

three miles distant to the eastward, on the headwaters of Cherry Creek. This is a lovely little valley about six miles long, and a half-mile wide, *first* settled in 1860, completely over-run by Indians in 1864, and some of the settlers killed; and was raided by Indians, at various times since, until 1870.

Our train is now climbing the Divide, on a heavy grade; the air is pure and clear, the country is rough and broken, with here and there a little opening; the huge mountains rise high on the right, but their base is five miles away, and the long timber-marked water-shed that divides the waters of the Platte from the Arkansas Valley, stretches away to the east, and is lost in the distance, extending 100 miles.

The next station—on paper—is 3 8-10 miles further on, and is called

GREENLAND—but trains seldom stop here. A side-track is its chief feature of civilization, but 5 3-8 miles further we arrive at the

DIVIDE—Here is a postoffice, called Weissport. A few miles before reaching the station, on the right, can be seen a long, rocky, castellated ridge, like which many are to be seen along the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains.

Before reaching the station, when looking ahead, the prospect of getting beyond the mountain ridge, which rises up, as though to bar our progress, is hopeless—apparently—but remembering that it was this company that built their road over the Sangre de Christo Mountains, we are convinced that with *them*, “all things are possible” (in railroad building). In proof of this we climb to the Divide, turn to the left, from a sharp mountain spur; and roll down toward the great Arkansas Valley.

Our course is now more to the eastward, with the Valley of Monuments and Monument Creek on the right, and ahead—almost at our feet—Pike’s Peak.

MONUMENT—is the next station, 5 3-10 miles from the Divide. The mountains, far to the right, show droppings of red sandstone, rising slab-like from its side several hundred feet in height.

At Monument there is quite a settlement of agriculturists, stock, and lumbermen. The village is near the site of the “Dirty Woman’s Ranche,” of 1860.

Downward rolls our train 2 4-10 miles to BORST’S—named for the superintendent of the road. Trains stop on signal. Cattle ranges appear; long timber ridges are

seen on the left, the same above noted. It is 3 6-10 miles more to

HUSTEDS—another signal station.

Passing on through a timbered and rugged country, bluffy and wild, crossing Monument Creek several times in five miles, and we come to

EDGERTON—where are piles of lumber, indicating saw mills near.

Continuing down the creek, cattle and sheep are numerous, and a few fields and gardens appear. Occasionally on the right we catch a glimpse of some of those peculiar rocks, which rise up in places, in this vicinity, on the sides of the hills, to the height of from 20 to 50 feet. These are round, and from 3 to 10 feet in diameter, surmounted with a cap, in one case resembling a Spanish sombrero. They are called by various names, but by the general name of “Monuments,” from which this valley and creek derive their names.

From Edgerton, it is 8 2-10 miles to

COLORADO SPRINGS—and 76 miles from Denver. This city was laid out in July, 1871, and settled by the Fountain Colony. It is situated on a high, broad plateau, to the east of, and about one-half mile above the junction of Monument Creek from the north, with the Fountain Qui Bouille, from the west. This thriving place is the county seat of El Paso county, and contains—the city proper—a population of about 2,500, with three miles surroundings, giving about 3,500.

The citizens have erected some fine buildings, which include a college, churches, banks, schools, hotels, and many private residences. The streets are 100 feet broad, and the avenues 150 feet in width, with sidewalks 12 feet wide. Along the avenues rows of trees have been set out near the sidewalks, and little streams of water are rippling along beside them, from the large canals built by the citizens for irrigating purposes.

There are several hotels in the city, chief of which are the Crawford and the Colorado Springs Hotel. Two papers, the *Gazette* and the *Mountaineer*, greet the citizens weekly. The principal mercantile business of the city is with the mining region of the South Park and San Juan country, via the Ute Pass wagon-road, which leaves the city for the West, and proceeds up Fountain Creek and over the mountains to the north and west of Pike’s Peak.

Colorado Springs has become quite