

The first I knew, mine, or the one I had spoken for, was gone—let to another and a bolder party. Then—I am proud of the fact, for it shows decision of character and iron nerve—just as soon as, the very moment that I found I could not go, I was determined to go. I dressed in ten minutes, actually in ten minutes; I ordered a carriage, had put in it my saddle, bridle and red camping blankets, then sprang in myself, and not stopping to bid a tender farewell to my only child, lest it should melt my stern resolve, dashed away toward 'the old town,' Colorado City, hoping there to obtain a horse and intercept the grand procession of Pike's Peakers, which was to leave the 'new town,' Colorado Springs, at 9 a. m. It was already considerably past that hour, but they had three miles to come. Arrived at the venerable metropolis, I drove to the first livery stable. No horse, not even a mule. I drove to the second and last stable. There was but one pony belonging to the establishment sturdy enough to carry a woman of my size to Pike's Peak, and he had just been turned out to grass after a summer of hard service; besides, he was uncommonly spirited, and had never been mounted by one of the weaker and timider sex. But science is remorseless and rash. I said I would take him and all the risks if he could be got.

"You see it seemed to me that if I did not make Pike's Peak on that day my life would be a signal failure. I think my spirit and resolve were contagious. The gallant stable-man started off at once, halter in hand, and soon passed out of sight over the windy