

you will see that the Colorado Midland, runs from Colorado Springs to Glenwood. You will also see that the D. & R. G. has a narrow gauge line from Denver via Leadville; thence via Eagle River and the Grand River, also to Glenwood, and still further on to Rifle Creek, about 26 miles west of Glenwood Springs.

The Colorado Midland is a more direct road to Glenwood, but the one via Leadville is easier on account of the grades. This is a part of the D. & R. G. system. It follows up the valley of the Arkansas to Tennessee Pass and thence down Eagle and Grand rivers to Glenwood.

Having enjoyed the opportunity of seeing the objects of interest on the projected new road, a few items concerning the scenic attractions will no doubt be acceptable to the readers of the NEWS.

Those who have traveled over Marshall Pass and down the Black Canyon may think that the new road will lack the novelty of great heights and the deep recesses of rocky canyons, but such is not the case. Having seen them both I am bold to state that the finished part of the R. G. W. system from Leadville west offers the greatest pictorial treat on any line in the same distance in the United States. The elevations of Marshall Pass and Tennessee Pass are nearly the same, the difference of elevation being in favor of Marshall Pass. The climb from Pueblo up the great Arkansas Valley carries you through the Royal Gorge and up Brown's Canyon near the Twin Lakes at Granite and up to the city of Leadville. On each side of the track huge mountains are seen, notably on the west the Collegiate range, and the Peaks near the Twin Lakes, elevation 9350 feet, form one of the loveliest scenes possible to imagine.

Rocky heights of granite line each side of the track all the way from Pueblo. Distant snow capped peaks keep the mind in constant admiration the whole length until Leadville is reached. This is purely and simply a city often in the clouds, the elevation being 10,200 feet—hard on weak lungs and heart troubles—but there is a large population where heart troubles do not seem to be seriously affected by the great height above sea level.

All the surrounding hills near the city are covered with smelters and it is to this industry that the city owes its existence. It is cheerless and dreary, without gardens, and is often covered up by clouds in stormy weather.

It is very doubtful that it will be advertised as a health resort. It demonstrates one fact and that is that the human race stops at no elevation in pursuit of the root of all evil—so-called.

The Midland road runs from here to Glenwood via the main range, thence via Fryling Pan Creek and the Roaring Fork on to Newcastle, where extensive coal beds are being developed. This road is of the standard gauge and is compelled to cross every high range on its western journey.

The D. & R. G. leaves Leadville and crosses the Tennessee Pass, elevation 10,418 feet; thence down through the pines to Eagle Valley, and from the track a superb picture of natural beauty is had when looking over the valley. Eagle River Canyon is reached, steep, precipitous and rocky, covered on all sides with pines. Then comes Red Cliff, a mining town. From here the canyon deepens, the roaring river and sharp curves giving a constant succession of pictorial combinations.

All along the sides of the canyon the evidences of mining enterprises tell of the existence of the precious metals. At Gilman, three miles below Red Cliff, the mills and houses are perched upon the pinnacles of the rocks on the edge of the canyon. These people are indeed the modern cliff dwellers, but of a stripe different from the ancients. Think of mills being fastened to the sides of the cliffs resting upon wooden uprights suspended 600 feet above the valley below. Think of an avillage with women and children playing around and making their homes on the steep sides of perpendicular rocks, and you will glean a good idea of Gilman. Seen from the river below it forms one of the most novel and interesting sights I ever witnessed.

The mineral productions are gold and silver. I was shown a specimen of bromide of silver very rare to find. The inhabitants are a generous, good-hearted people. We find that as far as the contents of their homes was concerned they would rather give you a share than sell you anything. They were old settlers, and had stayed in the country for a long time.

Onward though the canyon the repetition of rocky defiles and seemingly impassable points occur until we open out into the valley of Eagle river down which we ride a smooth track well ballasted and laid ready for the standard gauge. The mountain of the Holy Cross is away to the south. Each side of the river the pines and cottonwoods fringe the banks, covered in almost every place with fine bunch-grass.

The views of different peaks and valleys all along the route are perfection as to combination all the way. No sterility. No barrenness. Every resource that can aid the settler seems to abound, and yet this is sparsely settled.

This route above all others seems to offer the best natural roadway for a transcontinental line, there being a gradual descent from the Tennessee Pass to Green River, a distance of about 300 miles, and over a country as far as Grand Junction of the most attractive character.

About fifteen miles from Glenwood the road enters the canyon of Grand River, near some lava banks—the first I ever saw in Colorado. Up to this point Eagle River is clear, and if full of fish would be a good stream for fishing, but all advertized fishing in guide books is something to be received with caution. Grand River may be full of fish, but as some placer gold washings send their debris into the stream,

I imagine it hard work for a sucker to see any bait twelve inches from his nose.

As it is, the great beauty of the river is lost without the beautiful blue, instead of which a dirty yellow, like a stream after a cloud burst, disappoints the picture hunter.

Without trying to tell of all the attractions of the canyon of Grand River, I am bold to say that it is the peer of any that I have seen in Colorado. It is in many places as high as the Grand Canyon of the Arkansas and much higher than the Black Canyon of the Gunnison; and through the whole run of fifteen miles the mind becomes bewildered with the kaleidoscopic changes that occur at almost every turn of the road. Students of geology will find the different strata of the earth's crust all presented for their admiration. The basic granite and the sedimentary rocks above, marble, porphyry, and a whole catalogue of rocks lie around in wild profusion. The engineering difficulties must have been stupendous. One fact which shows at what cost of life and money the roadway was purchased, is the many graves of forgotten ones that are found along the track—in one place a dozen men are laid away with only the deep roar of the river to chant their requiem and the marble cliffs above for their headstones.

There are three tunnels in the canyon, and they are all located where the finest scenic effects are found. In some places the cliffs are perpendicular, in others sloping gracefully to the river bed, but all of them ponderous and massive. Timber abounds, and gulches on each side contribute side streams of water that trickle down from the heights above.

If I had been the first to pass down this wonderful chasm I should have named it Wonder Canyon; but the canyon of Grand River is the accepted title, and it is wonderful to behold.

Glenwood Springs is a railroad town with a beautiful bathing pool and elegant bath houses built on the site of some immense sulphur springs on the bank of Grand River, the elevation being 5200 feet above sea level. Thousands go to bathe in this health-giving pool, and many say they are cured of rheumatism and other troubles.

The town itself is nearly all stores. The people keep the place lively by buying from each other. There is very little room for farming in the vicinity. Below Glenwood the road at present reaches Rifle Creek, 26 miles west—the gap of 65 miles from thence to Grand Junction has yet to be constructed.

As the elevation decreases melon patches are seen and ripe tomatoes can be purchased. The coal seams at Newcastle are but a beginning of the development of this valuable mineral, for miles upon miles of it can be found in this region.

As far as the eye could reach, the country in the neighborhood of Rifle Creek is similar in appearance to the Price River country. If I could hazard a prediction I would say