

A TRIP FROM THE MISSOURI RIVER

TO THE

ROCKY MOUNTAINS.



KANSAS CITY! shouts the porter of the handsome Pullman Palace Car, and gathering up my belongings I step out upon the platform of the Kansas City Union Depot, into which eight different Railways are pouring their quota of pleasure-seeking, fortune-hunting, busy humanity. Verily, man, by means of the iron highway and its steam courser, has almost conquered time and space, and made a journey on this great continent, from Occident to Orient, once such a fearful undertaking, now a matter of but trivial importance and the greatest ease.

Two days ago I was walking down Broadway, New York, and in another day and a half I shall be promenading the streets of Denver, at the foot of the Rocky Mountains. Wonderful, but true.

However, I anticipate.

I have but time to glance at Kansas City as I pass through. A most striking city, this great key to the riches of the famed West, and probably never a one