

"Weary, after a long ride over many a rugged height, and heated by breathing the dry atmosphere of mountain and plain, at three o'clock on a hot afternoon I first drank from the deep, clear, bubbling spring to which Indians gave the name 'Manitou.' It was

' Sweet as the desert fountain's wave  
To lips just cooled in time to save.'

Properly enough, the most valuable offerings that red men offered to Deity were here deposited. Even yet arrow-heads and beads and Indian trinkets are forced upward by the boiling waters and found in the stream below. It was a proper place, at the foot of the imperial mountain, to do reverence to nature's God; and if purity of atmosphere, beauty in nature, and sublimity of wild mountain scenery may direct men's thoughts through nature up to nature's God, there is absolute faultlessness in every incident of earth, air and heaven to make this the spot on which man should bow in humble adoration of God's glory and omnipotence."

Another delightful trip from Manitou is to Bergen's Park, which is also thus interestingly described by Grace Greenwood in her correspondence to the *New York Times*:

"We lately spent two delightful days in Bergen's Park, which delightful retreat lies about 1,000 feet higher than Manitou, and is reached by a charming drive of seventeen or eighteen miles up the wild Ute Pass. We were the guests of an English gentleman of good family and a graduate of Cambridge, but quite content with this rough, secluded life, and proud to be a ranchman.