

to the left! See! There is the road—can we ever get up there? We are turning. The gorge narrows and darkens for 2 8-10 miles, and we are at the great

MULE SHOE—We have run up on one side of the “shoe,” now we will turn to the left and roll around the *toe* of the shoe, and around on the other side. Now we look down on our left, and the higher we go, the grander the view. Onward—upward. Ah, we have it! Now look away down that little, narrow valley, and see *little Ojo* station, where we stood only a few minutes ago, and looked *up*—looked at the tree first—then located our present position.

Stop a moment and take a look around. The illustration on page 47 shows our train in Abata Canyon, going up to the Mule Shoe from Ojo and then curving around and nearing the summit of “Dump” Mountain. “Old Veta,” just to the north, across the chasm, has “come down a peg”—is not as high.

The Spanish Peaks, now look *low*—“*beneath our notice*.” Hist! but isn't the air pure? Before leaving this point, let us take another look around. To the eastward, Ojo; further, La Veta; a little to the right, the Spanish Peaks; then a sweep around to the left a little, the broad plains, stretching away in the dim haze of the distance; to the north, an awful chasm, 740 feet deep; then Veta Mountain rises up, and bars our vision. To the westward an occasional mountain peak peeps out above the growth of pines in the foreground, while all around us are pine and spruce in the ravines, and away up the mountain to the “timber line, usually about 10,000 feet, above which they stand *uncovered*, before their Maker—except, possibly, by a mantle of purity—the frost of winter.

But we have not had a look to the south, and must climb higher, first.

Our course is now to the right, and follows around the mountain to the south—up, around the head of a deep ravine, to the left; up again, we curve around the head of another, and then another—ever upward—but the chasms and ravines are decreasing. Another turn, and we are at the

SUMMIT OF VETA PASS—9,339 feet above the level of the sea; 1,097 feet higher than any other railroad track in North America—the second in height in the world.

The weight of the engine that hauled our train up this mountain is 34 *tons*.

This station is situated in a grove of

timber which obstructs the view, to a great extent; but those who have the time to stop, could take a walk along the summit to the eastward, about one mile, where the *best* view can be obtained.

The canyon up which our train came, to the turn of the Mule Shoe, is called Abata Canyon, and the old wagon road which we crossed over on a bridge, at the curve, was the “Abata & Sangre de Christo” toll road.

The only building on the Summit is the station, which is built of stone.

Leaving the Summit, our train will descend on the south for seven miles, on as heavy grade as when climbing up the northern slope.

On the route down the mountain to Garland, 15 miles, there is little of interest. There are several saw mills, and timber on each side of a long ravine, down which our train rolls, passing the following side-tracks; 1 9-10 miles to **SANGRE DE CRISTO**; 5 1-10 miles further to **PLACER**; 3 9-10 miles more to **WAGON CREEK**; and 3 5-10 additional to

GARLAND—This station is only an important one while it is the end of the track: when the road is extended Garland will evaporate. Now, March 1st, 1878, it has a population of 1,500, some good stocks of goods in town, numerous hotels and restaurants, saloons and “varieties”—not enough figures. The Pratt is the principal hotel.

Stages leave daily for Castilla, 40 miles; Taos, 88 miles; also to Del Norte, 67 miles, fare \$10; Lake City, 155 miles, fare \$25; Santa Fe, 155 miles, fare \$30—fare less on through tickets. An immense amount of freight is shipped on wagons from Garland to the mining region to the west and south.

We will now return to Denver, and take our seat in the cars on the

Denver Pacific Railroad.

This road is now owned and operated by the Kansas Pacific Railroad Company.

In the fall of 1867, this company was organized at Denver City, Colorado, the object of which was to connect the city by rail and telegraph lines with the Union Pacific railroad at Cheyenne. The distance to be overcome was 106 miles, through a country possessing no serious obstacles, and many favorable inducements to the enterprise. For a part of the way, the country