

kindly offered me a seat in his wagon, which I was only too glad to accept, and with heartfelt regret I commenced to take my leave of lovely Middle Park and its surroundings. We had an early trout breakfast, and taking the Rollins road from the springs, made the best of our way towards one of Mr. Rollins' ranches near the Frazier river. We arrived in time for lunch, and again do I have an excellent repast of the incomparable trout only a few minutes previous landed from the crystal waters of the Frazier. Our trip from here to the summit of the snowy range was through miniature forests and over innumerable rivulets and streams, that gurgled and roared down from the region of perpetual snows, and so was it on our descent over the other side of the range to Rollinsville, where we arrived in time for supper. I remained there that night and proceeded onward the next morning to Nederland and down through the Boulder Canon to Boulder, where I stepped on board the cars of the Boulder Valley Branch of the Kansas Pacific Railway, and arrived in Denver in a few hours.

My next trip was south of Denver, taking in the famous springs of Manitou, Pike's Peak, Pueblo, Canon City, and other places of interest and renown. So without further prelude I will embark on the diminutive cars of the "little gauge" railway. The course of this line is along the base of the mountains, and the ride along the fertile and lovely valley of Plum creek to the top of the divide, between the Platte and Arkansas rivers, was simply too beautiful for description. From