

Indeed, some one has named the largest of them 'the Devil's minsters.' Though the ranch is apparently closed in, except on the side of the great pass, down which you look till Pike's Peak seems to block the way, and to compel the morning to climb over him, a ride or drive of a few miles brings one to mountain points whence views of surpassing loveliness and grandeur can be obtained. We visited the finest of these points one morning, the last mile or so of the drive our road being made for us by our host, (who proved himself a magnificent woodman, swinging his ax like a very Cœur de Lion), and three of his guests, who all valiantly fought their way or worked their passage—one English officer of mighty mould bearing off good-sized trees with the jaunty air of a young Hercules swinging his club. That was a royal progress for us, driving leisurely over the road so gallantly opened for us, seeing the wild young pines and cottonwoods that disputed our passage falling on every side. Our host has, within the past year, erected a new ranch-house, roomy and pleasant, with open fire-place as spacious as the one in that grand old feudal hall of Warwick Castle, and also three cottages for visitors. One of these, however, is designed for private use during a portion of the year, being the forest lodge of a wealthy English lady. It is a marvel of rustic comfort and picturesqueness. This was assigned to us, and we had rare delight in it. Each evening, after watching out the sunset, which paid its last salute to Pike's Peak, we left the pleasant veranda for the large