

the Georgetown, Empire and Middle Park Wagon Road to Middle Park, distant 26 miles, via the Berthoud Pass. How I jumped at the kind offer I received to join the party may be readily imagined; and hastily throwing my blankets into the boot, mounted the box, full of joy at this unexpected "streak of luck."

As Mr. Patterson says in his account of this trip: "A keen wind was blowing up the valley as we drove down to Alvarado, but as the coach rolled over the bridge upon the Empire road the sun struck us, and we experienced only pleasant weather thenceforward. From Empire to the mill—ground over which a coach had never passed, and really the roughest part of the line, as the Company have deferred until next spring the contemplated improvements—our knight of the ribbons kept his fine team well in hand, watching carefully every crook and angle in the road. All went well, and only once did he pause for a moment to let the horses 'blow,' and to feast his eyes upon the grandeur of those wonderful precipices which stand out in bold relief on the north side of the stream, reaching an elevation of nearly a thousand feet. These points have heretofore been nameless, but as we distinctly saw a weasel on the distant face of one of them, so clear was the atmosphere, they shall henceforth be as renowned as the 'Peaks of Otter' in Virginia, and be known as the 'Peaks of Weasel.' Reaching the new road six miles from Empire, the gallant team wheeled to the right and our real experiment began. A grade of ten feet in the hundred, not a break anywhere from