

PICTURESQUE
COLORADO

EDITION OF 1905

Picturesque Colorado

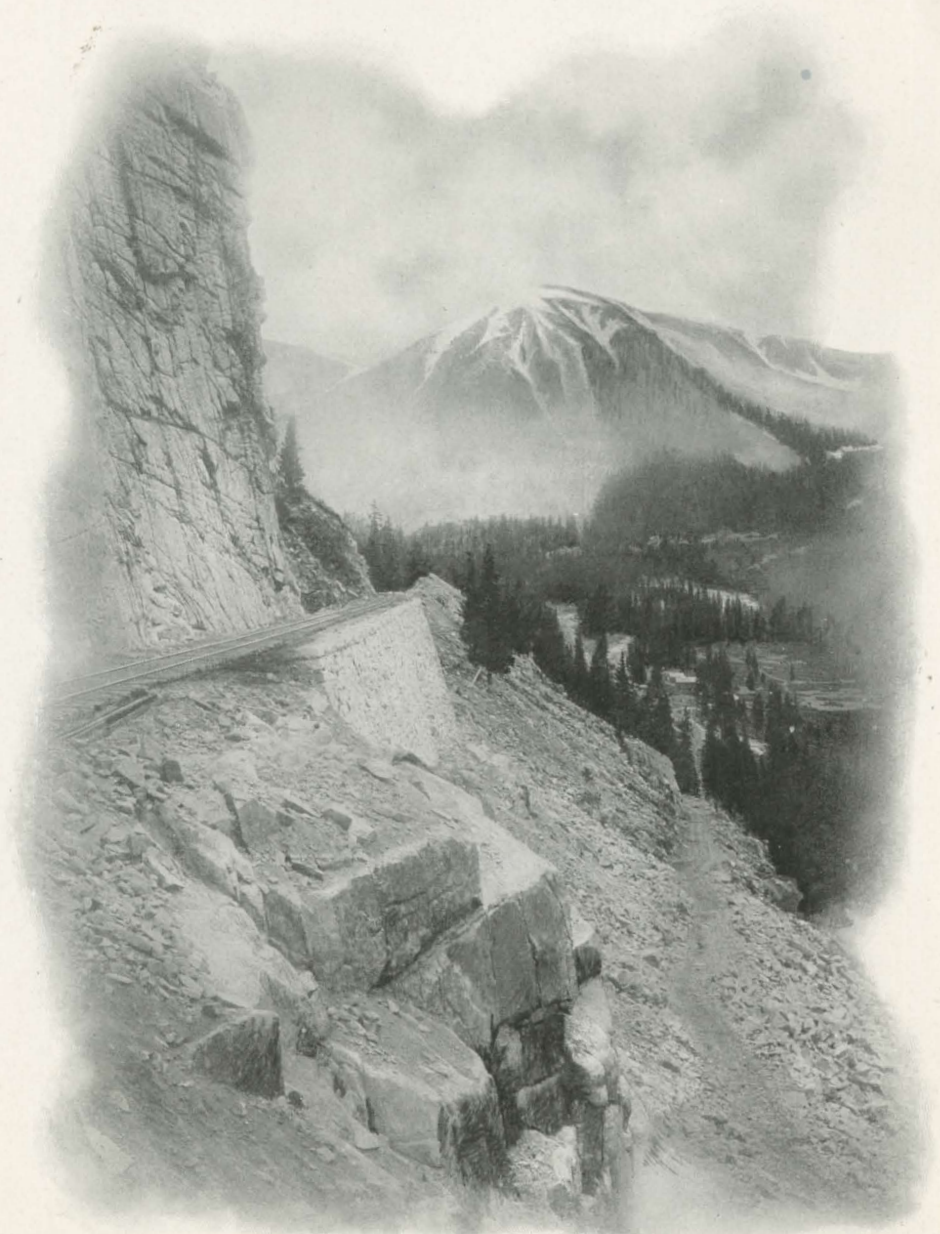
*A Story of the Attractions
of the Wonderful Rocky Mountain Region Told
in Pictures and Words*



Silver Lake

COMPLIMENTS OF THE COLORADO & SOUTHERN RAILWAY
T. E. FISHER, GENERAL PASSENGER AGENT, DENVER, COLORADO

COPYRIGHTED BY T. E. FISHER



The Palisades—Alpine Pass

THE BUILDING OF THE WORLD

Sculptured by glacial chisel and wrought
Slowly to shape by the storm torrents
Angel of God! What all unearthly thought
Lies in this group of Titanic turmoil.

—WHITNEY

Darkness. Silence. Fathomless space. No
sign of existence in all the measureless void.
Tremendous thought! Pause and attempt to grasp its significance.
Gloom as profound as the depths of the grave. Unutterable.
Such the condition before the earth or the countless stars were called into
being.

But behold! A mighty body glowing with electric energy, so vast in its
dimensions, so stupendous in its power that no imagination could conceive of its
potentialities. All space seems filled with the palpitating essence. The intangible
mist slowly assumes the form of a sphere. Ages pass. Mighty convulsions. Great
tongues of flame shoot upon the wings of lightning thousands of leagues into the
surrounding expanse, and rumblings and groanings such as never greeted the ear
of man presage the preparation of the globe for its destiny. Molten masses of
white hot liquid burst through the feeble shell and, amidst thunders, explosions,
cataclysms which threaten to scatter the plastic body into its original constituents,
the first chapter in the history of the world closes.

Light. At first feeble, flickering, uncertain, the black shadows extending
beyond the limits of the solar system, but at last clear, steady. Atmosphere.
Dispersion of dense fetid vapors and thick overhanging clouds. Floods of
water dart in great sheets to the surface, attracted by the mysterious law of
gravity, breaking through the parched and heated interior, causing frightful
convulsions. Then are the mountains born. The cooling and shrinking of the
earth's surface cause great folds to overlap each other in a thousand seams and
breaks. The chains of the Rocky Mountain system assume their present trend,
rising from the bottom of a fathomless ocean whose waters lap the shores of
continents long since lost forever. The dry land and the sea ap-
pear. Volcanoes from jagged peaks, miles in height, flood vast
areas with fire and belch forth terrific rivers of burning lava.
The hidden treasures of gold and silver, copper and lead,
garnered by the unerring hand of nature, are thrust from
the bowels of the earth and distributed where they may
in after times be found by the patient toiler. Then,
life and its measureless possibilities. Vegetable
life. Animal life in the sea, in the air, on the land.
Beasts which swim and fly and painfully crawl. A
great sea lashes the eastern slope of the Rockies.
A great sea dashes against its western slope. The
mountains stand piercing the sky, grim, bare, des-
olate. Through countless ages the shadow moves
forward upon the dial plate of eternity. The clock
ticks not seconds, but centuries. The sublime volume



Near Breckenridge



The Fair-Famed Loop—Above Georgetown



unfolds. Man appears and, as his heaven-born right, assumes authority over all other created beings. Through geologic changes innumerable and threatening the extinction of all animal life, man survives. Monsters of land and water disappear. Mountain and plain are swept and ground and pulverized by vast fields of ice; and fire and frost, flood and glacier, avalanche and snow-slide, reduce the proud crests and wear a track through the enduring granite. Gorge and canon and valley are hollowed out, climate and seasons come and go, and earth and air and water adapt themselves to the order of immutable law. The present is but a link in the endless chain of ages. The world is one vast sepulchre of departed life.

"All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom."

How long ago these towering mountains were lifted from the sea, the wisest philosopher of the world can not tell. At what time those marvelous canons were chiseled, how many eons may have passed since the beautiful mountain parks lay spread out before the enraptured gaze of primeval man, no mortal can say. Even the profoundest scientist, backed by all the research of modern inquiry, can not designate the time when the rude aborigine first set eyes upon the snow-capped summits which appear to hang like blue clouds over the western horizon. Perhaps in those romantic vales which are within an hour's ride of the most populous city of Colorado, have lived and suffered and died nations of men whose history is lost even to legend. But the majestic peaks stand silent sentinels, the dancing streams fed from eternal snows ripple and sing on rocky beds between echoing cliffs, the wild flower sends forth to grateful nostrils its delicate perfume, and the mountain lion woos its mate just as in long ages past.

Oh, the unspeakable charm of the mountains! The sense of freedom, the buoyancy of spirit, the relief from care, which are found in communion with this bounteous gift of Providence to man. As long as the world stands men will turn to the mountains for inspiration in all that is good and true. The man or woman who has not bathed in the life-inspiring sunlight and atmosphere of the Rockies has missed one of the most enduring charms of existence. It is the province of the following pages to describe a few of the striking scenes which may be visited without inconvenience, and to inspire, if possible, in the reader, a desire to commune with the wonderland of the continent.



Upper Twin Lake—Near Leadville



Ute Pass—Manitou

STEEL LARIAT OF THE LOOP.

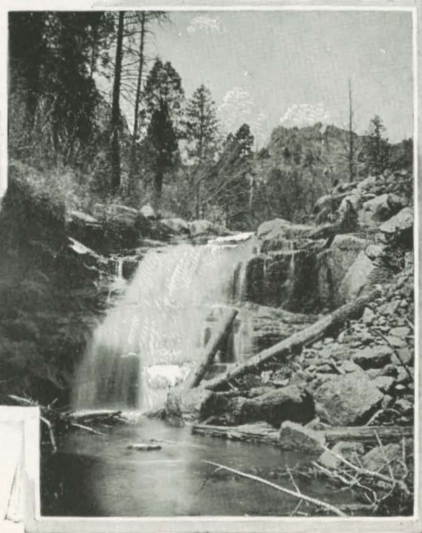
The hills interpret heavenly mysteries,
The mysteries of Light,—an open book
Of Revelation; see, its leaves unfold
With crimson borderings, and lines of gold!
Where the rapt reader, though soul-deep
his look,
Dreams of a glory deeper than he sees.
—LUCY MARCOM.

Four hours by rail from the limitless plain into the heart of the majestic mountains; from the dead level of the horizon as smooth as that of the ocean, to rugged scenes which rival in beauty and grandeur the most interesting panoramas ever greeted by the eye of man. Four hours of surprise mingled with delight and awe. Through misty canons whose adamantine walls seem to reach to the zenith, past mining camps where the hum of

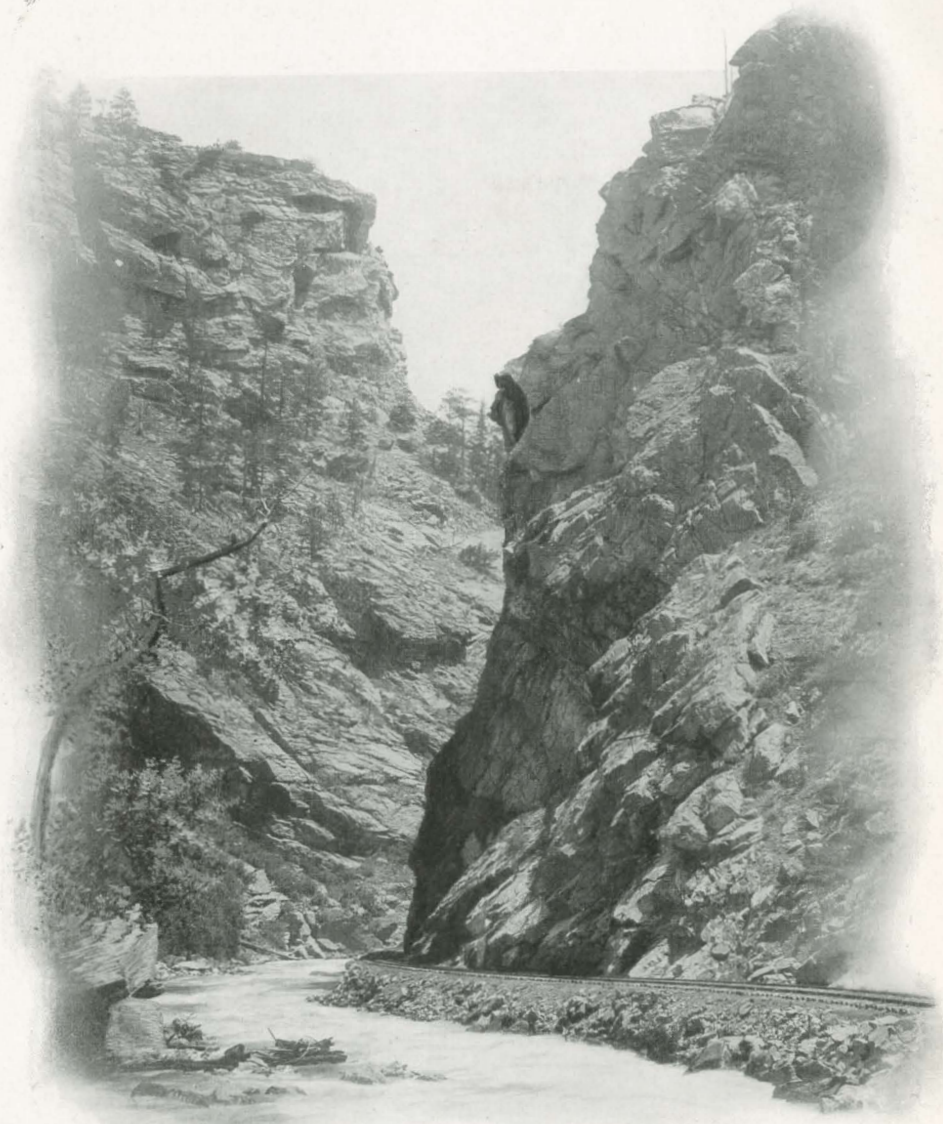
industry reckons not of day and night, alongside foaming streams whose waters, fed from melting snows, engage in a mad rush toward the ocean.

The four hours' journey is one long climb. At the terminus, away up near the center of the Rocky Mountain system, in a cradle close to the apex of the Continental Divide, the traveler finds that he is 10,000 feet above the sea. He has been lifted nearly a mile since morning, when he started on the journey.

Leaving Denver the railway leads toward the mountains, whose pine-covered gorges invite the interested traveler. First the "hog-backs" or low-lying foothills, ensconced in which is the town of Golden, formerly the capital of the State and the home of the Colorado State School of Mines, one of the most noted institutions of the kind on the continent. Leaving the town, the train approaches great masses of granite, and suddenly the little narrow-gauge engine plunges into a rift in the mountain and the train is bowling along in the canon. On one side, the perpendicular wall is so close that it can almost be touched with the hand from the car window. On the other side madly rushes the stream, dashing against mighty blocks of rock which have fallen from the towering cliffs, or dancing merrily over beds of sand and gravel, the debris of ages. At times both ends of the train are visible from the



Boulder Falls



Inspiration Point—Loop Trip

car window, so sharp are the curves, and passengers in the observation car at the rear exchange salutations with the engineer. Again the train plunges through a gloomy region of the canon where the cheering sunlight never enters. The train doubles and twists, and Forks Creek is reached. Here a branch of the railway leads to Black Hawk and Central City, names which are known in all the mining camps of the world. A trip to Central City, eleven miles up the gulch over the renowned switchback, which is a marvel of railway construction, would well repay any person who desires to visit a typical mining camp of the early days of Colorado.

Among the points of interest passed in the canon are Hanging Rock, Mother Grundy and Inspiration Point.

Turning to the left, the main line continues on the route toward the base of Gray's peak. At different places on the way the old placer workings are seen, and small parties of men are noted, with shovel and sluice, once more



Snowy Range, Near Breckenridge

working the gravel, washed for its golden treasures forty years ago. It is estimated that the bed of Clear creek has yielded \$10,000,000, and, since lode mining commenced in this district, the hills in the region have given up ten times as great a fortune.

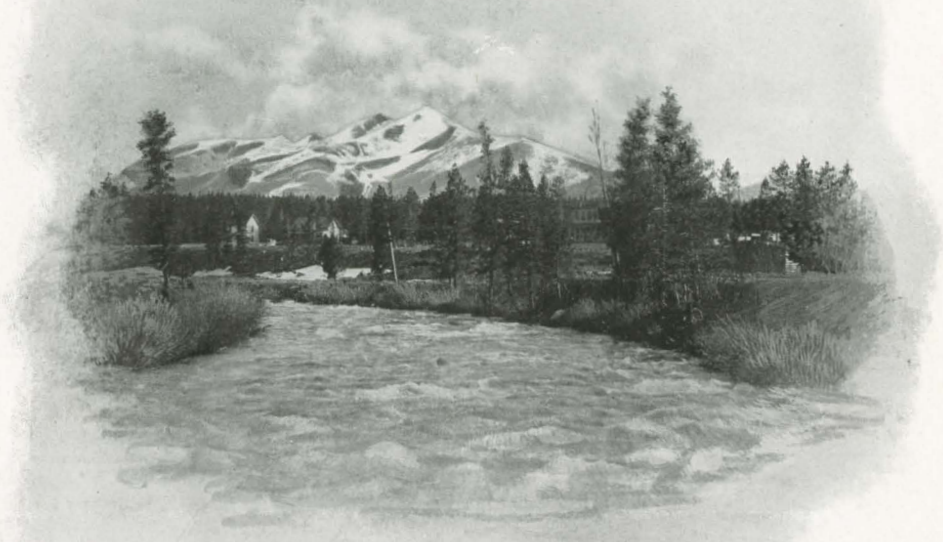
Idaho Springs is the first town of importance reached on the Loop excursion. It is one of the most attractive mining towns of the State. No health resort of the world possesses a finer climate, and the presence of soda springs, whose chemical constituents are similar to those of the Carlsbad Springs, has made the town widely known as a resort for health seekers.

The ride from Idaho Springs to Georgetown, a distance of fourteen miles, is in marked contrast to the trip through the lower portion of the canon. The banks widen, and for an hour as the train steadily climbs, the traveler passes through a beautiful valley whose sides slope back for miles on either hand. Like a slender thread along the side of the mountain may be traced the wagon road over which supplies are conveyed to the mines and the ores are sent out.

The odd features of mountain life which one may witness on the road to Georgetown cannot fail to arouse the liveliest interest. Here also are abandoned mines and placer workings, and mills crumbling at the edge of the stream.

Georgetown nestles in a basin of the mountains with a narrow exit down the canon and an equally narrow inlet from above, Green lake, one of the loveliest bodies of water in the Rockies, being within short distance. Four miles from Green lake is Highland park, a favorite summer camping ground, and at a distance of one day's staging from Georgetown is Grand lake, the largest body of water in Colorado. The waters of the lake are literally alive with trout, and deer, elk, bear, grouse and other game abound in the region.

A thriving community of 2,000 people living entirely upon the mines, Georgetown is replete with novelty to the inquirer. Winding around and around, the road climbs hundreds of feet above the town, and the train soon



Dillon, Colorado

gives up the attempt to disentangle the puzzle which has been pronounced the greatest marvel in hill climbing to be met with on the globe. The road passes along the base of the mountain side, at the left, crossing the stream and returning on the opposite side of the narrow valley toward Georgetown in a grand sweep, which opens a vista of mountain peaks surrounding the busy mining city. Gradually rising, the road again crosses Clear creek on the high bridge, seventy-five feet above the tracks below. From the bridge a magnificent panorama may be seen in either direction along the valley. The view embraces Georgetown and its environs and numberless mines on the sloping mountain sides. The road continues to ascend, crosses the upper portion of the valley on the "big fill" and leading in its upward course reaches the town of Silver Plume. Here the traveler is surrounded by mountains whose summits are capped with perpetual snow, and the tourist finds himself within easy access of some of the most noted mines of Colorado.

The terminus of the railway is the starting point of tourists who make the ascent of Gray's peak. This beacon of the range towers serene, 14,441 feet above the level of the sea, or higher than Pike's peak. No language can describe the

beauty of a sunrise as witnessed from this monarch of the mountains, or the impressive grandeur of a sunset scene from the top of the mighty mass of granite.



A Summer Home in Platte Canon

FORTY MILES THROUGH A RIFT IN THE ROCKS.

Sacred to Cybele, the whispering pine
Loves the wild grottoes where the white cliffs shine.
Here towers the spruce tree, preacher to the wise;
Lessening from earth her spiral honors rise,
Till, as a spear-point reared, the topmost spray
Points to the Eden of eternal day.

—CAMOENS.

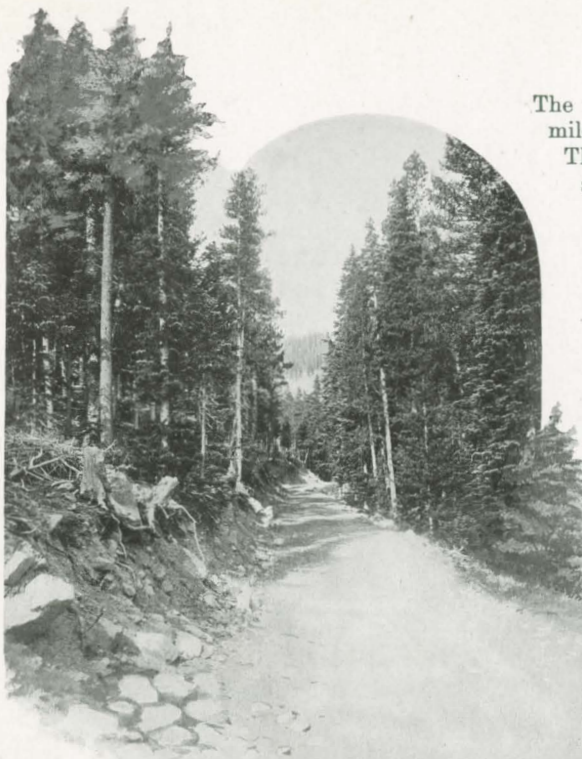
With lavish hand Colorado deals out scenery to every observer in every part of her rich and attractive domain, but it is indeed doubtful if one can find a more truly delightful ride than that which is presented through Platte canon.



Rocky Point - En Route to Leadville



Pike's Peak



Near Green Lake - Loop Trip

The mouth of the canon is twenty miles from the city of Denver.

The railway passes through the suburbs of the city, along the bank of the river, reaching the spot where the river rushes from the canon, and the journey between vast masses of rock begins. The dashing of the river against innumerable stones in the channel reminds one of Helen Hunt Jackson's description of a mountain stream: "It foams and shines and twinkles and glistens, and if there is any other thing which water at its swiftest and sunniest can do, that it does also."

From the moment of entering the gateway of the Platte the eye rests in reposeful glance on the harmony of foliage, rocks and natural magnificence that is so conducive to eternal qui-

etude. Here is the tonic that will restore the nerves and satisfy the body by contributing sleep, appetite and recreation.

For one who desires to study nature in her most diversified aspect, Platte Canon presents opportunities that should not be overlooked. First, is Strontia Springs, where, nestling in an invitingly cool gulch, there is a living spring that pours out live-giving libations the whole year around. Troutling in this vicinity is reckoned of the best, and the hotel records tell of many famous captures of eight and nine-pound gamy fellows that test the ability of the angler to land his quarry after it is hooked.

South Platte railway station marks the junction of the river and affords the fisherman a chance to try his luck on two streams. South Platte is the center of a little congerie of camps that dot the surrounding hills and find their outlet to the world through this station. Ten miles up the fork are Decker's mineral springs, with a score of cottages radiating from the fountain that is sought by hundreds annually who find relief in its medicinal qualities. A stage drive from the railroad to the springs can be counted upon with certainty for many delicious revelations in the matter of scenery and excitement.

Swinging through the mazes of the canon, resting placidly in the cushioned easy tourist cars of the Colorado & Southern Railway, the attention is re-awakened from its surfeit of scenic riches by the appearance of Dome Rock, that towers above the roadway and seems to sway with the motion of the train as though about to precipitate itself upon the wayfarer, but it is anchored so securely to the mountain that it has defied the storms of ages which have fruitlessly essayed its

destruction. Those terrific throes that tossed the mountains out of the bowels of chaos threw this embodiment of geometrical perfection into the world, and there it has remained as a monument for the admiration of the pilgrim who seeks contentment under its very sides.

Dawson's and Park Siding, higher up the canon, are familiar to the man in search of trout, for, at a respectful distance from the disturbing influence of social life, your hermit thinks he can better enjoy his encounters with the fish that haunt the cool, overhanging banks. Ferndale, a gem of artistic conception, is suspended from the side of the canon like a colony of wasps, the ensemble from the tracks presenting the appearance of a mid-air collection of cottages.

Riverview, about three-quarters of a mile east of Buffalo, has always been popular with fishermen.

Approaching Buffalo Park, the next station of importance, the transient is quickly made aware of its popularity by the bustle and excitement among the passengers, for the Park is the metropolis of the canon, numbering a summer population of eight hundred to a thousand souls. The hotel in the Park affords good and inexpensive accommodations. There are also a number of romantic little cottages for rent.

Wellington Lake, not far distant, boasts of a hotel that can accommodate families who seek to go deeper into the mountains. The lake is one of the best stocked bodies of water in the State, and as it is maintained in excellent preservation, there is less hazard to the fisherman who tries his luck in that direction. Near by is Mount Wellington resort, where a hotel and cottages afford accommodations for a number of guests.

Pine Grove gives one a glimpse of the actual life of the mountaineers, for it is the trading point for lumber camps. It is the initial point for stage trips to Elk canon, that elfin forest-embowered wilderness where the waters leap in gladsome freedom, bounding and tossing foam against the rock-ribbed sides of the canon and occasionally punctuating their progress with falls that go fifty feet at a jump.

Estabrook stands out in the life of the canon as one of the most desirable spots. It is the home of a distinguished social set, the members of which have acquired land rights to some of the most attractive holdings in the vicinity.



In Deer Creek Canon

Insmont is a most delightful retreat. There is a commodious hotel where tourists are accommodated, and many artistic rustic cottages.

But Bailey's! That is a name to conjure with. Its very mention makes the mouth water in anticipation of the glory of an outing, fetching up at night in a modern hotel, where there is a chef, of more than local fame, to cater to the wants of the inner man. For it must be confessed that, despite the giant-like appetites engendered by wooing nature in her wildest moods, there are moments in the life of the sybarite when he wants to have a taste of the spiced condiments of the highest form of city life. He may sleep like a tramp and eat his host out of house and hearth and be well pleased at his own prodigies of gastronomy, but away down in his innermost self he will at times sigh for just one mouthful of delicious rarebit, or a bird and bottle, or the cut glass and napery of his own choice rendezvous in the city. For one suggestion of this life translated to the mountain he would make almost any concession.



Uneva Lake—Leadville Line

He longs to sacrifice the glories of Pan to the shrine of Epicurus. He craves a Tuxedo.

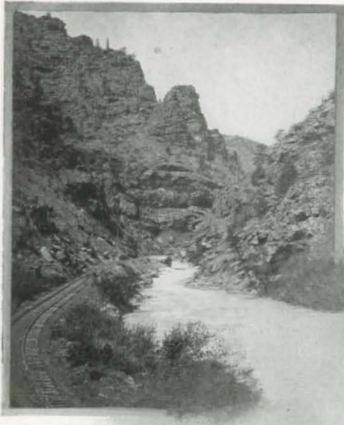
At Bailey's the railroad company has erected one of its model mountain hotels, finished to fit the scenery and not to be a monstrous intrusion on the sacred grandeur of the environment. Kiowa Lodge is a low, pavilion-like structure, with broad verandas and hospitable windows, through which the breezes may sweep with the freedom of the hills, marking the picturesque facade which overlooks a broad level tract of lawn that slopes down to the purling river. A grand view of the canon for miles in both directions is obtainable from the balcony of the hotel.

At Brookside and Altruria many Denverites make their summer homes, and splendid camping grounds may be found.

Glenisle is one of the newest resorts in the canon, and contests with the older resorts the distinction of occupying the most picturesque site. A large hotel of pleasing architecture, with commodious and almost sumptuously furnished rooms, offers a most hospitable welcome to the traveler. The many rustic cot-



Clear Creek Canon—Loop Trip



The Roadmaster—Loop Trip

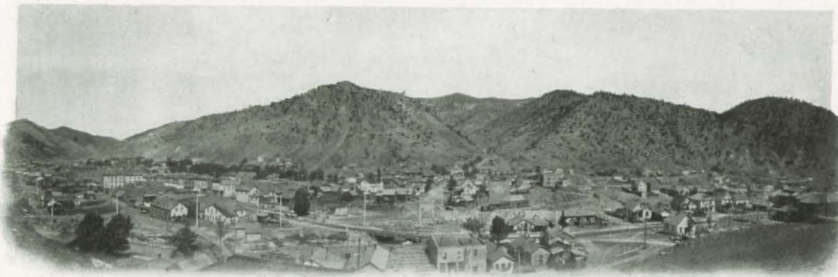
tages which dot the silver spruce covered hills surrounding are used in connection with the hotel.

Shawnee has a hotel of the same general style and character as the Lodge at Bailey's, but occupying a position which affords even a more extended view of the canon. The hotel at this point is called Shawnee Lodge. Both houses were started at the same time, built by the same architect, and appointed with the same regard for perfection of detail. The house is patterned after the best in the Adirondacks, attention having been given to a garniture that would appeal to the lovers of outdoor life. The exterior finish is rustic, the gables and angles giving great opportunity for the application of forest ideas by utilizing the native limbs, trunks and branches in the cornices, porches and approaches. There

are thirty guest chambers, with kitchen and dining room accommodations to comply with the requests of cottagers who want to be relieved of the cares of housekeeping.

Continuing up the canon, the pilgrim readily realizes that his trip must soon cease or balloons called into requisition to carry him out of the narrow gorge he has been threading since his start in the morning from Denver. The domineering peaks begin to crowd the train, which disputes the right of way with the converging stream. Cassells, one of the time-honored houses, noted for its good fare, stands at an altitude of 8,000 feet above sea level in a grand grove of pines that has not been despoiled by the savage vandalism of the lumberman. From Cassells hunting and fishing parties are made up to go over to Geneva Park, just across the hog-back, and the proprietor is never at a loss to devise amusement for his guests.

Renewing the journey, the engineer soon solves the problem that has been bothering the brain of the traveler. Before him rises Kenosha hill in apparently insurmountable altitude, but there is no halt. The engineer keeps up his pace, resolved to dash through the sides of the acclivity. To the man seated back in the coaches the mystery deepens when he passes what to him was the ultima thule of all engineering hopes. He opens his eyes again and finds that the ascent has been encompassed.



Idaho Springs—En Route over the Loop

MOUNTAIN PARKS AND PEAKS.

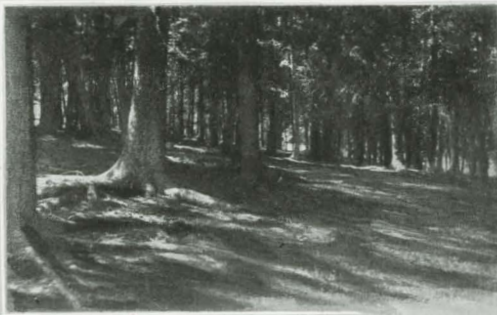
Where is thy favor'd, eternal Voice,
The region of thy choice,
Where, undisturbed by sin and earth, the soul
Owns thine entire control?—
'Tis on the mountain's summit dark and high,
When storms are hurrying by:
'Tis 'mid the strong foundations of the earth,
Where torrents have their birth.

—J. KEBLE.

Passing from the upper extremity of Platte canon, then comes the elysium. South Park! How the words thrill the memory and arouse the imagination. The Arcadian region enthroned in clouds and kissed by the first beams of the rising sun. South Park, the matchless handiwork of the Creator. The place where every mood in man finds answering mood in nature. The glorious accomplishment of the painter's dream—the spot where serried peaks and variegated plain awaken in the beholder sentiments of profoundest admiration.

Imagine yourself standing upon the summit of a mountain overlooking a plateau nearly twice as large as the state of Connecticut. Surrounding this area, with its undulating hills, green meadows and many glittering lakes, are scores of mountains, whose sides are so steep that the early discoverers sought

long and anxiously for a trail through the peaks. On the right, nature has thrown up a mighty labyrinth of peaks. On the left, the rim of the basin resembles the teeth of a saw, each tooth dis-



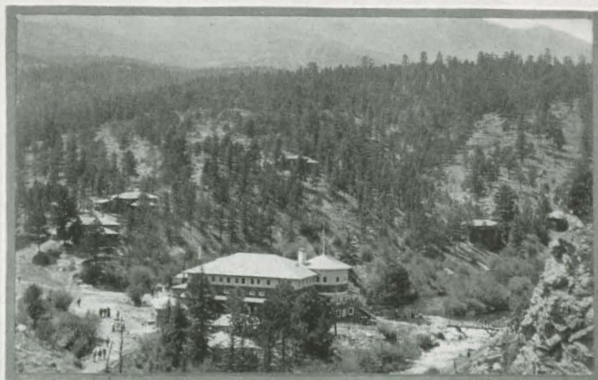
ously for a trail labyrinth of right, nature a mighty bar-highest point

Under the Pines,
Platte Canon

tinctly outlined against the deep blue sky. In front, as far as the eye can penetrate, spreads out a carpet of green, yellow, brown and dark red, the patches of the carpet representing the various phases of vegetation of this highly elevated region. In the east you behold the noble crest of Pike's peak. In the west Mount Lincoln seems to gaze with benign countenance upon the entrancing scene, while in the north looms up Long's peak, and far away in the opposite direction the Spanish peaks stand outlined in ethereal blue, completing an ensemble of transcendent beauty.

The park was, in ages long past, a glacial lake. As the rays of the sun penetrated to this fastness of the mountains, the great wall of ice began to move. Pushed by resistless energy it carved for itself a way through the rocky barriers and tore its route to the plains. The mighty mass irresistibly thrust all obstacles aside and the marks of the glacier may now be seen in the walls of the canons. In the course of ages, the ancient lake bed was freed from the grasp of the ice king, and later the buffalo and Indian chose the park, protected, as it is, from the chilling blasts of winter and the hot winds of midsummer.

As the train winds around Kenosha hill, the ruins of the old Kenosha house, once a famous stopping place for the early mountain travelers, are pointed out on the left. In a little valley where the wagon road now runs, was the scene of one of the Espinosa murders, which thrilled the mining camps of the

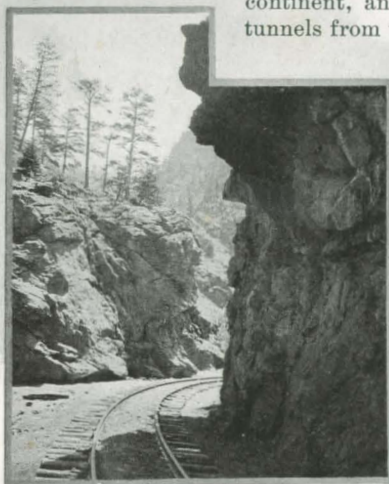


Glenisle, Platte Canon

mountains in the early part of the 60's, and, within view of the train, in the basin of the park, may be seen a rude fort of boulders. This fort was hastily thrown up in 1848 by Col. John C. Fremont and his daring party of explorers. Fremont was threatened by warlike Indians, who resented the intrusion of their chosen summer camp. The usual fortune of Fremont prevailed and he and his men were allowed to depart by way of the canon of the Platte without being further molested.

Going down into the park, the train reaches Como, where an excellent dinner prepares the traveler for new surprises in mountain travel. Engines are changed and now the great Continental Divide is to be surmounted. The train is to be lifted to an altitude of 11,470 feet by one of the most daring feats of engineering skill ever accomplished in the Rocky mountains.

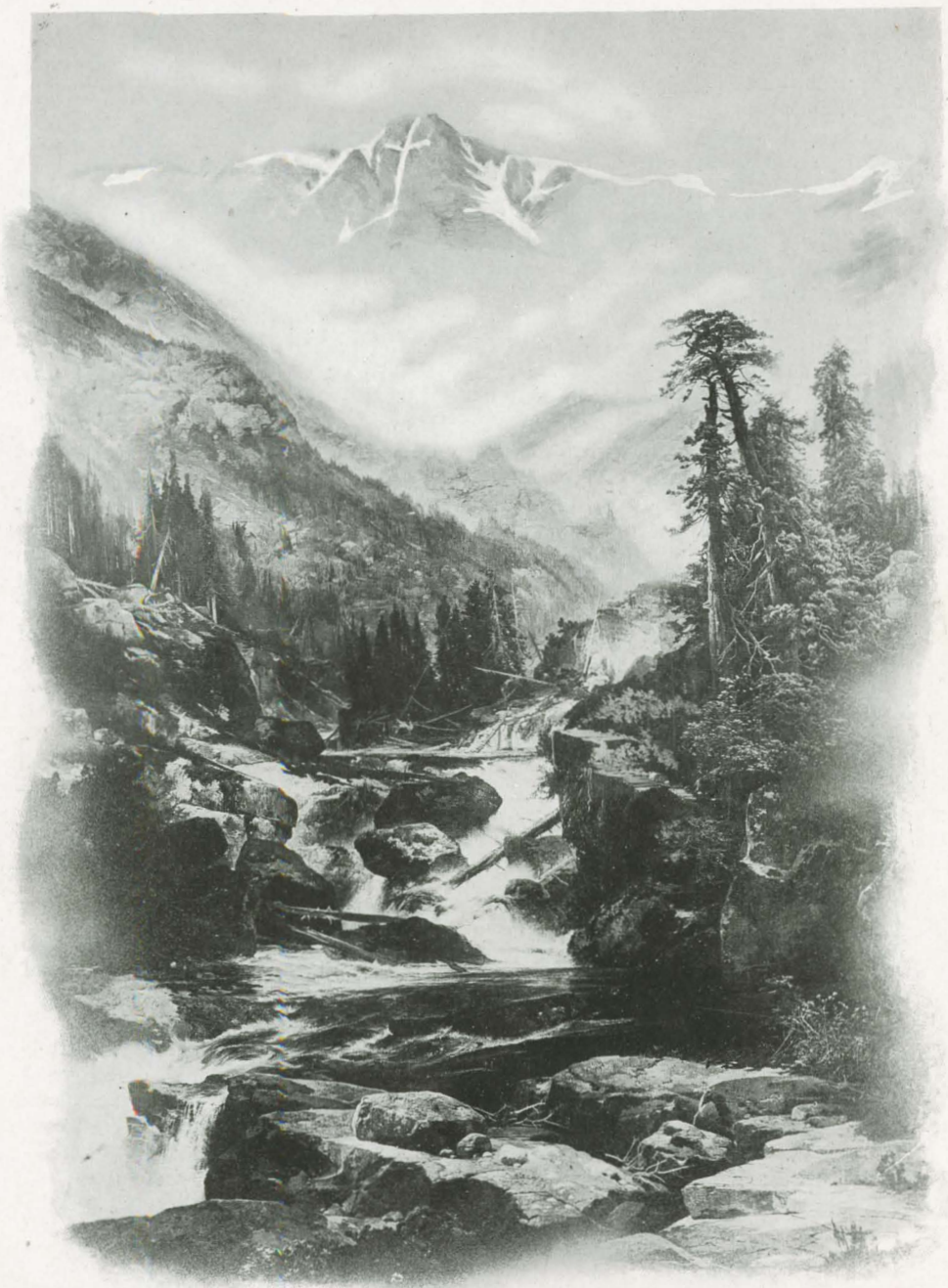
The scenes along the route present a constantly changing panorama of which the eye never tires. The cold, gray slopes of Mount Boreas, rising above timber line at the northern edge of the park, appear on one hand, while Silver Heels towers in majesty on the other, at an elevation of 13,766 feet. The road leads past Tarryall gulch, one of the richest placer grounds on the continent, and over mountains pierced with shafts and tunnels from which pour an uninterrupted stream of mineral.



Mother Grundy—Loop Trip

It is a vista of plain and mountain chain, and towering peak unequalled in extent, and unrivaled in magnificence by any landscape in the old world or the new. The summit is reached and the train glides down the Pacific slope towards Breckenridge and the valley of the Blue.

A wondrous view here breaks upon the vision. Winding to the north is the valley of the Blue, with the great Ten Mile range on the west, whose numerous peaks and bold, rugged contour constitute it one of the most striking of Colorado's mountain scenes. From Ten Mile creek it becomes the Blue river range, and sweeps majest-



Mount of Holy Cross
As seen from Robinson, near Leadville

ically away to the northward for sixty miles, where the Grand river cuts its way through the chain, and beyond which the Gore range outlines itself against the horizon. It is a mountain landscape, sublime and awe-inspiring, the very heavens seeming to rest upon its towering peaks, reflecting its cloud tints here and there upon occasional snow banks, which cling perpetually about the summit.

At the base of the mountain, in the valley of the Blue river, lies the pioneer mining camp of Breckenridge. It is only a mile distant, but it is 1,100 feet below the level of the Point of Rocks. To descend this distance, five and one-half miles of road have been constructed, five miles of which are an average grade of 210 feet to the mile. After a short stop at Breckenridge, the train resumes the journey to Leadville. Rising out of the valley, the railway



Georgetown—Loop Trip

again enters the mountains and through forty miles of rich mining country the traveler is borne toward the Cloud City. At Robinson the train stops to give passengers an opportunity to look upon one of the most remarkable natural formations in the mountains. It is the Mount of the Holy Cross. This mountain is one of the interesting landmarks of the Rockies and the photographs of the cross have found their way to the most distant countries of the world. One of them adorns the Vatican at Rome.

The approach to Leadville is over historic Fremont pass. Arriving at the comfortable station of the railway, the tourist is promptly shown to a well regulated hotel, and after a bountiful repast he goes forth to view the sights of one of the liveliest mining towns of the globe.

IN THE HEART OF THE SNOWY RANGE.

Before the happy morn
Has sent one ray of kindling red, to warn
The sleeping clouds along the eastern skies
That it is near—flushing, in glad surprise,
These royal hills, for royal watchmen born,
Discover that God's great new day begins,
And, shedding from their sacred brows a light
Prophetic, wake the valley from its night.

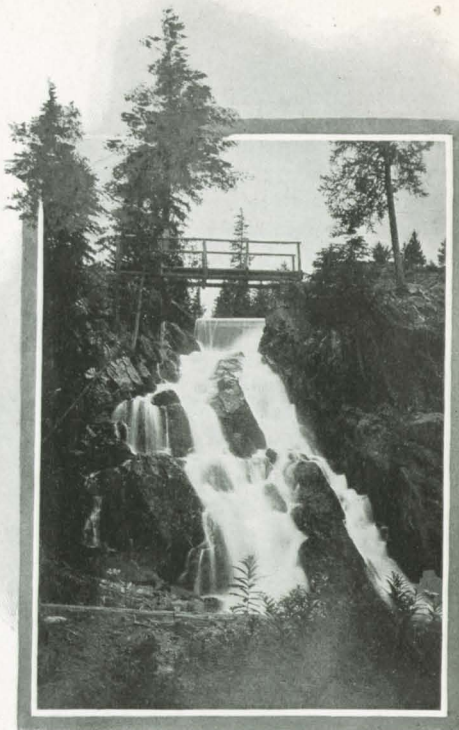
—H. H.

From Como, in the north end of South Park, a line of the Colorado and Southern Railway leads off to the thriving inter-mountain city of Gunnison. The distance is 114 miles. The route lies through the park, in the heart of the mountains, at an altitude of 10,000 feet, along the base of the majestic peaks.

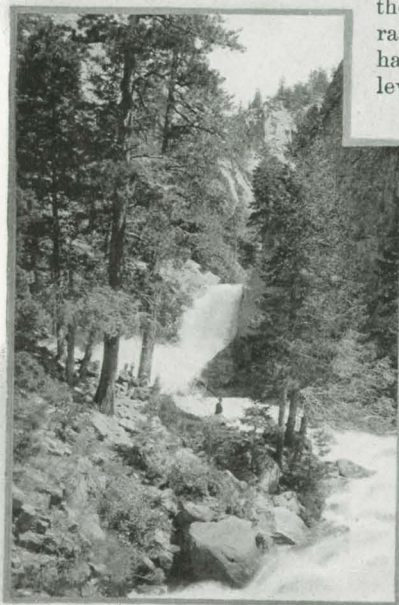
The gold placers of South Park have yielded millions of dollars since 1860. As the traveler journeys through this picturesque region he will see the placer miners at work in the gulches or leveling hills of gravel with the aid of a powerful stream of water thrown from the giant nozzle.

As the eastern edge of the park is approached, the road follows a tributary of the Arkansas river, only a tiny stream

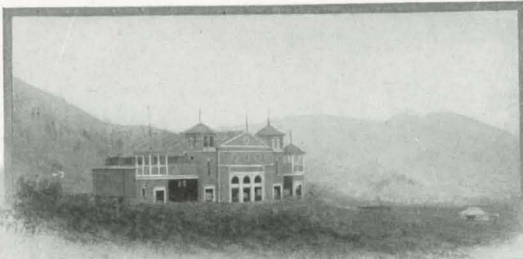
at first, but gaining in volume until it joins the main branch of the Arkansas which the railway crosses near Buena Vista. The road has dropped down nearly 2,000 feet from the level of South Park, and now traverses the plateau of Chalk creek and begins to ascend. Scenes of striking beauty burst upon the eye. Collegiate peaks—Harvard, Yale and Princeton—the celebrated mineral springs of hot and cold water—then Alpine tunnel, the highest railway tunnel in the world and the highest railway point in America. Here, at mid-summer, the traveler finds snow banks that frequently touch the roof of the car, flanking its progress, and variegated with hardy wild flowers that peep from their cold nursery like fledgling doves, inquiring for the sunshine that keeps them in perpetual bloom. Alpine Pass was the scene of one of the greatest excitements ever witnessed on the continent, when the famed Gunnison boom tore peaceful residents from the



In Ten-Mile Canon



Falls in Boulder Canon



Auditorium - Boulder Chautauqua

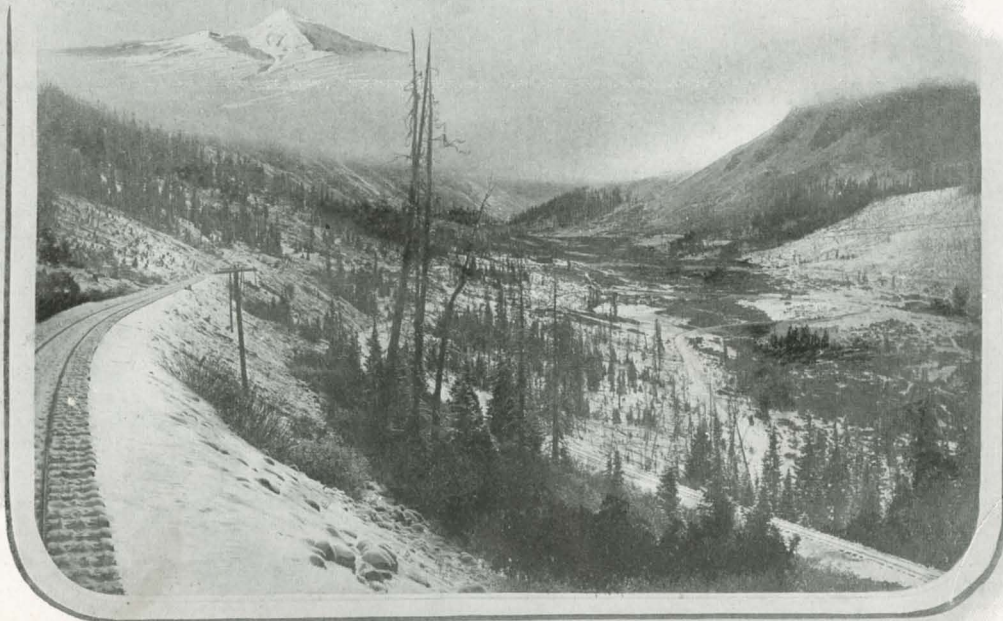
valleys and hurled them into these passes in a wild struggle for the Gunnison, where mineral had been found in such abundance that it was freely predicted there was sufficient for every one who came across the range, and lots left over to make millionaires of thousands. This led to the building of the road which now excels as the eagle's nest line, rivaling the con-

cor in its flight across the heaven-piercing peaks of the Andes. At an altitude of 11,660 feet the dome of the continent is reached, and thence to Gunnison the flight is downward.

The Palisades are at hand. The road-bed leads on a narrow shelf blasted in the side of a cliff which faces a valley so vast in length that no human eye can penetrate to its further extremity. The view is so overpowering, the feeling of immensity is so all pervading, that even the most unthinking mind carries from this never to be forgotten spot an abiding sense of the insignificance of human ambition. The scene from the Palisades is one of the grandest panoramas on earth.

The entire western mountain range lies at the feet, for far off on the horizon the noble lines of the Wahsatch range in Utah penetrate the haze, while a little further south the grand old man of the mountains, Mount Uncompahgre, rears his head above the range that dwindles into mimic lines in comparison.

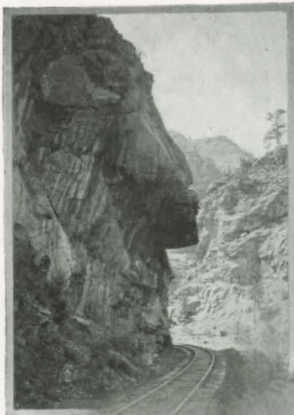
From the Palisades to Gunnison the route leads past mining towns and along the banks of streams whose pauseless torrents leap and sing toward the Pacific. Soon the narrow strip of blue widens and the traveler finds himself snugly ensconced for the night in the inviting repose of Gunnison.



En Route to Leadville



Platte Canon



Hanging Rock—Loop Trip

PIKE'S PEAK AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS.

If thou art worn and hard beset
With sorrows that thou would'st forget,
If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
Go to the woods and hills!—No tears
Dim the sweet look that Nature wears.

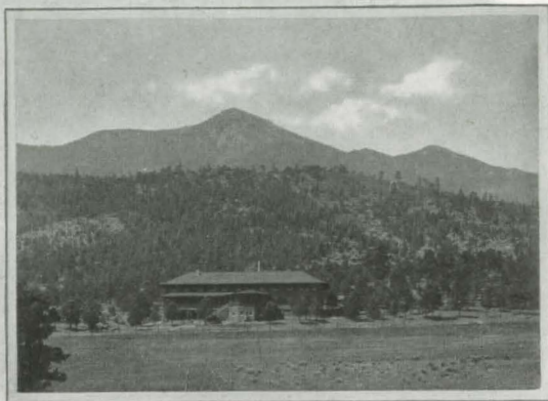
—H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The best view of Pike's Peak, and one that has been immortalized by the brush of Bierstadt, is to be had from the line of the Colorado and Southern railway, between Denver and Colorado Springs.

Clothed in emerald, bedecked with diamonds in crystal-cadenced streams, surrounded by lordly, ermine-tipped crags and peaks, enfolded in balmy air and drowned in free libations of eternal sunbeam, Manitou is the harbinger of new and resurrected joys. It is full

to the brim of love, light and song. From the moment when the brown vales and wrinkled hilltops feel the spring sun's warm, thrilling touch, the air is laden with the nursing breath of bloom and sweetness. The brooks and creeks and rivulets, the mountain streams and awful torrents, rush and roar and babble and murmur, commingling in one grand symphony. The mountains, so infinite in their vastness, seem like great mystic etchings of ever-changing lights and shades. They present wonderful dissolving views as the sunbeams play along their summits. Their many spurs, white even in summer from winter's chilly touch, look like grim sentinels guarding the treasures of gold, bowel-hidden, waiting the daring touch of the miner's skill and courage.

It is impossible to think of Manitou without associating some of the walks and drives near it of historic interest, as well as connecting it with its twin sister, Colorado Springs. One vies with the other in its attractions, though they are both essentially unlike. Hours may be spent lingering about the numerous springs, and the shades of evening may still find one listening to the limpid flow of near-by brooks and waiting for the blaze of warm light from the hotels and the mazy dancers enjoying the graceful intricacies of the terpsichorean art. He will linger long, mayhap, for the scene is so pleasant, with its blinking lights from every hilltop, the rush of the waters of the creeks and streams, the music of laughter, of



Shawnee Lodge—Platte Canon



Boulder Canon

instrument and song. Manitou is six miles from Colorado Springs, and is connected with it by steam and electric railways. If one has ennui in the Springs, he seeks exhilaration in the effervescent medicinal waters of Manitou.

Many points of interest may be visited. The Garden of the Gods, the Grand Caverns, Glen Eyre, Cheyenne Canon, Williams Canon, Ute Pass and a

score of features which have made the region famous might be named and described at length. Writers of world-wide fame have dwelt upon the attractiveness of the Pike's Peak locality, and every reader is acquainted with the striking scenes. The trip to the summit of Pike's Peak is worth all the inconvenience and expense of a journey across the continent.

From Denver to Colorado Springs is a distance of seventy-five miles. The ride is accomplished in about two hours, and as the mountains are continually in view, the trip is one of the popular outings, attracting thousands of sight-seers in the course of a season. Half way between the points named is the "Divide." Here the waters separate, Cherry creek flowing northward to the Platte, and Monument creek, with its source in the foothills, moving toward the Arkansas.



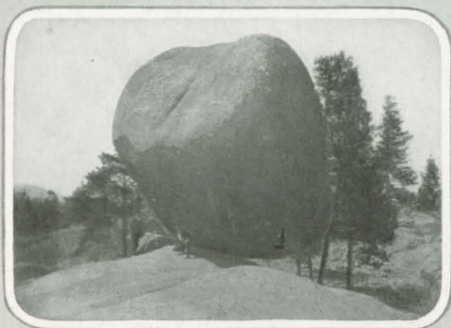
Long's Peak



PASTORAL LIFE OF THE PLAINS.

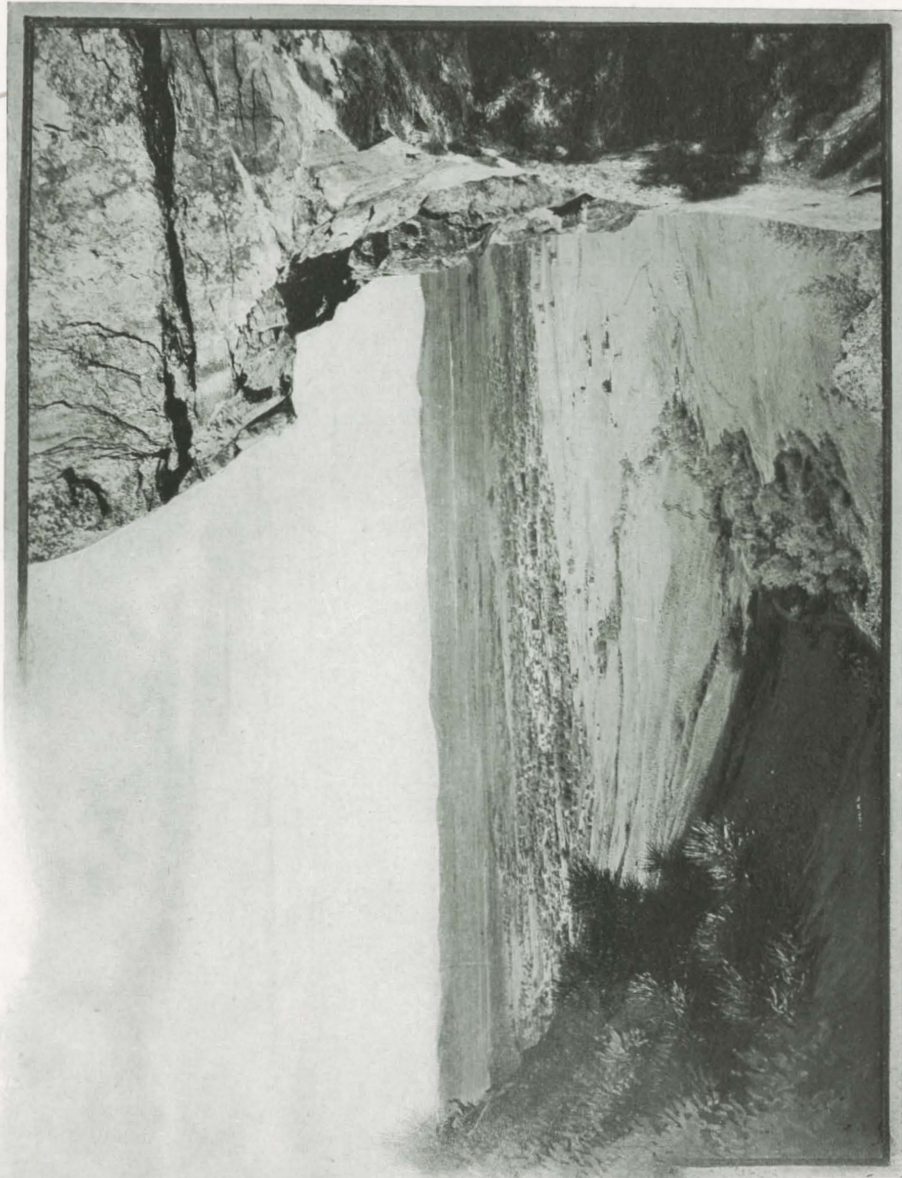
Here in full light the russet plains extend,
There, wrapt in clouds, bluish hills ascend.
Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn
Like verdant isles the sable lands adorn.

—POPE.



Poised Rock—In Platte Canon

North of the city of Denver is a bit of paradise. It is the ideal pastoral region of Colorado. In that favored spot may be seen agriculture, under the beneficent smile of irrigation, carried to the highest degree of perfection. In those peaceful valleys and on those fertile plains are thousands of prosperous homes and a score of thriving communities, which are each year extending their kindly influence and carrying the comforts and elegancies of civilization into a



Boulder - From Chautauqua Rocks



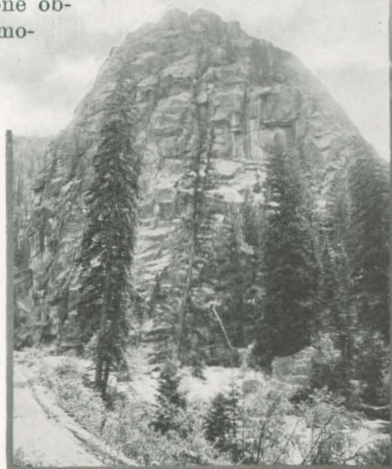
Kiowa Lodge—Platte Canon

wider field of activity. Among the charms of the region are its health-giving air and the regal beauty of its landscape. No agricultural belt of the globe can excel this part of the eastern slope of the Rocky mountains in attractiveness of scenery.

For a distance of a hundred miles north of Denver the great barrier looks down upon the plain, once the undisputed home of the buffalo and the Indian. Along the front range has been the main highway of travel for centuries past, and here were the favorite hunting and camping grounds of the red men. With the advent of the trapper and hunter the game gradually disappeared, and all that now remains of the first white men who visited the valley of the Platte river are the crumbling ruins of the adobe trading posts. Fort St. Vrain and old Fort Lupton will soon exist only in history; but the civilization which has been built upon the banks of the beautiful mountain streams emptying into the Platte will continue as long as the republic stands.

Boulder, Longmont, Berthoud, Loveland, Fort Collins, Windsor and Greeley are the principal towns in the rich farming district known as the garden spot of Colorado. A trip from Denver through this wonderful farming region is filled with interest to the traveler. Great irrigation canals, sparkling lakes, and fields of alfalfa, wheat, oats and potatoes greet the eye.

Here may be found that rustic quiet and content that is inseparable from a prosperous life in the cultivation of the soil. One glance at the scores of lovely homes, many of them of the most ornate character, surrounded with carefully kept lawns and beautiful with flowers, attests the advancement of the farming population of Northern Colorado. City residents come to this delightful region for their annual rest, finding recreation in the study of Nature in her loveliest moods as a counter irritant to the stir of the city. Looking out over the fields one observes a rolling area not unlike the ocean in its moments of rest, for the green fields roll down to the horizon in softly undulating lines resembling billows as the gentle wind sways the rich green alfalfa or switches the fields of ripe grain to and fro. On the other hand the foothills, backed by the rugged mountains, retreat to the sky with their ever-changing shades of vivid verdure, sombre red or burnt umber of rocks exposed to the storm. There is probably not another section of the state where the two forms of Nature meet and



Liberty Rock—Boulder Canon



Breckenridge and the Ten-Mile Range

dissolve in different perspectives with such a rioting of color and acute contrast of scenery.

In Northern Colorado, on account of its climate and natural advantages, are located some of the leading educational institutions of the state. The State University, State Agricultural College and State Normal School are in this part of the commonwealth.

The Colorado Chautauqua is an institution whose name has become known in every part of the South and West. Its grounds are located at the edge of Boulder. The sessions of the Chautauqua open July 4th, each year, and continue for six weeks. The greatest lecturers, educators, entertainers and musicians of America appear upon the platform.

The location of the Chautauqua is unsurpassed for beauty and healthfulness. Imagine a table land covering 300 acres on the eastern side of a vast mountain chain, whose summits are tipped with everlasting snow. On the right Nature has formed a mighty chasm, whose recesses are lost in the dome of the continent. On the left, a mile away and 500 feet below, nestles the loveliest little city of America. In front is spread out a mighty plain extending away toward the boundless prairies. At the foot of the level mesa on which the surprised and delighted beholder stands, is an enchanting valley, whose carpet of emerald extends as far as the eye can reach to the north, and from which arise the sounds of the farm, the gentle lowing of cattle, the faint bark of the dog or the distant rumble of a train of cars, slowly threading its way toward the limitless horizon. The scene is one of entrancing beauty. It lulls to

restful meditation, and as the eye drinks in the infinite softness of mountain and plain, and the physical senses absorb the balmy sweetness of the atmosphere, the spirit is involuntarily lifted in adoration of the mighty power which created the surprising vision.



On the Loop Trip



On the High Line to Leadville



Broadmoor Lake from Point Sublime

TO THE GREATEST GOLD CAMP IN THE WORLD

As in at the gate we rode, behold!
A tower that is called the Tower of Gold!
For there the Caliph had hidden his wealth,
Heaped and hoarded and piled on high,
Like sacks of wheat in a granary;
And thither the miser crept by stealth
To feel of the gold that gave him health.

—LONGFELLOW.

Could anything be more appropriate than the little couplet for the tourist's dream? The poet himself seems to have had a divination of what was to follow in the palmy days of Cripple Creek. The Midas touch was given when the Colorado Springs and Cripple Creek District Railway, "The Short Line," entered the portals of the camp. A standard gauge road, with the finest of equipment, was conceived, brought into being, and presto, the silvery, sinuous steel, like a winding bracelet, terracing the slopes of Pike's Peak, became the harbinger of joy to miners, the redemption of what was but as dross in the presence of obstacles, which were too difficult to eliminate till the advent of this railroad.

At the outset it is well to understand that the roadbed is a perfect phenomenon of engineering perfection. There is a succession of broad sweeping curves, varied by massive masonry. The route is filled to repletion with picturesque-ness, and it is the desire to give as much of this as is possible to the traveler, as well as to hold the excellent skill shown in the creation of such a railway, that the result in engineering is exemplified in this manner. Surprises are rampant. Here no abutments accentuate steel spanned torrents, leaping across gorges and gurgling their tones into their foreign depths. Then from the superb observation car, which is an innovation only used on this line, so that either side of the road may come into dress parade, in an instant you are plunged from the unclouded intensity of Colorado sunshine into the cimmerian shades of pine clad forests, from the extreme of radiance to the cool vaporous breath of the canon. The storm-splintered crest of Pike's Peak is constantly visible and the lavish stateliness of and grandeur of mountains is ever paramount.

In the early days of this gold district, a visit to the camp was an arduous undertaking. It was a slow one also. Now, through the enterprise of this management, a mine manager often lives at Colorado Springs and is able to go up to Cripple Creek and return on the same day in time for a late dinner.

Leaving the Springs, the road ascends by a series of plateau, until reaching the desired elevation, the train dashes across a dizzy trestle, into the shades of Bear Creek Canon. Then with a bound into a land of light and Nature's songs. The aspen with its quivering, quaking leaves of gold in autumn and its wonderful vernal look in spring clothe the foothills and afford shelter for hundreds of twittering birds. The wild flowers mottle and scatter the mountains from base to dome with their prolific coloring. They abound in crevices, they peer from bleakest rocks, start up into being on moss-clad hills, and lend a riot of color in cactus bloom



St. Peter's Dome



Rounding Devil's Slide

and sporting gilia. In perfect diapason all Nature's notes ring as the train puffs, and hisses, and spumes its smoke, gyrating, bending, as if on a debauch, around the precipitous hills, till you notice the first approach to the cavernous gold district of Cripple Creek.

Spurned by even the poorest prospector this narrow basin, accouched in the throes of '92, has added more than two hundred millions to the world's treasure. Yet, that wanton fortune denied the discoverers the fruits of their labors. The men who wormed the golden secret from the gran-

itic sides of Mt. Pisgah left the harvest of their industry to be garnered by the goldseekers of later years. So little were some of these argonauts impressed by the field of limitless wealth, that Bob Womack, who was the first successful gold hunter, bartered over two hundred acres for a bottle of whiskey.

The reconnoissance of the camp does not suggest the presence of a Golconda. The landscape is singularly free from activity. Indeed it is a city of brown little hills, upturned by the work of man; or, rather, it might be likened to an exaggerated gopher city, for as far as the eye can detect, no work is carried on above ground. The idea is to get below the surface as quickly as possible and keep going. In this way it is readily seen that the activities are all under ground. Underground Russia has its tales of horrors. Underground Cripple Creek unfolds a more attractive volume. From five hundred to one thousand feet underground there are chambers, galleries, vaults, stopes, tunnels, radiating from a central shaft with its swiftly moving elevators.

To the reader familiar with skyscraping architecture, it will come as a surprise to learn that in this aerie of the gold kings, there are mines of underground construction that dwarf the most spectacular efforts of architects. The city may have its buildings of four or five hundred feet high. Here beneath your feet are subterranean edifices that measure 1,000 or 1,200 feet from their lowest level to the upper workings, corresponding to the attic of a city block. In this congeries, thousands of men work day and night, with complete electric lighting systems, telephone service, and the electric rapid transit lines. These gnomes of the mountains wring tribute from Nature. When their day's work is done, they ascend to the surface in an elevator that compares with the city man's upholstered car as the auto does to a donkey cart. In the twinkling of an eye men are whisked from the depths of 500 or 600 feet to the surface.

Lovers of old Nature when in a fury, may sit in their comfortable car of observation on this route and drink in the spectacular battle of the elements, as it wages around the summit of Pike's Peak. The constant booming of Jupiter's heavy artillery, the earth-splitting intermittent fire of machine guns, rattling impotently against the shafts of granite that for ages have defied the

fury of the gods, all of this makes no impress on these volcanic-tossed billows of adamantine ruggedness, which stand forth as a perpetual challenge from the earth to the raging of the heavens.

Aeons ago they projected their pinnacles into the lofty domain of cradled tempests, but, to-day their storm-riven flanks and lightning-scarred heights evidence no weakening before the constant onslaught of the terrible warfare of the great Jove. Five thousand feet above the eyes of the observer, the deep indigo clouds, surcharged with electricity, storm and rave almost incessantly around these stalwart sentinels that guard the Arcadian valleys, basking smilingly five thousand or six thousand feet below.

There is a peculiar feature about the building of this Short Line which is not generally taken into consideration. It is that the projectors of it were planning it out solely from a business standpoint. That the mapped-out course would include the most wondrous revelation of scenery in the world was not a factor in their commercial dreams. But, after amended surveys, reconstructed plans, the mountain fastnesses invaded and the yawning chasms leaped by the steel lariat, everyone exclaimed over the feat of engineering which had brought such two-fold success to Colorado's great camp. A trip to Colorado is never complete unless this special route by way of the rocky wall of North Cheyenne Canon up Mt. Rosa and Cheyenne Mountain is accomplished. Canons without floors, mountains without tops, plains without limit, are all thrown in in good measure and before Cripple Creek is reached the mind is manacled. Words fail to express, and a reverent awe, thoughts akin to divine, have taken possession of the sight-seer, of the business man, of the skeptical, when they essay to give tribute to these mighty dwellers of the upper air.

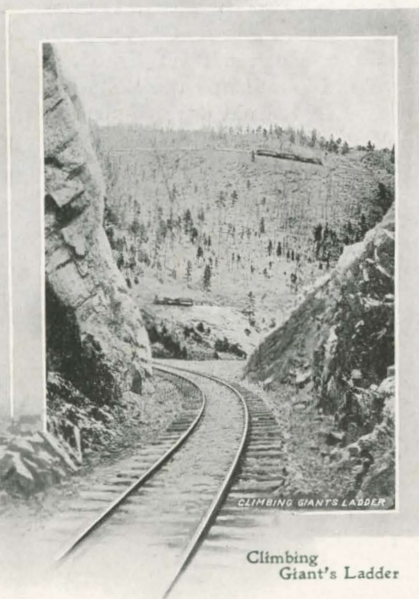
THE SWITZERLAND TRAIL

Purple cloud the hill top binding;
Folded hills, the valleys winding;
Valleys, with fresh streams among you;
Streams, with bosky trees along you;
Trees, with many birds and blossoms;
Birds, with music trembling bosoms;
Blossoms, dropping dew that wreath you.

—BROWNING.

Imagine a spider's web in the days of the Titans, whose fairy threads with a perimeter of fifty miles, encircling valleys, spanning gorges, and traversing the glacier-swept sides of the Rockies, then swinging from peak to peak through the blue ether of supernal gladness, and you have a faint realization of the Switzerland trail that scales the rugged breast of the front range of the Rocky Mountains.

A voyage in an airship is the only thing that could afford the traveler a comprehensive sweep of this creation of engineering genius. Off to the right



Climbing
Giant's Ladder



Arapahoe Peaks

you see the steel parallels, twining and twisting, climbing and curving, until Nature is forced to yield a path to the relentless monster that steams its way through the fortress of the storm king, into a veritable empire of gnomes and elves.

Leaping from crag to crag, riveted to the forbidding sides of rocky gorges with fetters of steel, encompassing aerial flights through cloud-wreathed space, the line winds onward in its devious course, only to reappear at an apparently inaccessible point to drive the eagle from its home and wrest the treasures from these troves of Nature that abound along the silver-tipped crests of the continent.

The Colorado and Northwestern Railroad Company has two lines, one from Boulder to Ward, twenty-six miles, the other from Boulder to Eldora, thirty-three miles. That part from Boulder to Sunset, thirteen miles, is included in the distance from Boulder to Ward. These two lines are known as the "Ward Line" and the "Eldora Line."

In the old days, Sunset was called Penn's Gulch. The present appellation is a more fitting one, inasmuch as it gives a suggestion of the great gleams of color which burst upon the traveler, when he essays to take the trip from Boulder to Ward. The route leads directly west through Sunset, through Middle Boulder Canon, when it turns to the northwest to Ward, through Mt. Alto Park. The elevation at Sunset is 7,800 feet. From the heights of these celestial summits the eye feasts itself on what seems to be the interminable mountains, dressed in immaculate garb of purity, glistening in the warm colors of the setting sun. Peak surmounts peak, the wonderful grandeur and imposing stateliness speak of the magic of the alchemist.

The eye enchained, entranced, never wearies. A glance from these abysmal heights and depths lends a change in the panorama, and peaceful valleys, the vast plains beyond, and the intervening hills toss a welcome to the joyous spirit filled with the elixir of life, gained from the trip into the everlasting hills. This pageant of mountains can be compared to nothing except an immortal symphony fresh from the Great Hand of God. It is a thrilling aria which will reverberate in echoes to the end of the earth.

Tourists are well taken care of at Mt. Alto Park for here the railway company has erected buildings which afford ample accommodations. After leaving all the glories of Sunset, the anticipations which accompany the rapid climb to Ward are fully realized, for, at Mt. Alto Park magnificent views can be obtained of Boulder Valley, Longmont, Loveland and other towns east and northeast of Boulder. You can even see the beacon of the range, Long's Peak, to the north, standing like a bold sentinel bathed in gorgeous gushes of sunshine; and, to the west Mt. Audubon and Mt. Alto give back a call for reverent attention.

Nature's lovers cannot fail to enjoy the scenery on all sides. The blossoms from snowy summit to peaceful dale and glen nod, beckon and ask companionship. These dear little, bright little, fragile little children of the Great Artist are omnipresent. No matter where the foot of man may penetrate in these mountain canons, dingle, ravine, or summit, modest flowers rear their heads in wondrous profusion, supplementing in their own fragrant way, a chromatic ornamentation to Nature's dream.

The Eldora line is said to surpass in scenic loveliness that of the Ward, a statement on the face of it which seems improbable. Twisting, curving, climbing, almost stealing into the very heart of the Continental Divide, till at an elevation of 8,500 feet at Sugar Loaf Mountain, it capriciously swerves through Anson Park and heads for the Caribou Mining District. There are a number of mines at Eldora, and the scene of the tungsten excitement, at Nederland, is but a little off the line of this serpentine railroad.

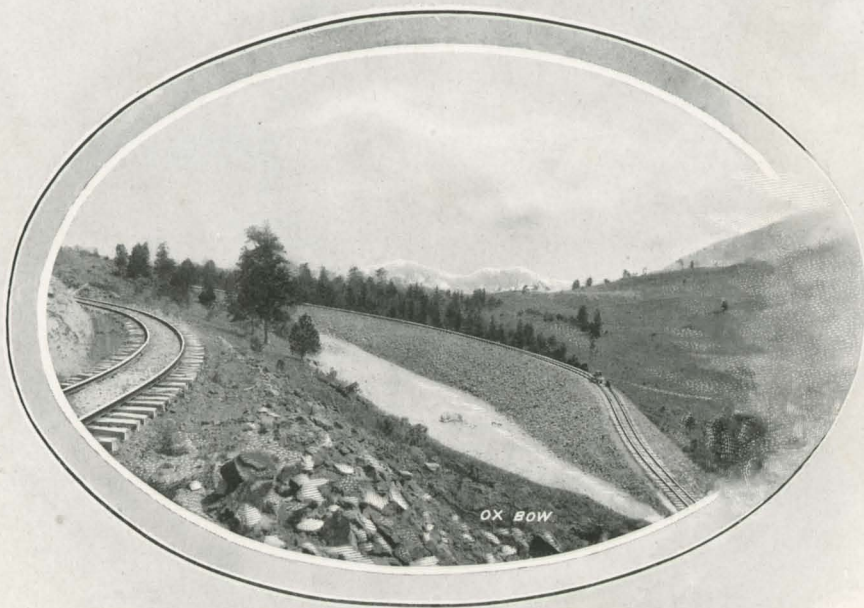
In taking this trip it is well to understand to the fullest extent what there is in it from every standpoint. If you have a lingering for pastoral scenes, none are richer or prettier in their glowing beauty than the constellation of star attractions which the Boulder Valley presents at long range from Sugar Loaf Mountain. Lakes with shimmering, glassy surface, placidly besprinkle the landscape, fields of waving grain, emerald alfalfa, cities and hamlets bearing a countenance of peace and rest, surrounded by protecting orchards of fruit of all kinds, winding brooks of silver and busy hum of toil come wafted back to you, as Nature's hymn over the valley through the purest of atmospheres and the balmiest of breezes. Then again, on all sides of you, for, indeed nothing seems much above you at this height of 8,500 feet at Sugar Loaf, except the serenest of cerulean skies, a distinct view of Gray's Peak is vouchsafed you, with Arapahoe and other gigantic repositories of precious metals. Fresh spruce, pine and evergreen speak of vernal gladness. The resinous odors fill your lungs, and you breathe and breathe again, for satiety is not to be thought of. Gray's Peak is one of the loftiest of Colorado and lifts its proud head high above timber line, mighty monarch of superior interest, guarding as it does all things lesser in the scale of Nature at its feet.



Mt. Alto Park

By a little detour of a few miles the tourist can make a trip to Silver Lake which has the reputation of being the most beautiful body of water in the state. Clear as crystal, shining like argentine, tranquil and unruffled, a look on its bosom and a peep into its wondrous depths will well repay a visit, set as it is amid wonderful surroundings of rugged bulwarks.

Thus in one day's trip the Colorado and Northwestern Railroad affords all the attractions of valley and plain, of mountain and hill, of canons shut in by Alpine sides, of chattering rivulet and mother river, of mosaics of flowers and forests, of luxuriant verdure, of red breasted mountains and ermine topped peaks, of sombre stateliness united with bright vivacity in Nature, all this and more is given the seeker, the lover who courts the luxury of a liaison with the Rockies from Boulder to Ward or to Eldora.

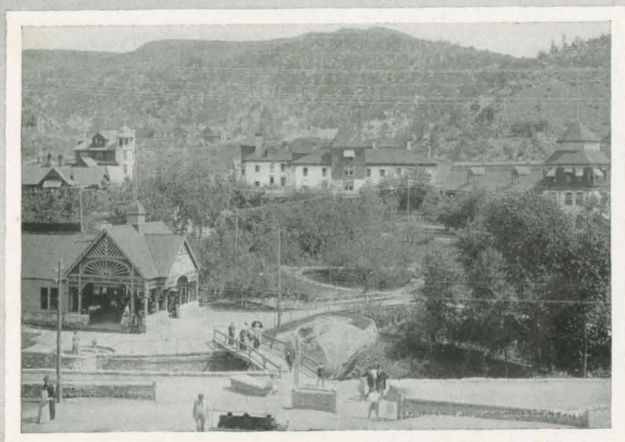


FROM THE MOUNTAINS TO THE SEA.

Where the snow mountains lift their amethyst
And sapphire crowns of splendor far and nigh.

—MRS. BROWNING.

Southern Colorado presents many contrasts as compared with other parts of the state. The mountain peaks are higher and more sharply outlined, the landscape is upon a more rugged scale, and the modes of life are in many respects different from those to be observed in the great area north of the valley of the Arkansas. Adobe houses are the rule, and sheep herding, cattle raising and coal mining are the important occupations. A trip from Pueblo to Trinidad, leading along the base of the Rocky mountains and the edge of the great plains, is accomplished in less than three hours. The road leads across historic trails which were followed by the early discoverers and later by the weary and footsore immigrant who sought the mountains to establish a home for his



Manitou

family. The region teems with reminiscence, and if its history were written, it would be of surpassing interest.

On the right, as the train proceeds toward Trinidad, the eye of the tourist is greeted with a continuous range of mountains whose sombre shadows, as the afternoon slowly fades into the night, are cast far out on the plain. Two peaks are in sight. These are the famed Spanish peaks, so named in honor of the first white discoverers. The Spanish peaks are prominent landmarks, and may be seen at a distance of more than 100 miles on the plains. They are celebrated for their lofty grandeur and beauty of outline. Sierra Blanca, one of the monarchs of the range, towers far in the interior. This peak stands at the head of the San Luis valley, a great basin in the mountains, once the bed of an ancient sea. Sierra Blanca towers to the height of 14,469 feet, and is next to the highest mountain peak of the Rocky mountains. The Greenhorn range, a spur of the Rocky mountains, lies close to the railway track as the train approaches Trinidad. This range received its name from the fact that it was mistaken by bands of pioneers for Pike's peak.

Pueblo and Trinidad are important cities of Colorado, which are now enjoying a steady growth and give promise of large development in the immediate future.



