

the summit of the divide we rushed at a rattling pace by grassy slopes, between huge mountains, past castellated rocks of white sandstone, half hidden by the groves of pines, and reminding one of the ruins of castles so often seen in the Old World, past monuments of red and white sandstone, with ferruginous caps, and through occasional snow-sheds, until about four hours ride from Denver I reached the station at "Colorado Springs." Here a Concord coach drawn by four horses was in waiting, and climbing on to the roof, I lit a cigar, handed one to the driver as a peace-offering preparatory to any questions I might have to ask, and as we dashed along over the fine hard road, on our way to Manitou, five miles distant, took as much solid comfort as a man in enjoyment of good health, a good Havana, clear bracing air, the most magnificent scenery in the world, and behind four thorough-going nags, is capable of. Coming down over a hill into a sort of hollow in the mountains, I saw Manitou before me, and was somewhat astonished when we swept round a curve over a pretty rustic bridge, under which roared the mountain stream of Fountaine qui Bouille, and drew rein in front of a comfortable-looking hotel, on the broad verandas of which were grouped fashionably dressed women, a few invalids, children and their nurses, poodles, and other concomitants of a tip-top watering place. The dizzy heights and wild crags in front and at the back of the hotel were studded with picturesque cottages, and on one stands a really handsome chateau, built by a young Englishman. "Grace Green-