly nine miles in extent. And for a description of the route I cannot do better than quote from the little book just referred to, for it contains the very latest information that has gone into print:

"As the ascent is made many opportunities are given for exquisite views of the world below through vistas in the trees, with the eastern plains glowing in the sunshine, and extending as far as vision reaches, and limited only by the blue horizon's verge. About half way up the mountain and directly on the line of the railway, reached also by the trail, lies the Half-way House.

When the head-waters of Ruxton Creek are reached, the road curves to the southwest, and "Windy Point" is attained. From here one has a distinct view of Manitou, Colorado City and Colorado Springs. The "Cathedral Spires" and the "Great Gateway" of the Garden of the Gods appear like the castles set by the giants for a stupendous game of chess. We are now far above timber line. On all sides can be seen strange flowers of lovely forms and varied hues. Plants which attain considerable proportions on the plains are here reduced to their lowest terms. It is not an unusual thing to find a sunflower stalk on the prairies rising to a height of from eight to ten feet; here they grow like dandelions in the grass, yet retaining all their characteristics of form and color. Beyond this mountain meadow are great fields of disintegrated granite, broken cubes of pink rock, so vast in extent that they might well be the ruins of all the ancient cities in the world. Far below flash the waters of Lake Morain, and beyond, to the southward, lie the Seven Lakes. Another turn of the track to the northward, and the shining rails stretch almost straight up what appears to be an inaccessible wall of precipitous granite. But no physical obstruction is formidable enough to stop the progress of this marvelous railway; and passing the yawning abyss of the "Crater," the line proceeds direct to the summit. The grade here is one of twenty-five degrees, and timid passengers will not escape a thrill of fear as they gaze over the brink of this precipice, although the danger is absolutely nothing. At last the summit is reached, and disembarking, the tourists can seek refreshments in the hotel and then spend the time before the train returns in enjoying the view and in rambling over the seventy acres of broken granite which form the summit."

The view from the summit is one never to be forgotten. Nor shall I ever forget the journey up and down. I have no doubt the views are substantially the same, whether by road or rail, and of course when the top is reached there is no difference. I very well remember the enthusiasm manifested in our little carriage party at what we saw on the way up and down, and at the sights we beheld from the summit of Pike's Peak. When we reached the top, the slight haze that had hung about the mountain sides while we were ascending had entirely dispersed. All was clear, and we had an unobstructed view of the surrounding country. Manitou looked about the size of a sheet; Colorado Springs looked like a checker-board. The streets being all laid out so perfectly in blocks, and the bird's-eye view being obtained at so great an elevation, the place presented that appearance most perfectly. The great plains that stretch away to the Missouri appeared like the mighty ocean; and we could survey this scene for more than a hundred miles. The great mountain ranges presented a glorious appearance. The whole scene was truly wonderful. Colonel McCook grew very enthusiastic over it. He said he had traveled all over Europe, but he had never seen such a view before.

There was very little snow on the mountain where we stood, but we had passed through plenty of it on the way up. The road had only been cut through the drifts two days before we went up. Many a time the snow banks were higher than our heads when we sat on the top of the coach. The top of the mountain, which appears like a sharp peak from below, covers seventy acres, all strewn with splintered rocks and massive boulder stones.

After wandering about for half an hour, obtaining views from different points of vantage, we took our places on the coach and began the descent. We came down the mountain at a spanking trot, the mules never once making a false step. They ran close beside the yawning precipices and turned the sharp corners, where the leaders would look right over the cliff, without manifesting the slightest fear. After descending 3000 feet, we began to see vegetation in the mosses and lichens. Then came stunted shrubs, all bending over in one direction and all clinging close to the rocks, showing clearly the way the winds blow up there. At one place our driver stopped to allow us to pick up some rock-crystals, of which there are many very beautiful specimens to be found with very little trouble. Horses were then substituted for the mules, the latter being required only for the highest part of the mountain. Past deep gorges filled with snow, over winding, twisting, zig-zag roads, past storm and fire-swept forests, along steep and narrow cañons, across broad and lofty plateaus, through meadows gorgeous with wild flowers, down lovely valleys, by the side of sparkling streams, babbling brooks, streaming waterfalls, plunging cascades, shivering aspens and lofty pines, we descended through mile after mile of scenery fully equal to anything even Switzerland itself can produce. We were enabled to enjoy the passing scenes and the distant views the more because we had the utmost confidence in our driver, who handled his horses in a masterly style. When we reached the foot of the mountain and stepped from the coach, Colonel McCook hastily slipped a token of appreciation into his hand, saying, as he did so, "Bravo, Jackson, you're a good driver!"

The Garden of the Gods.—This famous spot has been described and photographed a thousand times, and yet no picture or description that I ever saw can convey to the mind an adequate idea of its wealth of gorgeous color or the majestic grandeur of the stately walls, gateways, portals, cathedral spires and monumental figures.

Wind and rain, frost and sunshine have been busy all the centuries carving out these monster gateways, these lofty spires, these imposing temples, these gigantic figures. These sandstone rocks represent enormous giants, elephants, lions, frogs, birds, reptiles, all carved and sculptured out of the massive blocks by Nature's own handicraft. These colossal gateways, statues, temples, cathedrals, standing as much as 330 feet high, colored as naught was ever seen before, are not the work of man's hands; fancy might well ascribe their existence to the gods—hence the name—the Garden of the Gods.

The drive through Queen's Cañon is wild, romantic, rugged and uneven. In many parts it is highly picturesque, and in every part it is amazingly interesting. If you can obtain admission to Glen Eyrie—which is not open to the public, as is the rest of the cañon—you will find freaks of Nature more remarkable even than in the Garden of the Gods. About two miles to the northwest there is another glen called Blair Athol, where many strange and brilliantly colored rock formations are to be seen. The magnificent pines and the splendid



CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS.

views make this a journey that is well worth anyone's while to take. But I must leave this most interesting place, feeling fully satisfied of having failed, like all others who have attempted it, to convey an adequate idea of what it is. It is one of those places which must be seen to be understood.

Pueblo.—From Colorado Springs to Pueblo the views of Pike's Peak are very fine. The distance is forty-five miles. The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad runs parallel with the range and at the base of the mountains.

As we approach Pueblo we observe what a wonderful transformation is going on. Here is a city of 45,000 inhabitants, threatening to be a rival even to Denver itself. The city is spreading over the plain in every direction. The Arkansas River runs right through it. Most of the great railroads have made connection with it. Mighty smelters are at work extracting from the dross millions of dollars worth of gold, silver, and other precious metals. Busy hives of industry show themselves everywhere. The depot is crowded with traveling merchants, tourists, pleasure seekers and the local population. Nothing can prevent Pueblo from becoming a great and populous city; her location alone will command it. In a straight line across the continent from St. Louis, and at the principal entrance to the mountains, where the Rio Grande has its main line to the far west, and to the great mining camps of Leadville, Aspen, Creede and scores of other places, Pueblo has the finest possible opportunity to pass through its smelters the treasures of the mountains and to receive the products of the east, west, north and south, and transmit them to the cities and towns of the interior.

Pueblo is the centre of the Rio Grande Railway system, which, with its three rails for standard and narrow-gauge cars, and its 1600 miles of rock-ballasted road-bed, penetrates the mountain fastnesses of the Rockies and brings down hill to Pueblo, from all points of the compass, the products of the vast mineral fields of the State, here to be transformed into articles of utility or to be transshipped across the plains.

The Denver, Texas & Fort Worth Railroad, completed and opened through to the Gulf March 28, 1888, opens another immense territory for the output of her mineral product and places her within 1000 miles of ocean commerce.

The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fé and the Missouri Pacific roads give Pueblo direct communication with other eastern points, and the Rock Island Railroad rounds out the trio.

Hotels.—The Grand is among the best hotels in the West. The St. James (formerly Numa), under new management, has been re-furnished completely, and is now very popular with the traveler and tourist. The Victoria Hotel commands an excellent patronage. There is also a most excellent eating house and hotel in the Union Depot, conducted by Mr. E. A. Thayer, who has the management of all the hotels on the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, the reputation of which is surpassed by none. The Farris Hotel is also recommended to the public as satisfactory in every respect, both as to rates and the accommodations offered.

From Pueblo we continue to travel southwards over a flat country, of ordinary interest, except as the Spanish Peaks excite our curiosity by their massive forms and pleasing symmetry. These mountains rise directly from the plains to the height of 13,620 feet. The Indians named these Peaks Waha-toya (twin breasts). At Cuchara Junction a road turns abruptly to the west and enters the mountains by way of the Veta Pass. Later on we shall have

something to say of this road when we come to the second division of this book, "The Trip Around the Circle." Forty-two miles below Cuchara Junction the terminus of this branch of the Rio Grande system is reached at Trinidad.

Trinidad.—This flourishing city of 10,000 inhabitants is situated on the southern extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, 211 miles from Denver, and being the largest city in southern Colorado, is the trade and money centre for an immense territory, including portions of northern Texas, southern Colorado, and northern New Mexico. In natural resources Trinidad is exceedingly rich, being the centre of the largest coal belt in the world, and the supply depot for all the coke used in the Great West. In addition to coal and coke in the immediate vicinity, iron exists in unlimited quantities. The supply of gypsum, granite, alum, fire-clay, silica, grit, or grindstone, limestone and the finest of building stone is absolutely inexhaustible. Trinidad, from the natural deposits alone, must of necessity become a manufacturing centre of vast importance, and has already taken advance steps in this respect. The city has water-works, gas-works, electric light, street cars and other metropolitan improvements.

HOTELS.—Trinidad is well supplied with accommodation for the public. Among its hotels may be mentioned the Southern, the Grand Union, the Trinidad and the United States.



The Trip Around the Circle.

General Remarks.—This matchless trip over the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad comprises more noted and magnificent scenery than any other of a similar length in the known world. Piercing the heart of the Rocky Mountains, crossing and recrossing the "Great Divide," between the Atlantic and Pacific slopes; penetrating four cañons, each of which is a world's wonder, and no two having the same characteristics; climbing three mountain passes by rail and one by stage; achieving grades of 211 feet to the mile; reaching heights 11,000 feet above the sea; penetrating gorges whose walls soar half a mile in perpendicular cliffs above the track; traversing fertile and picturesque valleys, watered by historic rivers; passing through Indian reservations and in sight of frontier cantonments of national troops; pausing in the midst of mining camps, where gold and silver and coal and copper are being taken from subterranean recesses; in a word, making the traveler familiar with the peaks and plains, lakes and rivers, cañons and passes, mountains and mesas; with strange scenes in Nature, aboriginal types of men, wonders of science and novel forms of art. Surely no other journey of a thousand miles can so instruct, entertain, entrance and thrill the traveler as this trip "Around the Circle."

The journey properly begins at Denver. The first 170 miles of the trip is at the base of the Front Range, passing Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, etc. From Pueblo there is a choice of two routes: the one through the Grand Cañon, and the other over the Veta Pass. The two come together at Alamosa, thus forming a square around Sierra Blanca. Those who prefer a double journey through the Grand Cañon travel by way of Salida, and by leaving out the Veta Pass continue the circuit from Alamosa. Those who include the Veta Pass connect with the other route at Alamosa and omit the Grand Cañon until the return journey over the Marshall Pass. The Veta Pass should not be omitted for it certainly possesses great attractions. For this reason we shall include it in "The Trip Around the Circle."

This trip means a journey extending to the New Mexican border on the south and westward to Silverton and Ouray, with the privilege of still further extending the circle so as to include Rico and the country of the ancient Cliff Dwellers, over the Rio Grande Southern Railroad to Montrose, there to unite again with the regular route through the Black Cañon and over the Marshall Pass, and thence through the Royal Gorge and the Grand Cañon to Pueblo and Denver.

The special points of interest on the trip "Around the Circle" are described in detail in the pages in this book, but for ease in identification a synopsis of its special scenic features is here given.

Scenic Attractions.—Denver, Castle Rock, Casa Blanca, Palmer Lake, Phœbe's Arch, Garden of the Gods, Colorado Springs, Manitou, Pike's Peak, Cheyenne Mountain, Pueblo, La Veta Pass, Sierra Blanca, San Luis Valley, Rio Grande River, Phantom Curve, Toltec Gorge,

Toltec Tunnel, Garfield Memorial, Los Pinos Valley, Cumbre's Range, Indian Reservation, Durango, Rio Los Animas, Trimble Hot Springs, Animas Cañon, Rico, Cliff Dwellings, Garfield Peak, Needle Mountains, Elk Park, Sultan Mountain, Silverton, Red Mountain, Ouray and Silverton, Toll Road, Mount Abrahams, Bear Creek Falls, Uncompahgre Cañon, Ouray, United States Cantonment, Uncompahgre Mountains, Cerro Summit, Cimarron Cañon, Black Cañon, Gunnison River, Currecanti Needle, Chippeta Falls, Pacific Slope, Marshall Pass, Mount Ouray, Mount Shaveno, Atlantic Slope, Sangre de Cristo Range, Poncha Pass, Poncha Hot Springs, Collegiate Range, Arkansas River, Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, Royal Gorge, Denver.

"Around the Circle."—The journey from Denver to Cuchara Junction is over the same track that we have described in the last section, viz.: from Denver to Trinidad and, of course, includes all the fine scenery along the Front Range, Palmer Lake, Colorado Springs, the Garden of the Gods, Manitou, Pike's Peak, etc., but it will not be necessary to describe these features again.

Cuchara Junction.—It is at this point that the railroad leaves the line to Trinidad and penetrates the mountains on the right by way of the La Veta Pass. The line follows the ravine formed by a little stream that takes its rise on the slope of the La Veta Mountain.

La Veta Pass.—The ride is very interesting from Cuchara to the entrance to the Pass, but not nearly so romantic as when we begin the ascent, although the approach is very fascinating and the mountains, among which are the Spanish Peaks, are seen to fine effect in the distance. The entrance to the Pass begins a little beyond La Veta and ends at Placer. From Cuchara to La Veta is twenty-two miles, and it is about twenty more to Placer. The Veta Pass is 9392 feet high, and is the only one crossing the Sangre de Cristo range between Salida in the north and Santa Fé in the south, a distance of nearly 300 miles. The grade over this pass, is, in some places, 216 feet to the mile. The ascent is made through most devious ways, around sharpest curves, up steepest grades. When the summit is reached the traveler gazes over a scene of stupendous magnificence. From the pinnacle he gazes eastward to the dim horizon line, where the cloud-flecked sky shuts down upon the ever-widening plains, broken to the south by the symmetrical Spanish Peaks. Turning to the west he sees the majestic form of Sierra Blanca, the monarch of all the Rocky Range, while to the north La Veta Mountain stands stupendous and sublime. The ascent has been a struggle, the result a victory. The assault began with an easy advance up a defile along the base of La Veta Mountain, made bright and beautiful by the flashing waters of a foaming brook. At the head of this defile stands Dump Mountain, not to be taken by storm but to be conquered by strategy. The approach is made by indirection, and with a double upon itself so sharp that it has become known as the "Muleshoe Curve," the railway begins its advance upward. The climb is difficult up the tremendous grade. The road is a mere groove cut in the side of the mountain, which is so steep that a boulder set in motion goes thundering down and does not stop until at the bottom of the gorge, a mile distant from where it started.

THE MULESHOE CURVE is the sharpest and most remarkable to be found on any railroad in the world, so far as I know. You cross a river in rounding it; as the engine crosses the bridge it makes a curve so sharp that you would think, if sitting in the last car, which has not yet reached the bridge, that you were meeting a locomotive propelling another train coming in the opposite direction. In fact that is just what your engine is doing—it is proceeding in another direction because it has doubled on the train.

DUMP MOUNTAIN.—From this point the ascent of Dump Mountain begins, rocks and precipitous escarpments of shaley soil to the right and perpendicular cliffs and chasms to the left. The ascent is slowly made, two great Mogul engines urging their iron sinews to the giant task. The view to the eastward is one of great extent and magnificence. The plains stretch onward to the dim horizon line like a gently undulating ocean from which rise the twin cones of Wahatoya, strangely fascinating in their symmetrical beauty. At the summit of the pass the railroad reaches an elevation of 9392 feet above the sea. On the downward journey one catches glimpses of the snowy summit of Sierra Blanca, the highest mountain in the United States, with but one exception, rising to an altitude of 14,464 feet. From Garland Station a magnificent view of Blanca is obtained, and this majestic mountain with its triple peaks capped with snow, and two-thirds of its height above timber line, presents a noble and impressive spectacle. To the north and south, silhouetted against a sky of perfect azure, are the serrated pinnacles of the Sangre de Cristo range.

FORT GARLAND is situated at the western foot of Veta Pass, near which San Luis Park begins to unfold its panorama of mountains, buttes, mesas and plains. For many years Fort Garland was occupied by United States troops as a frontier military station, but the advent of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad and accompanying civilization has rendered its presence unnecessary and it has been abandoned. A scattering village remains, together with the interesting ruins of the dismantled fort.

SIERRA BLANCA.—It is doubtful if any other railroad in the world affords in an equal distance so fine a view of mountain and plain as that unfolded by the twenty-four miles' ride on the Denver & Rio Grande from Fort Garland to Alamosa. At the right, rising directly from the valley, the lower slopes clad in vast forests of pine, appear the sublime heights of Sierra Blanca, its grand cluster of white granite peaks lifting into the sky their sharp pinnacles, splintered and furrowed by the hand of the Almighty. It is 14,464 feet high, or over two miles and four-fifths, and the highest mountain but one in the United States. Surely it is worth a journey across the continent to obtain such a view of such a mountain. It presents a very imposing appearance as it stands right out from the plain. It is at the eastern entrance to San Luis Park, which is itself on an elevation of 7000 feet, so that Sierra Blanca stands straight up from the park a sheer uplift of about 7500 feet. The mountain is very massive, and stands out like a vast promontory at the point where the Veta Pass separates the northern half of the Sangre de Cristo range from what is known as the Culebra range, extending down into New Mexico.

Immense forests of pine and hemlock occupy the lower slopes of the mountain, but timber all ceases by the time one-third of the height is reached. Three grey granite peaks crown the summit, and between these, down in the deep gorges, eternal snows and icy glaciers reign supreme. The road which

runs around the base of the mountain, coming from the north to Fort Garland, describes the arc of a semi-circle for over thirty miles—this will give some little idea of its size.

San Luis Park.—This is one of the four great parks that separate the main range of the Rockies from the front range. These stretch throughout the entire State of Colorado. Beginning on the borders of Wyoming, they extend right down into New Mexico. They are known as North Park, Middle Park, South Park and San Luis Park. San Luis Park runs from the point where the Sangre de Cristo range diverges from the Saguache, just south of Salida, to Santa Fé, in New Mexico, and from Fort Garland, opposite Sierra Blanca, to Del Norte. It is 210 miles long and 100 miles wide, and contains more acres than the whole State of Connecticut. It has once been a great inland sea, 10,000 square miles in area. The park itself is on an elevation of 7000 feet, so that from the plain the surrounding mountains stand straight up for over 7000 feet, and they are snow-clad everywhere.

The atmosphere is strikingly transparent, due to the dryness of the air and entire absence of fogs. This enables one, in crossing the park, to see the distant mountains most vividly all around. No less than seventeen distant peaks, lofty and snow-clad, can be counted from one spot, while innumerable smaller mountains everywhere encircle the plains. The principal peaks besides Sierra Blanca are Trinchera and Culebra on the east, and on the west, from the Toltec Gorge northward, Conejos and other lofty summits of the Sierra Membre's range. In the east the mountains rise very abruptly from the park; on the west not so much so, as they fall back, one tier above another, until all are mingled together in one conglomerate mass. The park is watered by thirty mountain streams, nineteen of which flow into San Luis Lake, an extensive body of water in the upper portion of the valley; the rest enter the Rio Grande del Norte, a river which has its source in the perpetual snows of the San Juan Mountains, and flows through the centre of the park from Del Norte to Española in New Mexico. San Luis Lake is sixty miles in length and has no outlet. It is surrounded by what is called a savannah of luxuriant grass, saturated with the waters which flow into it from the melted snows of the mountains.

Alamosa is the most important town in San Luis Park. It is the central point from which branches of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad diverge in every direction. We have shown the connection eastward over the Veta Pass. Westward is the continuation of the route to Silverton and Montrose; and, what is still more important, the now famous town of Creede is but a short distance west of Alamosa, and through it all the trains have to pass to reach the celebrated mining camp. In addition to these Alamosa is in direct communication by rail northward with Salida and southward with Santa Fé. It will be proper, before proceeding on our trip "Around the Circle," to notice these extensions.

Salida to Santa Fé.—The distance is 245 miles, the last forty of which belongs to the Santa Fé Southern Railroad. The two roads make close connection at Española, which is the terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad in this direction. This division leaves the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad at Salida. Various other branches strike out from this division, the most notable of which are the Monarch Branch, which switches

off at Poncha Junction ; the one running to Orient from Villa Grove ; the Creede Branch, formerly known as the Del Norte Branch, to Wagon Wheel Gap, which may be regarded as a continuance of the direct route from Denver to Creede, by way of the Veta Pass, having Alamosa as a point of intersection ; while the Silverton Branch, which forms a part of the trip "Around the Circle," branches off at Antonito. After leaving Salida the first really popular resort is the Hot Springs.

Poncha Hot Springs.—These noted Springs are five miles southwest of Salida. As a resort for invalids this place offers superior inducements, especially to those suffering from chronic troubles. The sick get well here in less time and with less medicine than in any other sanitarium outside of Colorado. The return to health here is made radically permanent. A great variety of diseases are cured by the peculiar earth-heated and earth-medicated waters and an intelligent system of baths. The scenery is in the heart of the grand old Rocky Mountains, and is too sublimely beautiful and picturesque for adequate description. The effect on the sick is wonderfully beneficial, correlating a specific energy with the climate and pure atmosphere, and the very feeble are enabled to tolerate much hotter baths than in damper or lower altitudes, and secure correspondingly greater results. The analysis of the Poncha Hot Springs corresponds almost exactly with the waters of the Hot Springs in Arkansas. The water is clear as crystal and perfectly odorless and tasteless. It quenches thirst whether cold or hot, and does not disturb the stomach in any manner. There are ninety-nine of these hot springs, all flowing from a great field of tufa, the natural precipitation of ages of loss of temperature from contact with the atmosphere, and chemically the same as the tufa of the Arkansas Hot Springs. The springs have a capacity large enough to bathe forty thousand persons daily. Commodious bath-houses have been erected and competent physicians are in attendance. The temperature of the water is from 145° to 185° Fahrenheit. The waters are said to be a sure cure for rheumatism and all blood and skin diseases and catarrh.

HOTELS.—At the Hot Springs Hotel good accommodations can be secured and, together with boarding houses, comfortable quarters can be found for 200 visitors.

The attractive feature of this road is the splendid views it affords of the magnificent Sangre de Cristo range, and especially of Sierra Blanca, the monarch of the range. The line skirts the base of the great mountain for many miles between Villa Grove and Alamosa.

The Creede Branch.—From Alamosa to Creede is seventy-one miles. The route lies along the Rio Grande River, one of the most famous trout streams in the country, and thence through the celebrated Wagon Wheel Gap. This has long been a favorite sporting ground for the lovers of the rod and gun. But the more lucrative hunt for silver in the immediate neighborhood has left little time during the past season for any other kind of hunting. The Hot Springs here, however, retain their attractions, and well they may, for they contain marvelous curative properties. The scenery is wonderfully beautiful. As the Gap is approached the valley narrows until the river is hemmed in between massive walls of solid rock that rise to such a height on either side as to throw the passage into

twilight shadow. The river rushes roaring down over gleaming gravel or precipitous ledges. Progressing, the scene becomes wilder and more romantic, until at last the waters of the Rio Grande pour through a cleft in the rocks just wide enough to allow the construction of a road along the river's edge. On the right, as one enters, tower cliffs to a tremendous height, suggestive in their appearance of the Palisades of the Hudson. On the left rises the round shoulder of a massive mountain. The vast wall is unbroken for more than half a mile, its crest presenting an almost unserrated sky-line. Once through the Gap the traveler, looking to the south, sees a valley encroached upon and surrounded by hills. The medicinal qualities of the waters, both of the cold and hot springs, have been thoroughly tested and proved equal, if not superior, to the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

HOTELS.—The Hot Springs Hotel is situated at the site of the Springs and furnishes good accommodations. The hotel is provided with every variety of baths, including two large swimming reservoirs. One of the freaks of Nature is a large hot spring from which the steam is constantly rising, while within a half dozen feet bubbles up another spring of ice-cold water.

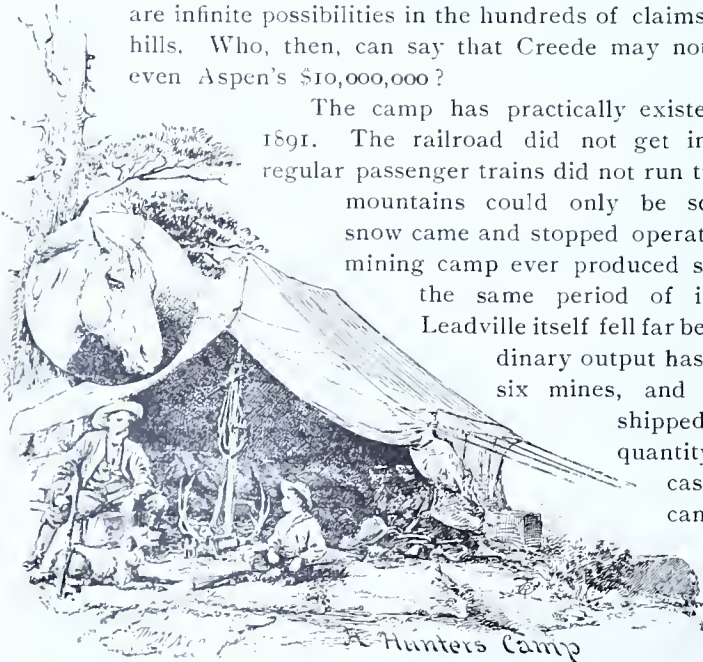
CREEDE CAMP.

Creede is the latest and most wonderful of the silver cities of Colorado. Nothing yesterday, it is a city to-day. Many a man will date his rise in this world from the hour he stepped into Willow Gulch.

Conservatively estimated the output for 1892 will not fall below \$4,000,000. The rate at which five producing mines are sending down ore to-day will make that much if maintained. That alone will put the camp in the fourth place among the producers of this State. But the managers of these mines say that their production will be increased. There are other properties which are in ore and which will commence to ship the moment the season opens, and there are infinite possibilities in the hundreds of claims staked out on the hills. Who, then, can say that Creede may not approach close to even Aspen's \$10,000,000?

The camp has practically existed only since May, 1891. The railroad did not get in till October, and regular passenger trains did not run till December. The mountains could only be scratched when the snow came and stopped operations. Yet no other mining camp ever produced so much ore during the same period of its early existence.

Leadville itself fell far behind. The extraordinary output has come from exactly six mines, and one of them has shipped only a nominal quantity. The future is the cast of a die, but none can deny that the cast is likely to be successful. Seekers of wealth at Creede will be



like seekers of wealth at all other great points of mining activity. Some will roll up millions, some will be moderately fortunate, many may come away poorer than when they went.

At the present writing the prospects of Creede are brighter than ever. More mines are being opened every day, and at this date (May 1st, 1892), it looks as though Creede would prove a second Leadville. One fact is sure, great fortunes have already been made at Creede and a corollary to this is that other great fortunes will be made there in the future. Creede seems to be on the solid basis of success.

RAILROAD FACILITIES.—No new camp was ever opened in the West with the railroad facilities possessed by Creede. For many years the Denver & Rio Grande road has operated a branch from Alamosa to Wagon Wheel Gap, and as soon as the importance of Creede became probable this line, with its usual enterprise and promptness, commenced the extension of their road from Wagon Wheel Gap to Creede, a distance of ten miles, and while the construction of the road was only conceived in October, by December 1st, 1891, the road was in operation into the camp, and Creede was possessed of the only thing necessary to make it the great camp it is—a railroad, which puts it within easy access from all points within the State. A through train is run daily from Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo to Creede, to which is attached a regular line of Pullman sleeping cars. At Salida connection is made with trains from Grand Junction, Aspen, Leadville and Ouray.

Ojo Caliente.—These celebrated hot springs are situated eleven miles west of Barranca, a station a few miles north of the entrance to Comanche Cañon, on the southern extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, and sixty-four miles south of Antonito. Stages to and from the springs connect with passenger trains, making quick time over an excellent road. The altitude of the springs is about 7000 feet, and the climate at all seasons of the year mild and pleasant. The springs have been noted for their curative qualities from time immemorial, having been frequented by the Indians previous to Spanish occupation, and highly esteemed by both races since that date.

HOTELS.—The Hot Springs Hotel is provided with all the modern comforts and conveniences for guests.

COMANCHE CAÑON is encountered a short distance above Embudo, on the New Mexico extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. By means of this cañon the road makes its descent to the Rio Grande Valley. The cañon is rugged, difficult and striking, frequent cuts are made through hills of marl overlaid with a drift of basaltic rock, and the marvels of engineering share the tourist's admiration with the grandeur of the scenery.

Española is situated on the Rio Grande del Norte and is the southern terminus of the New Mexico extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. It is in the heart of a quaint and interesting region, contiguous to the ruins of the ancient cliff dwellings and pueblos of the remnants of the aboriginal inhabitants of the country. The Mexican town of Santa Cruz, the Indian pueblos of San Juan, Santa Clara and San Yldefonso, and the cliff ruins near Santa Clara, are all of supreme interest. This is a very delightful route to reach Santa Fé, via the line of the Texas, Santa Fé & Northern Railroad, which has been completed to the ancient Mexican city, and the ride through the wind-carved sand-hills and past ruins of pre-historic races is of great interest.



TOLTEC GORGE.

Scenery on the Silverton Extension.—Continuing our trip "Around the Circle" from Antonito the route lies through San Luis Park, which the Rio Grande Railroad traverses in a zigzag way in order to reach the important towns of Alamosa and Antonito. It runs due west for twenty-four miles from Fort Garland to Alamosa, then due south for twenty-nine miles to Antonito, then west again for thirty miles to the neighborhood of Toltec Gorge.

SAN LUIS PARK, at the eastern verge of which Sierra Blanca stands, may be likened to a portion of the great plains, larger than the State of Connecticut, set in among the Rocky Mountains. There is a large extent of irrigable land in this park, only a portion of which has been improved. The valley is rapidly filling up with thrifty farmers, and the population shows an annual increase of at least twenty-five per cent. Wherever irrigation has been practiced the soil has responded with valuable crops. The Rio Grande alone is capable of furnishing water to irrigate a large portion of the park, and there are several other streams whose waters may be used.

At Antonito the Silverton Extension, which is the road we take for our journey around the circle, bends sharply to the west. As we begin to rise the vast Sangre de Cristo range is seen to fine effect. As we look back we can survey the mountains for a hundred miles or more; in fact it appears as though we could see the magnificent range for almost its entire length.

We now enter upon an extraordinary series of twists and turns to all points of the compass, and it is impossible for a stranger to form any idea as to the direction the train will take next. Nor can you tell, without the closest attention, whether the two or three tracks you see above you are the ones you have just come over, or the ones over which you have yet to go. The curve at Big Horn is one of the most wonderful feats of engineering skill along the entire road. There is a section house here which we pass no less than three times in order to make the elevation required.

As we approach Phantom Curve the scenery outrivals the Garden of the Gods. The fantastic pyramids, spectres and grotesque figures are the most remarkable freaks of Nature ever seen. We now enter a tunnel near the summit of the mountain, and upon emerging from it we find ourselves in the Toltec Gorge. This outrivals the Via Mala in Switzerland, and is simply sublime in its awful grandeur.

THE TOLTEC GORGE is an immense chasm at the southeast corner of the San Juan Mountains where the Los Pinos River cuts deep into the base of Prospect Peak, and where that river separates Colorado from New Mexico. The mountain is pierced by a tunnel near its summit instead of its base as is usually the case. In this respect it resembles somewhat the tunnel at Goeschennen over the St. Gothard Pass, although the Toltec Gorge is much higher than the one in Switzerland.

On emerging from the tunnel the train stops on a sort of balcony or trestle-work, one end of which rests in the mouth of the tunnel and the other is in some way supported by the overhanging cliffs. It is firmly set in the solid rock. There being no support to the bridge beneath, the train appears to make a flying leap out of the tunnel to the open mouth of an immense rock. From the windows of the car an extraordinary spectacle is seen as one looks down into the yawning depths. This gorge is 1200 feet deep and of perpendicular descent. The Garfield Monument is at the western end of the tunnel.

This is a worthy tribute to the memory of the martyred President, placed there by the members of the National Association of General Passenger and Ticket Agents, who held memorial services at the spot, September 26th, 1881, the day of the funeral of the much beloved and lamented President of the United States.

Along the Borders of New Mexico.—From the Toltec Gorge to Durango the distance is 141 miles. The train passes over the line into New Mexico at Cumbres, thirty-one miles beyond the Gorge, and does not re-enter Colorado until after Carracas is passed, fifty miles beyond Cumbres. The lower ranges of the San Juan Mountains are traversed through a picturesque valley in which are several Indian reservations. The summit of the pass over the Conejos range is reached at Cumbres at an elevation of over 10,000 feet. In order to reach it the train is compelled to make a long detour, during which it passes through several snow-sheds. In passing around the face of Cumbres Mountain a magnificent view of the surrounding country is had, after which, for some distance, many fine and extensive prospects into the beautiful Chama Valley are obtained. The descent is begun by passing through a number of snow-sheds. The views are magnificent all the way to Chama. The train crosses from one ridge to another, near Lobato, on an iron bridge of great height. The stream called Wolf Creek is a famous trout stream, and is charmingly picturesque. The sheep are seen in large flocks, and the whole aspect of the country is delightfully rural. Down in the valley of Tierra Amarilla, some ten miles south of Chama, there is said to be more than a million sheep. Extensive pine forests, where lumbering is carried on very extensively, are passed beyond Chama. Away to the north the lofty peaks of the Sierra Madre range are distinctly seen. Several Indian reservations are met with in the San Juan Valley, and many of the Indians are seen as we pass along. Especially is that the case in the neighborhood of Amargo, which is the headquarters of the Apaches, and the place to which they assemble for their weekly rations. From Amargo a road enters the mountains for Pagosa Springs. The stories that are told of Indian massacres along that road would fill a volume.

Pagosa Springs, the far-famed "big medicine" of the Utes, the greatest thermal fountains on the continent, are situated in Conejos County, twenty-eight miles northwest of Amargo, the nearest railway station, on the New Mexico extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. These springs lie upon the northern bank of the San Juan River, at an altitude of 7000 feet, and in a situation combining numerous advantages and attractions. To the north are the peaks of the San Juan range, east and west are the grassy plains dotted with immense pines, and far to the south the undulating prairie stretches into New Mexico. With such an environment the Pagosa Springs must ere long gain the celebrity to which their medicinal qualities undoubtedly entitle them. These purgative, alkaline waters, with the large excess of sulphate of soda, so much increased in medicinal virtue by the degree of temperature, would seem to designate Pagosa as the Bethesda for sufferers from calculous disorders, gravel with uric acid diathesis, rheumatism and skin diseases, when alterative and depleting treatment is indicated.

HOTELS.—Good hotel accommodation can be found here, supplemented with well-furnished and well-conducted bath houses.

From Amargo we follow the course of the Navajo and San Juan Rivers for fifty or sixty miles through an interesting cañon. Another tribe of Indians are met with at Navajo, and they are frequently seen in groups in the fields and along the hillsides between here and Durango.

The Navajo River enters the San Juan at Juanita (Wan-eta), which latter river we cross just before entering the town, and then follow its right bank until it bears away to the southwest, just after receiving the Rio de los Pinos (River of Pines), between Serape and La Boca. This is a beautiful river, as we saw it; but in flood time it comes down from the mountains with terrific and destructive force. The Rio Piedra (River of Stones), is a nice stream that comes down from the lofty peaks of the San Juan range on our right. We cross it at Arboles, at its confluence with the San Juan River, which flows on our left. We now climb up a steep hill to a wild plateau and then descend to La Boca, after which we cross the Rio de los Pinos, and have it on our right until we arrive at Ignacio. Here we fell in with another tribe of Indians—the Southern Utes, Ignacio being the headquarters of their reservation, and was named after their chief.

Far away in the northwest the Needles present themselves as a conspicuous object among the mountains of the Uncompahgre range. After the traveler has proceeded some seventy-five miles along this road, he will find himself at their base, in the meantime they will present many a charming aspect. The Rio Florida (River of Flowers), which has its source just south of the Needles on the eastern flank of the Continental Divide, is crossed at Florida. As we enter this town we obtain splendid views of the mountains to the north. Near to Carboneria we descend from the plateau into the valley by making some famous curves, and then run through a wide, open valley for some miles, in the midst of which stands the pleasant and thriving town of Durango.

Durango.—This nice little town has a population of about 4000. It is the county seat of La Plata County, and is situated on the Rio de los Animas. It is surrounded by some of the richest gold and silver mines in Colorado. Being on the Silverton Branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, it is in direct railroad communication with many of these. It is also the terminus of the Rio Grande Southern line from Ridgeway to Durango. The town has several fine hotels affording every accommodation to travelers, the best of which are the Streater House and the Palace Hotel.

Rio Grande Southern Railroad.—This is an entirely new route, just opened to traffic, extending for 162 miles between Durango and Ridgeway. It brings the important towns of Dolores, Rico and Telluride into direct railroad communication with the rest of the world. The world-renowned "cliff dwellings" that lie to the southwest from Durango along the Mancos Cañon, and that have hitherto been approached by road after a long drive from Durango, can now be conveniently reached by a very short ride from Dolores. These abodes of the ancient Aztecs are ruins of extreme interest to antiquarians, as the discoveries already made show them to be of great antiquity. Their history is shrouded in mystery and will never be fully known. The National Museum in Washington contains some extensive and very fine models of these old ruins. It is, moreover, well worth the while of anyone to visit this neighborhood

if for nothing else than to secure some specimens of rare fossils of which abundance are to be found. But we must return to Durango and continue our journey.

Trimble Hot Springs.—These famous springs are nine miles north of Durango, on the Silverton extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. The scenery surrounding these springs is of wonderful beauty. They are situated not five minutes' walk from the railway depot, and have been extensively improved by the hand of man. The pine-clad mountains tower to a great height in the rear, and wherever vistas in the verdure afford a view of the rocks they blaze with the most startling hues of orange and vermillion.

The Animas Cañon.—From Durango to Silverton is forty-five miles. We follow up the right bank of the Rio de los Animas (the River of Lost Souls) the entire distance. The cañon through which the river flows is called the Animas Cañon. It is often spoken of as the "Queen of the Cañons," and in every sense of the word is worthy of the title.

The cañon begins at Rockwood, eighteen miles beyond Durango. Rockwood is the supply station for the extensive mining region that lies between the La Plata and San Miguel ranges. The train undergoes a thorough examination at Rockwood previous to its entering the cañon, and well it may, for it has a perilous journey before it. Within two minutes after leaving the station we come to a cliff on the left, some 1500 feet high. It is like a perpendicular wall. At its base flows the river. The track is 1000 feet above the river and the top of the cliff is 500 feet above the track. As there was no natural projection from top to bottom of the cliff it was necessary to cut a ledge or balcony in the solid rock wide enough for the track. It differs from a tunnel in that it has top and bottom and only one side. To the right all is open; and as you sit at the window you can look across the cañon or down into the yawning gulf below. This single mile of track cost \$140,000 to build it.

Looking up the cañon, the magnificent mountains loom up before us in all their grandeur, and hold out anticipations of the most intense character as to the scenery that belongs to the region where they threaten to obstruct the way.

The river rushes down the cañon with frightful velocity. Nothing but the everlasting hills could withstand its swirling flood, and even they crumble before it as the cliffs crumble and wear away before Niagara. The Needles are, of all mountain peaks, the most strikingly symmetrical and imposing I ever beheld. Water-falls, the most beautiful, come leaping down the cliffs to the roaring river, which is itself a continuous cascade. The track is now nearly on a level with the river, for in these higher reaches the river has not, as yet, cut its channel so deep as 1500 feet, as is the case at Rockwood; and as the railroad has maintained its common level, they naturally have been gradually coming closer together, and run on nearly the same plane at this point. The snow lies thick upon the lofty peaks and in the deep crevasses, and yet below all this, the foliage of the trees, the green, sloping hillsides, the moss-covered rocks, the tall fir trees, and the wild flowers on the river's bank, comprise together such variegated beauty as to call forth repeated ejaculations of wonder and delight from the passengers.

ELK PARK is a beautiful little valley in the midst of the range, with sunlit meadows and groups of giant pines, a spot rich in material for the artist who is in search of new impressions.

GARFIELD PEAK, lifting its symmetrical summit a mile above the track, stands at the end of Elk Park, and is a peerless landmark among its fellows. Onward the everlasting hills are marshaled, and among them for miles the cañon of the Animas maintains its grandeur. Frequent cascades, glistening like burnished silver in the sunlight, leap from crag to crag for a thousand feet down the mountain sides to lose themselves in the Animas. Thus grandly ends this glorious ride as the train sweeps out into the greenery of Baker's Park and arrives at Silverton, in the heart of the San Juan.

Silverton is the terminus of the Silverton extension of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. It is the judicial seat of San Juan County and is in the heart of the rich mining region of San Juan. It is surrounded by scenery rivaling the grandest views in Switzerland, and the tourist will never regret a visit to behold its beauties.

HOTELS.—Silverton is well supplied with hotels, at which the traveler will be handsomely entertained. Among these may be mentioned the Grand Central and the Walker House.

"The Rainbow Route."—The journey is continued by taking the Silverton Railway, of which Mr. Otto Mears is the builder and president.

This is the connecting link between the Rio Grande Railway at Silverton and the Stage Route to Ouray, which commences at Ironton. The distance by rail from Silverton to Ironton is twenty miles. The stage ride between Ironton and Ouray is about seven miles. The railroad from Silverton has done wonders to get as far as Ironton; but, as yet, no railroad has been able to descend into the Uncompahgre Valley to Ouray. The route taken by the train is over Red Mountain, through the realms of gold and silver.

On leaving Silverton the magnificent Sultan Mountain is behind us. The train turns in the direction of Red Mountain, and at once begins the ascent. Up we go, through dense forests, where mountain lions, bears, elk and other animals are frequently met with by the miners who occupy the little mining camps far up above the clouds. Burro Bridge and Chattanooga are passed in the first eight miles. Four miles beyond we reach the summit at Sheridan Junction, which is 11,000 feet above the sea.

Some of the richest gold mines in the world are met with between Silverton and Ironton; notably the Yankee Girl Mine, sixteen miles from Silverton, opposite to which the train stops. Millions of dollars worth of gold have been taken from this mine.

A mile beyond is the Paymaster Mine, which is also a very rich producer. After passing several other mines, we at length arrive at Ironton. The four-horse Concord coaches belonging to the Ouray Stage and 'Bus Company await the arrival of the train. Taking your seat on the top—the box seat if you can get it—you are prepared to see the sights the Uncompahgre Valley has to reveal.

Not far from Ironton we pass some beautiful lakes on the right. These are fed from the melted snows of the mountains, and are beautifully transparent to the bottom.

Near to these lakes whole forests have been swept down by the avalanches. Swaths were cut through the thick trees from the top of the hill to the valley below as clean as though they had been so much grass mowed down with the scythe.

It has cost a great deal of money to build the coach road from Ironton to Ouray, and extraordinary engineering skill was required. The first two miles from Ironton is through a park-like valley, in which are seen the ponds referred to. The high towering peak that looks as though it might have been painted is Red Mountain, 13,000 feet high. As we run through this valley we are shut in by high mountain ranges on both sides, that to the east being the divide between the Red Mountain district and the Uncompahgre, that to the west the divide between the Red Mountain and the Sneffels district. As we enter the valley that runs down to Ouray, we have the Uncompahgre River, a rushing torrent, on our left, and the lofty mountains flush up on our right corresponding with a similar range across the stream. The two parallel ranges form a vista surpassing anything of the kind I ever saw. As we look down the valley to the far away hills that are before us we are amazed at the extent of the view. Far, far away, we could see the Grand Mesa, and the mountains which our driver declared to be over a hundred miles away. Many water-falls leap from the mountain sides, forming magnificent cascades as they plunge into the rapid stream which rushes on like a continuous cataract all down the valley.

Through forests of spruce and aspen we make a descent of 2000 feet, until we come to a bridge and the toll-gate just where the mouth of the Bear Creek Cañon opens upon the valley down which we are journeying. Under this bridge the mighty cataract that has come foaming down the cañon, known as the Bear Creek Cascade, takes a wild plunge of 275 feet. The coach stops at the bridge and permits the passengers to look over the parapet into the boiling chaldron. It is a sublime sight, such as is rarely ever seen to so good advantage with so little trouble.

Taken all in all this was agreed by all the passengers on the coach to have been the most wonderful ride they had ever taken. We were all sorry when it came to an end. They called it six miles. As I think of it now it seems to have been the longest six miles I have ever ridden. This is either because of the steep grades and the caution required in driving, or else in point of fact it is much more. Maybe the miles are like Irish miles—a mile and a bit, and the bit the longest—or as Samuel Lovel in one of his witty songs says concerning the Irish miles:

“The miles in this country much longer be,
But that is a saving of time you see,
For two of our miles is aequal to three,
Which shortens the road to a great degree.”

The entrance to Ouray is magnificent. The castellated walls, of maroon colored rock, are of great height and are exceedingly rich in color. They close in upon the river and road and leave a narrow path by which to reach the town.

Ouray.—This beautiful little town has a population of about 3000 who enjoy the advantage of living at the healthy altitude of 7721 feet above the sea. This town has



unquestionably one of the most lovely locations of any town in the world. It is in the shape of an immense basin, with houses at the bottom and for a little way up the sides.

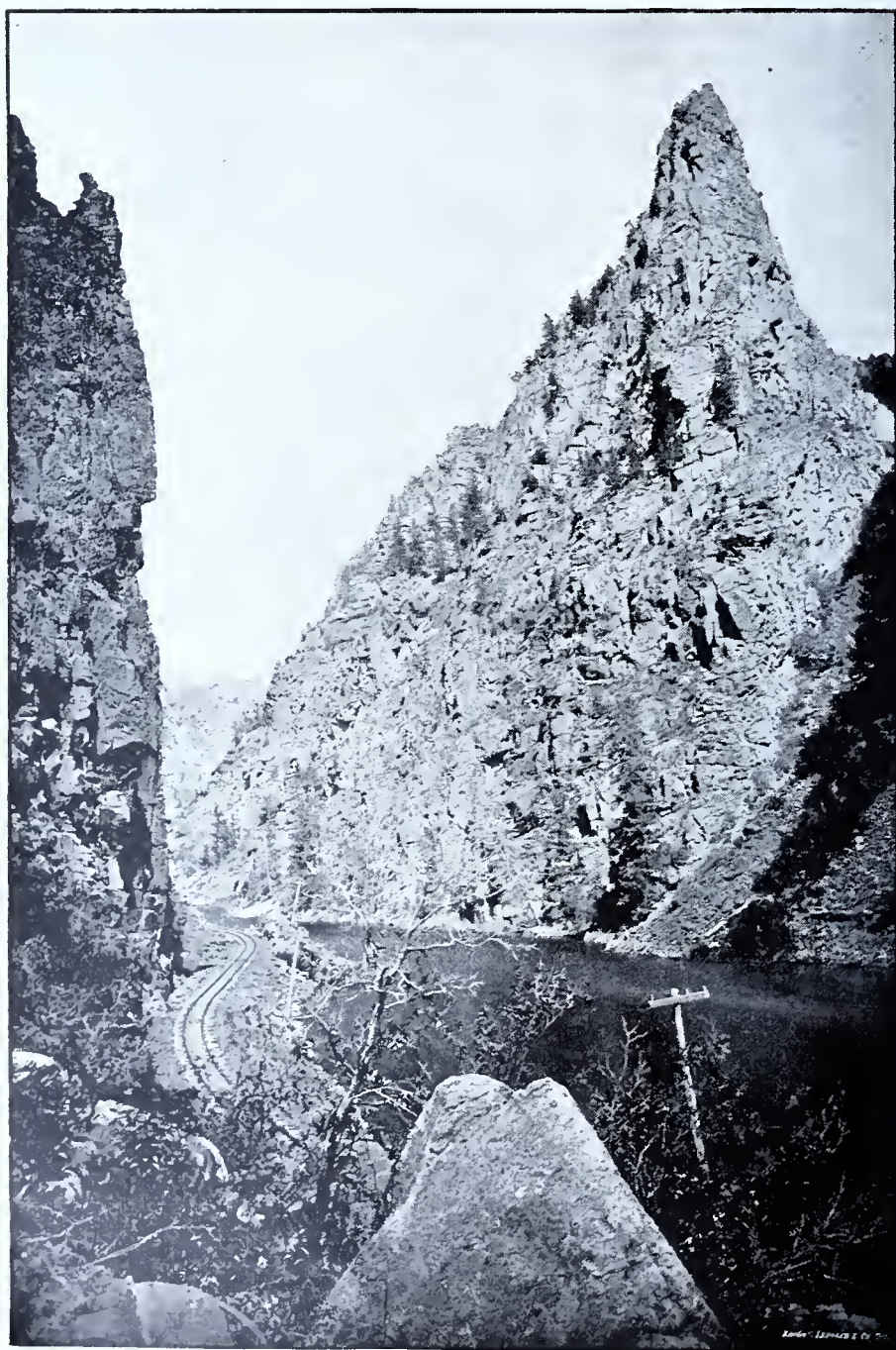
The surrounding hills are rich in gold, silver and other precious metals. Immediately behind the nearest hills, which are beautifully covered to the tops with many varieties of trees, and which hills are many thousand feet high, there arise other ranges still higher, one range above another, until the highest, all covered with snow, pierces the blue sky at an elevation of 14,235 feet. Above timber line the rocks are red, orange, maroon, gray, brown, etc. Now contrast these with the golden yellow of the aspen, the deep brown of the oak, the varied greens of the pine, balsam, spruce and cedar. Observe the vast clefts in the rocks filled with snow. Then look upwards until you see the loftiest peaks covered with the pure white snow thrown up against the clear blue sky. This is not fancy. It is a fact. Sitting at our window in the splendid hotel, "Beaumont," we could see all that I have described and much more. We sat there for an hour and gazed and wondered at it. And then returned to it again. We threw open our window that we might behold it in the starlight of the evening and in the sunrise of the morning.

OURAY TO MONTROSE.—The next stage of the journey is by train to Montrose, thirty-six miles, through the beautiful Uncompahgre Valley. The outlet from Ouray is lovely beyond description, and this loveliness continues for the first ten miles. The valley, which at first is only wide enough to admit the road and river, gradually widens into a park. Looking back, the snow-clad mountain ranges present a very fine effect. To the left is the curious Saw-tooth range; to the right the Sneffel range.

At Montrose the tourist can take the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad for the East or West.

Montrose.—This is a busy town, for it not only lies on the direct route to the West over that part of the Denver & Rio Grande system that runs by way of Gunnison and Grand Junction, but it is so located with respect to many interior mountain resorts and mining camps as to be the supply station for a vast territory wholly dependent upon it. Hence it is a good business town; at which many commercial men stop over. The hotel accommodations were highly spoken of by a number of business men whom the writer chanced to meet on the train in passing through Montrose on a recent occasion.

The Cedar Divide.—We now turn our face to the east, and for a few miles beyond Montrose, as has been the case for a few miles before we reached it, there is but little attraction in the immediate surrounding scenery, for the country has very much the appearance of a desert. But we cannot expect scenery always. A few tufts of bunch grass here and there, now and then a cactus, a few little prairie dogs, represent all the life, vegetable and animal, that we see outside of the train. The distant mountains we are approaching, as well as those we have left behind, are not without their interest however. As we draw near to the hills the bushes spring up, and soon the trees. At Fairview we have a very extensive and remarkable prospect. As we look across the white sahara, it has the appearance of the bed of the great ocean as it is seen in certain parts of Europe at low tide, when miles of dry sand have been left bare by the receding waters. From Cedar Creek we make a long and majestic horse-shoe



CURRECANTI NEEDLE.

curve as we begin the ascent of the steep mountain. The train is divided into two sections, each requiring a couple of locomotives, so steep is the grade. Seven miles of severe climbing brings us to the top of Squaw Hill, or Cerro Summit, as the station is called. From that elevation the distant mountains beyond the Grand Mesa are seen very distinctly, although a hundred miles away.

We now cross an extensive common, yellow all over with myriads of sunflowers. That crossed, the descent of the mountains is begun; and on this side it is much more precipitous even than the western slope, up which we have come. Five miles riding, however, brings us to the foot of the mountain and by the side of the Gunnison River, which has swung around to the north from Cimarron, having gone miles out its way to avoid the mountain over which we have crossed.

The Black Cañon.—It will be difficult to find the equal of the three principal cañons through which our journey "Around the Circle" conducts us. I refer to the Animas, the Black and the Grand Cañons. As to which is the best of the three opinions are much divided. The writer has frequently heard each of them in turn declared to be the best. They differ, however, in so many essentials that it is extremely difficult to come to a decision. After several journeys through each of them, I gave my preference in the order named. Certain it is there are no three cañons so beautiful, imposing, sublime and awe-inspiring that can be so easily and comfortably visited as these, for the iron horse, thanks to the Animas, the Gunnison and the Arkansas Rivers, has a pathway through them, and he draws after him coaches as handsome and pleasant as those which he draws on the level plain.

Along many miles of the Black Cañon the railway lies upon a shelf that has been blasted in the solid walls that stand sheer 2000 feet in height and so close together that for most of the distance only a streak of sky is seen above, while below there is no room for anything save the river and the rail.

The Black Cañon of the Gunnison begins at the North Fork of the Gunnison River, a little to the east of Delta, and ends at Sapinero. The railroad, however, does not enter the cañon until about a mile to the east of Cimarron, and it continues to penetrate it to its outlet at Sapinero, for a distance of fifteen miles. Going east an observation car is put on the train at Cimarron. On the western trip it is attached to the train at Kazar.

The Gunnison is first met with about a mile after we leave the depot at Cimarron, after we have run along the north bank of Cimarron Creek for half a mile or so. This creek unites with the Gunnison just before we reach the fine bridge over which the train crosses the Gunnison. The first mile after leaving Gunnison is through a part of the cañon which is extremely gloomy and narrow. The precipitous cliffs have been cleft asunder for 3000 feet from base to summit, and the walls sparkle like diamonds with mica, iron and sprays of silver. There is no sloping mountain or terraced hillside falling back from the river bed here. The walls are perpendicular; and were the same mighty force that cleft them asunder exerted to close up the narrow gap, the ponderous walls would come together again, leaving no other crevice than those produced by disintegration, since the parting long ago.

From this point we have the river on our right. The roar of the swelling flood can be heard above the rattle of the train. The mighty rocks that have fallen to the bed of the river from the overhanging cliffs have done their best

to turn the rushing tide. The only effect has been to churn the waters into foam as they fleck the sides and surmount the summits and leap from rock to rock, producing such a series of rapids, cataracts, cascades and graceful glassy curves as no other river in the Rocky Mountains can equal.

At the 322d mile from Denver, the Currecanti Needle is seen to fine effect on the right. This most remarkable freak of Nature stands guard over the cañon like a grim sentinel. It is of red basalt and stands many hundreds of feet high. There is a pretty water-fall on the left hand side of the river, near the Needle. We then cross the river, for a while, and at the 321st mile we see the lovely Chippeta Falls.

For some distance now we have continuous rapids, majestic cliffs and sparkling cascades. As we cross the river again, by the bridge, we see precipitous rocks on both sides, and more rapids. To the right, the beautiful Lake Fork Cañon is seen. Down the cañon flows a blue stream, which enters the Gunnison near the railway on which we are traveling. The Lake City Branch of the Rio Grande Railway follows this stream up the magnificent cañon for thirty-four miles to its terminus in the fashionable watering place known as Lake City. It will be proper to here notice this popular resort a little more fully before we leave the Black Cañon.

Lake City Branch.—Along the Lake Fork of the Gunnison you pass through a weird and dismal cañon that fills the mind with awe and wonder. Thence, winding through an ever-changing view of glen and vale, gorge and cañon, a glorious panorama of delightful scenery appears. A trip of forty miles brings you to Lake City, nestled among the hills, in the very heart of the mountains. Lake City is one of the prettiest little towns in the mountains. It lies in a beautiful little amphitheatre at the junction of the Lake Fork of the Gunnison River and Hensen Creek. It was incorporated in 1875.

For those in quest of health Lake City presents superior attractions. The summers are delightfully cool and pleasant, extremes of cold and oppressive heat are unknown. With its pure, bracing air and clear, cold water, it is unrivaled as a sanitarium for those who are ailing. There are a number of fine mineral springs in the immediate vicinity which have become famous for their curative qualities.

To the tourist and pleasure seeker Lake City offers special inducements. He can make a trip to Uncompahgre Peak, 14,500 feet above the sea level, and enjoy one of the grandest sights imaginable. It is but eight miles from town and a good wagon road all the way to its base. A trip to Lake San Christoval is also delightful in summer; it would be hard to find a lovelier spot in the Rocky Mountains. San Juan is well named the Switzerland of America. Around Lake City are many of its scenic features. Its glens and its valleys surpass the Bernes Oberland; its peaks and domes may be compared without exaggeration with those of the Jungfrau and Matterhorn.

Lake City lies in the centre of one of the richest mining sections of Colorado. Capital City, Rose's Cabin, Cottonwood, Sherman, Burrows Park and Carsons are all tributary mining camps, and all are rich in great and exhaustless ore bodies. The mountain sides are literally ribbed and seamed with veins of mineral. Hinsdale County is the home of the true fissure, with its inexhaustible wealth; the ores are principally galena and gray copper.

The Valley of the Gunnison.—Lake Junction is about a mile from the eastern end of the Black Cañon. After some sharp curves the train emerges from the cañon and soon arrives at Sapinero, 316 miles from Denver. The interesting river scenery continues; the hills are lower; the valley widens; the rapids again appear; the rail twists and turns with the river, it would seem, a hundred times. On the left the land rises in terraces, and has the appearance of being surrounded by walls. At Kezar the observation car is taken off; the passengers resume their seats in the regular cars; the scenery is tamer; the river is now on the other side of the track, and we can well afford to take a welcome rest from sight-seeing until we begin the ascent of the Marshall Pass. At the same time, those who are not wearied will not find the intervening fifty miles entirely without interest, by any means; still that section will not compare with the one we have just traversed.

The change of scenery since emerging from the cañon is very marked. There is nothing grand or sublime about it, but it is very pretty, pastoral and well watered. The foliage is much more luxuriant, the wild flowers are in abundance and the birds are numerous. The fishing is said to be the very best. The country is generally flat, or gently undulating. As Gunnison is approached the verdure decreases, and the valley widens into an extensive sandy plain. Away to the north Crested Butte Mountain is seen; beyond it, and all around, are some of the highest mountains of the Rockies.

Gunnison is a flourishing town on the Gunnison River, and is located on the main line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to Salt Lake and Ogden. Here also is the junction of the Crested Butte Branch with the main line of the road. Mines of silver, copper, lead and coal are found in the vicinity, and smelters have been erected to treat the ores. The town is beautifully situated, and is in such close proximity to some of the most attractive scenery of the Rocky Mountains that it has become a favorite objective point for tourists. The Gunnison River offers fine sport for the fisherman and the hills abound in game.

HOTELS.—The La Veta Hotel is one of the most magnificent in Colorado, having been erected at a cost of \$225,000. It is also the eating station for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. Smaller hotels, restaurants and boarding houses abound, so that the traveler will find no lack of suitable accommodations.

Crested Butte.—This place is delightfully situated among the mountains, one castellated peak directly opposite the town conferring the name it bears. This is the centre of the most remarkable coal region yet discovered in Colorado, and it abounds in rich mines of gold and silver. At Crested Butte, just back of the village, is found abundant measures of exceedingly bituminous coal, which is mined largely and made into coke. Four miles north of the town anthracite coal, equal in every respect to the best found in Pennsylvania, is taken from the top of a mountain and shipped all over Colorado and Utah. The fishing and hunting in the mountain streams and over the wooded hills furnish abundant sport for the residents and tourists, and the rides and drives afford an almost infinite variety.

HOTELS.—The Elk Mountain House is the leading hotel, and affords accommodations of a first-class quality.

SCENERY IN THE ELK MOUNTAINS.—Perhaps the finest mountain scenery in Colorado, and certainly the least known to tourists, is found in the Elk



SANGRE DE CRISTO RANGE FROM MARSHALL PASS.

Mountain region, near Crested Butte. A majority of the peaks composing this range stand isolated, rising without foot-hill or mesa a sheer 6000 or 8000 feet above the level of the plain.

The Marshall Pass.—After leaving Gunnison, we cross a broad and level plateau, 7680 feet above the sea, and enter the valley of the Tomichi.

The Tomichi Valley is well watered, and in it are some excellent farms. The stream that runs down the valley to join the Gunnison is a clear and pretty river, often hiding itself among the willows and green bushes that grow thick along its course. Opposite Crookton, 267 miles from Denver, there is a magnificent mountain having an immense dome. This mountain is the more striking because it stands out boldly from the plain. We passed a number of gentlemen and ladies fishing in the Tomichi River, a little to the west of Sargeant. This is a capital lunch station, and the train stops here twenty minutes for meals.

The foot-hills begin about five miles west of Sargeant. From there we follow the river Tomichi up the gently rising valley all the way to the Pass. It is interesting to look ahead from Sargeant towards the great mountain range that appears to obstruct our journey and wonder how it is to be overcome. From Sargeant to Salida the distance is forty-two miles, about half of which is taken up in crossing Marshall Pass. The interest deepens as we proceed, and by the time we reach Shawano, thirteen miles from Sargeant, we arrive at a place where it becomes necessary to divide the train into two sections giving two engines to each.

As we ascend the western slope of Marshall Pass, several tracks may be counted, one above the other; these are seen to good effect from the neighborhood of Hilden. By this means the train pursues its zigzag course over the steep grades of the great divide.

The Marshall Pass is without doubt one of the grandest mountain passes in the world. It crosses the main range of the Rocky Mountains at an elevation of nearly 11,000 feet. It runs close under the cone of Mount Ouray, an extinct volcano, over 14,000 feet high. This is a very fine mountain. For hours it is the most conspicuous object seen in ascending and descending the Pass.

The descent is made by going round and round many times; so that the mountain can be seen from many aspects at various elevations.

On emerging from the tunnel, or snow-shed, at the top of the Pass, the destructive work done by the avalanches may be seen by the clean sweep they have made of the forest trees that lie prostrate below. Looking back, we can see right into the crater of Mount Ouray. The last of the dozen or more snow-sheds we met in descending the mountain is passed through at Grays, seven miles below the summit of the Pass. On emerging from this the magnificent Sangre de Cristo range is seen to very fine effect across the plain. The snow-clad peaks tower upwards far above the clouds, and the whole range of the mountain is gloriously conspicuous for nearly a hundred miles.

There are many very grand views between Grays and Keene. The several trains, one below another, can all be seen at once as they ascend or descend the mountains. It is a most interesting sight to watch the other section of our divided train following us around the sharp curves and over the high trestles which span the deep ravines. And so we twist and turn, and cross and recross from one side to another of the several ranges, until we get

down to Poncha Junction and enter the valley of the Arkansas. After a rapid run of four miles down this valley, we enter the busy depot at Salida which we will refer to in the next section.

The Grand Cañon of the Arkansas.—It is this run of ninety-seven miles, from Salida to Pueblo, that forms the grand climax to the trip "Around the Circle," the scenery of which culminates in the Grand Cañon that lies between Parkdale and Cañon City, and in the centre of which lies the Royal Gorge. Salida is a very nice city, surrounded almost entirely by mountains of the very highest range. It is the centre from which the railroads enter the mountains from all directions; hence it is a favorite overnight resting place for all travelers who desire to take advantage of the early morning trains either to ascend the mountains or to penetrate the Grand Cañon.

On resuming our journey from Salida, the right hand side of the train is the best for the scenery. On our right flows the Arkansas, beyond which is the Sangre de Cristo range; on our left is the Park range, behind us stand Harvard, Yale and Princeton—three well-known peaks; before us lies the Grand Cañon. The wide open plain continues for a short distance beyond Cleora, and from there the mountains gradually close in upon us. We obtain some brief but delightful peeps into the lateral valleys as we rush past their openings into the valley of the Arkansas, after they have pierced the high hills on either side. We run through a narrow valley for several miles to Swissvale, having the Arkansas River on our right, and just beyond it is the turnpike road which skirts the base of the mountains. Swissvale is well named, and no one who has ever traveled among the wild flowers in the lovely vales of Switzerland will fail to be reminded of many such scenes as this. Charming meadows slope down to the rushing river, the bed of which has now sunk down some distance below the level of the track. The snow-crowned mountains stand out in bold relief athwart the deep blue sky; the train makes a graceful curve around a lovely isle; lofty hills embrace both river, road and rail, and threaten all the time to boldly obstruct our path; some unlooked-for narrow defile or sombre tunnel admits us through the barrier; backward glances reveal magnificent domes and snowy peaks. Very beautiful, indeed, is it between Swissvale and Howards. Just beyond the latter place a wide valley branches off to the right, at the end of which many miles away, the magnificent dome of the Sierra Blanca closes the perspective. Descending a rather steep incline, we pass a beautiful island in the river, and arrive at a little place called Vallie. Here we enter a sort of basin, surrounded by snow-clad hills. The scenery is sublime and the views extensive. Looking back, over Salida, we see how completely the hills surround it, and how gracefully they descend on either side to the level of the Poncha and the Marshall Passes beyond.

Between Vallie and Cotopaxi there is more fine scenery, especially on the right, where the opening lateral valleys are so beautiful as to cause us to regret the necessity of leaving them unexplored. Lofty peaks are seen through the opening hills at Cotopaxi. As we approach Texas Creek, the rail curves gracefully around with the river, and the scenery is altogether highly picturesque. The splendid Sangre de Cristo range shows up on a magnificent scale. After passing Texas Creek we encounter a succession of lower hills in the wide valley, and these are even more beautiful, by reason of their symmetry and verdure, than the higher ones far away. When we reach Parkdale we



ROYAL GORGE.

are astonished to find a still greater improvement in the nature of the scenery. Hitherto it has been extremely beautiful and picturesque without partaking of the nature of the sublime and awe-inspiring. Now we begin to realize that the mighty hills are about to close abruptly upon us, and that the Royal Gorge is before us. The famous Scottish poet might well have been describing this scene when he wrote :

" A scene so wild, so rude as this,
Yet so sublime in barrenness,
Ne'er did my wand'ring footsteps press
Where'er I happ'd to roam."

THE ROYAL GORGE.

Whatever there is in the Grand Cañon to surpass the other cañons of the Rocky Mountains ; whatever there is to cast the Swiss Via Mala in the shade, is found in the five miles that are included in the middle of the ten that lies between Parkdale and Cañon City. Here is where the cliffs are vertical, where rays of the sunlight never enter, where the bridge carrying the train over parts where no foundation could be laid is suspended in midair from perpendicular cliffs thousands of feet high, and where the roaring river rushes through the Royal Gorge with irresistible impetuosity. We passed through this cañon several times, so that we had an opportunity to see it by night and by day—once when the moon was near the full, and one dark night when only the stars were shining, and two or three times by the full light of day. It was always grand, and should certainly be seen in the darkness as well as in the light. You will not see so much in the darkness, but it is then it produces the most awe-inspiring effect.

At the Royal Gorge the train slackens up and proceeds very cautiously. The Gorge is about fifty feet wide at the bottom and seventy feet at the top; the walls are 3000 feet high. Part of the way down a series of iron braces have been thrown right across the Gorge and welded tightly in the rocks. From these, tremendous iron bars hang and hold up a long suspension bridge. This bridge does not cross the river like other bridges cross rivers ; but it runs above the water, and parallel with it, clinging close to the parallel cliff, on the left hand. Thus it bears the train over a part of the Gorge where it could not otherwise have a footing on account of the river having completely filled up the narrow space between the rocky cliffs.

Cañon City, on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, is a handsome residence and business town, supplied with an electric light, telephone, water works and sewerage system. It is the county seat of Fremont County; the State Penitentiary is here, and there are mineral springs of great value. Recent reports for the United States Signal Service has proved it to possess the mildest winter climate in the State, having a larger proportion of dryness and sunshine than is to be found elsewhere in this the sunniest of all climes. Snow falls but seldom and quickly disappears. Fair weather here is the rule and stormy weather the exception. Its sheltered position gives it immunity from high winds, while the rich soil supports the finest vineyards, orchards and meadows in Colorado, all fruits and other products coming to maturity at the same time as in the Middle States.

First among its attractions are the Royal Gorge Hot Springs, at the mouth of the Grand Cañon of the Arkansas, the virtues of which were first

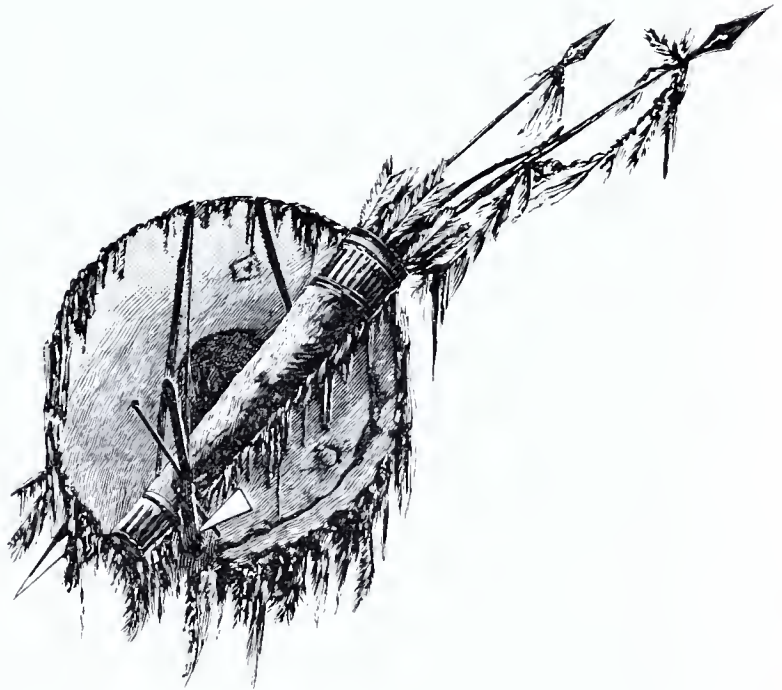
generally made known through an analysis by Prof. Leow, chemist of the Wheeler Government Exploring Expedition, who said in his official report : "Of all the mineral waters of the West which I have analyzed, I find those of Cañon City the best."

Silver Cliff is situated in the Wet Mountain Valley, and is noted as the centre of a large and remarkable mining district. Here was discovered the Racine Boy Mine, which caused a tremendous rush to the section, resulting in other great discoveries. The town is surrounded by a fertile valley which produces large quantities of grain and hay.

The next forty miles from Cañon City to Pueblo is through a wide, open valley, through which the Arkansas flows to the plains. The scenery is not by any means so romantic as that through which we have been traveling for over 300 miles. But it is an agreeable change ; and, I may say, a welcome relief.

Taken all in all, I know of no trip of a thousand miles in the wide world to equal this trip "Around the Circle." The Denver & Rio Grande Railroad Company have done everything in their power to make it safe, comfortable and attractive.

The circular tickets are placed at an exceedingly low figure. They are usually sold to begin and end at Denver. But satisfactory arrangements will be made so as to enable the passenger to begin and end his trip at any point by calling upon or addressing Mr. S. K. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, Denver, Col.



BETWEEN DENVER AND THE PACIFIC COAST.

Denver to Salida.—This very interesting ride of 225 miles—first along the Foot-Hills, passing Pike's Peak, Colorado Springs, Pueblo, etc., and then along the Arkansas River and through the Grand Cañon to Salida—has already been described in Sections I. and II. of this book ; we shall therefore take up the narrative from Salida.

Salida.—This prosperous town is situated on the river Arkansas, and is almost entirely surrounded by mountains of the highest range. It is at the junction of the two through routes of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad to the West ; the one which we shall now describe running by way of Leadville and Glenwood Springs, and the other, which formed part of the subject of the last section, by the way of the Marshall Pass and the Black Cañon, both roads uniting again at Grand Junction. Salida is also a convenient point from which to reach many other places of attraction in the immediate vicinity.

The situation of Salida is beautiful, and the tourist will find much to interest him. The fishing in the Arkansas is excellent, the mountain resorts are many and charming, the walks and drives are particularly attractive. There is a famous railroad hotel and dining station at Salida. The Monte Cristo Hotel is not only the best in the city, but it is one of the best conducted hotels in Colorado. All the eating houses connected with the stations of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad can be recommended for the excellent quality of the provisions, the moderate charges and the ready and systematic service.

From Salida the route lies along the valley of the Arkansas. We have the Sangre de Cristo range at our back on the southeast and the Saguache range behind us on the southwest. The little branch road to Calumet, through Brown's Cañon, is passed on the right ; and we begin to look ahead towards the left at those celebrated peaks, Princeton, Yale and Harvard which are passed in the order named. These mountains surround Buena Vista, towering upward to the sky to the altitude of more than 14,600 feet.

Cottonwood Hot Springs.—These famous springs are but six miles from Buena Vista, in the direction of the mountain peaks just alluded to. Free stages for guests of the hotel convey passengers from the trains through the lovely valley. The Hot Springs are highly recommended for the cure of inflammatory rheumatism, lead poisoning and all blood diseases.

The Cottonwood Springs Hotel is a pleasant and commodious house, thoroughly furnished with all facilities for bathing.

But we must leave these delightful resorts and journey on toward Leadville. Between Buena Vista and the famous California Gulch, as the well-known mining town was first called, there is some interesting river scenery, for the railroad follows the course of the Arkansas nearly the whole distance. Those who can afford the time should stop off, however, at Twin Lake Station, and take a drive of four miles to the beautiful Twin Lakes, which lie about fourteen miles to the south of Leadville.

Twin Lakes.—These charming lakes lie up among the mountains 9357 feet. The larger of the two lakes is two and a half miles long by a mile and a half wide, and the other is about half that size. The greatest depth is seventy-five feet. The fishing in these lakes is said to be extremely good. Many resort there for the sport. Boats and fishing-tackle can always be obtained. As may well be supposed, the scenery around the lakes is very grand; for there are two mountains, each higher than Pike's Peak, that cast their shadows over the lakes. Mount Elbert is 14,351 feet high, La Plata is 14,311; these, together with Lake Mountain and the Twin Peaks, reflect their forms in the placid waters. Warm clothing is needed here, even in midsummer—heavy woolen blankets are indispensable at night. Excellent accommodation can always be relied upon at the Twin Lakes House. Other boarding houses and private establishments are associated with the lakes.

Leadville.—This celebrated mining town came into notoriety in 1859 when, as California Gulch, it proved to be one of the richest placer camps in Colorado. From 1859 to 1864 the gold dust washed from the ground of this gulch reached the amount of \$5,000,000. In 1876 the carbonate beds of silver were discovered. Since then Leadville has added \$200,000,000 to the world's stock of the precious metals. There was a great rush to the camp in 1876. The population swelled to 30,000, and the place was named Leadville.

The altitude of this city is 10,200 feet, which is in all probability the highest of any city in the world. The scenery around Leadville is magnificent. It is walled in on all sides by towering mountains whose summits are crowned with eternal snow. At Leadville very excellent accommodations can be found at the Hotel Kitchen, kept by the Kitchen Brothers.

Evergreen Lakes.—This pleasant summer resort is situated on the eastern slope of Mount Massive, six miles southwest of Leadville. To the people of Leadville, and to the tourists visiting the Carbonate Camp, these lakes afford an easily accessible and very charming place for a day's outing; or, if time permits, for a prolonged sojourn. The lakes are natural bodies of water improved by the hand of man. Upon their surface float handsome sail and row-boats, and in their depths sport myriads of mountain trout.

The writer is indebted to Mr. C. C. Davis, editor of the *Leadville Herald*, for an introduction to Dr. John Law, who has some trout pounds at Evergreen Lakes. Our party of three had some rare sport, landing no less than fifty trout in forty minutes.

It is a very pleasant drive of about five miles over the Boulevard road from Leadville to the lakes. Those wishing to prolong their stay will find ample accommodations at the Evergreen Lakes Hotel.

Fremont Pass.—Through an Arcadian valley the approach is made to a famous pass, with the historic name of him who has been called the Pathfinder, although a later day has witnessed greater achievements than his among the Rocky Mountains. A journey here deserves the title of a pilgrimage, for from the summit of this pass the traveler can discern the Mount of the Holy Cross. The scene is one replete with vivid interest. Fainter and fainter grow the lines of objects in the valley, until at last the clouds envelope the train, and at the next moment the observer looks down upon a rolling mass of vapor through which the light strikes in many colored beams. The



EAGLE RIVER CAÑON.

sublimity of the scene forbids all thoughts other than those of reverence and rapture. The railway crosses the pass at an altitude of 11,540 feet—higher than any iron trail yet established in North America or the Old World.

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.—From the crest of Fremont Pass the traveler looks eagerly about and soon catches sight of the sacred symbol which gives name to the famous mount. The snow-white emblem of Christian faith gleams with bright splendor against the azure sky. The wayfarer at last realizes that he has reached that height “around whose summit splendid visions rise.” This is one of the best points of view from which to behold this wonderful mountain, and can be reached by a two hours’ ride on the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad from Leadville.

Red Cliff is situated on the Eagle River, on the standard gauge through line of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad. It is a flourishing mining town and is in the heart of the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by the grandest of scenery. Good hunting and fishing can be found here, and good accommodations for the tourist.

MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.—From Red Cliff one can obtain an unusually fine view of the famed Mount of the Holy Cross. From here the adventurous tourist can make the journey to the mount if he be so inclined. No grander view can be conceived than that of this wonderful mountain, which bears upon its bosom the sacred symbol of Christianity.

Eagle River Cañon opens to the view at first a comparatively wide expanse, later more narrow, walled in on each side by cliffs of varicolored rocks, whose lofty and apparently insurmountable summits bear the dark banners of the pine. Admiration and awe at this stupendous work of Nature take possession of the mind, when suddenly these emotions are overshadowed by wonder and almost incredulous surprise at the daring of man, for there above us on our right, perched like the nests of heaven-scaling eagles, rest the habitations of men!

Nowhere can the traveler find a more interesting and instructive illustration of mine methods than is here presented by the shaft-scarred sides of Battle Mountain and the pinnacle-perched eyries of Eagle River Cañon.

Steamboat Springs are reached by leaving the railroad at Russell Station, and going by stage or private conveyance seventy miles, by a most interesting and picturesque route. The road follows up the divide between the Eagle and Grand Rivers through a fine grazing country, dotted here and there with beautiful little lakes. The Kokomo and Shecphorn ranges rise to the east, while the Mount of the Holy Cross towers to the south. From the summit of the divide a fine view of the Flat Top Mountains can be obtained. Descending, the traveler enters Egeria Park, famous for its lovely scenery, a noted feature of which is the Topanas, or “Sleeping Lion.” Passing through Yellow Jacket Pass, the Harrison Bottoms fine grazing lands are entered and soon the famous “Steamboat Springs” are reached. The springs send off clouds of steam, and its escape makes a peculiar puffing noise, whence the name. There are sixty of these springs, embracing those characterized by sulphur, magnesia, iron and soda. The springs vary from 156 degrees of heat to cold. The scenery around the springs is exceedingly attractive. Those in search of health, the beautiful in Nature, or who enjoy the recreation of the sportsman or fisherman, cannot do better than make a visit to Steamboat Springs.



Rugged Crags

Cañon of the Grand.—This is approached through the valley of the Eagle. Gradually the valley narrows, high bluffs hem us in on the left, the river is close to the track on the right, and its fertile banks suddenly change into a tumbled, twisted, black and blasted expanse of scoria. Just beyond, a distant glimpse of fertile country, and the clear waters of the Eagle are lost in the muddy current of the Grand, and a cañon greater in extent and more varied in character than that of the Arkansas opens before us. As the train speeds downward, the mountains on the horizon behind us seem to rise upward toward the zenith, as though the miracle of creation was being repeated before our eyes. Soon, however, the distant mountains are shut out and only the sky above, the river and track beneath and the cliffs around are visible, and here begins a panorama—kaleidoscopic in its ever-changing forms and colors—the wonder of one who sees, the despair of one who wished to tell others what he saw.

Whirling around a headland of glowing red rock, which it seems ought to be called "Flamingo Point," we are in a region of ruddy color and of graceful forms. Minarets, from whose summits the muezzin's call might readily be imagined falling upon the ears of the dwellers in this "Orient in the West," spires more graceful than that of Bruges, more lofty than that of Trinity, towers more marvelous than Pisa's leaning wonder, columns more curious than that of Vendome, splintered and airy pinnacles, infinite in variety—innumerable! inimitable! indescribable!

In a moment, darkness and the increased rumble of wheels ; then light and another marvelous view. We have passed Tunnel No. 1—the portcullis ; darkness again for a moment, then the blue sky above us. We have entered through the postern gate. Darkness for the third time—absolute, unmitigated blackness of darkness—this must be “the deepest dungeon 'neath the castle mote ;”—but soon again we see the blessed light, and there before us lies Glenwood Springs.

Glenwood Springs is delightfully situated on the Grand River, at its junction with the Roaring Fork. It is surrounded by very high mountains, and is a starting point for the famous hunting grounds in the Elk Mountains. Glenwood Springs is another Ouray in beauty ; yet it has been comparatively unknown to the world until the last five or six years. In 1886 the Utes came here to bathe in the hot sulphur springs which are now making the place so famous. Since then, every building in the place has been erected, with two or three exceptions. Fine churches, schools, banks, hotels, bath-houses, stores and public buildings are springing up in all directions, and many of these have been erected on a magnificent scale. Much of this development is due to the enterprise of the Colorado Land and Improvement Company, whose headquarters are at Glenwood Springs. They have expended between three and four hundred thousand dollars on the grounds and property connected with the Hot Springs where, seven years ago, the Indians were bathing in their native freedom. These grounds and buildings are open free to the traveling public, and they are worth going many miles to see. The bath-house is the most elegant building of the kind I ever saw. It cost \$85,000 ; the pool and dressing rooms cost \$35,000 more. The swimming-pool is 600 feet long by eighty wide, having an area of 49,000 square feet. It varies in depth from 2 ft. 10 in. at one end to 5 ft. 6 in. at the other, and holds 1,800,000 gallons of salt water. This comes up from the ground, in natural springs, at a temperature of 125 degrees, at the rate of 4000 gallons a minute, and is as salt as the ocean. As the water is beautifully clear and the pool is lined with porcelain, the luxury attending such bathing may be imagined. Hundreds of ladies and gentlemen come here to bathe. The waters are drunk by the guests, and many invalids resort here for the healing of their diseases—especially for rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, paralysis, lead poisoning, etc.

There is an excellent hotel called “Hotel Glenwood,” where we stayed while here. This is a very fine hotel, where every luxury may be obtained. Indeed, we found this house to be one of the best conducted hotels we met with anywhere in our travels.

In a few years Glenwood Springs will doubtless be one of the most popular and attractive resorts in the Rocky Mountains, and its fame will become as world-wide as Wiesbaden.

Aspen.—It is well worth the while of anyone to spend a day or two at Aspen before continuing his journey to the West. It is conveniently reached from Glenwood Springs by a branch of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, which follows the cañon of the Roaring Fork all the way up to Aspen. The city is situated in a beautiful valley, enclosed with mountains of the most picturesque character, chief of which are Aspen and Smuggler Mountains.

The mineral belt upon which Aspen is located is believed to be the richest ever discovered in the world. Early in 1887 the Denver & Rio Grande

management determined to build, and in November its trains were running into Aspen. Since that time the development of the camp has been marvelous. It is now producing at a rate of more than \$10,000,000 a year, and the output is being rapidly increased. The mineral belt passing through Pitkin County is forty miles long, only three miles of which have been developed, and the results obtained indicate plainly what the future of the Aspen district is to be. Aspen combines great activity in mining with beautiful, attractive surroundings, and this combination will always make it a point of interest to tourists. From Aspen drives extend in every direction to attractive mountain resorts. Ashcroft is fourteen miles distant—the road leading up Castle Creek, probably the most beautiful stream in the State. Maroon Lake, near the head of Maroon Creek, is reached by a drive that is unsurpassed in natural features. Curtis Lakes, eight miles up the Roaring Fork, is a delightful resort. These are only a few of the points that the tourist will find pleasure in visiting. The streams are filled with trout, and good hunting is found in the neighboring mountains.

Aspen is well supplied with hotels, and a new one to cost \$100,000 is now projected.

As we left Aspen on the return journey to Glenwood Springs, we had the Roaring Fork on our left. The brawling river is on our left most of the forty-one miles between the two places, still we cross it several times. For a while it is far down below the track, in a deep cañon. The train runs along at the edge of the cliff, so that the traveler can look out of the window straight down into the gorge. There is much beautiful scenery all along the way, of which the green hills, the highly colored rocks and the rushing river form the leading features. The valley contracts as Glenwood is approached, and the hills increase in altitude. There we meet with the Grand River, into which the Roaring Fork empties.

Along the Grand River.—From Glenwood Springs to Grand Junction the railroad follows closely the course of the Grand River. The Roan or Book Cliffs form a prominent feature in the distant landscape, the pretty river scenery forms an attractive feature near at hand. Newcastle is the most important town between Glenwood Springs and Grand Junction, but the country will speedily develop now that the railroad has begun running through it. This is proving to be an immense boon to a vast and hitherto undeveloped country, for until the last year there has been no railroad communication with the outside world.

The Salt Lake Line.—We made a very fast run from Grand Junction to the foot of the mountain range that lies between the Valley of the Gunnison and the lovely Vale of Utah. But to the American traveler speed is everything. He wastes no time between objective points. Dollars seem of less importance to him than days. Where a European would spend months he energetically covers the same ground in weeks or even days. He comes, he sees and perchance he forgets unless, indeed, he has along his kodak. And he usually does have it.

Mountain peak and valley, rushing streams and beetling crags are caught on its sensitive film, and when the vacation days are over and he is telling his friends about the beauties of the Rio Grande or the Yosemite it is with keenest pleasure that he exhibits his kodak shots.

He may travel with ever so little baggage, for he hates it, but the kodak is pretty sure to swing from his shoulder. And why shouldn't it? It is almost no trouble to carry; is always ready for use and film enough to start a young photograph gallery. Weighs but a few ounces.

Yes, the kodak is certainly getting to be almost as essential a part of every traveler's outfit as a letter of credit.

THE BOOK CLIFFS.—The space of over one hundred miles intervening between the Grand and Green Rivers resembles a billowy desert, and is especially interesting for its wild and peculiar characteristics. Close by, on the north, are the richly-colored Book Cliffs, while away to the southward the snowy groups of the Sierra la Sal and San Rafael glisten in the distance. Between them may be distinguished the broken walls which mark the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, scarcely fifty miles away. Beyond Green River and Castle Valley commences the steep ascent of the Wasatch Mountains, and the beautiful in Nature again appears.

CASTLE CAÑON.—Near the Azure Cliffs, so-called from the color of the clay, the Green and Grand Rivers join to form the sublime Colorado, which empties into the Gulf of California. Beyond is Castle Cañon, at the entrance to which stand two towering sandstone shafts which rise to the height of 500 feet, looking like monstrous castles, with battlements, bastions and turrets guarding the way and just wide enough apart for the train to pass between. The cañon which follows is another of sublime beauty. Great walls and dome-appearing rocks lift on either side in appalling grandeur, and the tourist is deeply impressed with the sublimity of the scene. After a few miles through this grand gorge the train plunges into the heart of the Wasatch Mountains, and then emerges into the beautiful and fertile valley of Utah, in the centre of which lies a long, blue sheet of water, Utah Lake.

CASTLE GATE.—Guarding the way to Price River Cañon, through which the railroad runs into the very heart of the range, stands Castle Gate, similar in many respects to the gateway in the Garden of the Gods. The two huge pillars, or ledges of rock composing it, are offshoots of the cliffs behind. They are of different heights, one measuring 500 and the other 450 feet from the top to the base. They are richly dyed with red and the firs and pines growing about them, but reaching only to their lower strata, renders this coloring more noticeable and beautiful. Between the two sharp promontories, which are separated only by a narrow space, the river and the railroad both run, one pressing closely against the other. The stream leaps over a rocky bed and its banks are lined with tangled brush. Once past the Gate, and looking back, the bold headlands forming it have a new and more attractive beauty. They are higher and more massive, it seems, than when we were in their shadow. Huge rocks project far out from their perpendicular faces; no other pinnacles approach them in size and majesty; they are landmarks up and down the cañon, their lofty tops catching the eye before their bases are discovered.

SOLDIER SUMMIT is the next striking feature on the route to Salt Lake; then come in quick succession the Red Narrows and Spanish Fork Cañon. These are all characterized by beauty and grandeur; they are full of charming contrasts, soft contours and whispering waters.

UTAH VALLEY resembles in its Arcadian loveliness the vales of Scotland, and is a mountain-girdled, well-cultivated park.

UTAH LAKE lies in the centre of the valley of the same name. It is a picturesque sheet of clear, fresh water, to the north of which lie the Mormon towns of Provo and Springville. The scene is an entrancing one. Eastward the oblong basin is shut in by the Wasatch Mountains, and on the west is the Oquirrh range. Northward are low hills, or mesas, crossing the valley and separating it from that of the Great Salt Lake, while in the south the east and west ranges approach each other and form blue-tinted walls of uneven shape. To the left of this barrier Mount Nebo, highest and grandest of the Utah Peaks, rises majestically above all surroundings. Its summit sparkles with snow, its lower slopes are wooded and soft, while from it, and extending north and south, run vast, broken, varicolored confreres. The valley is like a well-kept garden; farm joins farm; crystal streams water it, and scattered about in rich profusion are long lines of fruit trees, amid which are trim white houses. Salt Lake City is visible and beyond slumber the waters of the Great Salt Lake.

Provo is pleasantly situated on the Provo River, a little back from Utah Lake, and shaded by the near peaks of the Wasatch Mountains, at whose base it lies, forty-eight miles southeast of Salt Lake City. Its streets are wide and well laid out, lined with trees, and one of its chief characteristics is the great number of large and elegant private buildings it possesses. Provo is a pleasant summer resort, and is a favored spot for relaxation and rest.



Peaceful Plains.

Salt Lake City is one of the most remarkable places in the world, and the Mormons, who are its principal inhabitants, are as remarkable as their city. The River Jordan flows through the valley, connecting Utah Lake with the Great Salt Lake, just as the Jordan of Palestine connects the Sea of Galilee with the Dead Sea. Salt Lake City is not built close to the lake, as many would suppose; it is nearly twenty miles away from it. The lake cannot be seen from the city without ascending some eminence; the mountains beyond it, however, can be distinctly discerned. The territory was first colonized by the Mormons under the leadership of Brigham Young in 1847. The opening of the railroad in 1869 called the attention of the world to the beautiful valley. The Gentiles, as well as the Mormons, began to discover its advantages. Little by little a new stream of emigration set in, until at the present time 240,000 people live within the Territory of Utah, and 60,000 of these reside in and around Salt Lake City. Great progress is going on in the development of both city and country. Salt Lake City is fast becoming a great business and manufacturing centre, and will continue to grow.

The principal buildings connected with Mormon worship are situated on Temple Square. These are the Temple, the Tabernacle and Assembly Hall. Spacious grounds inclose these buildings. The magnificent temple is as yet unfinished, although it is said to have had already three and one-half millions of dollars spent on it. It is a conspicuous object above every other building in the city. The turtle-roofed Tabernacle has a seating capacity of 13,456. Services are held in this every Sunday afternoon, and the Mormons from far and near flock to the services as doves to their windows. The residence of the late Brigham Young, his grave, the present abodes of the leading apostles and Mormon elders, Fort Douglas, etc., are among the principal places visited in addition to the ecclesiastical buildings before referred to. The city itself is very attractive, having wide and clean streets, well shaded with trees, with lofty mountains in the distance, and many lovely embowered homes in every street. The accommodations for guests are ample, while the charges at the principal hotels are below many less pretentious places. The Knutsford is the leading hotel of Utah Territory and is one of the most elegantly appointed houses in the Western country. Among other first-class houses that may be mentioned are the Cullen, the Walker House, the Continental, the Cliff, the White House and the Metropolitan.

The Great Salt Lake.—This is America's Dead Sea. It covers five times as much territory as the Dead Sea. The latter is but forty-two miles long and ten in greatest width, while the Great Salt Lake is 120 miles long from northwest to southeast, and from thirty to sixty miles broad. Both lakes are alike in that they have no outlet; they are of equal density by reason of their intense saltiness; and a river called the Jordan flows into each of them. The Jordan of the land of the Mormons, however, is insignificant, in every respect, compared with the Jordan of the land of Israel. The immediate surroundings of each are desolate and barren; the layers of salt that lie thick upon the shores are fatal to all forms of vegetable life. The water is heavily charged with salt, and is intensely bitter. Its buoyancy makes it easy for anyone to float; and thousands go down to Garfield Beach to enjoy the novel features experienced in bathing.

GARFIELD BEACH.—This is a very attractive bathing resort, and during the season commands an excellent patronage. Is reached from Salt Lake City by the Garfield Beach line of railroad.



ASSEMBLY HALL, TABERNACLE AND TEMPLE, SALT LAKE.

LAKE PARK.—The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railway has opened a new bathing resort at Lake Park, midway between Salt Lake City and Ogden. During the season bathing trains are run almost hourly from Salt Lake City to the Park ; these trains enable all overland passengers stopping off at Salt Lake City to have a bath in the great dead sea. Each of the elegant bath rooms is fitted with shower-bath, stationary water-bowls, mirrors, chairs, incandescent electric lights, etc., making Lake Park one of the most attractive watering-places on the continent. There is a first-class restaurant and exchange, careful male and female attendants, and a silver-cornet band furnishes music day and evening. All through trains stop at this charming resort.

Salt Lake to Ogden.—The Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad traverses a narrow plain. On one side are the dead waters of the great Salt Lake, on the other the serrated peaks of the Wasatch Mountains. The region is highly cultivated. Farms reach their brown or green fields over its length and breadth, and little streams run in bright threads out of mountain cañons and across the meadows. The lake is in full view of the traveler most of the way and is a never-ending source of interest. What history belongs to it? Why is it, of all America's inland seas, salt and without life? But the train speeds on and, entering an amphitheatre set around with mountains, reaches Ogden, the western terminus of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad—the scenic line of the world.

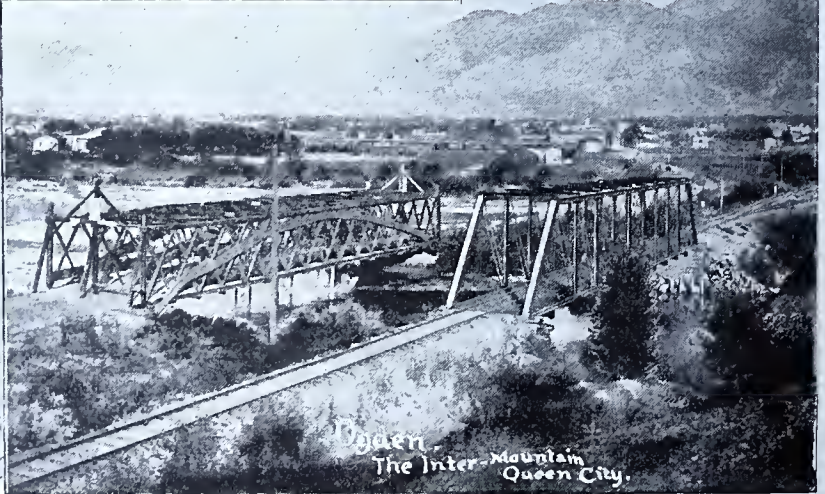
Ogden, the principal city of Northern Utah, is beautifully located on the western slope of the Wasatch Mountains. It is well laid out and well built ; the streets are wide, regular and lined with shade and ornamental trees and lighted with electric light. By a system of water-works the mountain streams and springs furnish an abundant supply of pure water ; the natural sewerage system is particularly favorable, and many of the private residences and grounds are very handsome, and the business houses and public buildings are solid and substantial.

The climate offers a specific against pulmonary and asthmatic troubles. Eminent physicians agree that consumption, as a primary disease, has never been known here; that while asthma has never been developed here, the climate effects a quick and surprising cure; that lungs, weak from whatever cause, grow rapidly strong; that a case of sun-stroke has never occurred, nor an instance observed of a dog running mad. One of the principal health resorts in the entire West is the Hot Springs, ten miles north of the city.

Ogden, the centre of one of the richest agricultural and mineral districts, enjoys better railroad facilities than all the rest of the cities of Utah put together, and has long been known as the " Junction City of the West." It is the actual terminus of five leading trunk lines, viz.: The Union Pacific, Central Pacific, Denver & Rio Grande Western, Utah & Northern and Utah Central Railroads. Too much importance cannot be attached to the natural water-power furnished by the Ogden and Weber Rivers, the value of which is realized by all manufacturers. The electric light, powder mills and several flouring and woolen mills use that power entirely. Dams can be constructed in the cañons at little cost that will store an immense quantity of water and furnish unlimited power for all time and purposes. Of industrial enterprises which will of necessity be opened up, that of iron is the most important. Immediately adjoining the town and easily accessible can be found inexhaustible quantities of iron ore, extremely rich and easily worked.

With unlimited power, cheap fuel, convenient locations at nominal prices, and a large and growing region to be supplied, the opportunities for smelters and foundries could not be better. Another of the prominent branches of manufacture open is that of woolen goods. Few States can show the enormous wool-clip of Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and Nevada. Utah is fast becoming one of the heaviest producers of wool in the West, furnishing the clip of 1,200,000 sheep, or about 9,000,000 pounds annually.

Ogden insures a hearty welcome to all. With her magnificent climate, pure mountain water, health-giving breezes, invigorating atmosphere, grand



and inspiring mountains and manufacturing facilities, Ogden must become a great city, and the next five years will see a transformation the like of which has not been seen by any other city in the land.

The Yellowstone Park is easily reached from Ogden by a short ride over the Utah and Northern Branch of the Union Pacific Railroad, by way of Pocatello and Beaver Cañon. During the summer months a regular line of stages runs between Beaver Cañon and Fire Hole Basin in the Yellowstone Park. The distance by rail from Ogden to Beaver Cañon is 252 miles. From Beaver Cañon to Fire Hole Basin it is about ninety miles.

The park embraces an area of 3000 square miles, being fifty-five by sixty-five miles in dimensions, the whole encircled by stupendous mountain ranges. Within this vast enclosure more wonderful natural phenomena are to be found than in any other equal area in the wide world. Here are more than 3000 boiling hot mineral springs, the like of which no human eye ever saw; here are seventy-one active and powerful geysers that cause the earth to groan and tremble by the mighty power of their eruptions; here are innumerable terrace building fountains of hot, calcareous water; here are immense chalk vats belching forth vast quantities of a mushy compound of various shades and tints. Surrounding the craters of these geysers are numerous nozzle-like cones of geyserite, the result of ages of precipitation. Here is Old Faithful throwing upwards, for 200 feet, tons of boiling water for three minutes out of every sixty the year round; here is the Bee Hive, with its crystal arch and fountain; Excelsior Geyser, the largest known geyser in the world; here are water-falls, cataracts, cascades that dance and leap and foam in mimic rage; here are cañons of sublime magnificence and grandeur; here are lakes and rivers of bewitching beauty; here are primeval forests of vast extent, where the wild deer, the buffalo, the elk and vast numbers of smaller game hold undisputed sway; here are sparkling streams fairly alive with mountain trout and grayling. The orthodox tour of the park is usually accomplished in about five days. Having spent the first night at Fire Hole Basin, it is a good plan to make these points the respective stopping places for the four following nights, namely: Yellowstone Lake Hotel, the Cañon Hotel, the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, and the Fountain Hotel at the Lower Geyser Basin. This will leave the Middle and Upper Geyser Basins for the last day.

YELLOWSTONE LAKE.—This magnificent lake lies across the Continental Divide which separates it from the Fire Hole Valley. The lake is thirty miles long and from ten to fifteen miles wide, and is located twenty-five miles to the east of Fire Hole Basin. It is a sheet of water of superlative beauty and sublimity, studded with picturesque islands and surrounded with high towering mountains. It is said to be the largest body of water in the world at so great an altitude (7788 feet). The views from the Lake Hotel near the outlet are very grand indeed.

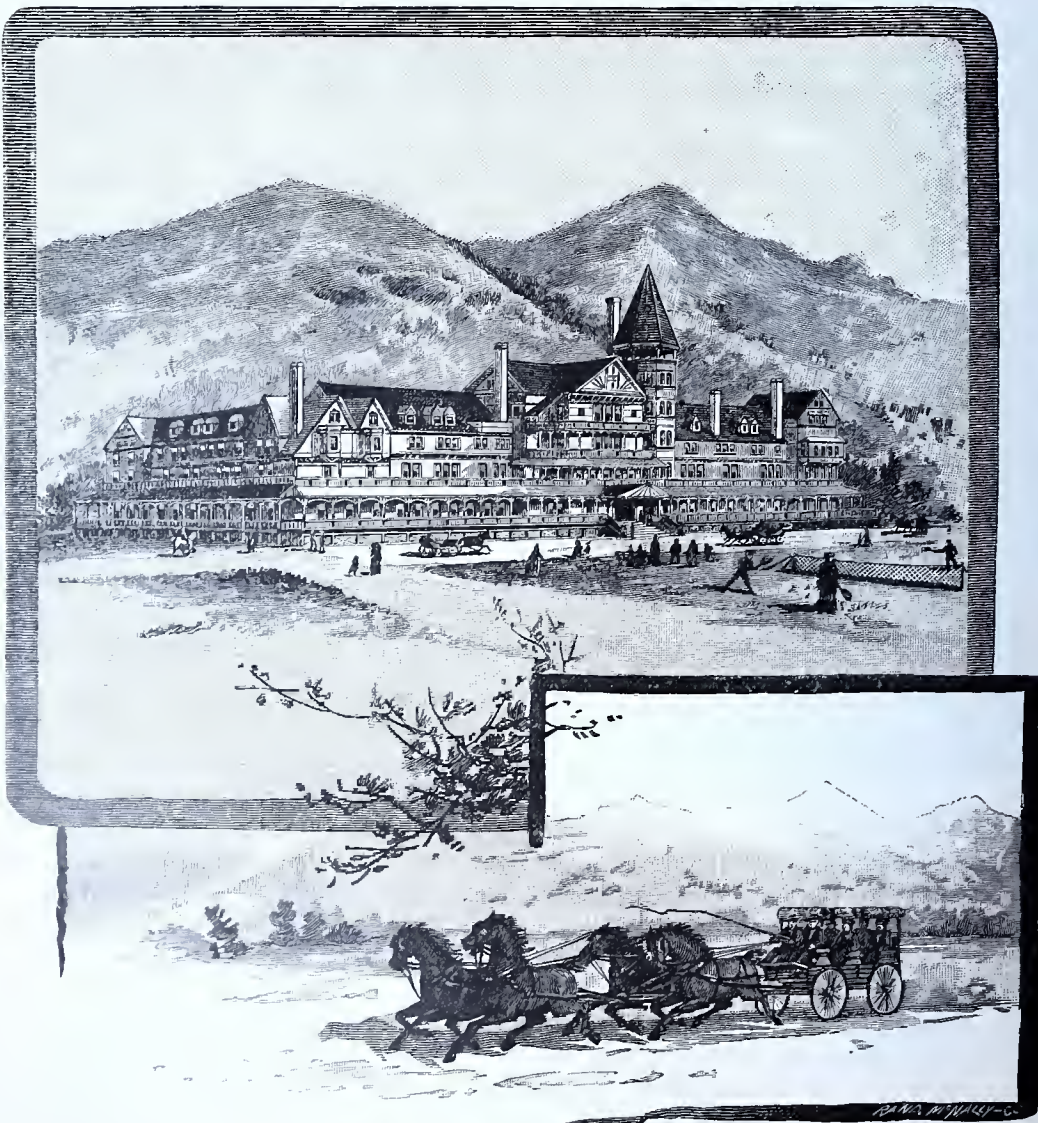
THE YELLOWSTONE FALLS AND CAÑON.—The journey of eighteen miles from the lake to the cañon is one of the most attractive in all the park; it follows the course of the Yellowstone River the entire distance. The valley of the Yellowstone is open, nearly level, and blooming with flowers. The principal objects along the way, in addition to the interesting river, are Mud Cauldron, Sulphur Mountain and Spring, Hayden Valley and Alum Creek. For fourteen miles the river pursues its peaceful journey along the beautiful, green-carpeted valley. After that it gradually narrows and then begins to speed along with increasing velocity until it makes its fearful leap into the deep cañon.

There are two falls—the upper fall has a perpendicular drop of 140 feet, and then rebounds from the shelving rocks to the basin-like abyss below, a depth in all of 397 feet. Beyond this, and 1500 feet below the summit, the Yellowstone River rushes onward for many miles through one of the grandest cañons ever seen. This cañon is gorgeous in color, and words are wholly inadequate to describe it. I can do no better than repeat the words of the Rev. Dr. Wayland Hoyt, who said: "To have seen the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone is an epoch in my life. The crater of Vesuvius is the only place in which

I remember to have seen such a variety and wealth of natural color; but where the palette and pencil fail, how feeble the pen! John Ruskin should see and tell of this place."

THE MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS.—There is an excellent road from the Cañon Hotel to the Mammoth Hot Springs Hotel, and it is a good day's ride of some thirty-four miles. From the Cañon to Norris Basin is twelve miles, and from there to the springs it is twenty-two more. The road crosses the Yellowstone Ridge, passes Virginia Cascade, Norris Geyser Basin, and from there follows the main road to Cinnabar, which is a station on the Livingston Branch of the Northern Pacific Railroad, seven miles, by stage, from the Mammoth Springs Hotel.

The world-famous Springs, known by the name of the Mammoth Hot Springs, occupy a mound of their own building 200 feet high and 170 acres in extent. There are more than fifty springs, the temperature of which varies from 112° to 163° Fahrenheit. There are thirteen distinct terraces of carbonate

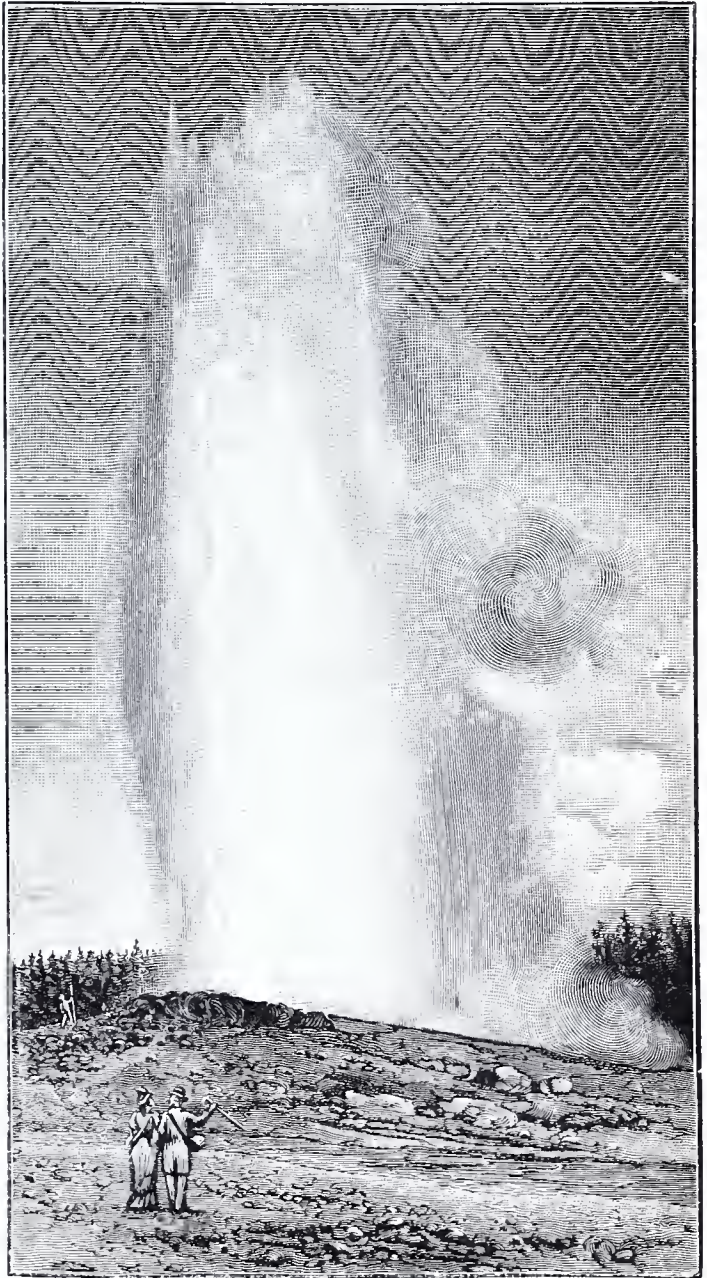


MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS HOTEL, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

of lime, which during the lapse of ages has been, and is now being, continuously deposited by these springs. Many and varied are the shades of coloring seen in these deposits; as a whole, they present the appearance of a gigantic frozen cascade.

THE LOWER GEYSER BASIN.—This is another delightful ride of thirty-four miles, the first twenty-two miles of which is the same that lies between the Mammoth Hot Springs and the Norris Geyser Basin, which is usually completed in the morning, reaching the Norris Hotel for lunch, and leaving an easy ride of twelve miles for the afternoon. The morning's ride introduces us to the Golden Gate—a narrow gorge between Bunsen Peak and Terrace Mountain—four miles distant above the Mammoth Springs and 1000 feet higher. This is the only way into the Geyser Basin region from the mountain-environed valley of the Gardiner River. This pass of a mile long is succeeded by the level plain, known as Swan Lake Basin.

RUSTIC FALLS.—A pretty little cascade formed by the west branch of the Gardiner River is next passed, and then comes that bold escarpment of obsidian or volcanic glass, known as Obsidian Cliff, which is about half way between Mammoth Springs and Norris. Beaver Lake, a sweet little sheet of water covered with pond lilies, is passed on the right, and the next point of special interest is Norris Geyser Basin. This is one of the oldest hot springs in the park. Continuing southward the road winds through the forest, descends a long hill, crosses Elk Park and then enters Gibbon Cañon in which, for four miles, it shares with the Gibbon River the narrow space between the



"OLD FAITHFUL," YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

lofty cliffs. At times sulphurous vapors and hissing steam fills the air, boiling caldrons discharge their hot liquid across the coach road, beneath the very feet of the horses. At length the outlet of the cañon is reached, and here the foam-flecked river plunges into a gorge over a hundred feet deep. We soon reach the Geysers of the Fire Hole Valley. These are distributed along both banks of the Fire Hole River for a distance of ten miles. They are known as the Lower, Midway and Upper Basins. It is customary to spend the night at the comfortable hotel, "Fountain Geyser," at the Lower Geyser Basin. There are more than 700 hot springs in this locality and seventeen geysers, the chief of which is the Fountain Geyser, in the Lower Basin.

THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN.—Between the Lower and Upper Geyser Basins, in a distance of ten miles, the chief attractions of this part of the park are located. The largest known geyser in the world is the Excelsior Geyser, in the Middle Basin; but after all, "Old Faithful," in the Upper Basin, is the most popular. Day and night, summer and winter, year in and year out, for three minutes in every sixty, the grand display goes on, during which time the famous geyser sends forth a river of boiling hot water, 150 feet high. When this is witnessed on a moonlight night, the effect is sublime and beyond the power of man to describe. The word "geyser" is derived from an Icelandic word meaning "gusher." Geysers exist, so far as known, only in Iceland, New Zealand, the Azores, Thibet and the Yellowstone National Park, and those in the Yellowstone are far superior to any of the others. They are merely eruptive hot springs, differing from volcanoes only in that they erupt water instead of molten lava. The following theory of geyser phenomena is advanced by Professor Bunsen and indorsed by Professor Tyndall and other eminent scientists: 1st.—The presence of igneous rocks (still retaining their heat) at a considerable distance below the surface of the earth's crust. 2d.—Meteoric water (supplied mainly by snow and rainfall) having access to these heated rocks. 3d.—A tube by which the heated water may reach the surface. This tube is kept filled (or nearly so) with water as the result of lateral drainage. The temperature of this water-column, at any given point in the geyser tube, is below the boiling temperature, corresponding to the atmospheric pressure at that point. Steam is constantly forming below, becoming sufficiently expansive in time to lift the water-column slightly. Thus the all but boiling water deep down in the tube is raised to a level where the pressure from above is less than that required to prevent ebullition. The result is an almost instantaneous generation of steam; the layers of water being successively relieved of pressure, rising and flashing explosively into gaseous form. Then follows the eruption, or violent expulsion of water and steam from the geyser tube, which phenomenon continues until the tube is nearly emptied, when a period of rest ensues. The character of the water supply and the different sizes and shapes of tubes necessarily produce a wide variation in eruptive displays.

Over the Sierras to California.—The trip to California is continued from Ogden over the tracks of the Southern Pacific System. It embraces three interesting and widely different features, namely, the journey through the Great Desert, the crossing of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and the enchanting ride through the lovely Sacramento Valley.

The Desert may be said to extend from Ogden to Reno, a distance of 589 miles. After leaving Ogden the railroad encircles the northern part of the

Great Salt Lake for one hundred miles and then plunges into the very heart of the great Nevada Desert. This is undoubtedly one of the dreariest and most desolate parts of the United States, but profoundly interesting on that very account. Nature has woven her coarsest web over the face of the country through which we are now passing. It is one vast alkaline flat, extending for hundreds of miles, through which the Humboldt River flows, until it is swallowed up in the Humboldt Sink. There is here and there a little sage brush, a few Indians, every ten miles or so a village of a few miserable adobe huts or Indian tepees, sometimes it is but a signal house. Not a blade of grass grows; no bird or beast is seen; no wheel or foot-mark anywhere appears; all is desolation. So it continues hour after hour, mile after mile, until 500 miles have been covered, and the snow-capped peaks of the Sierras loom up before us and hold out the prospect of better things.

After Reno is passed the scenery begins. We follow up the Truckee River, a beautiful stream, all the way from Reno to its source. The busy town of Truckee is quite attractive. Donner Lake is famous for its beauty. Forty miles of snow-sheds are passed through. Everywhere the mountain scenery is very grand and the distant prospects exceedingly fine. Passing round the curves of Blue Cañon we obtain glorious views into the interior of California. The scenery is especially fine at Shady Run Cañon, just beyond which the gorge is deeper and grander than the Toltec Gorge. The rounding of Cape Horn is one of the sights of the trip that will not soon be forgotten. For ten miles between Blue Cañon Station and Alta the views are highly picturesque. As we descend into the Sacramento Valley we pass through one of the finest fruit sections in all California. Auburn is a beautiful place on the mountain side, overlooking the whole valley of the Sacramento. The view from Newcastle is one of the most delightful ever seen. The Sacramento River is crossed on a long bridge and we enter the capital of California.

Sacramento is a splendid city. The court houses and churches present a very imposing appearance. On leaving the city we again cross the river. Myriads of wild fowl are seen on the broad lagoon. Mount Diablo, fifty miles away, is very conspicuous on the left. For a hundred miles, between Sacramento and the Pacific Ocean, the land appears to be as level as a billiard board. There is fine grazing land all the way to Benicia. Here the train is conveyed bodily across San Pablo Bay to Port Costa on an immense propeller. We then run on to Oakland Pier where we leave the train for the ferry boat which conveys us across the bay, a distance of five miles, and lands us safe in the city of San Francisco on the shore of the Pacific Ocean.

San Francisco.—The history of this city began with the discovery of gold by James Marshall, January 19, 1848. The gold was first found at Coloma, forty-five miles northeast of Sacramento. The city first received its name when it had but 500 inhabitants. Less than a year from that time it had 40,000. From April 12, 1849, to January 29, 1850, 39,888 immigrants arrived by sea. They continued to come at the following rate: in February, 2000; in March, 3000; in July, 5000; in November, 8000. In 1870 the population was 149,473; in 1880 it was nearly 300,000; in 1890 it was 350,000.

The city contains a great number of very elegant mansions, churches, schools, colleges, theatres, club houses, hotels and other public buildings. The harbor is one of the best in the world. With the exception of the one at San Diego, it is the only one of any account on the Pacific Coast between



GLIMPSE OF CELESTIAL LIFE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

Victoria and Guaymas, a distance of 2000 miles. The celebrated Golden Gate is the entrance way into the harbor of San Francisco. This has given a name to the beautiful Golden Gate Park, so deservedly prized by all Californians. Among the many places of interest that should be visited by the tourist, there is only space to mention the names of some of the more important : the Chinese Quarter, the Golden Gate Park, the Cliff House, Woodward's Gardens, Presidio Barracks, the Palace Hotel, the City Hall, Mechanics' Pavilion, Merchants' Exchange, the Mint, the Museum, etc.

The Coast Range.—The favorite excursion from San Francisco is to Monterey and Santa Cruz, going by San Jose over the Broad Gauge and returning by Santa Cruz over the Narrow Gauge Railway.

By taking the Southern Pacific Company's Coast Division train to Monterey, and returning by the Narrow Gauge, San Jose, Mount Hamilton, Monterey, Hotel Del Monte, Pacific Grove, Santa Cruz and any part of Southern California may be visited. The writer found this to be a most delightful trip, introducing us to some of the most beautiful scenery in California. The trains travel very fast over this road. Stopping first at Menlo Park, next at Palo Alto and Santa Clara, we soon arrived at San Jose.

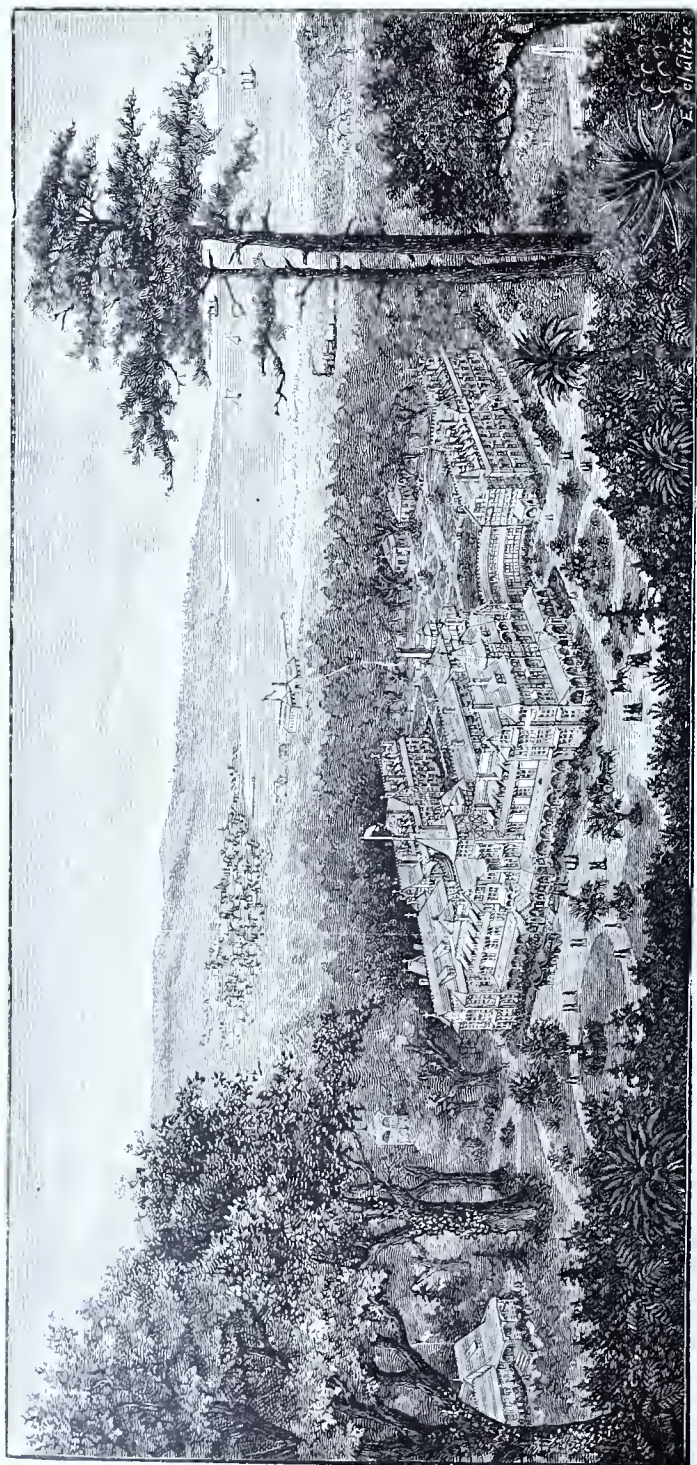
San Jose and Mount Hamilton.—San Jose is delightfully situated in the lovely Santa Clara Valley. It stands in the midst of a profusion of trees, flowers and shrubbery. Double rows of palm and other rare trees line the streets ; the houses are embowered in roses and vines ; the gardens are laid out with exquisite taste. As you walk the streets you might well imagine yourself attending some horticultural show or botanical garden fête. On the east side of the beautiful city the Coast Range overshadows it ; on the west is the Santa Cruz Range.

The great attractions in the neighborhood of San Jose are Mount Hamilton and the Lick Observatory. Thousands of people stop over at this city and ascend the mountain to view the terrestrial prospects, and visit the world-renowned observatory to view the celestial glories. The Lick Observatory is situated on the summit of Mount Hamilton. It is reached by stage from San Jose. The Mount Hamilton Stage Company run comfortable public conveyances every morning, starting at 7.30 o'clock from their headquarters in San Jose.

The journey up the mountain occupies about five hours and a quarter, and is one of the most delightful mountain rides ever enjoyed. The road is a most excellent one all the way. The altitude reached is about 4250 feet.

From this summit it is claimed that you overlook "the greatest expanse of the earth's area that is visible from any known point on its surface, and the great dome of the heavens above replete with its countless multitudes of stars is, beyond a doubt, the most amazing spectacle revealed by the sense of sight." Here you may look through the king of telescopes—the wonder of the world. A lecture is delivered by one of the learned professors daily, upon arrival of the visitors. The view of the surrounding country is really amazing. On a clear day you may see the mountain peaks of the Yosemite, and Mount Shasta itself, which is nearly 200 miles away, is discernible.

Monterey and Del Monte.—From San Jose we follow the valley between the ranges, having the Coast Range on our left and the Santa Cruz Range stretching away to our right. Between Gilroy and Pajaro



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF HOTEL DEL MONTE.

we break through this range and follow the course of the Pajaro River. After leaving this we traverse the beautiful Salina Valley. Nice little towns, waving corn fields, sugar-beet plantations, the Salinas River and the Gabilan Mountains overlooking the sea are the predominant features in the landscape. Then comes the Bay of Monterey; and in a few minutes we pass a beautiful lake and arrive at the park and gardens in the midst of which stands the finest and most attractive hotel in the world, the celebrated Hotel Del Monte.

The hotel itself, together with its fittings, settings and furnishings, is a work of art suggestive of culture and refinement, while its surroundings embrace everything that is grand and beautiful in Nature, from the roar of the rolling waters of the great Pacific, which, like a grand requiem, puts to rest the weary brain, to the tiny pansy, which blooms as cheerily in the month of December as in May.

The park grounds surrounding the Del Monte have no equal on this coast; and it is a mere question of time when they will have no superior anywhere. Nature endowed them with prodigal liberality; and the owners are supplementing Nature's efforts with an equally prodigal expenditure of art. Croquet plats, an archery ground, swings, lawn tennis grounds, choice flowers, shrubs, trees, beautiful walks, and, in short, everything which an experienced landscape gardener's artistic eye can suggest, is being done for the improvement of this favored spot.

The Del Monte has been the court in which Queen Fashion holds her levees, the Mecca towards which Pacific Coast society turns its face on the advent of spring, the sanitarium to which the invalid goes for health, and the pleasure resort to which the weary retreat for rest and recreation.

The bathing pavilion attached to the hotel is situated on the beach, about five minutes' walk away. It is said to be one of the largest and most complete establishments of the kind in the world. It is seventy feet wide by 170 feet long. The water in these tanks ranges in temperature from cold up to warm; and the bather can take his choice. The heating is done by steam, and the water is changed daily. The pavilion contains 210 dressing-rooms, one-half of which are set apart for the use of ladies. Each of the latter is fitted up with a fresh water shower-bath, while on the gentlemen's side fourteen shower-baths serve for all. The pavilion and everything connected with it is kept scrupulously clean, and always presents a pleasing appearance. When filled with bathers and spectators, it presents a spectacle which, in point of animation and interest, would be hard to surpass. Outside of this pavilion is a beautiful sandy beach, on which surf bathing may be indulged in.

Santa Cruz.—We were on the beach at Monterey by 6 o'clock in the morning, ready to take the train for Santa Cruz. We ran along the shores of the Bay of Monterey and past the Hotel Del Monte. At Castroville we greatly admired the beautiful flowers and ornamental gardens about the depot. Ponds, alive with cranes and many varieties of waterfowl, are passed on the way to Santa Cruz, which is distant forty-eight miles by rail from Monterey, and where we arrived a little before 9 o'clock.

One of the best conducted hotels in all California is the Sea Beach Hotel at Santa Cruz, kept by Mr. John T. Sullivan, formerly Superintendent of the New York Post-Office, and then a resident of Orange, N. J. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Sullivan and his good lady last summer in the

Yosemite Valley, and from what we know of their intelligence and courtesy we are assured their guests will find them to be most hospitable and agreeable entertainers.

It is not necessary to go back to Santa Cruz by street cars from the ocean, for all narrow gauge trains start from Beach Station, about one block from the Sea Beach Hotel. The distance from Santa Cruz to San Francisco is eighty miles, and the journey is made in about three hours and a half. Those who have not driven from Santa Cruz to see the Big Trees should stop off at Big Trees Station, and see those giants of the forest. Some of them are over 300 feet high and twenty-one feet in diameter. They are not so large as the Calaveras or Mariposa Groves, but they are far beyond anything of the kind you have ever seen, in all probability, and you may never live to see the Mariposa group, for they are far away from any railroad. On this road you may get a good view of some of these giants from the train, as the line runs through the forest, but it is better to lay over for a train or a night if possible. You will find some of the trunks of these trees turned into restaurants, affording plenty of room for all the chairs, tables and guests.



THE SANTA CRUZ BEACH LOOKING TOWARD THE SEA BEACH HOTEL.

The ride from Santa Cruz to San Francisco is altogether unique and intensely interesting. Through these giant redwood forests, up and down steep mountains, through the San Lorenzo Cañon, where the ferns and wild flowers are in great profusion, you follow the banks of rippling streams, span the currents on lofty bridges, skirt the mountain sides on narrow ledges of rock, and wind through many a wild gorge of the coast range. The scenery is specially attractive between Santa Cruz and San Jose. We are glad to get another look at this "Garden City." Then we go on by town and hamlet, cozy farm and waving cornfield. We pass gardens all beautiful with fragrant flowers, and green meadows where the cattle roam, and through which the rivulet winds. It is very interesting as we cross the long trestle from Alameda Mole, and we cross the Bay of San Francisco, passing Goat

Island, and facing the Golden Gate, just as the sun goes down beyond its portals and spreads its beams of glory over the rippling sea.

Los Angeles is indeed a lovely spot and well deserves its name—the City of the Angels. Gigantic palm trees line the roads from the railway depot to the centre of the city. The principal streets are gloriously ornamental with shrubbery, cacti, flowers, orange groves, magnolias and innumerable trees of uncommon beauty.

Los Angeles is a central point from which to make excursions to Santa Monica, Santa Barbara, San Pedro Bay, the San Gabriel Valley, Riverside, Pasadena, the San Bernardino Valley, Coronado and San Diego.

Pasadena, about eight miles from Los Angeles, is the most beautiful suburb, and the Raymond is the most popular resort for those who make a prolonged stay in the neighborhood. Here the orange groves and gardens are very rich, the drives are delightful, the handsome villa residences are highly ornamental, embowered in a profusion of tropical plants, flowers and trees.

The Yosemite Valley.—The best way to reach the Yosemite from San Francisco is by rail to Berenda and Raymond, and thence by stage. Those journeying to the valley from the south will leave the train also at Berenda. The whole distance from San Francisco to the Yosemite is 266 miles, divided as follows: Rail to Berenda, 178 miles; to Raymond, twenty-one more; by stage from Raymond to the Valley, sixty-seven miles. The Yosemite stages connect with the train leaving San Francisco daily. We found, to our great and agreeable surprise, the approach to the Yosemite well nigh as attractive as the celebrated valley itself. This was a surprise to us, because we had heard so little said, or seen so little written concerning this preliminary part of the trip. Every writer seems to have centered all his thoughts on the Yosemite Valley, and this grandest of all stage rides has been comparatively overlooked. I shall endeavor to do some little justice to the road that leads to the far-famed Yosemite Valley.

The first part of the journey is by rail from Oakland. Here the trains of the Southern Pacific Company are taken after the Bay has been crossed by ferry from San Francisco. The train runs by Lathrop, where we enter the great San Joaquin Valley, which is the southern extension of the Sacramento Valley, the two forming the vast interior basin which lies between the Coast Range on the west and the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the east. At Berenda the branch railroad called the Yosemite Division is taken. This turns abruptly to the east from Berenda and runs into the foot-hills of the Sierras for twenty-one miles to Raymond. This little town in the foot-hills occupies a table-land in what is known as the Chowchilli country. The hotel is kept by Mr. C. J. Miller. Here we spent the night preparatory to a start on the morrow. We have sixty-seven miles of staging before us, and forty-one must be covered to-day in order to reach Wawona by night, so we are off by seven o'clock.

In the early spring this Chowchilli Valley is gorgeous with wild flowers. Mariposa lilies, poppies, larkspurs, azalias, lilacs, buttercups and daisies are in abundance. All day long we travel the divide between the Chowchilli and Fresno Rivers, and in the end go around the head of the Chowchilli. Even the first few miles introduces us to some fine views over the hills that rise one above the other. The wild animals and birds about here are very numerous. We were greatly interested in seeing many of them. Coyotes, foxes, wild cats,

deer, bears, coons, badgers, cotton tail rabbits and squirrels are the chief among the animals. We saw quantities of quail, woodpeckers, doves, meadow larks, road runners, flickers, and now and then an eagle.

Eight miles from Raymond we reached the summit of Dupello Hill and changed horses. There are altogether twenty-one changes of horses required for the round trip, including the side trip to the Big Trees from Wawona. So that whoever undertakes the trip to the Yosemite has the pleasure of riding behind eighty-four different horses.

The English mistletoe grows all along the roadsides here. We were much pleased to see it once again. From the summit of the next hill Indian Peak is seen, also the road over which we have to travel. The Fresno Range lies before us, the Chowchilli to our left, at the foot of Indian Peak is Grub Gulch. We still continue to follow the divide between the Chowchilli and Fresno Rivers. We passed a little Spanish ranch, on the left is the corral, with the snubbing post in the middle, where the young broncos have their schooling, their snubbing and breaking in. Bullion Mountain is seen twenty miles away. The old mining town of Mariposa is at its base. We are now far above the Chowchilli river-bed. To the left is one of the most magnificent slopes I ever saw. It is a perfect picture in the springtime when myriads of wild flowers cover it and dazzle the eye with their splendor. By 10 o'clock we reached the foot of Indian Peak and changed horses again at Grub Gulch. At Windy Gap a splendid view may be had looking forward through the Gap. The beautiful ridge on the right, above the Fresno Cañon, is called Potter Ridge; the coloring of the landscape is gorgeous as we look down into a glorious amphitheatre on the right. The lumber flume, by the side of which we travel for a little way, is sixty-five miles long. Through this the lumber slides down from the mountains to the Southern Pacific Railroad depot at Madeira. The capacity of this flume is 150,000 feet per day. The Fresno River runs far below it, and here we had the most enchanting views of the morning's ride.

We now leave the Fresno River, and bearing to the left follow the divide between the two rivers as before. The head of the Fresno is in the mountains twenty-five miles above. Crook's ranch is passed, on which the owner keeps about 3000 head of cattle. Soon after this we begin the ascent of Hungry Hill. Here we enter the yellow pine region. We next descend by a very steep grade to a beautiful basin surrounded by mountains, where the scenery is good, the change from the up-hill work agreeable, and the odor from the pines delightfully fragrant and appetizing. A short run through a little cañon by Cowen Creek and we are at Grant's White Sulphur Springs, where we are very glad to stop for lunch. This house is kept by Mr. George F. Leidig, formerly of the Yosemite Valley, and I don't know that I ever sat down to a more enjoyable meal, or was ever more ready to eat it.

This left us a ride of fourteen miles for the rest of the afternoon in order to reach Wawona for supper. This is an up-hill journey nearly all the way, but it is grand beyond description. We get some splendid overlooks. Cold Spring Valley is in plain view all the way to the top of the mountain. This is an extremely lovely valley. Now we enter the dense timber forests. Here grow the majestic sugar pine, the California arbor vitæ, the dogwood, tree ferns, bear ferns, etc., and here we saw groups of bluebirds, jays, woodpeckers and other birds. The wind sighed through the tall pines as our horses drew the coach round the cliff and pulled up on the brink of Chowchilli basin.

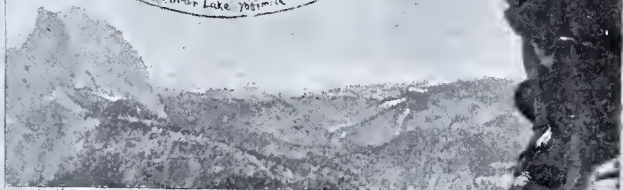
SCENES
IN



Yosemite Falls
2600ft



Mirror Lake Yosemite



Half Dome

The Mineral Group



El Capitan 3300ft



Merced River and Glacier Point



Glacier Point 3400ft

Yosemite

V.N.C.

What a view is here! Oh, My! That is the name by which the place is known, for it is the most natural thing in the world for the traveler, looking at this overpowering scene for the first time, to exclaim, Oh, My! This is the Chowchilli basin, and the river forms on the edge of it. After gazing in wonder down into the deep valley, and then looking upwards and far away forward, I said to our driver, "Foster, do we have to go up there?" "Yes," said he; "that's our road straight ahead." Then unconsciously, like the rest, I said, "Oh, my! we shall have to do a good deal more climbing yet." "My, yes!" said my wife, and Foster smiled again. Here we saw majestic pines 250 to 300 feet high. Yet we were on a cliff road at least 500 feet above the tops of these trees, for they grew on the lower slopes of the hill-side. We are now 4000 feet above sea level, but the opposite mountain toward which we are journeying is 2000 feet above us. We now take an exquisite ride around the rim of this basin, with the high hills on our right and the deep slope of the valley on our left. The hill-sides are clothed with bracken, the sloping hills are covered with ferns and shrubs beautiful in design, exquisite in shade and symmetrical in form; over all waved the tall sugar pines and stately balsam trees. Occasionally some monarch of the forest is seen prone upon the ground, brought down by the forest fire or the lightning's flash. In the springtime this whole region is gorgeous with wild roses.

We now run around the rim of a fine cañon, full of stately sugar pines and fir trees of various kinds. Here also is an abundance of wild grapes and gooseberries. Signal Peak is seen from this road—it is just above us. From it Mount Whitney, Diablo and nearly all the State of California can be surveyed. Unexpectedly, in returning, we enjoyed the rare treat of a visit to the top of Signal Peak, conducted by Mr. John Washburn, of Wawona, who generously and kindly drove us in his private carriage and spent the entire day with us. The view we had over the greater part of California can never be forgotten.

At Six-Mile Station, where another change of horses takes place, there is a magnificent grove of pines. At the extreme head of the basin runs the old Mariposa trail, where the miner soldiers, under Captain Bowles, drove the Indians on.

A point I named Overlook Point reveals Grant's Springs, Indian Peak, the Divide, the Chowchilli and the Fresno cañons. We now come to where the forests are grander than ever. Here some of the trees are from twenty-five to thirty feet in circumference. In passing through this forest we saw several deer. At Summit, which is 5700 feet high, the descent of 1500 feet to Wawona is begun. The coloring of the forest foliage and the grandeur of the trees is charming. We dash around some sublime curves. We come into the Mariposa and Merced roads at the Hermit's Cabin. The old hermit, with whom we stopped and talked a little while, is seventy-three years old, and has never seen a railroad. To our right is Mount Raymond, at its base is the Mariposa Grove of Big Trees. Big Creek, a noted trout stream, is crossed. Here we saw more deer rushing through the forest; we also saw numerous mountain quail. At length we reach the lovely valley in which the Hotel Wawona stands. General Grant once said, "I have never seen a more beautiful valley than this." We were right glad to get to Wawona, for we never had so long a stage ride in one day before and never such a fascinating one. Old travelers will know how exhausting this is, and it would be almost more than one could endure in any climate except California. We had seen enough to repay us for all

our trip, but our driver promised better things for to-morrow. "Wait till you see Yosemite," he kept saying, whenever we beheld a sight which it would seem utterly impossible to eclipse.

The Hotel Wawona is one of the most fascinating places to stop at I ever met with in my life—the Washburns are such warm-hearted people. The surroundings, inside and out, are charming. Mr. Thomas Hill, the celebrated artist, is here, and has given his daughter in marriage to Mr. John Washburn. His delightful home is close by the hotel, and it is a rare treat to spend an evening with the famous painter in his splendid studio, the walls of which are hung with his own masterpieces. Here is that great picture of Yosemite, not quite finished when we saw it, but which the artist expects to have ready to send to Chicago for the coming World's Fair. It is very large, and will be sure to secure everybody's attention. No one should think of hurrying away from Wawona who can possibly avoid it, for there are innumerable attractions which, in many respects, even Yosemite itself cannot outrank. This we discovered on our return, when we stopped over in order to visit the Mariposa Grove, Signal Peak, and many other interesting places in the vicinity of Wawona.

But before we speak of these, we will continue our journey to the Yosemite Valley. The distance is twenty-six miles from Wawona by the coach road. There is a mule trail, however, by way of Glacier Point, which reduces the distance to sixteen miles. We left Wawona by the coach at 7 o'clock. The first part of the journey lies along the left bank of the South Fork of the Merced River. The precincts of the Yosemite National Park are entered in a very few minutes. We passed the encampment of a company of the Fourth Cavalry, under the command of Captain Wood, who are here during the summer months to preserve the park. We now begin the ascent of the mountain, and cross the divide between the main stream of the Merced River and the South Fork of the same. There are many graceful curves to make around the deep cañon of the South Fork before we reach the summit. Alder Creek is crossed, and then we tackle Alder Creek Hill, which is the steepest of any we have encountered yet. After passing Eight-Mile Station, we get a view over a vast section of country clear to the road from Mariposa to Hite's Cove, where the celebrated gold mines are, and all along the valley through which the South Fork flows to unite its waters with the main stream of the Merced River. Three deer crossed the road in full view, going like streaked lightning just here, and the birds were very numerous, especially the humming-birds and woodpeckers.

The view down the main gorge of the Merced River is very fine. We twist and turn around the head of this valley, and in doing so obtain many magnificent views down the gorge on our left. We now make the descent into the valley of the Merced in order to reach Yosemite, which is still far away in the distance. We come down on to Grouse Creek and ascend the last hill. Here we could see away over the wide San Joaquin Valley to the distant Coast range, which our driver declared to be no less than 175 miles. Cascades are seen on the left; Table Rock is passed; at Fort Monroe we change horses, and three minutes later we see El Capitan.

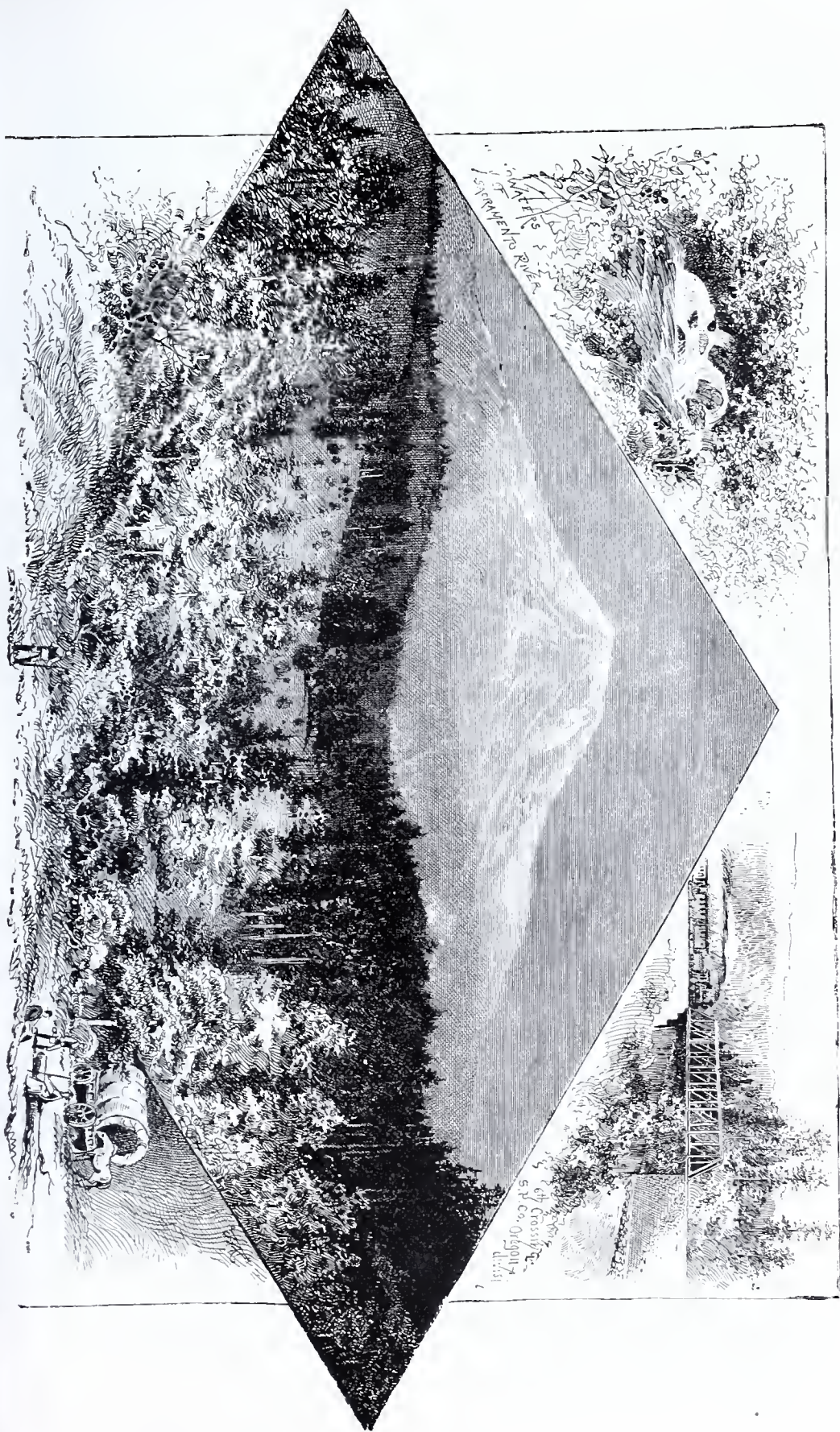
A halt is made at Inspiration Point, where the Yosemite Valley—the crowning glory of California's natural attractions—bursts upon the view. El Capitan, 3300 feet in perpendicular height, stands sentinel over it on one side; beyond are the Three Brothers; directly ahead are Cathedral Rocks. The

nearest water-falls are the Cascade Falls, 500 feet ; then the Bridal Veil makes two leaps of 630 and 300 feet respectively and plunges into the Merced River. Over the Cathedral Rocks peers the Sentinel. Far away, but distinctly visible, are the domes of the Yosemite. Liberty Cap overlooks the mountains, and Yosemite Falls, 2548 feet, in three leaps cap the climax. The shelf on which the first fall alights appears so small that scarce standing room would be expected. The actual width, however, is about one-third of a mile.

From Inspiration Point the descent is made into the valley by a zigzag trail to the Stoneman House at the base of Glacier Point, where you may sit on the veranda and enjoy the magnificent spectacle to your heart's content. You are 4000 feet above the sea and nearly a mile below the surrounding mountains. To your right is Eagle Point, the North Dome and the Half Dome, to your left Glacier Point ; before you the far-famed Yosemite Falls, which takes three leaps into the Merced River, through a space sixteen times greater than Niagara.

We made our stopping-place at the Stoneman House, which is by far the best hotel in the valley. It is kept by Mr. Cook of San Francisco, who spends his summers in Yosemite. After lunch at the Stoneman, for which we had a good appetite, after our twenty-six miles ride from Wawona, mules were provided for the ascent of the mountain to Glacier Point, nearly 3000 feet above the valley. My wife rode "Rebecca," I rode "Bob," and our guide was on the back of "Don." We started at 1.30 o'clock and were back again at the Stoneman by 6. From Glacier Point you obtain the finest panorama of the Yosemite, for the whole valley is spread out before you. You gaze into the depths 3250 feet below. Wonders surround you on every side. Here the Cap of Liberty, the Domes, Clouds' Rest, Vernal Falls, Nevada Falls, Yosemite Falls, the lofty peaks of the Sierras—one and all are seen to that advantage which only a combination of such effects can produce. The Nevada Falls is acknowledged by all to be one of the grandest in the world. We shall always remember with pleasure this most wonderful of all rides for its wondrous attractions. After the time for our stay at Yosemite was exhausted, far too soon for our satisfaction, we began the journey back again. It was equally full of interest with the outward trip. Space will not admit, however, of any reference to it, except to say a few words about the Big Trees, which we did not see until our return to Wawona. This is the usual plan, to visit Mariposa on the return trip. To admit of this a very early start is made from the valley. Wawona is reached by noon. Lunch is eaten at the hotel. Fresh horses are hitched to the coach, and the journey to Mariposa and back is completed in time for supper.

I need not dwell long in order to say that the visit to the Big Trees of the Mariposa Grove is a fitting climax to this most wonderful and delightful trip. To my surprise there were over 600 of these giants of the forest, ranging from sixty to one hundred feet in circumference. They are intermingled with thousands of other trees, every one of which would attract attention at any other time and place. But here a tree of twenty feet in diameter and 300 feet high is so utterly overshadowed by the mighty giants of 5000 years' growth that there is no disposition to pay any attention to them. We were wonderfully delighted with our visit to Mariposa, and especially pleased with the fine drives and well-kept forests. The people of the United States owe a debt of gratitude to the Commissioners of the Yosemite Valley and the Big Tree Grove for the care they take of the Park. I am indebted to Mr. John Washburn



YARROW RIVER

S. F. CO. OREGON

MOUNT SHASTA, AS SEEN FROM SISSON.

for his courtesy in showing us all through the groves, and for the enjoyable rides we had in his private carriage, also to Mr. S. M. Cunningham, the Park custodian, for much information and for many specimens gathered about here, which I highly prize and which have been much admired by my friends in the East. It is my intention shortly to publish another edition of my "Summer Days in America," and I shall then speak at greater length concerning the cardinal features of this most enjoyable of all excursions.

A Trip to Oregon.—A trip to the Northwest over the Southern Pacific Railway by the Mount Shasta route is truly a magnificent ride from beginning to end. The distance from San Francisco to Portland is 772 miles. The route is by ferry to Oakland, thence along the shore of San Francisco Bay, by ferry from Port Costa to Benicia, to Sacramento, up the valley of the Sacramento River to its source in Mount Shasta, over the Siskiyou Range and through the Willamette Valley to Portland.

Mount Shasta.—This monarch of the hills is 14,440 feet high. Sisson Station stands on an elevation of 3408 feet above the sea. You have, therefore, from that point, a clear uplift of 11,032 feet, which is more than two miles. There is a crater bowl on the top which is nearly a mile across and is 1500 feet deep. The lava broke through the rim of this bowl on the Edgewood side many centuries ago and overflowed the country. The volcano is now extinct. The massiveness of Mount Shasta may be realized when it is stated that its base covers a circumference of seventy-five miles.

The Siskiyou Range.—The crossing of the Siskiyou Range is a very grand feature of this trip. The view from the top of the pass is wonderful. There are some tremendous viaducts to be crossed over yawning chasms hundreds of feet deep. At times the line overlaps itself and proceeds through spiral tunnels, as is the case in the crossing of the Alps by the St. Gothard Pass. The descent into the Rogue Valley is also magnificent, equal to anything of the kind I ever experienced. The ride through the Rogue Valley, thence through Grant's Pass, and finally through the lovely Willamette Valley, is a glorious ending of a most fascinating trip and a fitting introduction to the most beautiful city of the Northwest.

Portland.—The location of this city is one of the finest on this continent. The views can scarcely be equalled by any city in the Union. Situated on the Willamette River near its junction with the Columbia, it commands the commerce of Washington, Oregon and Idaho. All the streams flow into the Columbia, and that magnificent river flows from just below Portland to the Pacific Ocean. From the hill-sides, accessible by street car, you have the city of Portland at your feet, with its stately structures and 100,000 inhabitants. The snow-capped peaks of the Cascade Range which are visible even from the lower streets, are seen from the terraces to fine effect. Mounts Hood, Adams, St. Helen's, Ranier and other mountains, some of which are a hundred miles away, are clearly seen. The Willamette River, in its upper course, is as romantic and beautiful as the Rhine, while a couple of days spent on the lower Columbia will reveal such a succession of grand and magnificent scenery as to utterly eclipse the best that the Rhine or the Hudson can produce.

The Columbia River.—The favorite excursions from Portland are up the Columbia to the Dallas and down the river to its mouth. The chief

attractions of the river are the Cascades, Mount Hood, Castle Rock, Cape Horn, the Pillars of Hercules, Multnomah Falls, the Bridal Veil, Oneonta Falls and its confluence with the Willamette.

Flood of the Northwest ! I have been with thee,
And still thou art a mystery to me.
Years will roll on as they have rolled, and thou
Wilt delight the trav'ler as thou dost now ;
And when the name that I inscribe to-day
Upon thy altar shall have passed away
From all remembrance, and the lay I sing
Shall long have been but a forgotten thing—
Thou wilt be sung, and other hands than mine
Shall wreath a worthier chaplet for thy shrine.

For rates of fare and full information upon points not mentioned in this book, or for free copies of same, call on or address any of the following :

J. W. SLOSSON,
General Agent,
236 Clark Street, CHICAGO.

T. W. BECKER,
General Agent,
379 Broadway, NEW YORK.

W. M. RANK,
General Agent,
219 Front St. San Francisco.

H. V. LUYSTER,
Ticket Pass. Agent,
1008 Broadway, KANSAS CITY, MO.

W. F. TIBBITS,
Ticket Pass. Agent,
DENVER, COLO.

W. R. PECK,
City Pass. Agent,
1662 Larimer St. DENVER, COLO.

W. J. SHOTWELL,
General Agent,
SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH.

F. A. WADLEIGH,
Asst. Gen. Passenger Agent,
DENVER, COLO.

E. T. JEFFERY,
Pres. & Gen. Manager,
DENVER, COLO.

A. S. HUGHES,
Traffic Manager,
DENVER, COLO.

S. K. HOOPER,
Gen. Passenger Agent,
DENVER, COLO.

A KODAK

Will add to the pleasure of your summer tour.

It makes a delightful photographic notebook.

All dealers in photographic supplies sell them.

They are loaded—ready for instant use, and the new works at Rochester, and Harrow, Eng., insure prompt supplies of film for reloading.

For the season of 1892, we offer Kodaks from

\$6.00 to \$65.00 —

The new series has many novel features. No need of hunting for a dark room if you have a

“DAYLIGHT” KODAK.

It can be reloaded anywhere at any time.

EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY,

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Send for ————— Circulars.

HOTEL METROPOLE,



BROADWAY, SEVENTH AVENUE,
FORTY-FIRST AND FORTY-SECOND STS.

NEW YORK CITY.

Three blocks west Grand Central Depot, from which cars run direct. One block from Sixth Avenue Elevated.

Convenient to All Excursion Routes.

BROADWAY, SEVENTH AVENUE, FORTY-SECOND STREET AND
BOULEVARD CARS PASS THE DOOR.

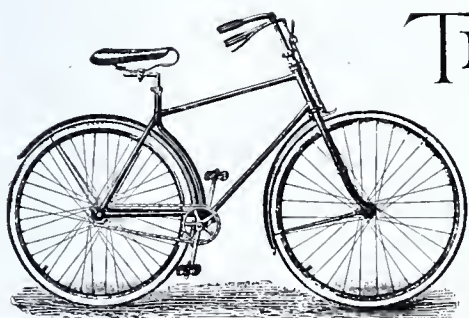
Baggage free from and to Grand Central or West Shore
Depots. EUROPEAN PLAN ONLY.

ABSOLUTELY FIRE-PROOF.

Coollest and Best Ventilated Hotel in New York.

GREEN & PUTNEY,

PROPRIETORS.



The 
Tourist.



PERFECT IN MATERIAL, CONSTRUCTION AND FINISH.

Made at Colt's West Armory, Hartford, Conn., under the same system and with the same attention to details followed in the manufacture of Colt's fine fire arms.

WEIGHT: $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Roadster, } 42 \text{ lbs.} \\ \text{Road Racer, } 35 \text{ " } \end{array} \right\}$ PRICE, \$150.

BIDWELL (Thomas) PNEUMATIC TIRES are GENUINE PNEUMATICS,
GUARANTEED AGAINST PUNCTURE, BURSTING AND LEAKAGE.

GEORGE R. BIDWELL CYCLE COMPANY,

306 to 310 West 59th St. New York.



500 in use.

U. S. MAIL CHUTES

ENABLE TENANTS

to mail letters without leaving the floor
on which their offices are located.

CUTLER MFG. Co.,

Rochester, N. Y.

Sole Makers.

Salt Lake City.



“At Last Utah has a Good Hotel.”

NEW. MODERN. WELL LOCATED.

Near All Points of Interest.

Rates the same as any other first-class Hotel.

G. S. HOLMES.

ECHO CLIFFS, CANON OF THE GRAND RIVER.



West Shore Railroad

N. Y. C. & H. R. R.R. CO LESSEE.

THE NEW HUDSON RIVER ROUTE.

SUPERBLY BUILT AND MAGNIFICENTLY EQUIPPED

STEEL RAIL TRUNK LINE

Between New York, Albany, Buffalo and Niagara Falls,

Forming, in connection with the HOOSAC TUNNEL LINE and the popular GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY, **The Shortest Route** between

BOSTON, BUFFALO, DETROIT AND CHICAGO.

THE FINEST WAGNER SLEEPING CARS ever placed in service on any line are run regularly between Boston and Chicago; Boston and St. Louis; New York and Rochester; New York and Chicago; New York and Detroit; New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls.

MAGNIFICENT WAGNER PALACE CARS, with elegant interior decorations of the latest designs, are run regularly between Boston and Rochester; New York, Buffalo and Niagara Falls; New York and Albany.

ONLY LINE running Wagner Buffet Sleeping Cars between

NEW YORK AND TORONTO

WITHOUT CHANGE.

Trains to and from New York run via the Picturesque West Shore of the Hudson River and through the Mohawk Valley.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE IN NEW YORK: 363 BROADWAY.

C. E. LAMBERT, General Passenger Agent, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK ART PUBLISHING
COMPANY

Makers of Art Books,

FIFTH 160 AVENUE,

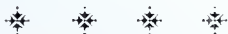
NEW YORK.

GEO. B. CARPENTER & CO.

Ship Chandlers and Sail Makers,

DEALERS IN

TWINES AND CORDAGE, : : : : : :



RAILROAD, MILL AND VESSEL SUPPLIES.

COTTON DUCK,

WIRE ROPE,

CHAIN BLOCKS, ETC.

202 to 208 South Water Street,

CHICAGO, ILL.

COOK'S TOURS

ESTABLISHED 1841.

SUMMER EXCURSIONS AND VACATION TRIPS,

INCLUDING THE

WHITE MOUNTAINS,

ADIRONDACKS,

THE GREAT LAKES,

NIAGARA,

CHAUTAUQUA,

THOUSAND ISLANDS,

THE ROCKIES,

LAKE GEORGE,

AND EVERY POINT OF INTEREST FROM THE ATLANTIC TO THE PACIFIC.

SEND FOR PROGRAMME OF TOURS TO EUROPE, THE EAST,
AND ROUND THE WORLD.

THOS. COOK & SON,

UPTOWN OFFICE, 1225 BROADWAY.

261 & 1225 Broadway, New York.

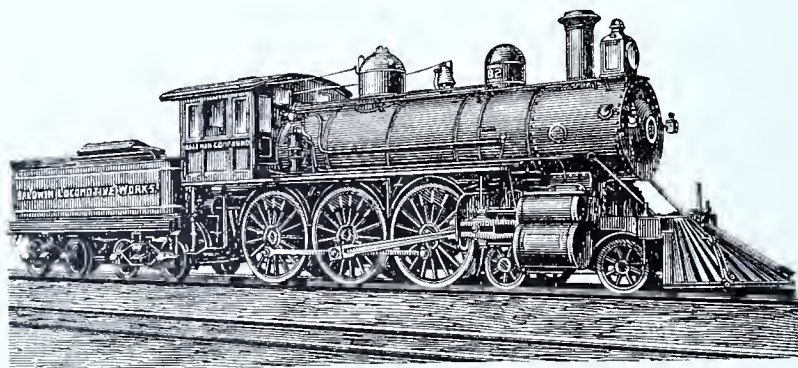
AND AT BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CHICAGO, ETC.

Thos. Cook & Son have been appointed INTERNATIONAL TOURIST AGENTS to the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION by the Executive Committee, and also SOLE PASSENGER AGENTS to the BRITISH ROYAL COMMISSION.

ESTABLISHED 1831.

ANNUAL CAPACITY 1000.

BALDWIN Locomotive Works.



BURNHAM, WILLIAMS & CO.

Manufacturers
of Locomotive Engines,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Adapted to Every Variety of Railroad Service, and to the Economical
Use of Wood, Coke, Bituminous and Anthracite Coal as Fuel.

COMPOUND LOCOMOTIVES.

Locomotives : for : Mines : and : Narrow : Gauge : Railroads.

NOISELESS MOTORS.

All work accurately fitted to gauges and thoroughly interchangeable.
Plans, Materials, Workmanship, Finish and Efficiency
fully guaranteed.



UNION PACIFIC,

"THE OVERLAND ROUTE"

IS THE

Most Direct Line

FROM

THE MISSOURI RIVER

— TO —

All Principal Points West

And on Account of the Varied Character of the Country it Traverses,

Offers to those who contemplate going West a more greatly diversified territory to select from than does any other

TRANS-CONTINENTAL LINE,

Passing as it does through NEBRASKA, KANSAS, TEXAS, NEW MEXICO, COLORADO, WYOMING, UTAH, IDAHO, MONTANA, OREGON and WASHINGTON. Every business interest is to be found along its line.

FOR THE	{	FARMER,	Thousands of acres of rich agricultural land are yet open for settlement.
		STOCK-RAISER,	Immense areas of excellent grazing lands can yet be secured.
		MINER,	The great mountains of the West await but the opening to become the source of large fortunes.
		BUSINESS MAN,	The growing cities and towns of the West are daily offering unequalled opportunities for investment of capital and location of industries which are unsurpassed by older sections of the United States.

Pullman Palace Sleepers,

Pullman Dining Cars,

Pullman Colonist Sleepers,

Free Reclining Chair Cars,

Quickest Time, Finest Scenery, Union Depots,

Are the inducements offered to travelers via the Union Pacific.

For any information relative to the Union Pacific, call on or address any Ticket Agent.

S. H. H. CLARK,

Vice-President and Gen'l Manager.

E. L. LOMAX,

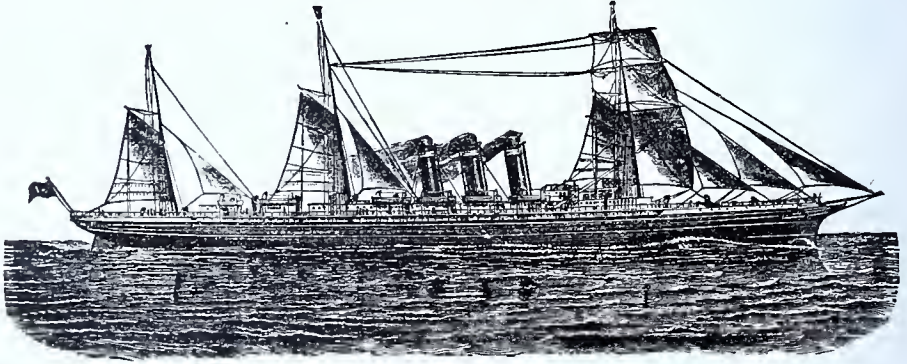
Gen'l Pass'r and Ticket Agent.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

ESTABLISHED 1850.

INMAN LINE

UNITED STATES AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.



SAILING WEEKLY BETWEEN

NEW YORK, QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL.

"CITY OF NEW YORK" AND "CITY OF PARIS,"

10,500 TONS EACH.

City of Berlin, 5491 Tons. City of Chicago, 6000 Tons.

City of Chester, 4770 Tons.

These magnificent vessels are amongst the largest and fastest in the world, and are well known for the regularity and rapidity of their passages across the Atlantic.

TO AND FROM LIVERPOOL, VIA QUEENSTOWN,

— SAILING —

From New York,	From Liverpool,	From Queenstown,
EVERY WEDNESDAY.	EVERY WEDNESDAY.	EVERY THURSDAY.

Cabin, Intermediate *and* Steerage Passage

At as Low Rates as by any First-Class Line.

STEERAGE PASSENGERS will find their comfort and convenience carefully studied in every respect. They are carried upon the same deck as the cabin passengers, the sleeping rooms being inclosed, containing a limited number in each, are well lighted, warmed, and thoroughly ventilated throughout. Special rooms for married couples and families.

NOTICE.—Round-trip First Cabin Tickets will be honored by the **RED STAR LINE** for the return voyage from Antwerp, on application to Von der Beck & Marsily, Antwerp.

INTERNATIONAL NAVIGATION COMPANY, General Agents,

305 & 307 Walnut St. Philadelphia. 32 So. Clark St. Chicago. 6 Bowling Green, New York.

IMPORTANT TO RAILROAD MANAGERS AND MASTER MECHANICS.

Sibley's Perfection Valve and Signal Oils.

MAKE A SPECIALTY OF VALVE AND SIGNAL OILS FOR RAILROAD USE.

In the use of Sibley's Perfection Valve Oil the most perfect lubrication is insured, and an entire freedom from corrosion, honeycombing of cylinders and destruction of joints of steam chests by fatty acids is guaranteed.

Sibley's Perfection Valve Oil is in exclusive use upon more than two-thirds of the railway mileage of America.

Sibley's Perfection Signal Oil is also in exclusive use upon many of the leading railways of this country; and although the consumption of this oil in the past twenty or more years, has exceeded in amount that of all other signal oils combined, there has never been an accident involving a single life or a dollar's worth of property that was due to its failure to do all that was expected of it.

References furnished upon application.

SIGNAL OIL WORKS, LIMITED.

J. C. SIBLEY, President.

FRANKLIN, PA.

CHICAGO BRANCH OFFICE: - - 138 Jackson Street, Chicago, Ill.

GALENA OIL WORKS, LIMITED.

Galena Engine, Coach and Car Oils,

THE STANDARD LUBRICATING OILS OF AMERICA.

SAFETY, SPEED and ECONOMY are the results of the use of Galena Oils. Cold test, 10° to 15° below zero. These oils do not freeze in the coldest weather, while they are adaptable to the hottest climates.

The adoption of Galena Oils as standard railway lubricants by a majority of the leading railways of this country, is an evidence of their superiority; while the fact that the same roads use these oils to-day that used them more than twenty years ago, is an evidence of their uniformity from year to year and year in and out.

Galena Oils are in exclusive use upon three continuous lines of railway from Boston and New York to the Pacific Coast, and upon one continuous line from the City of Mexico to New York, thus demonstrating their adaptability to all temperatures and climates. Inasmuch as they are entirely free from gum, these oils are not affected by dust and sand as are other oils.

We have in connection with our business, a well organized mechanical experts' department, composed of skillful mechanics and railway men of long experience. The services of our experts are furnished to our patrons free of charge.

We also furnish our patrons Sibley's Perfection Valve Oil, which is likewise in use upon a majority of the leading railways of this country.

GALENA OIL WORKS, Limited,

CHICAGO BRANCH OFFICE:

CHARLES MILLER, President,

Phoenix Building, 138 Jackson St.

FRANKLIN, PA.



SOUTH WILLOW CAÑON, CREEDE, COLO.

CREEDE! ANOTHER
LEADVILLE.

THE King Solomon

MINING AND MILLING CO.

Owens, and is now developing, two of the most promising properties at the richest mineral centre yet discovered—Creede—the “KING SOLOMON” and “ECLAT” mines, for which purpose they are offering their stock at 15 cents per share of \$1.00 each. (No subscriptions received for less than 100 shares.)

CAPITAL STOCK, - - \$2,000,000,

FULL PAID AND NON-ASSESSABLE.

OFFICERS: *N. C. CREEDE, of Creede, President.*
GEO. W. ROBINSON, President Pueblo National Bank, Treasurer.
E. S. ROGERS, Secretary.

Stock and all information may be had by addressing
the Company, or their brokers,

WM. GELDER & CO.

BOSTON BUILDING, DENVER, COLO.

JACKSON'S PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS.

A Full Line of Denver & Rio Grande R'y Views

In All Sizes, Mounted and Unmounted.

A COMPLETE SERIES
OF VIEWS OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

THE YOSEMITE. THE COLORADO CAÑON. THE PACIFIC COAST.
THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
FLORIDA—MISSISSIPPI. NEW YORK CENTRAL & HUDSON RIVER R.R.
NEW MEXICO. OLD MEXICO.

Catalogues and Price List on Application.

OUR VIEWS MAY BE HAD OF

THE CHAIN & HARDY Co.	1615 Arapahoe Street, Denver, Colo.
W. V. VICKERY,	108 Grant Avenue, San Francisco
E. & H. T. ANTHONY & Co.	591 Broadway, New York
W. H. VEERHOFF,	1217 F Street, Washington, D. C.
CHAS. POLLOCK,	2 Hamilton Place, Boston
BRENTANO'S,	204 Wabash Avenue, Chicago
WARD G. FOSTER, "El Unico,"	St. Augustine, Florida
D. S. SPAULDING & Co.	Calle de Cadena, No. 23, City of Mexico
W. M. SPOONER & Co.	379 Strand, London

W. H. JACKSON PHOTOGRAPH AND PUBLISHING CO.

P. O. Box 2320.

Denver, Colo.

Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company

BREMEN
..LINE..

SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON, SOUTHAMPTON, HAVRE AND BREMEN

THE COMPANY'S FLEET OF

❖ Fast Express Steamers on the New York Line ❖

CONSISTS OF THE FOLLOWING MAGNIFICENT
STEAMSHIPS:

SPREE,	LAHN,	EIDER,	EMS,
HAVEL,	TRAVE,	ALLER,	SAALE,
ELBE,	KAISER WILHELM II.		

OF 5500 TO 9000 TONS AND 8000 TO 13,000 HORSE-POWER.

THE Norddeutscher Lloyd Steamship Company maintain a service twice a week between New York, Southampton and Bremen. Extra sailings during the traveling season.

STEAMERS LEAVE NEW YORK EVERY TUESDAY AND SATURDAY and land passengers at Southampton in less than 7 days after leaving New York.

LONDON is reached from Southampton by rail in about two hours by Special Norddeutscher Lloyd Trains and cars. Trains leave and arrive at the Waterloo Station in London.

AFTER landing passengers, mail and specie at Southampton, the steamers proceed at once, without further delay, to Bremerhaven (the harbor of the Norddeutscher Lloyd fleet). The trip occupies about twenty-four hours.

PASSENGERS are transferred to the railway train in waiting on the quay at Bremerhaven and reach Bremen 1½ hours from Bremerhaven.

BREMEN is a railway centre in frequent and direct communication with the interior of Germany, Switzerland, Austria, etc.

PARIS can be reached by London & South-western Railway Co's steamers from Southampton to Havre.

THE staterooms on these steamers are large and comfortable, the saloons, ladies' cabins and smoking-rooms beautifully furnished and decorated, and the cuisine equal to that of the best Continental Hotels. The galleys and kitchens are on deck, and the pantries immediately beneath them, connected by elevators, thus successfully preventing any kitchen odors from entering the saloon or staterooms. The steamers are commanded by experienced officers, who are picked men.

There is No Overcrowding on this Line. Number of Passengers Limited to Seating Capacity.

MEDITERRANEAN LINE.

New York to Genoa, Italy, Via Gibraltar.

S. S. "WERRA" and "FULDA."

From New York to Gibraltar 8 days, to Genoa less than 11 days

OELRICHS & CO. GENERAL AGENTS,

NO. 2 BOWLING GREEN, NEW YORK.

MURPHY'S TRANSPARENT WOOD FINISH.



❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ ❖ Interior and Exterior.

FOR FINISHING NATURAL WOODS AND FLOORS.

DESIGNATE IN YOUR PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS.

SAMPLE PANELS FURNISHED.

Murphy Varnish Company,

NEWARK, BOSTON, CLEVELAND, ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO.

THE ALBANY

DENVER, COLO.

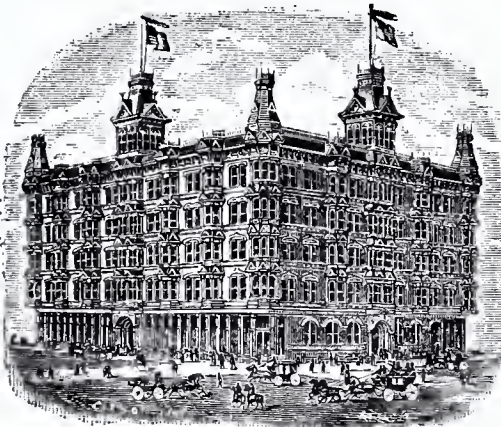


200 ROOMS.

50 SUITES

WITH BATHS.

70 BAY WINDOWS



EXCELLENT

TABLE.

COURTEOUS

ATTENTION.



Most central location in city, having both cable and electric cars passing the door. Strictly first-class.

Rates : \$3.00 to 4.50 per day.

H. A. Sisson, Manager.

NEW YORK BELTING & PACKING CO.

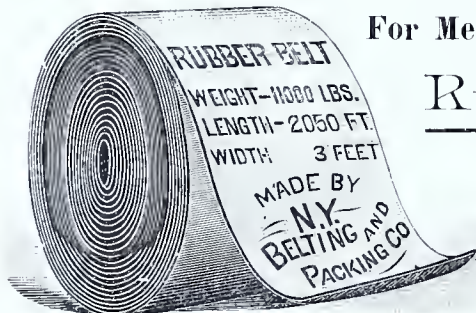
LIMITED.

JOHN H. CHEEVER,
MANAGER.

15 PARK ROW, NEW YORK.

OLDEST AND LARGEST MANUFACTURERS IN THE U. S. OF

VULCANIZED RUBBER FABRICS



For Mechanical Purposes.

Rubber Belting,

Rubber Packing,

Rubber Hose.

WESTINGHOUSE AIR BRAKE HOSE

AND SPECIAL HOSE FOR

STEAM HEATING CARS.

FULLY GUARANTEED.

WRITE FOR PRICES AND SAMPLES.

Raymond's Vacation Excursions

ALL TRAVELING EXPENSES INCLUDED.

PARTIES, with Personal Escort, leave Boston, New York and Philadelphia
at frequent intervals for

TOURS TO CALIFORNIA, THE YOSEMITE VALLEY,
MEXICO, ALASKA, THE SANDWICH
ISLANDS, THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK and, in the Sum-
mer and Autumn, to the POPULAR EASTERN RESORTS.

Special Trains of Elegant Vestibuled Palace Sleeping and Dining Cars.
Experienced Conductors. Accommodations at the Best Hotels.

Send for descriptive books, mentioning the particular tour desired.

RAYMOND & WHITCOMB,

BOSTON OFFICE, 296 Washington St.; NEW YORK, 31 East Fourteenth St., corner
Union Square; PHILADELPHIA, 111 So. Ninth St.; CHICAGO, 103 So. Clark St.; SAN
FRANCISCO, 36 Montgomery St.; LOS ANGELES, 138 So. Spring St.; PORTLAND, Ore.,
83 First St.

Union Depot

Dining Room

— DENVER, COLO.



FIRST-CLASS.



News and Check Stand,

Lunch Counter,

Railway News Agency.



BARKALOW BROS.

Proprietors.

HOUSATONIC RAILROAD.

*The Great Scenic Route to Lenox and the Famous
Summer Resorts in the Berkshire Hills.*

Fast Limited Express Trains between New York City (Grand
Central Depot) and Great Barrington, Stockbridge,
Lenox and Pittsfield.

Train Service, Daily except Sunday.

Depart from New York City (Grand Central Depot), *via* N. Y. N. H. & H. R. R.
at 3.30 p.m., due in New Milford, 5.45 p.m.; Canaan, 6.47 p.m.; Shef-
field, 7.00 p.m.; Great Barrington, 7.13 p.m.; Stockbridge, 7.30 p.m.;
Lee, 7.40 p.m.; Lenox, 7.47 p.m.; Pittsfield, 8.00 p.m., and North Adams,
9.10 p.m.

Depart from North Adams, 3.00 p.m.; Pittsfield, 4.00 p.m.; Lenox, 4.10 p.m.;
Lee, 4.18 p.m.; Stockbridge, 4.28 p.m.; Great Barrington, 4.45 p.m.;
Sheffield, 4.54 p.m.; Canaan, 5.04 p.m.; New Milford, 6.10 p.m.; due in
New York (Grand Central Depot), at 8.30 p.m.

The Limited Express Trains are composed of Elegant Buffet Drawing-Room
Cars and Coaches, built expressly for the Lenox and Berkshire Hills travel.

Remember the Housatonic Railroad is the only Line running Solid
Express Trains between New York City and the Berkshire Hills.

For Time Cards and Books descriptive of the route,
apply to the General Passenger Agent.

C. H. PLATT,
General Superintendent.

A. W. PERRIN,
General Passenger Agent.

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.,

GEO. WESTINGHOUSE, JR.

President.

T. W. WELSH,

Superintendent.

JOHN CALDWELL,

Treasurer.

W. W. CARD,

Secretary.

H. H. WESTINGHOUSE,

Gen'l Manager.

THE WESTINGHOUSE


Air Brake Company

PITTSBURGH, PA.

- U - S - A -

MANUFACTURERS OF THE

Westinghouse



Automatic Brake.

The Westinghouse Automatic Brake is now in use on 24,000 engines and 325,000 cars. This includes (with plain brakes) 232,000 freight cars, which is about 23 per cent. of the entire freight car equipment of this country, and about 80 per cent. of these are engaged in inter-state traffic, affording the opportunity of controlling the speed of trains by their use on railways over which they may pass. Orders have been received for 173,000 of the Improved Quick-Action Brakes since December, 1887.



▼ETA PASS.

THE KEELEY INSTITUTE.

M. H. INSLEY, Business Manager,
H. W. HYDE, M. D. Medical Director.
DENVER, COLORADO.

H. E. INSLEY, Manager,
B. L. EUANS, M. D. Medical Director.
COLORADO SPRINGS.



FOR THE CURE OF THE LIQUOR AND OPIUM HABITS

NERVOUS DISEASES
AND TOBACCO HABIT.

— BY —
DR. LESLIE E. KEELEY'S

DOUBLE — **Gold**
CHLORIDE OF
REMEDIES.

Endorsed by the U. S. Government, and
introduced into twenty-eight National and State
Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes.

1725 to 1739 ARAPAHOE STREET, Club Building,
DENVER, COLORADO.

219 NORTH NEVADA AVENUE, COLORADO SPRINGS.

Olmsted & Tuttle Co.



CHICOPEE, MASS.



MANUFACTURERS

Wiping and Packing Waste

FOR RAILROAD USE.





COLORADO SHORT LINE

Tourists'
Favorite
Route

BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS AND KANSAS CITY

—AND—

PUEBLO, COLORADO SPRINGS,

DENVER, SALT LAKE CITY,

AND THE PACIFIC COAST.



Pullman Buffet Sleeping Cars.
Free Palace Reclining-Chair Cars.



ALL CONNECTIONS IN UNION DEPOTS.

THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROUTE

(MISSOURI PACIFIC RAILWAY SYSTEM),

BETWEEN ST. LOUIS AND

All Principal Cities in Arkansas, Texas, Arizona, New and Old Mexico.
Through Pullman Buffet Sleeping Car service on all trains.

The ONLY ROUTE to the great

HOT SPRINGS, ARKANSAS.

For routes, time tables, rates of fare and reservation of sleeping car berths, please call on or address any of the following Agents :

BOSTON, Mass.—G. K. DELAHANTY, New England Passenger Agent, 300 Washington St.

CHICAGO, Ill.—JOHN E. ENNIS, District Passenger Agent, 199 South Clark St.

DENVER, Colo.—C. A. TRIPP, General Western Freight and Passenger Agent.

KANSAS CITY, Mo.—J. H. LYON, Western Passenger Agent, 800 Main St.

LOS ANGELES, Cal.—FRANK EMERSON, So. Cal. Freight & Pass'r Agt. 228 So. Spring St.

NEW YORK CITY.—W. E. HOYT, General Eastern Passenger Agent, 391 Broadway.

PUEBLO, Colo.—WM. HOGG, Ticket Agent.

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah.—S. V. DERRAH, Comm'cl Fr'ght & Pass. Agt. 204 Progress Bldg.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—L. M. FLETCHER, Gen'l P. C. Fr'ght & Pass'r Agt. 630 Market St.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—S. W. ELLIOTT, City Ticket Agent, 102 N. Fourth St.

S. H. H. CLARK,

First Vice-Pres't and Gen'l Manager,

H. C. TOWNSEND,

General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE CARNEGIE STEEL CO.

(LIMITED),

MANUFACTURERS OF

* Iron and Steel

GENERAL OFFICES:



42 to 48 Fifth Avenue,

PITTSBURG, PA.

WITH BRANCH OFFICES AT

BOSTON—	3 Kilby Street	...
NEW YORK—	44 & 46 Wall Street	...
PHILADELPHIA—	203 South Fourth Street	...
...	BUFFALO—	German Insurance Building
...	CLEVELAND—	Perry-Payne Building
...	DETROIT—	Hammond Building
CHICAGO—	Home Insurance Building	...
MINNEAPOLIS—	Guaranty Building	...
CINCINNATI—	Neave Building	...
...	ST. LOUIS—	Globe-Democrat Building
...	ATLANTA—	Gould Building
...	DENVER—	Peoples Bank Building
SAN FRANCISCO—	258 Market Street	

O. J. Denning & Co.

Successors to A. T. STEWART & CO. [Retail].



Dry Goods & Carpets

Furniture, Upholstery,

Bedding of all kinds,

Housekeeping Linens

.. .. AND

House-furnishing Goods

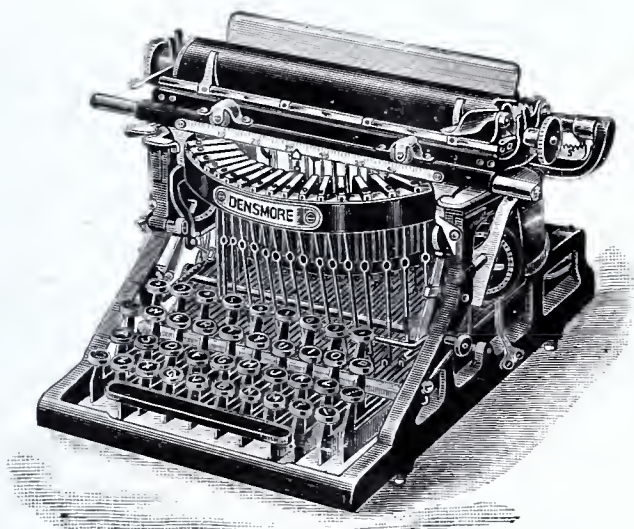
This house, being the only one in New York that is complete in all the above departments, with the largest varieties of high-cost, medium and low-priced goods, offers unequalled advantages to out-of-town purchasers, whether visiting the city or ordering by mail. Samples and estimates furnished upon application.

Broadway, 4th Ave. 9th & 10th Sts.

New York.

THE DENSMORE

“The World’s Greatest Typewriter,”



NOW contains all the contemplated improvements and should be examined before purchasing any other. Highest Standard ! Invented, owned and controlled by men having had fifteen years' experience on type-bar machines. It is built with a special view of simplicity, strength, durability, high speed, easy action, permanent alignment, and is most convenient. Two interchangeable carriages for manifolding and letter-writing. Steel throughout. Standard key-board with shift key for capitals.

A Board of Experts appointed by the Government to examine and receive bids on the best machine, unanimously reported that the DENSMORE contained more points of excellence than any other, and that it was the best machine of all.

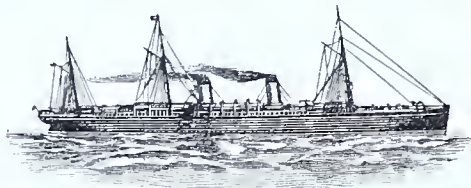
We will appoint a reliable dealer in unoccupied territory as soon as possible, and in the meantime will ship machines on approval to parties having a good commercial rating.

Densmore Typewriter Co.

202 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

White Star Line

U. S. AND ROYAL MAIL STEAMERS.



NEW YORK SERVICE.

STEAMER.	TONS.
MAJESTIC,	10,000
TEUTONIC,	10,000
BRITANNIC,	5004
GERMANIC,	5008
CELTIC,	3867
ADRIATIC,	3887

PACIFIC SERVICE.

STEAMER.	TONS.
OCEANIC,	3807
BELGIC,	4211
GAELIC,	4205

NEW ZEALAND SERVICE.

STEAMER.	TONS.
COPTIC,	4448
IONIC,	4753
DORIC,	4784

CARGO AND LIVE STOCK STEAMERS.

RUNIC, 4649 tons. CUFIC, 4639 tons. NOMADIC, 5750 tons. TAURIC, 5750 tons.

MAGNETIC, Passenger Tender.

The Passenger Steamers sail from New York every Wednesday.

The magnificent twin-screw Steamers Majestic and Teutonic have made the fastest Eastward and Westward Trans-Atlantic Passages on record. The accommodations for all classes of passengers on the steamers of this line are unsurpassed. The experience of those who have traveled on the Majestic and Teutonic is, that they not only realize but exceed the most sanguine expectations formed of them, both as regards their accommodations, comfort and sea-going qualities.

For further particulars, apply to

ISMAY, IMRIE & CO.

10 Water Street, Liverpool.

H. MAITLAND KERSEY,

29 Broadway, New York.

Company's Office in Chicago, 54 South Clark Street

The Crest of the Continent.



*A Record of a Summer's
Ramble in the Rocky Mount-
ains and beyond.*

By ERNEST INGERSOLL.

A Fascinating Book.

Cloth, \$1.00; Paper Cover, 50 cents. Sent by mail on receipt of above amount.

R. R. Donnelley & Sons Company,

144 MONROE ST. CHICAGO.

THE

PREMIER CAMERA



IS THE BEST IN MARKET

Simple of Manipulation
Plates or Films are used
The Shutter is always set
Covered with Leather

PRICE \$18.00

Send for Catalogue and copy of Modern Photography

ROCHESTER OPTICAL COMPANY
14 S. WATER ST. ROCHESTER N.Y.

The Denver & Rio Grande

❖ RAILROAD. ❖

“Scenic Line of the World.”



THE ONLY LINE PASSING THROUGH **SALT LAKE CITY**

EN ROUTE TO AND FROM

The Pacific Coast,

With through Pullman Palace Buffet
and Tourist Sleeping Cars
between

Denver, San Francisco and Los Angeles.

THE POPULAR LINE TO

LEADVILLE, GLENWOOD SPRINGS, ASPEN AND GRAND JUNCTION.

The most direct route to TRINIDAD, SANTA FÉ and NEW MEXICO POINTS,
reaching all the principal towns and mining camps in Colorado,
Utah and New Mexico.

The Tourist's Favorite Line to All Mountain Resorts.

“AROUND THE CIRCLE.”—A grand summer tour from Denver, Colorado Springs, Manitou or Pueblo, has been arranged, being a trip “around the circle” of 1000 miles through the Rocky Mountains, comprising more noted and magnificent scenery than is compassed in any other thousand miles of travel in the known world.

ALL THROUGH TRAINS EQUIPPED WITH PULLMAN PALACE AND
TOURIST SLEEPING CARS.

For elegantly illustrated descriptive books free of cost, address,

S. K. HOOPER, Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Cheeseman Block, Denver, Colo.

F. A. WADLEIGH, Ass't Gen'l Passenger and Ticket Agent, Denver, Colo.

T. W. BECKER, General Agent, 379 Broadway, New York.

J. W. SLOSSON, General Agent, 236 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill.

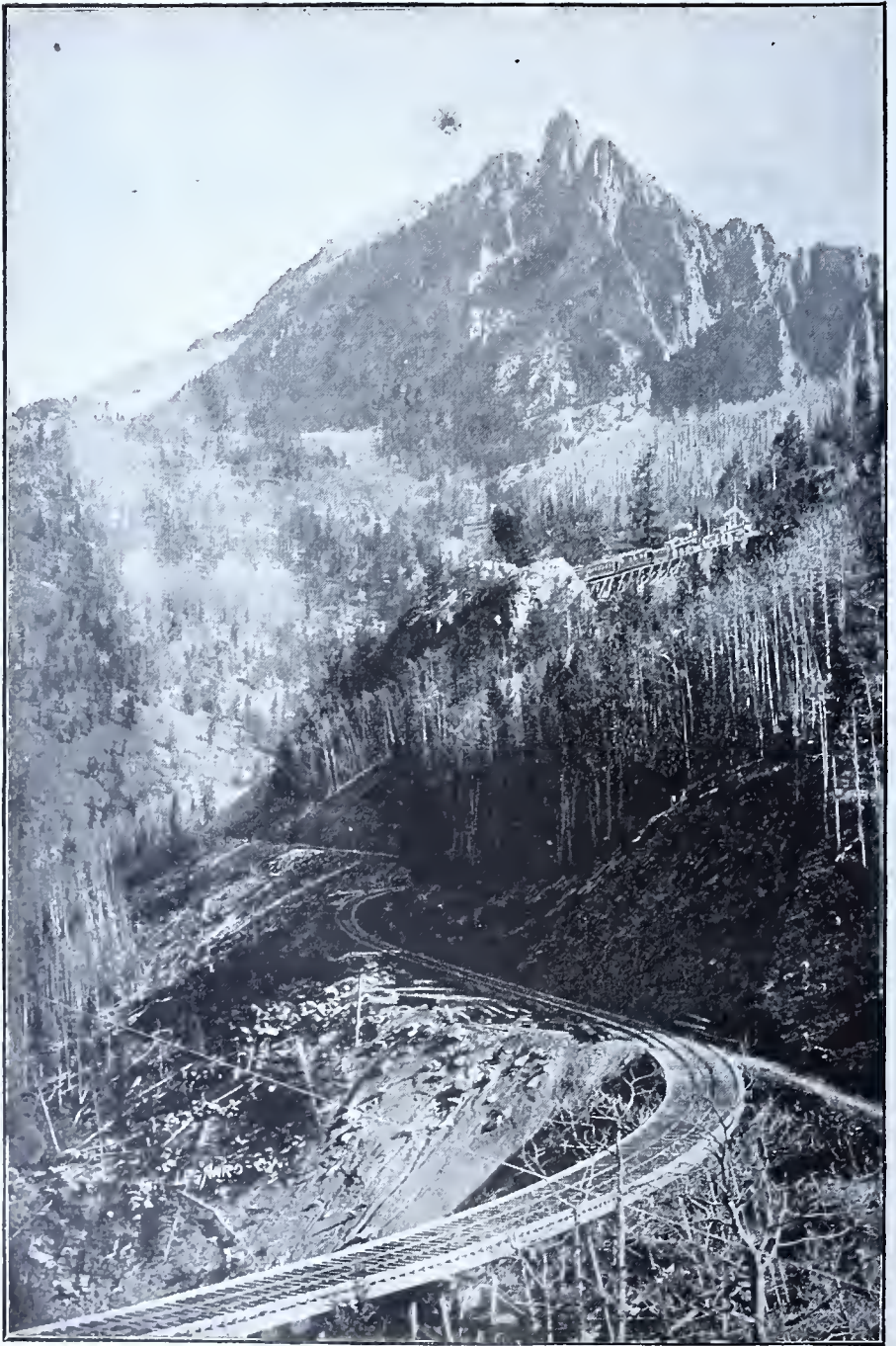
H. V. LUYSTER, Traveling Passenger Agent, 1008 Broadway, Kansas City, Mo.

W. F. TIBBITS, Traveling Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo.

W. R. PECK, City Passenger Agent, Denver, Colo.

EDWARD T. JEFFERY, Denver, Colo.
President and General Manager.

A. S. HUGHES, Denver, Colo.
Traffic Manager.



CATHEDRAL SPIRE.

Wm. Gelder & Co.

MINING AND GENERAL BROKERS.

Mining Property and Stocks handled.

Investment Stocks and Bonds.

Property bought and sold outright or on commission.

We shall be glad to have you call on or address us,

207, 208, 209 BOSTON BUILDING,

DENVER, COLO.

REFERENCES:

PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK, DENVER, COLO.

DENVER NATIONAL BANK, DENVER, COLO.

PUEBLO NATIONAL BANK, PUEBLO, COLO.



The
New
Alamo
Hotel,

COLORADO SPRINGS, COLORADO.

Strictly First-Class.

Everything New.

Lighted by Electricity.

RATES: \$2.50 TO \$3.50 PER DAY.

NOTICE.—Special Rates to Parties Remaining.

P. C. HELM, PROP.

WE GET THERE. OTHERS TRY.
THE NEW ROUTE
BETWEEN
CHICAGO AND DENVER
VIA THE

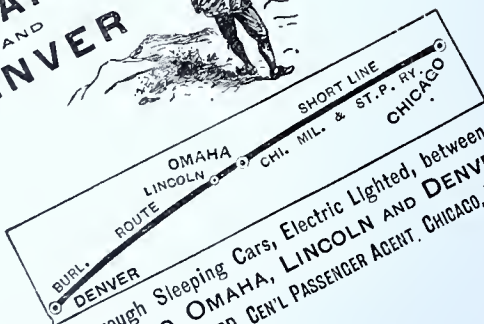
CHICAGO
MILWAUKEE
AND ST. PAUL
RAILWAY

**CHICAGO
AND
OMAHA**

AND THE

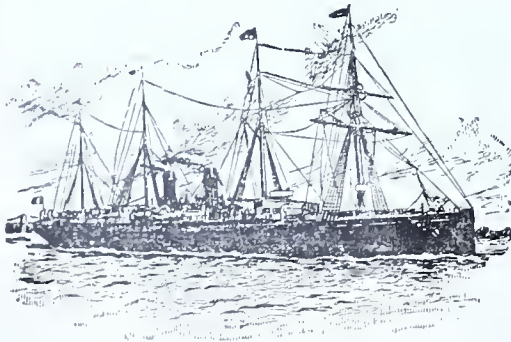
Burlington
Route

**OMAHA
AND
DENVER**



Through Sleeping Cars, Electric Lighted, between
CHICAGO OMAHA, LINCOLN AND DENVER
GEO. H. HEAFFORD, GEN'L PASSENGER AGENT, CHICAGO, ILL.

COMPAGNIE GÉNÉRALE TRANSATLANTIQUE, FRENCH LINE MAIL STEAMERS.



S.S. LA TOURAINE, - - -	10,000 Tons
S.S. LA BOURGOGNE, - - -	8200 Tons
S.S. LA CHAMPAGNE, - - -	8200 Tons
S.S. LA BRETAGNE, - - -	8200 Tons
S.S. LA GASCogne, - - -	8200 Tons
S.S. LA NORMANDIE, - - -	7000 Tons

Fastest Line to the Continent.

Express service from the Company's pier,
42, North River, New York. Every Saturday.
For rates and particulars apply to Agents of
the Company in all principal cities of the
United States, or to

A. FORGET, Gen'l Agent,
3 Bowling Green, New York
M. W. KOZMINSKI, Gen'l West'n Agt.
166 Randolph Street, Chicago

BONDS OF SURETYSHIP.

EDWARD RAWLINGS,
President.

H. W. CANNON, L. C. MURRAY,
Vice-Presidents.

D. J. TOMPKINS,
Secretary.

UNITED STATES GUARANTEE COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE, NEW YORK,

ISSUES BONDS OF FIDELITY

Required of persons occupying positions of trust.

SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULAR.

DIRECTORS, DENVER BRANCH:



HON. J. A. COOPER, President National Bank of Commerce.

R. M. WOODBURY, President Union National Bank.

J. C. MONTGOMERY, Director Denver National Bank.

W. N. BYERS, Capitalist.

C. S. THOMAS, Attorney at Law.

BRANCH OFFICE: - - DENVER, COLORADO.

G. W. GRIFFITH, Jr. General Agent.

A. W. SOPER, President,
ROB'T ANDREWS, Vice-Pres't,

R. M. DIXON, Engineer,

C. L. GATELY, Secretary,
W. R. THOMAS, Treasurer.

≈ THE SAFETY ≈

Car Heating and Lighting Co.

No. 160 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

THE HEATING SYSTEMS . . .

By Hot Water Circulation and Direct Steam with Regulating Devices.

Reliable and Uniform Heat, Economical and Rapid Circulation.

Gibbs' Automatic Coupler of Westinghouse type, absolutely steam tight.

THE LIGHTING SYSTEM . . .

THE CELEBRATED PINTSCH COMPRESSED OIL GAS METHOD,

In use on over 40,000 cars in Europe and America.

The Best, Most Economical and Only Safe Light for Railroad Purposes.

In Brilliancy and Cleanliness Unsurpassed.

This system has been adopted by the U. S. Light-House Board for Lighting Buoys.

INSTANTANEOUS ELECTRIC LIGHTER.

PRICE, \$5.00



HANDSOME ORNAMENT FOR PARLOR, DINING ROOM, CHAMBER,
OFFICE, STORE, CIGAR SHOP OR SALOON.

Electricity Generated by Chemical Action. A child can operate it. It is complete in itself—requires no extra power wires or connections. Simply by pressing the centre rod the current of electricity is generated, and the light is instantaneous. The material to charge the battery can be obtained at any drug store at a cost of Ten Cents, and will run thirty days. On receipt of amount we will deliver free to any part of United States. RELIABLE AGENTS WANTED.

BARR ELECTRIC MFG. COMPANY,
17 & 19 Broadway, New York.



CHICAGO, ROCK ISLAND & PACIFIC



RAILWAY

← THE DIRECT ROUTE →



From Chicago and Peoria to Rock Island, in ILLINOIS; Davenport, Des Moines and Council Bluffs, in IOWA; Minneapolis and St. Paul, in MINNESOTA; Watertown and Sioux Falls, in DAKOTA; St. Joseph and Kansas City, in MISSOURI; Omaha, Lincoln, Fairbury and Nelson, in NEBRASKA; Atchison, Topeka, Wichita and Dodge City, in KANSAS; Kingfisher, El Reno and Minco, in INDIAN TERRITORY; Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo, in COLORADO. THROUGH TOURIST SLEEPER EVERY WEEK, leaving Chicago Wednesdays at 6.00 P. M., for PACIFIC COAST POINTS, via Denver, Colorado.

—* MAGNIFICENT *—

VESTIBULE EXPRESS TRAINS FROM CHICAGO

TO THE
**Northwest
and West.**

DINING CARS.



TO THE
**Southwest
and South.**

CHAIR CARS.

The Great Health Resorts of the Rocky Mountains

MANITOU AND GLENWOOD SPRINGS,

Are reached by the **ROCK ISLAND ROUTE TO DENVER.**

TO THE TOP OF PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL

Is accomplished by taking the **GREAT ROCK ISLAND ROUTE** to **MANITOU**, and then the Cog Road to the top.

For Tickets, Maps, Folders, or desired information, apply to any Coupon Ticket Office in the United States or Canada, or address

E. ST. JOHN,

Gen'l Manager, CHICAGO, ILL.

JOHN SEBASTIAN,

Gen'l Ticket & Pass. Ag't, CHICAGO, ILL.

A. B. FARNSWORTH, General Eastern Passenger Agent,
C. R. I. & P. R.R.
257 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, N. Y.





·THE·
·SCENIC·ROUTE·
·ACROSS·THE·
·CONTINENT·

·CRAGS·
·PEAKS·
·AND·
·PARKS·



·OF·THE·
·ROCKIES·AND·
·SIERRA·NEV-
·ADAS·

