



The **T**EXAS
PANHANDLE ROUTE.

From

∴ Summerland

to the

American · Alps ·

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Union Pacific System,
Omaha, Neb.



Palo Dura Cañon—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

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From Summerland to the American Alps.

DWELLERS in the delightful Summerland of the South are justly proud of that charming region. But there comes a time when to escape from semi-tropical heat becomes a duty which every resident of this region regards as a pleasure. The question, "Where shall we go for the summer?" is an important one, and is discussed every year with renewed zest, and, by reason of climatic limitation, the people of the Sunny South are assured tourists for a short period of the year.

Of the making of tours there is no end in the grand domain of the American Continent. The average tourist demands for himself and family only three things: the purest atmosphere, attractive scenery, and immunity from extortionate charges. These conditions are fulfilled to the utmost for those who leave their Summerland and sojourn for a season among the American Alps. To breathe that life-giving air, to behold the noblest scenery in our country, to be absolutely born again in rejuvenated health and spirits, is the never-to-be-forgotten memory of a summer in romantic, picturesque Colorado.

FORT WORTH,

The initial point of the great Texas Panhandle Division of the Union Pacific System, enjoys superb advantages as a railway center, and is reached from all directions by no less than eleven different roads. The most important lines in the South center here, making connections for Colorado and the entire system of the Union Pacific through to the Pacific Coast. One very important feature is the through sleeping-car service from New Orleans, Dallas and Fort Worth to Denver direct.

Fort Worth impresses one as a shining example of splendid pluck and enterprise. Less than a dozen years ago it was a small village, and to-day it is a handsome, well-built, well-equipped city of 35,000 inhabitants, one of the very first commercial centers of the State, the initial point of a giant system of railways, and one of the most important railroad points in the entire Southwest. Its advantages with regard to the immense traffic of Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, and the Indian Territory, all of which are tributary, can scarcely be

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estimated. Its future is well assured, and rests secure in the hands of its active, energetic, and enterprising citizenship. As a matter of interest, and to show the sturdy progress of the city, it may be mentioned that Fort Worth has 48 miles of paved streets, over 40 miles of sewerage, 32 miles of electric car lines, Holly water-works, electric light and gas works, grain elevators, with a capacity of 850,000 bushels; flour mills, which turn out 1,500 barrels daily; and eight national banks, with a capital of \$2,600,000. The Fort Worth Board of Trade building is the finest of its kind in the entire Southwest.

DALLAS.

The city of Dallas, while not directly on the Texas Panhandle route, is practically tributary to it, and is located just thirty-one miles east of Fort Worth. This city is another illustration of the enterprise of a persevering, intelligent, and plucky people. Dallas is the largest city in Texas, and tourists will find here a mild, healthy winter climate, combined with all the comforts and advantages of a metropolitan center.

THE FAMOUS PANHANDLE COUNTRY.

Upon leaving Fort Worth for Colorado and the Northwest, we enter the world-famous region traversed by the Texas Panhandle Division of the Union Pacific System. One of the peculiar charms of this route, which the tourist will note and remember, is the comfort with which the trip is made—the ascent by easy stages from the plains of the South to the cool mountain gorges—and this line is about 200 miles shorter than any other from south to north. The half has not been told of the wonderful fertility, the splendid soil, the equable climate, and the varied charms of this delightful section. The most eloquent fact which could be given the reader is the simple statement that, in the year 1890, over 60,000 *bona fide* settlers came to make their homes here; and thus far this year the ratio of arrivals is just as large. It is 453 miles from Fort Worth to the New Mexico line.

We are now in the great corn and fruit belt of Texas, near the upper edge of the cotton belt, and about to enter the great Panhandle wheat region on its south-eastern border. In Wise County the cotton shipped in 1889 amounted to 19,000 bales which, at \$50 per bale, realized \$950,000. Montague County shipped about 25,000 bales, worth \$1,250,000. Wichita County last year raised 335,000 bushels of wheat; Wilbarger County, 315,000 bushels.

But it is not intended to weary the tourist reader with agricultural statistics—the list of wonderful crop-yields might be prolonged indefinitely. This vast Panhandle region is a great undulating prairie, gradually rising as the mountains are approached. Consumption and kindred ailments cannot originate here; it is above the zone of yellow fever, and malaria is unknown. The nights in summer

are always cool, and the winters mild. The capacity of this section as a great cotton, grain, and fruit growing region has been fully demonstrated, and tourists, as they pass through this section, should carefully note the advantages offered here as an agricultural region.

Swinging along through this magnificent garden-land, we pass through the thriving towns of Decatur, Wichita Falls, Iowa Park, Vernon, Quanah, Childress, Salisbury, Clarendon, Washburn, and other rising young centers, all partakers of the general prosperity, until we reach

AMARILLO,

336 miles from Fort Worth. We are now on the extreme western edge of the "Central Staked Plains," and at an elevation of 3,630 feet. The air is pure and bracing, and so beneficial has this climate proved for people of delicate lungs, that Amarillo bids fair to become a noted resort for persons suffering from throat and lung diseases. Despite the statements of maps that were supposed twenty-five years since to be reliable, this section teems with living water. Gushing springs and unfailling wells supply freestone water in limitless abundance.

The town of Amarillo, with a population now numbering over 1,000, is an infant of a little over two years; yet its location, and the substantial character of its improvements, and the faith men of brain and capital have shown in its permanency, combine to make its future assured. It stands at the gate-way of the Southwest, and commands the trade of a large surrounding country, capable of an almost unlimited development.

Here will be found the finest hotel in Northwestern Texas, and the tourist has at his disposal all the comforts, the elegancies, and the luxuries which are supposed to exist only in large cities.

About twelve miles south of Amarillo is Palo Duro Cañon, through which flows the Palo Duro, or Prairie-Dog, fork of Red River. This is one of the most charming spots on the entire route. The cañon extends for nearly 100 miles across the country; its perpendicular walls are from 500 to 700 feet high, and its width varies from 3,000 feet to five miles. Aside from the great natural beauty of the place, it is a veritable hunter's paradise. Game of all sorts is found in abundance—bear, deer, antelope, wildcat, wolf, and myriads of wild turkey and quail. The perfection of sport can be obtained by visiting this splendid hunting ground. A hotel will soon be erected at the cañon, but for the present ample accommodations will be found at various ranches, or one may indulge in the more solid comfort of camping out.

HARTLEY

Is 402 miles from Fort Worth, and, young as it is, has already attracted considerable attention. It possesses the sure index of future prosperity in the form of



Above the Palisades, Alpine Pass, Colorado—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

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mineral springs, which are veritable waters of healing. There has been a large influx of settlers from Iowa and Illinois in and around Hartley, and the pioneer citizenship of this section is made of first-class material.

The next town of importance after leaving Hartley is

FOLSOM, NEW MEXICO,

Which is 518 miles from Fort Worth—one of the prettiest, brightest towns on the entire line. Folsom is located on the head-waters of the Cimarron River, in Colfax County, New Mexico, and has bright prospects for the future. It is on the Southern slope of the Raton Mountains, 6,400 feet above the level of the sea, and can boast a larger proportion of sunshiny days in the year than almost any other portion of the United States. Every breath of air is as pure and clear as the vaulted arch of bright, cloudless skies above, impregnated with life and health for the invalid. The scenery is imposing, even grand—Capulin, an extinct volcano, rising majestic above the town. Springs of pure water, clear and refreshing, rise among the rocks, and, trickling, leaping down the rugged sides of the mountains, abundantly water the valley below, in which the City of Folsom is laid out in all her picturesque beauty. The Town Company intend the construction of a lake and reservoir covering seventy acres, and a large summer hotel costing \$35,000 has just been completed, while private individuals are building many new residences.

The scenery is inspiring all along as we leave Folsom and draw nearer and yet nearer to the great Rockies. We cross the Raton Range, come in sight of and pass the Spanish Peaks and the Sangre de Christo Range. There are visions of beauty continually to be seen from the car windows, the like whereof does not exist elsewhere—glimpses of distant lonely mountain peaks, long vistas of fertile lands, shining silver mountain streams, and warm glows of light and color everywhere on rocky cliff and dreaming valley, and, instinct with life and health, the clear and vital air.

TRINIDAD,

589 miles from Fort Worth and 215 miles from Denver, with a population of 10,000, is perhaps the most important coal and coke center in Colorado. In the vicinity of Trinidad are the great coal mines of Southern Colorado. The coal-bed, some twenty feet or more in thickness, crops out a hundred feet above the valley of the Purgatoire, and can be traced for miles along the foot-hills and into the mountains. The coke-ovens, over 500 in number, may be seen to the left of the road just before reaching Trinidad.

This city is destined to become one of the leading manufacturing centers that are scattered along the eastern base of the mighty Rockies. In addition to the

unlimited supplies of superior coal and coke, there are to be found, in the vicinity of Trinidad, iron ore, exhaustless in quantity and of superior quality, cement, fire-clay, zinc, lime, gypsum, marble, building-stone of the finest quality, mineral paint, graphite, and numerous other valuable minerals. The city is located in a beautiful little park on both sides of the Purgatoire, the business portion being largely confined to the east side, and the residences on an elevated plateau on the west, nestling close in to the foot-hills.

PUEBLO

Is 680 miles from Fort Worth. Situated as the town is, no prophetic assurance of her future wealth and importance is necessary. The immense riches of the great mining districts of Leadville, Ouray, Aspen, Silver Cliff, and others are poured down to Pueblo smelters for reduction. Humanly speaking, mining is yet in its infancy in Colorado, and when the vast resources of the region tributary to Pueblo are developed, that city will become the Pittsburgh of the West. Infinite riches in every description of ore surround her on all sides, while the alert, plucky spirit of her citizens will, in the near future, lift her into prominence as a great manufacturing center. It is not given to many towns to be so richly endowed, so highly favored in all the advantages which tend to material prosperity; a small empire of the most valuable ores, precious and baser metals, are tributary to her.

COLORADO SPRINGS

Is 723 miles from Fort Worth. The town is situated upon a plateau some 6,000 feet above sea-level, and contains about 10,000 inhabitants. It is purely a health resort, and one of the most noted in Colorado. There are no manufactories here. In 1889 there were 157 clear days, 169 fair days, 40 cloudy days. This average is superior to anything found in Switzerland. The town is beautifully laid out, with wide streets and avenues. In one particular, Colorado Springs differs from very many resorts; it is essentially a city of homes. While the tourist will find excellent hotels and private boarding-houses, he will also discover that house-keeping is made easy here, if one desires the privacy of a home.

With the unexcelled climatic and sanitary conditions—pleasant days full of sunshine, no dew, no dampness, no malarial surroundings—another feature which tempts the invalid to a healthful outdoor life, during both summer and winter, is the inviting beauty of the town itself and its immediate surroundings. Nowhere can there be found greater and richer accessible scenic attractions than in Colorado Springs and its immediate neighborhood.

Chiefest among the many attractions in the immediate neighborhood of Colorado Springs is

MANITOU,

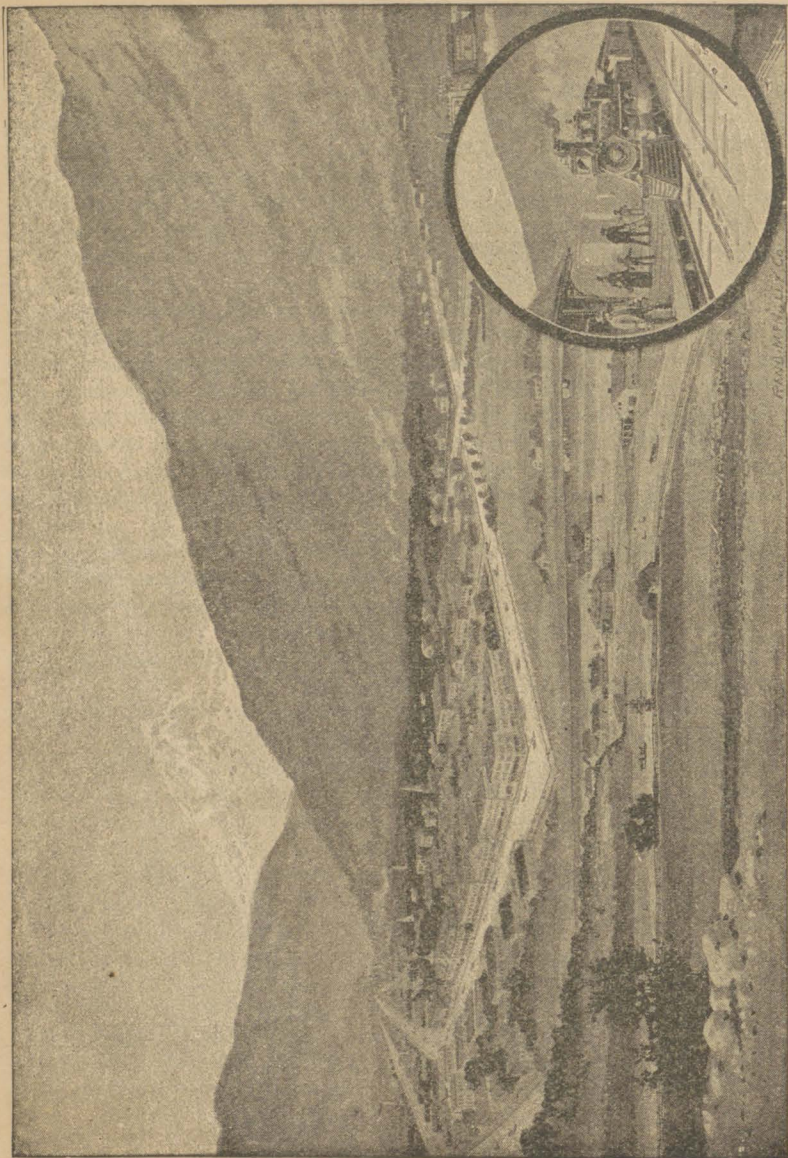
Six miles distant, connected with the first-named city by two lines of railroad and an electric railway. Few resorts in the United States can boast so many distinguished visitors as Manitou. Its location in the heart of the Rockies, in the very presence of the most majestic scenery in this broad land of ours, the near uplifted splendor of Pike's Peak, the prince of the range, its bubbling fountains of medicinal waters, the wondrous caverns near by, the mountain glens on every side, are alone sufficient to give it enduring fame. Fitz-Hugh Ludlow, that brilliant young American, who filled an early grave, said, twenty years ago, in his "Heart of the Continent:" "When Colorado becomes a populous State, the springs of the Fontaine-qui-Bouille will constitute its Spa. In air and scenery no more glorious summer residence could be imagined. The Coloradian of the future, astonishing the echoes of the rocky foot-hills by a railroad from Denver to the springs, and running down on Saturday to stop over Sunday with his family, will have little cause to envy us Easterners our Saratoga, as he paces up and down the piazza of the Spa Hotel, mingling his full-flavored Havana with that lovely air, quite unbreathed before, which is floating down upon him from the snow-peaks of the range."

The tourist of to-day enjoys the literal fulfillment of this prophecy.

The most famous spot among the environs of Manitou is unquestionably the Garden of the Gods. Its glories have been celebrated for years by painter and poet. Nature, in some lightsome mood, seems to have amused herself by fashioning grotesque architecture. These quaint and curious monoliths rise from perfectly level ground in many-sided imagery.

Hotels, private boarding-houses, and cottages abound at Manitou; the tourist has only to make choice of the way and manner in which he will live.

A wonderful piece of engineering skill is now completed. This is a railway from Manitou to the summit of Pike's Peak, about eight miles distant. It eclipses any railway of the kind in the world, as regards length and steepness of ascent. The railway starts near the Iron Spring Hotel, and, winding through wild gorges and clinging to the mountain side, finally lands the traveler on the summit, 14,147 feet above sea level. This airy railway is 8.07 miles in length, and of standard gauge—4 feet 8½ inches; the grade or road-bed all the way up the mountain is from fifteen to twenty feet in width, and the ballast is as lasting as the mountain. The maximum grade is twenty-five per cent; the minimum, eight per cent. There are three engines, twenty-four tons each, built at the Baldwin Locomotive Works, and six passenger coaches, with a capacity of fifty persons each. These coaches are elegantly appointed and upholstered. The rails are forty-pound steel. Instead of being an ordinary traction railroad,



Idaho Springs, Colorado—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

this is worked by cogs in the engine working into cogs in the track. The entire road-bed is anchored, the brakes are of the most improved order, and there is not the least particle of danger.

Mrs. Catherine Cole gives the following graphic description of the view from the summit of the peak; "It is not very comfortable walking about on the top of the peak. It is bitter cold—the peak one mass of stones—but the view is unrivaled. Manitou looks like a lady's lace handkerchief tossed down below the mountains. And out on the plains, Colorado Springs, with its wide, even streets, looked like a chess-board, and the fine Queen Anne hotel and other æsthetic buildings seen through a powerful glass, might not inaptly be termed the 'castles and pawns.' The 'Spanish Peaks,' in New Mexico, full 200 miles away, stood out in great hazy blue shadows against the dazzling sky, and the western horizon was marked by the 'Snowy Range', one of the most beautiful and picturesque chains of the Rocky Mountains, lying like a tumbled mass of purple clouds, dappled and flecked with snow-white. Here and there little towns could be easily distinguished by the steam-like smoke hovering over them, and Denver, to the north, nearly 100 miles was also visible."

There are innumerable walks and drives all around Manitou; they are so numerous that space forbids particular mention. Among these suburban retreats, Cascade Cañon, a charming spot, and lovely Green Mountain Falls must not be forgotten.

The ride from Colorado Springs into Denver is a succession of scenic wonders. From the car windows one beholds a magnificent panorama of superb mountain scenery—a grand array of lofty mountain ranges, from Long's Peak in the North to the soft outlines of the Spanish Peaks in the distant South.

DENVER.

Denver, with its 135,000 inhabitants, is the social and commercial center, not alone of Colorado, but also of the outlying Territories, and is called the "Queen City of the Plains." Its elevation is 5,170 feet above the sea level. It is the gate to the mineral and scenic phenomena that have made the Rocky Mountains famous. In addition to its other advantages, it has a peerless climate, more conducive to outdoor enjoyment than any other known locality. It is situated on the plains at the foot, and almost within the shadow of the "Mighty Hills," which protect it alike from the extremes of summer and winter weather. The streets are long and level, and on either side are rows of shade-trees, nourished by streams of running water, casting a shade alike upon the mansion and the cottage. The business part of the city is paved, but in all the residence portion no paving is used, the natural road-way has been improved, and there is no other city whose thoroughfares are as clean, smooth and solid. Its hotels are excellent; in fact,

they have all the improvements and modern conveniences possessed by the large hotels in the East, and the best ones would be first-class even in Chicago, St. Louis, New York or Boston. Its schools, churches and opera houses are the finest in the West. It has many suburban resorts which are reached by cable or electric lines.

From Denver there is an unbroken view of the Rocky Mountains for nearly 300 miles, reaching from beyond Long's Peak on the north to the far-off range on the south. This lovely mountain view is an every-day affair to the citizens of Denver, but nowhere in the world can its beauty and grandeur be surpassed.

HEALTH AND PLEASURE IN COLORADO.

So much has been said and written about the climate of Colorado, that it would seem like questioning or reflecting upon the intelligence of the public to offer anything further. It is easy to write an apostrophe on health, and suggest that which every one knows and concedes to be a fact, that health is priceless, yet oftentimes wantonly sacrificed.

The entire Rocky Mountain region is a sanitarium. The summer's sun shines out from a sky as bright and clear as far-famed Italy, but shorn of its power; its fierce, burning rays are tempered to the mildness of May. The mountain breezes, laden with the odors of the pine and cedar, are crisp and refreshing. It has become a trite saying, that people come to Colorado for health, wealth, and pleasure.

Here are peaks that have never been scaled, lakes whose depths have never been sounded, parks more beautiful in Nature's outline than ever conceived by the genius of man.

All this is open to everybody. Freedom absolute and unbounded. It is a perfect happiness to enjoy it—to live without restraint beside clear, sparkling streams and placid lakes, beneath the shadows of snow-capped peaks, a carpet of softest verdure beneath our feet, and soft, balmy breezes sighing through the pines and cedars, and anon clambering to the very summit, amidst the snows of untold ages.

The scenery in which one is permitted to revel is awe-inspiring in the extreme. Amidst it all, health returns, and life is lengthened by a short sojourn to the mountains of Colorado.

The tourist will remember that there are hundreds of charming resorts all over the Union Pacific System in Colorado—quiet retreats, where one may take the family for the summer at an expense which will not be more than the average expenditure at home. The following is a complete list of tours embracing all the more important resorts—places where the invalid, the pleasure seeker, the sportsman, and the tired business-man can find their hearts' desire.

ALPINE TOURS.

The Union Pacific System will sell at greatly reduced rates, during the summer season, a series of excursion tickets called "Alpine Tours," covering the principal points throughout the "Switzerland of America." Stop-over privileges will be given within the limits of the tickets. The tickets will be good for thirty days from date of sale, and will be sold to holders of first class excursion tickets over the Union Pacific. These tickets may also be purchased at Colorado Springs or Pueblo, from the ticket agents of the Union Pacific System at these places.

The following grand tours are afforded: First Alpine Tour comprises the South Park Division of the Union Pacific System, through the wonders of Platte Cañon, over Kenosha Hill, through South Park, via Como, to Alpine Tunnel, and the glorious scenery of "The American Alps" as far south as Gunnison. From Gunnison, the return trip is made to Como, and from Como to the magic city of Leadville, and from Leadville, via Como, back to Denver.

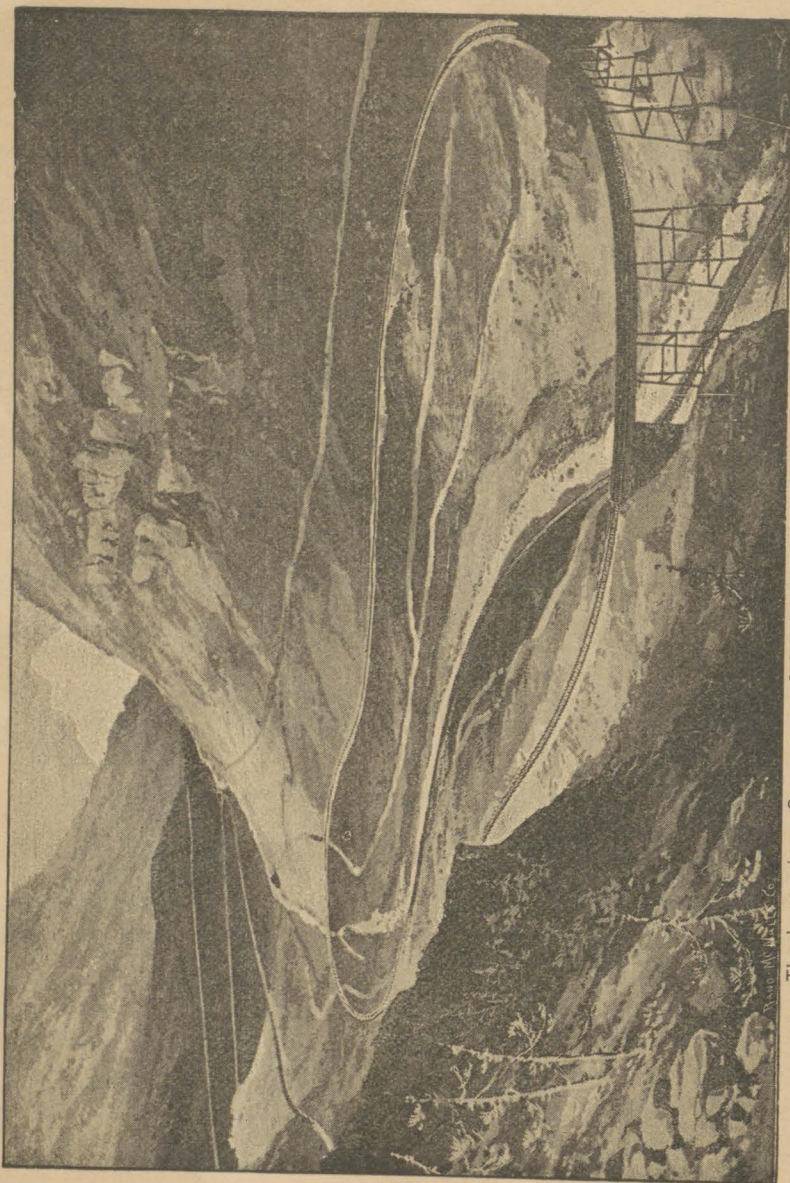
Second Alpine Tour: From Denver up Clear Creek Cañon, via Golden and Forks Creek, to Idaho Springs, Georgetown, Silver Plume, Graymont, and Gray's Peak. Returning from Graymont to Idaho Springs, a detour of six miles is made to Central City by stage, and from there by rail down a branch of Clear Creek Cañon to Forks Creek, and thence back to Denver.

Third Alpine Tour: From Denver to Boulder and Sunset, returning by way of Fort Collins and Greeley to Denver.

The tours embrace in their extent the grandest scenery in Colorado, whether of mountain height, picturesque cañon, or beautiful valley. The points named are easy of access, and the train service of the Union Pacific unsurpassed for punctuality and comfort.

The first tour over the South Park Division brings the tourist into a veritable Switzerland.

Twenty miles from Denver is Platte Cañon, and through this sinuous rift in the mountains rushes the Platte River, dancing out of its shadowy channel into the full light of the valley. The South Park branch, which is the short line to Leadville and the Gunnison country, enters the cañon where the river leaves it. The general aspect is much like that of Clear Creek Cañon, of which it is a friendly rival. It is the same in being a rocky chasm, its bed a rushing stream, but different in its wild contour. To reach Platte Cañon, the trains pass through the western suburbs of Denver, skirting the wooded banks of the Platte, and twenty miles out enter the sombre cañon between lofty and forbidding walls, which continue for fifty miles, receding at times to make room for picturesque little hamlets like Deansbury, Buffalo, Pine Grove, Slaghts, Grant, Kenosha, and Como. At all of these places tourists can be accommodated, and trout and game abound.



The Loop, above Georgetown, Colorado—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

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At times the train seems about to dash against the face of the cliff, but following the heavy steel rails, it turns suddenly and passes by in safety. The way through the cañon is a series of graceful curves, close to the overhanging rocks, often crossing the turbulent Platte River. In places the tops of the cañon almost seem to touch, and exclude the sun. The cañon is a geological study; the different formations and the terrific forces which have combined them tell their own stories.

Dome Rock is like the top of a buried mosque, and is as regular in shape as if fashioned by the hand of man, except that one side is partly broken away. Cathedral spires are in sight for miles, despite the winding of the cañon, and keep reappearing long after they are passed.

This cañon affords fine opportunities for camping out. There is shade in plenty, trout, game, and bathing, and good board to be had at neighboring houses. But the best way is to live in a tent, and hire a servant to do the cooking; or, in one of the many comfortable and inviting furnished cottages for rent at the stations along the railroad in Platte Cañon. This is especially commended to the invalid tourist. There are fifty miles of this varying panorama, and after the train climbs Kenosha Hill, South Park is seen stretching away, one vast and level picture, as different from the cañon as night is from day. This wonderful park can be seen from the line of the South Park Division of the Union Pacific for a distance of nearly forty miles. The road just skirts the park so that the view extends clear over it. South Park is soft in coloring, magnificent in its sweep of distance, clothed in summer's velvet, trimmed with the ermine of never-melting snow, shaded by promontory, and flecked by countless herds of cattle. It is one of Nature's masterpieces, and to those who love the quiet of beauty rather than its ruggedness, nothing will be found more impressive. At Como the railway diverges, one line leading to Gunnison and the other to Leadville.

Leaving Como for Gunnison, the little towns of Garos, Schwanders, and Buena Vista are passed, and Mount Princeton reached.

MOUNT PRINCETON HOT SPRINGS

Are situated on the Denver and South Park Division of the Union Pacific System. 135 miles southwest of Denver. The springs are in a beautiful valley at the foot of Mount Princeton, one of the grandest mountains in the Continental Range, and have an altitude of about 8,000 feet. These springs, some forty in number, are distributed over a distance of about one-half mile, in the heart of the valley. The total flow is estimated at 1,000,000 gallons daily, the mean temperature being about 130° Fahrenheit. These waters, both by analysis and by practical test, have shown themselves equal in all respects to those of the best hot springs yet discovered.

Chalk Creek, a lovely mountain stream well stocked with trout, flows for three miles through the property. There is a fine hotel, lighted with electricity, heated with hot water, electric bells, hot baths, and all modern appointments. The swimming pool has an area of 190 by 300 feet; a lake, fifty acres in size, furnishes entertainment in boating and fishing; there is a good carriage-road to the observatory on the summit of Mount Princeton, 14,192 feet above sea-level.

These springs have proved an infallible cure for rheumatism and all kindred diseases, the most acute and aggravated cases having, in many instances, yielded to their curative powers.

These waters have also shown themselves to be a powerful remedy for cutaneous diseases, dyspepsia, catarrh, and many others; in some instances, even severe cases of paralysis have yielded to this treatment.

Leaving Mount Princeton, a long, slanting tangent leads to a lofty hole in the mountain. On a little farther, and a plunge is taken into the blackness of Alpine Tunnel, shooting through the rocks at a height of 11,623 feet. Snow lines in perpetual banks on either side, but flowers bright and fragrant fill the frosty air with their perfume, and light it with their colors. Somewhere along the way the seasons clasp hands, for, though it be summer in the valley, it is not summer here—only that these flowery tokens sweetly defy the nipping chill. Except in the South American Andes, this tunnel is the highest railroad point ever attained. The tourist enters from the Atlantic slope, and emerges upon the Pacific. The point of change is in the center, and the impetus tells the moment it is crossed. The engine, just before goaded to its work, has now to be held in severe check by the engineer. Two drops of water, such as continually fall from the roof, are hanging but half an inch apart. Trembling in the cold and blackness, they loosen their tiny hold and patter down. They were neighbors, but after hesitating a second, each starts with its fellows, and when they finally reach the ocean there is the span of a continent between them. The actual length of the tunnel, aside from its approaches, is 1,773 feet. The 70,000 linear feet of California redwood lining was brought up on pack-horses, over trails which had known the touch of no hoof save that of the mountain sheep, and where man himself had scarce dared to venture. Operations were carried on from both ends, and, despite the curvature, when the respective gangs first caught the flash of the other's lamps, they were less than one inch out of the line the engineer had mapped out for them. The great expense was only warranted by the greatness of the country, which is now fastened to the outer world by this link of darkness. After passing the tunnel, on the way to Gunnison, the Palisades, Quartz Valley, San Juan, Uncompahgre, Hair-Pin Curve, and Juanita Hot Springs are objects of interest which the tourist should see.

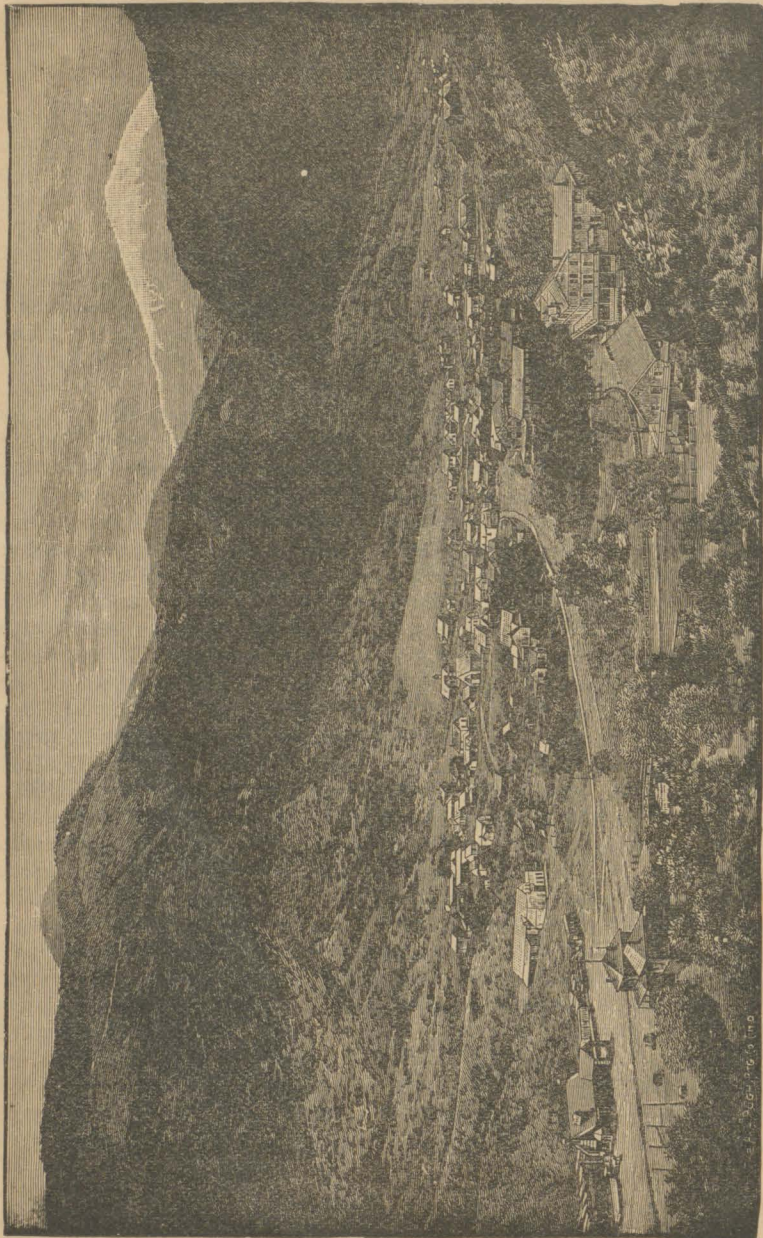
Gunnison is a busy little city of 2,000 souls. Its coal supplies are inexhaustible, while gold and silver underlie its hills. As the site for immense steel-works, its future is assured. Already it boasts of gas and water works, and such a hotel as would be first-class in any city, and is a good rendezvous for hunting and fishing parties.

Starting again from Como, the other line runs to Leadville, passing through Breckenridge, which is a mining town of considerable importance, with a population of 2,000. The elevation is 9,524 feet. An object of interest to the tourist will be found in the museum of Prof. E. Carter. The professor's collection consists of carefully preserved specimens of beasts and birds found in Colorado only. Many of the species in this exhibit are now extinct.

The finest panorama, perhaps, in Colorado unfolds as the tourist leaves Breckenridge. This is the famous High Line, where the tempestuous loveliness of the mountain scenery bursts upon the astonished traveler. To the west, the Snowy Range extends as far as the eye can reach. In this range, in plain view, are a number of the highest peaks in Colorado. One of the most noted mountains is the Mount of the Holy Cross, which can be seen from Robinson Station, a few miles from Leadville. This is one of Colorado's wonders. The elevation of this mountain is 14,176 feet above the sea-level.

Quoting from Mr. Ernest Ingersoll: "It is the Mount of the Holy Cross, bearing the sacred symbol in such heroic characters as dwarf all human graving, and set on the pinnacle of the world as though in sign of possession forever. The Jesuits went hand in hand with the Chevalier Dubois, proclaiming Christian gospel in the Northern forests; the Puritan brought his Testament to New England; the Spanish banners of victory, on the golden shores of the Pacific, were upheld by the fiery zeal of the friars of San Francisco, the frozen Alaskan cliffs resounded to the chanting of the monks of St. Peter and St. Paul. On every side the virgin continent was taken in the name of Christ, and with all the éclat of religious conquest. Yet from ages unnumbered before any of them, centuries oblivious in the mystery of past time, the cross had been planted here. As a prophecy during unmeasured generations, as a sign of glorious fulfillment during nineteen centuries, from always and to eternity a reminder of our fealty to heaven, this divine seal has been set upon our proudest eminence."

Leadville is best reached from Denver over the South Park Division of the Union Pacific System, and the distance is 151 miles. The altitude of Leadville is 10,200 feet above the level of the sea. The climate in winter is much milder than that of the Middle or Eastern States. The population is over 20,000. Leadville is one of the largest mining camps in the world, and within a decade has grown from a mere cluster of miners' cabins to a cosmopolitan city, possessing all the



Manitou Springs, Colorado—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

conveniences of an older place, with gas, electric lights, fine business blocks, elegant private residences, churches, banks, theatres, and good hotels. In fact, Leadville is one of the wonders of the nineteenth century. A visit to Colorado without a sight of Leadville is incomplete, as there is much to inspect in the noted mines and smelters, aside from the charming scenery. Evergreen Lakes are readily reached by a stage-drive of six miles over a good road; and Twin Lakes are also accessible.

From Leadville the return trip is made via Como to Denver.

The second tour leads the traveler through the impressive scenery of Clear Creek Cañon, the most magnificent gorge in Colorado.

CLEAR CREEK CAÑON.

In the old days, one took the stage up Clear Creek; and, although there was a boulder or two to be met with, and the creek to be crossed every few hundred yards, it was considered a good road, as roads went in the early '60s in Colorado. Up this narrow defile came a steady, continuous procession of heavy-laden wagons, with supplies of all sorts for the mining towns. It is the one cañon nearest Denver accessible to the tourist. It is fifteen miles to Golden, across a level stretch of country, which does not look much like a "desert" or a "dry, void tract," but rather suggests some cozy valley in the far East—comfortable farm houses, fields of waving grain, shady groves, and running streams of water. From the observation car can be seen the smoke of young leviathan Denver behind, as the train heads for those towering foot-hills—the outer sentinels of the great cañon beyond in the mountains. It flashes into Golden—famous as an old "camp," now a thriving, prosperous town. The town lies on the site of an ancient lake; around the base of the mountain-walls surrounding the town may be seen the water mark of prehistoric floods. From here we plunge at once into the gorge, and for nearly sixty miles follow this picturesque marvel. There is nothing like Clear Creek Cañon in America. It is not exaggeration to say that, for wild, rugged scenery, Nature in her most majestic mood failed to provide its equal, and it cannot be described. The skilled *litterateur* may throw together masses of gorgeous words, as if to rival the grandeur of those rocky fortresses, but words seem puny and inadequate. And, after many a day dream, when one is restored to the quiet of home, the effort to place the picture again before the fancy is fruitless; there remains a vision of a resistless mountain torrent rushing madly down a wild chasm, which can be likened only to one of Dante's appalling scenes in the "Inferno;" overhead a haunting hand's breadth of gleaming sky; the grim walls, close enough to touch at times as you flit by; the fantastic shapes carved upon mountain, bold profiles and fairy castles; the tranquil summer-

land into which you occasionally dash, when the cañon widens into a few brief acres, green, shady, inviting; a passing glimpse of a dazzling snow-summit, far away in the upper ether—these, and more, one may recall, and still there remains an indefinable sense of something elusive that you have not held fast, and can not describe. It is the spirit of beauty, the power of pure, ennobling scenery, which can not be taken away from its home, or ever reproduced in words.

At Forks Creek, twenty-nine miles from Denver, a branch of the cañon shoots off to the right. Here a car or two go to Central City and Black Hawk, eleven miles distant. The next point made is the far-famed Idaho Springs. Gashed, seamed, and rent are the mountains in every direction, but a lovely plateau of a hundred acres is left in the valley—ample room for a beautiful town. The grim outline is softened by a view up no less than five cañons, and the sides of these steep defiles are green with mountain pines and shrubs, which cling, in all sorts of impossible places, to their mountain home. Denver was left, two hours since, at an altitude of 5,203 feet above the level of the sea; Golden was 5,665, Forks Creek 6,880, and here, at Idaho Springs, 7,543—a rise of 2,373 feet in thirty-eight miles. The grade up which the engine labored so sturdily is at some points 217 feet to the mile.

The delightful situation of Idaho Springs, at the debouchment of Clear Creek Cañon, which widens into a beautiful valley, is at once observed by all visitors. The peculiar fitness of the spot for a health resort is admirable. It is well protected by surrounding mountains—on the north by towering Bellevue, on the south by gently receding ranges, whose continuity is broken by the gorges through which Chicago and Soda creeks have carved their courses. Away and beyond the nearer mountains, lofty peaks lift their heads in a greater than Alpine glory. On all sides there are manifestations of the terrific and transforming power of Nature, in forms that are beautiful and rugged. And to reach this quiet spot, buried in among the grand and uplifting scenery of mountains, where even an anchorite might draw inspiration and drink in love of living, one must travel only thirty-eight miles from Denver, in the elegant coaches of the Union Pacific. No health resort in the world possesses a finer climate. The air is pure, and without undue moisture—what is called, in common parlance, “a dry atmosphere,” adapted to the needs of those suffering from bronchial troubles. There is no excessive heat in summer, the average temperature being about 80°. There are no continuous, saturating rainfalls, but rather brief showers, which pass away quickly, leaving clear skies behind them. The nights are cool, and without dampness from dews. If, however, one desires to experience all that he may have imagined the climate of Colorado to be, it is into the autumn months that he should prolong his stay, and not, as is too often the case, hurry away after the first frost, fearful that winter is about to set in. The soft haze of Indian summer is first noticeable in Sep-

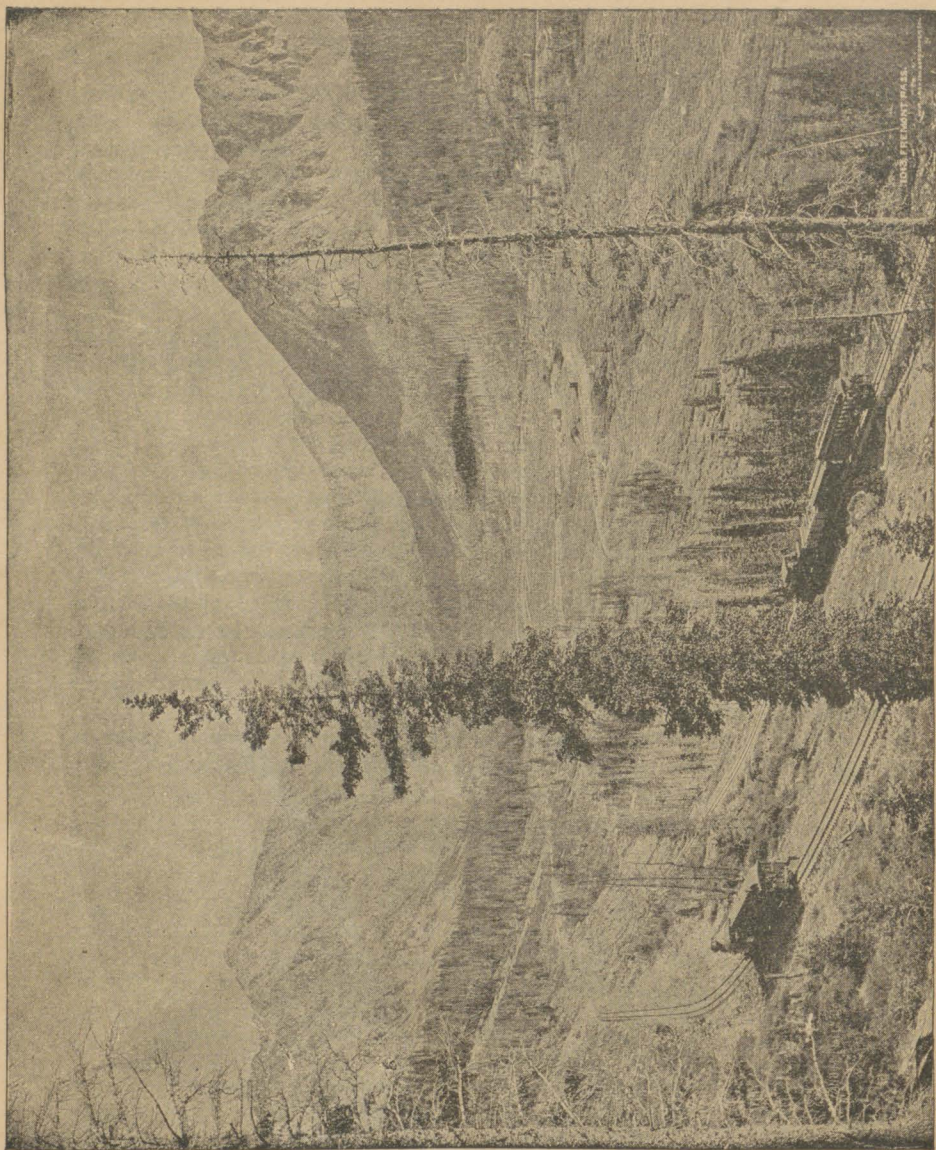
tember, and from that time until near Christmas the days are all that could be wished. The skies are clear, or are only covered with billowy, floating clouds; the foliage on the mountains changes to a thousand varied hues of orange and brown; the pure atmosphere is so transparent that distant objects are brought into full view. These are the days best adapted for climbing to the mountain-tops to view the distant peaks, and it is only after one has had such a trip that he realizes with what scenes of beauty he has been surrounded. During the last of December winter is ushered in with a fall of snow, and from that time until March, may be called winter, though it scarcely deserves that name. The fall of snow is extremely slight, so much so that if any one storm produces enough for three days' sleighing, it is an unusual occurrence. The streets of the town are broad and well kept; shapely shade-trees line either side, at whose roots flows a plentiful supply of water.

The waters of Idaho Springs first came to notice in 1859-60, when that part of Clear Creek Cañon was prospected for gold. Their virtue was unquestioned from discovery. The springs consist of both hot and cold mineral water, and a natural vapor bath and boiling spring in a “tunnel” on the mountain side. The new bath house which has just been completed, furnished with all the modern conveniences, is highly appreciated by the public, and being liberally patronized. The swimming-pools are a favorite resort for those who enjoy that kind of bathing. Thousands of baths are given every year, the bath houses being in use both summer and winter. The number of invalids coming here for treatment is constantly increasing, the curative properties of the waters having been found to cover a wide range of diseases.

An analysis shows these waters to contain chemical constituents similar to those of the celebrated Carlsbad Springs, the following being the proportions to each gallon:

Carbonate of soda.....	30.80
Carbonate of lime.....	9.52
Carbonate of magnesia.....	2.88
Carbonate of iron.....	4.12
Sulphate of soda.....	29.36
Sulphate of magnesium.....	18.72
Sulphate of lime.....	3.44
Chloride of sodium.....	4.16
Chloride of calcium and magnesium, of each a trace.....	
Silicate of soda.....	4.00
Grains.....	107.00

They are used for both drinking and bathing purposes, and have proved to be beneficial in the treatment of dyspepsia, ulcers of the stomach, torpidity of the bowels, disorders of the spleen, liver, and kidneys, biliary and urinary calculi,



Fremont Pass—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

malarial poisoning, rheumatism, paralysis, neuralgia, and the diseases peculiar to women; and of special benefit in disorders of the blood and skin.

But push along for Georgetown, fourteen miles distant. The engines puff and hiss and tremble as they struggle with their load, and cross from one side of the cañon to the other—now dodging behind a gigantic boulder, now creeping under a threatening ledge of rocks, then suddenly rushing to the other side to get a foothold on the narrow shelf at the water's edge, crowding closely to the flinty walls of the beetling cliffs, which rise hundreds of feet above the stream and form many a dome and battlement at their summits. There is no desire on the part of engineer or passenger to make "fast time" on this grade. Fifteen miles an hour is the schedule time, and no accidents have ever been recorded on this line. Georgetown is a handsome town, and full of queer surprises. It seems strange to find in the very heart of the mountains a city of nearly 4,000 people—an active, busy, enterprising place, where the rumbling of mills, the blasting of mines, as the long tunnels and deep shafts are driven into the mountains, and all the elements of a building community disturb the quiet of a land that scarce a score of years ago was known only to geography and to dreams. But now it is thirty-six hours' ride from Chicago, hardly sixty-six hours from either seaboard, while its telegraph and telephone communications make it a factor and partaker in the general business and affairs of the United States. It is a place of permanency; has been built a city—built not only for the town, but as a place of continued and established residence. The bright sunshine, the pure atmosphere, the mountain breeze, the cool, dewless nights, render life in this portion of the Rockies a pleasurable and inspiring existence. During the winter the temperature is even less severe and more equable than the winters of Denver, the city of the finest climate on the continent. The snow fall is so light that sleighing and winter sports are almost unknown, while the winter season by no means interferes with the mine industry. Although the name of the Rocky Mountains carries the idea of inaccessibility, notwithstanding their great size, the points that cannot be reached by trail or wagon-road can be counted on the fingers. The Union Pacific System follows the water-level of Clear Creek into the heart of the mountains, and at the virtual head of the cañon, where Georgetown is situated, every part of the range is reached, not with undue exertion, but with comfort and pleasure. Perched above Georgetown is the famous "Loop," that wonderful piece of engineering skill now world-famous.

Passing above West Clear Creek, with just a glimpse of the picturesque bridge that spans Devil's Gate, the road runs under the great viaduct, and rises and rises until you have left the city hundreds of feet below and to the north; but, with a sudden turn, it is again seen, with the train this time rushing toward the city and still climbing; again a turn to the east, now down ninety feet below is the track just passed; away again on the further side of the mountain, again crossing

to the west side; suddenly turning to the east until the "Big Fill," seventy-six feet high—too sharp a curve for a bridge—has given another circle to the track; then, with a turn to the west, around the slope of McClellan Mountain, still another view of Georgetown, with all the tracks in view each seeming to have no relation to its neighbor, until another valley in the mountains discloses the pretty village of Silver Plume, the close ally and best friend of Georgetown. But the loop is a railway on a "bender"—it is the apotheosis of gyration, the supreme luxury of entanglement—yet all wisely, clearly, skillfully planned—a wondrous monument of human genius and engineering skill.

Within easy reach of Georgetown is Green Lake, two and a half miles distant. It has been many times called the "Gem of the Mountains." In soundless calm it lies, 10,000 feet above the humdrum world; caught up and held by the rugged majesty of the mountains, its beauty subdued and softens the great heart of the Rockies, and gives a touch of tenderness and watchfulness to the great peaks that guard its loveliness. On the near shore stand comfortable and convenient houses, a good wharf, well supplied with boats, while its serene and untroubled depths give a home to thousands of mountain trout. While the lake is clear and translucent—clearer than any simile of crystal can express—the basin that holds it is green; the sand is green; the moss that clings to the rocks, or idly floats to the sport of the ripples, is green; and even the tiny drops that fall from the feathering oar bear the same inexplicable tinge that has given this wondrous lake its name. Always beautiful, yet it is only in the declining hours of the day that Green Lake gives a gleam of its spectral and wondrous depths. Then through its clear waters is seen the buried forest, with its stately trees, turned to stone, still erect; but the tall heads and branches, that once bended only to the mountain breezes, now lie in the depths of the lake in the unutterable stillness of the dead.

The lake is filled with mountain trout, and while repaying the tourist amply in itself for the time of a visit, it is within easily accessible distance of other points in the mountains of equal, if not superior interest. One need go but a short distance from the lake to obtain excellent hunting and fishing. About seven miles away is the famous Argentine Pass, to the summit of which a good wagon-road, the highest on the continent, extends. From the top of this Pass is obtained one of the finest views in the world. Before the eye of the astonished visitor lies spread out a grand panorama. Range after range of snow-capped peaks are visible, many of which lift their lofty summits far above timber-line. Just in front is Gray's Peak, one of the loftiest in Colorado. Away to the west rises the Mount of Holy Cross; while far toward the south, seventy-five miles distant, Pike's Peak lifts its solitary head to an altitude of more than 14,000 feet. Still nearer at hand, seemingly at one's feet, but really miles away, is the South Park, one of the great natural gardens of Colorado, surrounded by high mountains; while off toward the east, in the

hazy distance, lie the plains, stretching away in the direction of the Missouri. Near at hand, just off the Argentine road, are the famous mines of East Argentine district. These mines are remarkable from the fact that throughout the entire year the workings are covered with beautiful frost crystals. They will well repay the tourist for the trouble of a visit.

About four miles from Green Lake is the beautiful Highland Park, a favorite picnic resort, to which an excellent trail already exists.

It is one day's staging from Georgetown to Grand Lake, the largest body of water in Colorado, and here the tourist will find every inducement for spending a few weeks in the mountains. The waters of the lake are literally alive with trout, while its numerous tributaries give the "stream fisherman" abundant opportunity for the display of superior skill. On the surrounding hills are found deer, elk, bear, grouse, and other game. Good accommodations at very reasonable rates can be found at the lake, and rowing or sailing boats secured.

Still onward and upward, past Silver Plume, to Graymont, where, fifty-eight miles from Denver, the exalted altitude of 9,771 feet is reached. A comfortable, home-like hotel leaves nothing to be desired in that direction. There is not much of interest to the tourist at Graymont itself. But it is in this vicinity the traveler has revealed to him a vision, the memory whereof lasts him his life-time. It is something to remember, that ride on horseback through the cool mountain air, through devious trail and winding path, in the faint light, until at last you stand on Gray's Peak, that beacon of the range, towering, serene and cold, 14,441 feet above the level of the sea. And when the mountain-tops begin to flush and tremble and glow, and the warm color steals down into the valleys far below, disclosing unimagined distances all aflame with light, you will have known what it is to see the sun rise on Gray's Peak. No description can give any idea of the majestic grouping of mountain light and snowy range, of intermingling valley and cloud rifts, towering pine, and the gorgeous gushes of sunshine suddenly falling like a cascade over all. The vision from these supreme heights is glorious beyond description—a sight from the Delectable Mountains like unto that which the Pilgrims saw.

Returning to Idaho Springs, there is a stage ride of six miles over the mountains to Central City. It takes an hour. One has to go three miles up the steep mountain road, across the summit, and down to Russell Gulch. Gold was first discovered here in 1858, by Green Russell, of Georgia, and the gulch was named after him. It is a noteworthy fact that this was the first discovery of gold in paying quantity east of California. Russell Gulch for a long time was rich in placer diggings, and is still a great center for quartz-mining. The visit of Horace Greeley to this section, in the early '60s, produced beneficent results, and his strongly congratulatory letters drew attention to the unbounded possibilities of Colorado as



Green Lake—Reached via the Union Pacific System

a great mineral producing State. But few remain of the many houses which made this a great "camp" thirty years ago, Central City, as she grew, being a more desirable place of residence.

Three miles more from Russell Gulch brings us into Central City, a town that looks as if the great towering mountain heights resented its being there, and brushed it off when it attempted to crawl half-way up their rugged sides. But the town, down on the level, is strongly and solidly built of brick—the dreadful fire a few years since having demonstrated the danger of wooden buildings. It is the recognized distributing point for the county, and has 3,500 population, out of the 7,000 of Gilpin county. Its mainstay and support are the mining industries which abound in every direction. The city was organized in 1860, and the production of gold from that date to 1888 has been upward of \$40,000,000, the annual product now being over \$3,000,000. The town has all the luxuries and conveniences of a large city—electric light, good hotels, opera house, etc. The mines are all situated within a radius of a mile from Central City. There are twenty-three stamp-mills running in Gilpin county, with 782 stamps, a large proportion of the entire number in the State. The total output of precious metals from Colorado for 1890 exceeded \$30,000,000.

THE GREAT TRAMWAY.

The narrow-gauge railway system of Colorado, with its thousands of miles of road, running across plains, through cañons, and over snow-capped mountains, has been the wonder of the engineering world for some years past, while the small, but powerful, locomotives and the coaches have been viewed by thousands with surprise and admiration. But the attractions of novelty in railroading have lately been transferred from the ordinary mountain roads to a new line built from Black Hawk to the mines above Central City.

The corporation owning this line is known as the Gilpin County Tramway Company, and the stockholders are composed almost altogether of Gilpin county people. The gauge of the line is twenty-four inches, and it has about ten miles of rails laid, with further extensions in course of construction. From the very starting point, at Black Hawk, to its present termination at the California mine, 1,450 feet above, it rises at the rate of one foot to twenty-eight linear feet along its course, the average grade being a trifle over three and one-half per cent, while in places near its terminus, on Quartz Hill, the gain in elevation is fully five per cent. The company has two locomotives, one of ten and one of twenty tons weight, seventy ore-cars, and ten summer excursion cars.

To go from Central City to Black Hawk, one can either walk or ride. The walk will take only a few minutes down the cañon, by the railway it is four and one-half miles—and with good reason, for in that distance the road has to descend

over 500 feet. To accomplish this the track winds around the side of the mountains, down a steep incline, until the level of Black Hawk is reached. Clinging to the mountain-side, the track skirts the edge of the steep declivity. Look out of the window, and there, hundreds of feet below, is the winding cañon down from Central City.

From Black Hawk, we run eleven miles to Forks Creek, and connect with the Denver train.

The third tour is from Denver to Boulder.

Boulder Cañon is reached from Denver, via the Colorado Central branch of the Union Pacific System to Boulder. From Boulder a narrow-gauge road has been built into Boulder Cañon by the Union Pacific System. This cañon can favorably compare with Clear Creek and Platte Cañons, yet it does not equal them in length, massiveness, or height. In one place, a perfect image of Minnehaha comes dashing down from amid evergreen sides, and this spot has long been a rendezvous for picnic excursions.

The road, on leaving the town of Boulder, passes through a beautiful grove, and continues on by Baldwin, Four-Mile Cañon, and Gold Hill until it reaches Penn's Gulch, now known as Sunset. Sunset is an acquisition to the excursionist. Boulder was good before, but with the new adjunct is doubly so. The altitude of Sunset is 7,731 feet, and the view around is glorious. On every hand the mountains are glistening with snow; peak rises above peak, with majesty unspeakable; yet, wearying of these, the eye may turn and be rested by the vastness of the plains and the intervening hills.

Boulder is twenty-nine miles from Denver, on the Colorado Central, a branch of the Union Pacific System. Its altitude is 5,331 feet, and it has a population of over 4,000. It has good hotels, and is a fine summering place. Boulder is the county seat of Boulder County, and a key to the cañon of the same name. It is situated just at the junction of the foot-hills with the plains, thus enjoying the cool breezes from the mountains, while, on the other hand, stretch away green and fertile acres for cattle and crops. Underneath these acres are vast deposits of coal and precious metals, which combine to make Boulder an important mining center. Within a few miles of town are many pretty lakes, dotted with waterfowl. The Seltzer Springs, of Springdale, are ten miles northwest. The waters from these springs are steadily growing in popularity, and are among the best mineral waters in Colorado. Along Jim Creek is the attractive little glen in which they are found, amidst a dense forest of pines, through which runs a fine carriage-road. Stages run daily from Boulder to this point, where there are good hotels and excellent accommodations. Boulder, in fact, is one of the most prominent summer resorts in Colorado. Tourists who spend the summer there are always pleased, and generally enthusiastic in regard to its many beauties and charms.

Going north from Denver, we leave the east branch at Greeley—a clean, handsome town of 2,000 people, perfectly shaded by trees, and turn due west twenty-four miles to Fort Collins, following up the beautiful Cache la Poudre River, fresh, clear, and sparkling from its mountain sources. Here is a soil and a climate that will grow anything in cereals and fruits. There is, in the orderliness, the broadly defined lines of the country, that which reminds one of the choicest parts of New England, only the towns are more thriving than any of the nice-looking but terribly poor hamlets in the older States. This is the garden valley. Here are raised all the vegetables and fruits which supply the dwellers on the high table-lands for many miles around. Down this pleasant plain we sweep—the Sentinel Mountain Chain always on our right—past Fort Collins, with its fine buildings and shaded streets, past many a field of waving grain, and over many a mountain stream, until we back slowly into Boulder. And then, O honest American citizen—you who raved about Switzerland, but never visited Colorado—behold this vision! There is a grandly impressive background of mountain heights, flushed now with a tender play of light and color; the remoter peaks snow-capped, the nearer foot-hills covered with verdure, and at their very feet, nestling in security, is Boulder. As far as you can see down the valley there are silver, shining streams, tiny lakes here and there, and many a fair farm-land outlined in dim repose; back of all, the everlasting hills; before you a noble landscape; overhead a dome as clear and blue as Italy.

TO THE COAST AND ALASKA.

From Denver the Union Pacific System sends a branch north, connecting with the main line at Cheyenne. From thence the tourist pursues his journey westward, over the famous Continental Divide, down into the Great Salt Lake Valley and the City of the Saints.

Salt Lake City is reached from Ogden via the Utah Central Division of the Union Pacific, thirty-seven miles from Ogden. The ride from Ogden to Salt Lake City is one of peculiar interest, passing down the Utah or Salt Lake Valley, sloping gently from the mountains on the one side to the Great Salt Lake on the other. In fact, the railway skirts the shores of the lake for almost the entire distance. Nine miles from Ogden is Syracuse Junction, from which point the Ogden & Syracuse Railway runs to Syracuse Beach, a fine summer resort on Salt Lake. Just before entering Salt Lake City on the Union Pacific, are Beck's Hot Springs, three miles out, where there are good hotel accommodations and fine baths. The medicinal qualities of the water are good, and the place is largely frequented at all seasons of the year. It is well located, and is only a few rods from the railway station.

The famous Warm Sulphur Springs are within the northern limits of the city—about one mile from the business center—and are easily reached by street cars.

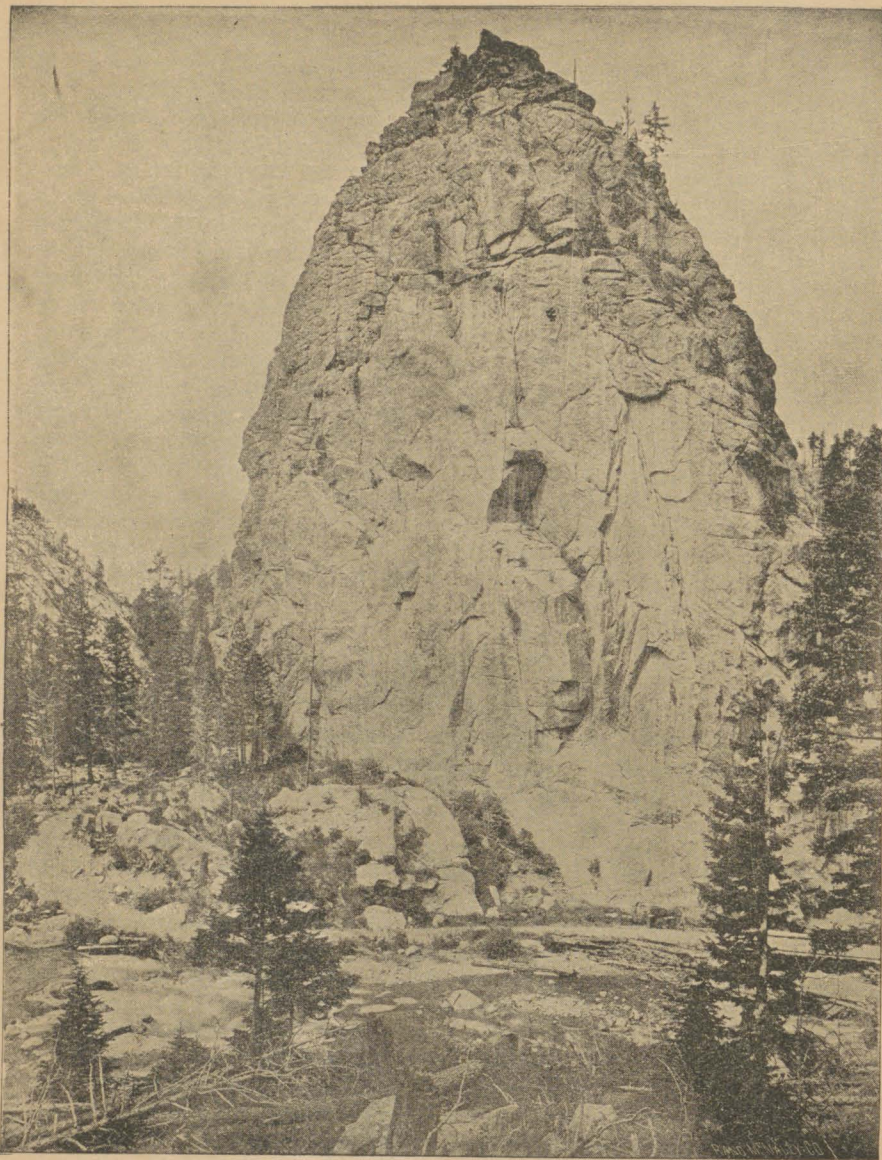
These springs issue from the base of the mountains, and the great virtue of the waters has long been recognized in cases of rheumatism, dyspepsia, catarrh, scrofula, and the entire family of blood diseases. Beneficent effects are experienced both by internal and external application.

Salt Lake City was founded July 24, 1847, by the Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints. The city has a population of about 35,000 people, and the elevation is 4,350 feet above sea-level. Her buildings are fine, both business blocks and private residences, and every indication of wealth is apparent. The points of interest are Fort Douglas, the Great Temple, the Tabernacle, the Assembly Hall, the Endowment House, and Zion's Co-operative Mercantile Institute.

Garfield Beach, or Black Rock, is eighteen miles from Salt Lake City, on the shores of the Great Salt Lake, and is reached from Salt Lake City by the Utah and Nevada Division of the Union Pacific. During the season, trains run back and forth at frequent intervals during the day and evening. It is the only real sand beach on the lake, and is considered by many to be the finest in the world. It should be, and will be, the great resort of the continent. It is not a sullen, listless sheet of water, beating idly on the shores, barren and repellent; but, on the contrary, it is as beautiful a sheet of water as can be found anywhere. The waves are a bright blue or green, and as they dance on its surface it would be hard to tell which color prevails. The water supports no life. Its constant sinking and rising is only one of its many curious phases. The sensation upon entering the water is novel and congenial. In the long sunny days of June, July, August, and September, the water becomes delightfully warm, much warmer than the ocean. It is twenty-one per cent salt, while the ocean is only three per cent. The water is so dense that a person is sustained on its surface indefinitely without effort.

Returning to Ogden, connection is made for San Francisco and Southern California. The Utah and Northern Division of the Union Pacific runs north from Ogden to Pocatello, connecting with the Portland main line. From Pocatello the tourist may go north to Montana, stopping at Beaver Cañon for a ride into the famous Yellowstone Park, the most wonderful spot in America. Great Shoshone Falls are Niagara's peer.

These falls are readily reached by a stage-ride of twenty-five miles from Shoshone Station, on the Oregon Short Line branch of the Union Pacific. The tourist takes this ride in a stage, or by private conveyance. Niagara is different, but not superior. Where Niagara is calm, Shoshone is tempestuous; where Niagara pours over evenly, Shoshone bursts into a million wild jets, each with a diamond's luster; where Niagara is environed by commonplace landscapes, Shoshone dashes from between rocks nearly a thousand feet high, stately and time-stained, and its surroundings are weird and supernatural. Seven distinct channels are to be seen, forming a number of brilliant falls, before the final grand.

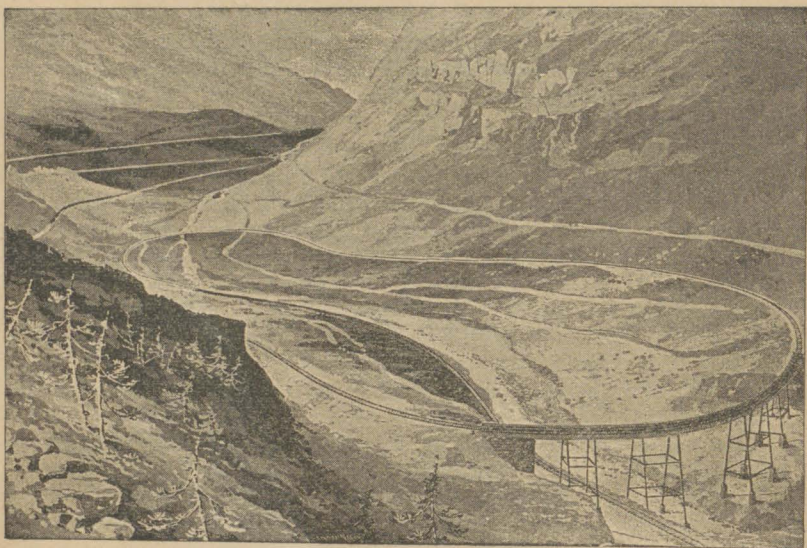


Dome Rock, Boulder Canon—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

reunion of the waters, and so united, over they go, to be lost in the swirl of a terrible surge, to riot in an infuriate whirlpool, and to rise soft as the feather of a bird, and be touched by the sun to splendor.

At Pendleton, Ore., a branch line north is taken, and the marvelous new empire of the Pacific Northwest explored, the renowned Palouse Country and Spokane Falls, the young giant of the North, visited. The journey is then resumed for Portland, and the splendors of the Columbia River enjoyed. The Rhine and the Hudson sink into insignificance beside this lordly stream. And from Portland the Union Pacific will send you on the grandest trip of all—a voyage to distant, magnificent

ALASKA!



APPENDIX.

INFORMATION FOR VISITORS TO COLORADO.

In the past, when but little was known of Colorado and the Rocky Mountain region, it was looked upon only as a place in which to seek fortune or adventure. Now, however, all is changed; many railroads have been built to and through Colorado, and every part of the Rocky Mountain region is inhabited by enlightened people of the highest type of civilization. The pursuit of wealth still goes on; sufficient trout remain in the streams, and game among the hills, to give keen pleasure to the angler and the hunter; and its climate and scenery, which always made this region attractive, remain unchanged. Here, where skies are sunny and nights are cool, is the most delightful place to spend a summer. The mountain cañons may be penetrated, and everywhere is found health-giving air, and the most sublime scenery on God's green earth. It is not the intention in this small leaflet to enter into any description of localities, but only to mention a few places where "the summer boarder" may find a home where earth, air and water all combine to make restful the needed vacation. For descriptions, we refer to the many illustrated pamphlets describing the attractions of this great sanitarium of Nature.

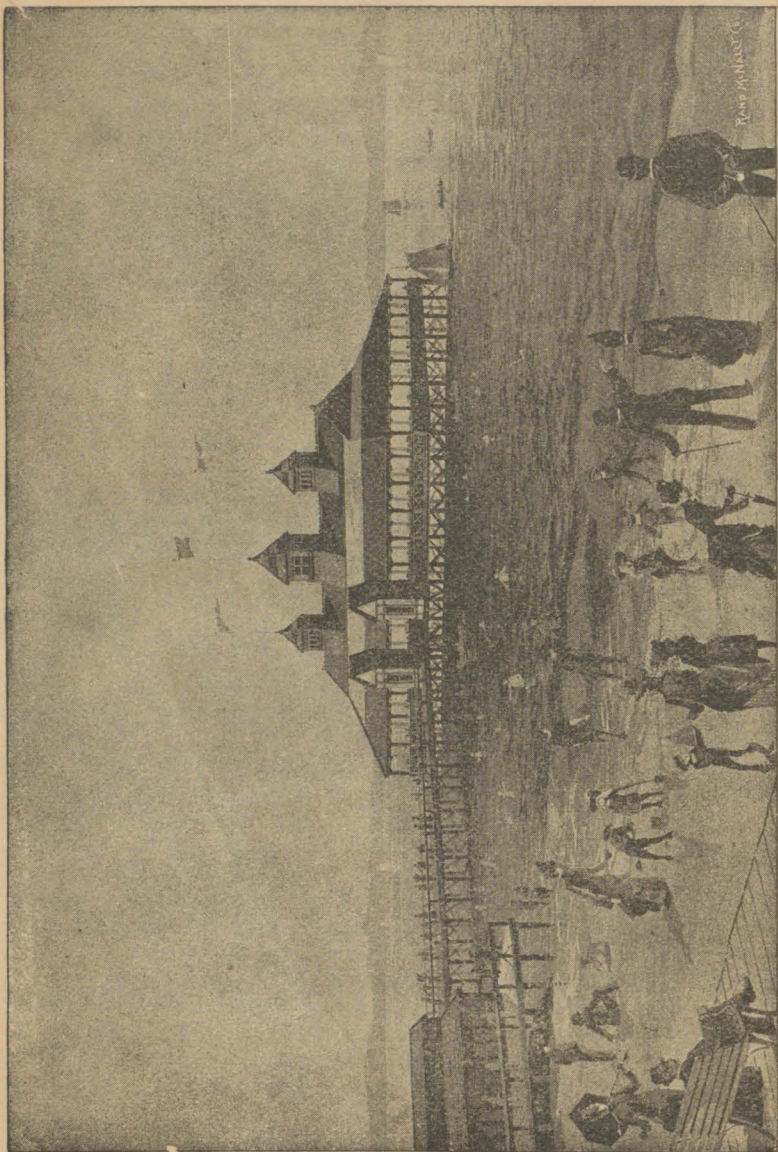
Persons who do not desire to spend their time in the larger cities or more expensive hotels, can always find comfortable and less expensive places by looking them up. The country is large, and the resorts are numerous.

The following comprise some of the towns and villages in Colorado where accommodations may be had for the summer:

BOULDER.—Thirty miles from Denver, at mouth of Boulder Cañon. Population, 3,500. Four hotels, and many boarding-houses. Rates, from \$1 to \$3 per day, and \$5 to \$15 per week. Accommodations for about three hundred. Many points of beauty and interest in Boulder Cañon, near at hand. Situated in a fine fruit and agricultural country.

BRECKENRIDGE.—One hundred and ten miles from Denver, on Blue River. Population, 1,500. Grand surrounding scenery. Good fishing and hunting. Hotel and boarding accommodations.

BUENA VISTA.—One hundred and thirty-five miles from Denver, one hundred and two miles from Colorado Springs, and one hundred and twenty-two miles from Pueblo. Hotels, boarding houses, and cottages. Rates, \$1.50 to \$3 per day, and \$10 to \$18 per week. Situated in the valley of the Arkansas, between lofty ranges of mountains. Contiguous to Cottonwood and Mt. Princeton hot springs.



Pavilion at Garfield Beach, Great Salt Lake—Reached via the Union Pacific System.

VIA THE TEXAS PANHANDLE ROUTE.

BUFFALO CREEK.—Thirty-nine miles from Denver, in Platte County. Wild and beautiful scenery. Two small hotels. Rates, \$1.50 to \$3 per day, and \$8 to \$15 per week. Accommodations in hotels for sixty to seventy visitors, and in cottages and tents for larger numbers. Good fishing and hunting at hand.

CASCADE CAÑON.—Twelve miles from Colorado Springs. Two hotels and cottages. Rates, \$3 to \$4 per day, and \$15 to \$21 per week. Accommodations for about two hundred and fifty. A romantic and picturesque spot at the foot of Pike's Peak.

CENTRAL CITY AND BLACK HAWK.—Forty miles from Denver. Two hotels and boarding houses, at usual prices. The Gilpin County Tunnel, twelve miles in length, with gauge of twenty-four inches, affords a novel attraction for visitors. Good accommodations for a large number.

COLORADO SPRINGS.—Population, 10,000. Five hotels, and many boarding houses. Rates, from \$1 to \$4 per day, and \$6 to \$21 per week. Accommodations for six to seven hundred visitors. Within six miles, are Manitou Springs, Glen Eyre, Garden of the Gods, Ute Pass, Cheyenne and William's Cañons, and Pike's Peak Trail.

CRYSTAL LAKE.—Forty-three miles from Denver and one mile west of Pine Grove. A fine new hotel and cottages. Accommodations for 100 persons. A beautiful lake, which gives its name to the place, is provided with boats, pavilions and all arrangements for amusement of guests.

DENVER.—The capital of Colorado, and the metropolis of the Rocky Mountain region. Population, 135,000. Many large, fine hotels. The climate in summer can not be excelled, and many tourists prefer Denver to any other locality. Hotel and boarding house accommodations for from five to seven thousand visitors.

ESTES PARK.—Twenty miles by daily stage from the railroad at Lyons, and twenty-eight miles by tri-weekly stage from Loveland. A delightful summer climate, and plenty of good fishing and hunting. Hotel, cottage, and ranch accommodations for a large number of visitors, at reasonable rates. A fashionable resort for Denver people.

FORT COLLINS.—Eighty-eight miles from Denver, in the valley of the Cache la Poudre, surrounded by a fine farming country. Population, 1,500. Several good hotels and boarding houses, at from \$1 to \$2.50 per day, and \$6 to \$12 per week. Near by is good fishing and hunting.

GEORGETOWN.—Fifty-one miles from Denver, in Clear Creek Cañon. Population, 3,500. Five hotels and several boarding houses. Rates, from \$1 to \$4 per day, and \$7 to \$21 per week. Accommodations for about two hundred and fifty visitors. Fine climate and grand scenery. Green Lake and other noted resorts near at hand.

N.—Fifteen miles from Denver, in entrance to Clear Creek Cañon. 3,000. Fine scenery and climate. Hotels, boarding-houses, and Rates from \$1 to \$2.50 per day, and \$6 to \$12 per week.

RY.—Fifty-two miles north of Denver. Population, 3,000. Four numerous boarding-houses. Rates from \$1 to \$2.50 per day, and week. Fine healthy location, in plain view of the Rocky Mountains, surrounded by a fine agricultural country.

MOUNTAIN FALLS.—Sixteen miles from Colorado Springs. and tents. Rates at hotel, \$3 per day. A pleasant and romantic scene, surrounded by wild mountain scenery.

SON.—Two hundred miles from Denver, one hundred and seventy miles from Pueblo. Population 1,200. Four hotels and a number of boarding-houses. Rates, from \$1 to \$4 per day, and \$6 to \$15 per week. Accommodations for about three hundred. Scenery going to and from Gunnison unsurpassed. Good fishing and game.

HOT SULPHUR SPRINGS.—Fifty-two miles from Georgetown by stage. Good accommodations. Hot mineral baths. The angler's and hunter's paradise.

IDAHO SPRINGS.—Thirty-seven miles from Denver in Clear Creek Cañon. Population, 1,500. Three hotels and several boarding houses. Rates from \$1.25 to \$4 per day, and from \$6 to \$21 per week. Accommodations for an aggregate of three hundred and fifty visitors. Fine climate. Hot and cold mineral springs, bath houses, etc. Scenery grand. Good fishing and hunting. Chicago Lakes and other noted places close by.

LEADVILLE.—One hundred and fifty-one miles from Denver, one hundred and thirty-three miles from Colorado Springs, one hundred and fifty-eight miles from Pueblo. Population, 17,000. Good hotels, boarding houses, and furnished rooms. Rates, from \$1 to \$4 per day, and \$6 to \$21 per week. Accommodations for a large number of visitors. Fine driving, fishing and hunting. Climate in summer unsurpassed. Scenery magnificent.

LONGMONT.—Thirty-three miles from Denver. Population, 2,000. Surrounded by a fine farming country. Plain view of Long's Peak, and entire range. Hotel and boarding-houses at from \$1 to \$2.50 per day, and \$6 to \$12 per week.

LOVELAND.—Seventy-four miles from Denver, in a rich farming country. Population, 1,000. Good view of Long's Peak and the entire range. Hotels and boarding houses. Rates, \$1 to \$2 per day, and \$6 to \$10 per week. Fine farming country.

MANITOU SPRINGS.—The Colorado Spa. So much has been written about this place, that everyone knows its location, climate, and attractions. Eight hotels and many boarding houses will accommodate fifteen hundred guests, at prices

from \$1 to \$4 per day, and from \$7 to \$21 per week. See guide-books for further particulars.

MANITOU PARK.—Twenty-seven miles from Colorado Springs. Manitou Park Hotel, eight miles from railroad station, by daily stage. Rates, \$17.50 per week. Accommodations for two hundred guests. Beautiful park, in full view of Pike's Peak. Good fishing and hunting.

MOUNT PRINCETON.—One hundred and forty-two miles from Denver, on the Denver, Leadville and Gunnison Branch of the Union Pacific System. New hotel opened this season. Thermal baths and magnetic hot springs. One of the delightful resorts in the Rockies. Board can be obtained at the springs at very reasonable rates.

PINE GROVE.—Forty-two miles from Denver, in Platte Cañon, amid unsurpassed scenery. Four hotels and boarding-houses, with accommodations for one hundred and fifty visitors, and forty two-room cottages for rent. Rates, \$1 to \$2 per day, and \$5 to \$10 per week. Cottages rent unfurnished, \$10, and furnished, \$20 per month. Hunting, boating and fishing close at hand.

PUEBLO.—Population, 35,000. A thriving business and manufacturing center. Many fine hotels and boarding-houses, accommodating large numbers of visitors at reasonable prices. Fine climate, and mineral baths.

SPRINGDALE.—Twelve miles from Boulder, by tri-weekly stage, or carriage. A quiet and delightful retreat among the lofty mountains. Celebrated seltzer spring, and a commodious hotel at reasonable rates.

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS.—One hundred and twenty miles by stage-road from Georgetown. Fifty to seventy-five hot and cold mineral springs. A paradise for the angler and hunter. Accommodations in hotels, cottages, and tents.

TRINIDAD.—Population, 10,000. Business and manufacturing city. Fine climate, and many picturesque places near at hand. Good hotels and boarding-house accommodations for visitors at reasonable rates. The center of the great coal-fields of Southern Colorado and Northern New Mexico.

TENTS of all sizes and kinds, as well as beds, chairs, cooking outfits for camping parties, can be purchased or rented on reasonable terms in any of the larger towns or cities of Colorado.

RAILROAD RATES.—The Union Pacific System makes low excursion rates from the principal cities to all the resorts and mountain towns mentioned in the foregoing. For particulars as to any place or locality in Colorado and the entire Rocky Mountain region, or as to rates of fare, routes, or other information concerning a trip to Colorado, address the GENERAL AGENT UNION PACIFIC SYSTEM, at Denver, or any agent of said line.

The TEXAS

PANHANDLE ROUTE.

REDUCED RATES TO COLORADO.

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE.)

THE tourist should bear in mind, for his own convenience, that THE TEXAS PANHANDLE ROUTE is the only direct medium of transit between the Gulf Coast region and the mountains of New Mexico and Colorado. Excursion Tickets at greatly reduced rates will be on sale during the season, via this line, at all prominent points in Texas, the Gulf Coast region, and the Southeast, to Colorado and other Western tourist territory.

RATES FROM FORT WORTH.

To Denver and return.....	\$ 30 00
To Colorado Springs and return.....	30 00
To Pueblo and return.....	30 00
To Trinidad and return.....	25 00
To Salt Lake City and return.....	57 50
To Shoshone, Idaho, and return.....	67 50
To Soda Springs, Idaho and return.....	62 50
To Halley, Idaho, and return.....	67 50
To Yellowstone National Park and return.....	105 00
To Butte and Helena and return.....	70 00
To Pacific Coast Points and return (San Francisco or Portland).....	80 00
To Spokane, Wash., and return.....	80 00
To Puget Sound Points and Return.....	80 00
To Alaska and return.....	180 00

Holders of our Excursion Tickets can obtain side-trip Excursion Tickets to the following Colorado resorts at the very low rates below named:

TO	Denver.	Col. Springs.	Pueblo.	Trinidad.
Buena Vista and return.....	\$ 9 60	\$ 9 60	\$ 9 60	\$16 65
Central City and return.....	3 15	7 65	10 15	18 10
Idaho Springs and return.....	2 95	7 45	9 95	18 10
Georgetown and return.....	4 15	8 65	11 15	19 85
Graymont and return.....	4 80	9 30	11 80	19 80
Leadville and return.....	12 80	12 80	12 80	19 85

In addition to the above, much lower rates for the Round Trip are made for trips occupying but one day.

For further particulars, apply to

- F. L. LYNDE, Traveling Passenger Agent, P. O. Box 543, Chattanooga, Tenn.
- W. G. RICE, City Ticket Agent, Colorado Springs, Colo.
- A. S. CUTHBERTSON, General Agent, 233 North Union Avenue, Pueblo, Colo.
- J. F. LINTHURST, Agent, Trinidad, Colo.
- D. B. KEELER, General Passenger Agent, Ft. W. & D. C. Ry., Fort Worth, Texas.
- A. J. RATCLIFFE, Traveling Passenger Agent, Ft. Worth.
- GEO. ADY, General Agent, Denver, Colo.

Or to any Coupon Ticket Agent in the South, or to the undersigned:

- S. H. H. CLARK,**
Vice-Pres. & Gen'l Manager.
- C. S. MELLEN,**
General Traffic Manager,
- E. L. LOMAX,**
General Passenger and Ticket Agent,

OMAHA, NEB.

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