

noted as being one of the best places in the State for game, a place where deer, elk, mountain sheep, bear, and mountain lions can be found, as well as the finest trout fishing in the whole mountain range. Descending into the valley we cross numerous irrigating ditches, and then a long bridge over the Cache-a-la Poudre River to the south bank, and stop at

**FORT COLLINS**—the first place of much importance since leaving Cheyenne, 48 miles distant, and 80 miles from Denver.

Fort Collins is the county seat of Larame county, in the midst of as fine agricultural section as there is in the State. It has several churches and schools, one flouring mill, a dozen or more stores, two good hotels—the Collins and the Blake—several small manufactories, and is populated by an enterprising and thrifty people, numbering about 500. The town is a short distance to the left, east of the station. Passing on to the southward, we cross several large irrigating canals—one belonging to the "Greeley Colony," of which we shall speak hereafter—and up over a rolling prairie 13 6-10 miles to

**LOVELAND**—*rightly* named. This place was cognomed after the president of the road, than whom a more enterprising, energetic, and persevering man never set foot in Colorado, and the people at Loveland Station have become, to a great extent, inspired with the same spirit of progress that animated him, as is manifest in the improvements surrounding this station, where, in June last, 1877, there were but very few buildings to be seen. Now, there are several stores, a good station building, some fine private residences, and an air of thrift pervades the scene on every hand. Wheat, oats, barley and corn are the principal productions—of the first two named the crops are very abundant.

Proceeding on, we soon come down into the valley of Big Thompson Creek, upon which are some fine farms, especially on the upper portion near the mountains. Crossing the creek, and up over another stretch of high rolling prairie, we descend to another small valley, through which runs Little Thompson, which we cross and stop at

**BERTHOUD**—a small side-track station, 9 4-10 miles from Loveland. Continuing our journey, we again pass over a high rolling prairie, used mostly for grazing, 4 3-10 miles to

**LONG'S PEAK**—or "Highland," as it is sometimes called—but really we could not see anything to call, unless it were the sheep, and they were *numerous*; also, further on, some farmers were engaged in "tickling the soil," which, when irrigated, produces abundant crops.

Five miles further, and we are at

**LONGMONT**—This is one of the most important towns on the road. It is situated on the high prairie sloping to the southward, about half-a-mile north of St. Vrain River, the waters of which are taken out about seven miles west of the town and conducted in ditches over the highlands on each side of the river, which produces large crops of wheat, barley, oats, corn and other crops annually. During the last year, over 300 car loads of wheat were shipped from Longmont, besides what was ground in three mills located near the town. Wheat often yields 30 bushels to the acre; oats 50.

Longmont has three church edifices, two schools, two hotels—the St. Vrain and the City—ten stores, and a great many kinds of shops and small establishments. The *Longmont Post* is a live weekly, published here. Its population is about 800, and rapidly increasing.

The streets are laid out at right angles, and are ornamented with shade trees of various kinds, as are many of the private residences.

In the summer, a stage leaves here for **ESTES PARK**—30 miles distant, to the westward. This is a beautiful little valley, about six miles long by 4½ wide, surrounded by mountain peaks, chief of which is Long's, about 10 miles to the northward. Spruce and pine trees abound in the park, sufficiently near each other to afford a beautiful and cooling shade in the hottest days in summer.

Crossing St. Vrain River, which, a few miles above, forks, the southern branch of which is called Left Hand, we again ascend the rolling prairie, and six miles from Longmont reach

**NI WOT**—a station named for a mine and mill on the side of the mountain in plain view. The country here is nearly all under cultivation, that portion between the road and the mountains being very productive.

Eight miles further on we arrive at

**BOULDER**—This city is about one mile to the westward, at the base of the mountain, and mouth of Boulder Canyon. It is the