

sitting-room or hall, where we gathered about a flaming, fragrant, open fire, and told stories and 'laughed at little jests,' and, in short, were happy and glorious, with the larger part of the human race far below us. It is good to get above the world."

Taking an affectionate leave of Manitou, I again climb on top of the coach bound for the railway station, and re-embark on the "narrow gauge" for Pueblo, forty-two miles farther south. This is one of the principal towns of Southern Colorado, and has a population of 3,500—its existence only dating back as far as January, 1867, when its population consisted of about forty souls. From here there is a branch railway to Canon City, where are some of the best coal mines in Colorado, and iron in abundance. The timber regions of the upper Arkansas and Wet Mountain Valley are made tributary to Pueblo by this branch, and with the great cattle, wool, hide and grain product of the lower counties, Pueblo is a very important commercial entrepot. Canon City, distant forty-five miles from Pueblo, is located on the Arkansas river at the point where it issues from the great canon, and is, owing to its wonderful natural resources and riches, of the greatest interest and importance to the tourist. The principal attractions are the coal mines, five miles distant, the iron mountain (containing an inexhaustible supply, and showing sixty-seven per cent. of magnetic oxide of iron), copper mines, five miles, and the great canon of the Arkansas, eight miles of which is one of the grandest and most sublime