

consumptive, miner-looking individual, who was taking deep draughts of the water from an old lobster-can. "Is that pretty good stuff?" said I. "Sir, it's a *builder*, I tell you," was his emphatic answer, and indeed his giant though wasted frame sadly needed building up, and they say that the properties of the spring in this line are something wonderful.

There are good liveries at Manitou, where wagons, carriages, or saddle-horses may be had for excursions to the following neighboring points of interest: To the summit of Pike's Peak, by bridle-path, 10 miles; Chiann Canon, 9 miles; Monument Park, 9 miles; Garden of the Gods, 3 miles; Ute Pass and Falls, 1 mile; and to many other points which you can readily be informed of at the hotels. As to make the ascent of Pike's Peak is the correct thing here, I will here give some extracts from "Grace Greenwood's" account of an ascent to the signal station on the summit, from which point "Old Probabilities" gathers some of the data for his prognostications; and I here bow my thanks to that estimable lady for having provided me with such a happy description of the same.

"Prudent friends advised me not to venture on so grave an undertaking at so late a season of the year, reminding me of the well-known treachery of the wicked old Pike, who sometimes, with his bald head bathed in sunlight, knocks down his visitors with tornadoes and steals all their vitality with ferocious cold. I wavered, then I rallied; I gave up, I resolved, then I hesitated again. The woman who hesitates loses her horse.