

ing. The tiniest rivulets swarm with them, and their speckled sides glisten in every eddy. They weigh from one-fourth to two pounds, and their flesh is as hard and white as that of the mountain trout of Vermont.

Antelope, elk, black-tailed deer, bear, sage hens and grouse abound in the hills and on the plateaus. The angler, hunter, or tourist should never pass Sherman without pausing long enough to fly a hook and try his rifle. Doubtless this point will become a favorite summer resort for travelers, when the hotel accommodations are such as to entice them to remain, as it possesses eminent attractions for hunting and fishing.

From Sherman to Rawlin's, 160 miles, the road runs between the Black Hills and the Rocky Mountain range, presenting varied and impressive scenery at various points.

Leaving Sherman, the road turns to the left, and passes through several long snow-sheds and deep rock cuts to

**DALE CREEK BRIDGE**—Dale Creek is a noted stream, although a small one, and should have a noted bridge—as it has. When the road was being constructed over these hills, in 1867, the railroad company built a plated wooden frame-work structure 650 feet long, from bluff to bluff and 126 feet high. The bridge stood on trestles, interlaced with each other, and securely corded together and stayed by wire cables, secured to, and sloping from, the bridge on each side to substantial anchorage, down into the valley below, presenting a light and graceful appearance when viewed from the creek below. This old bridge was replaced in 1877 by one of iron, of similar dimensions, built in the most substantial manner—see illustration, page 49.

From the bridge, the beautiful little stream looks like a silver thread below us, the sun glistening its surface with a thousand flashes of silvery light. Anon, the dark walls of the canyon shade it, as though they were envious or jealous of its beauty being rendered common property. A narrow, green valley, half a mile above the bridge, is the site of the former Dale City, where, at one time, were over 600 inhabitants. Now, a few hundred yards above the bridge, can be seen a solitary house—like a lone sentinel in front of a deserted camp. Here, too, as well as around Sherman, and all over the Black Hills, are found countless flowers of every

variety and hue, over 300 varieties of which have been classified.

**VIRGINIA DALE**—is situated fifteen miles southwest of Sherman, in Colorado, at the head of a deep gorge, on Dale Creek, near the Cache-a-la Poudre River. On the east side of the canyon, the wall of overhanging rock rises about 600 feet high, for a mile along the stream, giving a wild and picturesque beauty, a sublimity and grandeur to the scene, rarely surpassed. This point is called the "Lover's Leap," though we never learned that any one ever leaped off; but if the leap was made, we judge that the jar on alighting in the valley, 600 feet below, must have knocked all the love, romance or sentiment out of those making it. In and around this place are numerous dells, grottoes, gorges, canyons, precipices, towering peaks and rugged recesses, enough to employ the tourist for some time in examining their beauties.

Some "yellow-covered novelist" has immortalized Virginia Dale, by calling it the "Robbers' Roost," though failing to inform us what they roosted on. But aside from this questionable honor, Virginia Dale is the most widely known and celebrated of any locality in these mountains. There are a few good buildings around the place, where excursionists, who visit to enjoy the scenery, mountain air, and rare fishing and hunting, are provided for.

See ANNEX, No 10.

We now return to the railroad, cross the bridge, and turn away to the northward, through long snow-sheds and rocky cuts, made through red sandstone, six miles to

**Tie Siding**—This station is important only in the fact of its being a point where great quantities of ties and wood are brought to the railroad from the hills to the northward. The view to the south is that of a very broken and rugged country. To the west, the southern end of the great Laramie Plains is spread out, almost at our feet, twenty miles in width, with the wondrous Rocky Mountains rising from its western border, range upon range, peak overlapping peak, away up, up into the regions of perpetual snow, over one hundred miles away.

Our train is descending rapidly, and more to the northward; steam is no longer required—only brakes. Onward, 4 1-10 miles, through snow-sheds and deep excavations, brings us to

**Harney**—an unimportant station. Passing on, to the left can be seen the old