

the surveyor's line, was easily overcome. Every elbow where substantial cribbing marked a gulch coming down, was turned with the skill for which Updike is famous, and in a little while we were at the summit of the Pass, 500 feet below timber line, and 10,680 feet above the sea. Some of our party, who had never been there before, looked around in surprise: "This the backbone of the continent! This the great barrier that seemed to say, 'thus far but no further shalt thou go!'" Aye—this is the gap that nature left expressly for this road, when she piled old Mt. Russell up there a thousand feet higher on the left, and rounded the grassy slopes of Mt. Flora two thousand feet above us on the right. Here we find a little snow in the roadway. Downward, carefully at first, but at a lively rate by-and-by, the driver allowed the stage to wheel its way on the Pacific Slope. A cutter would have made better time, perhaps, as we found several inches of snow all the way down to the edge of the timber, but eleven miles in two hours was good enough for an experimental trip. We have heretofore spoken of the magnificent timber that studs this slope, of the road-bed, and of the bridges; and it is not necessary to add more than to say it reflects credit upon its builders—the laborers, the bosses, and the men who furnished the capital, every dollar of which was raised in Clear Creek county. Not the most trivial accident occurred during the trip; so safely and speedily did we travel that the mere unhooking of a trace was hailed as an exciting break in the monotony. Crossing Vasques Fork we entered