we noticed that they painted the lamp-posts red. I asked the driver about it, and according to his explanation what we had taken for red paint was the red heat of the iron, due to the intensity of the sun's rays. After this enlightenment we returned to the depot.

It was most amusing to watch the emigrants in the Union Depot as they flew about, jabbering all kinds of languages, hunting for baggage or children. I put the baggage first, because they were really more careful of that than of their offspring.

Again we plunged into the noise and dirt of another long ride in the cars. Across the State of Kansas we were whisked along through almost endless cornfields, some nearly white by the corn which had popped on the ear by the heat. At least a man said so, but we thought he lied.

Sitting comfortably propped up by pillows in an elegant sleeping-car, I could not help falling into a thoughtful mood. Having just thrown aside an article upon the poor of England, I could but wonder that some philanthropist had not been stirred by that "Caritative Principle," which Professor Dewey used to tell us about, and spent some of his money in sending corn to the starving poor of our "Free Trade" cousins; especially since it could be bought for almost nothing, it being quite common to burn it, to make room for the fall crops, in places where fuel is not plenty.

But soon we were away from civilization, and out upon the rolling prairie, with nothing but sagebush, sky, and prairie dogs to look at. Finally, after many monotonous hours, we reached Pueblo, Col. We arrived in the morning, and having until two o'clock, we availed ourselves of the opportunity offered to visit the Pueblo Smelting Works,—and a very instructive and interesting trip it was.

While waiting for the train to start we were amused at an outfit which was crossing the plains. It consisted of a prairie schooner, a herd of cattle, and thirteen horses and mules, run by five men. They were traveling this way from Southern Texas to Tacoma, Washington Territory. At two the train started, and after a short ride we were set down in Cañon City, our destination.

Having seated ourselves in the Hot Springs Hotel barge, we were soon rattling over the smooth dirt roads toward that hotel. We arrived at the hotel, and determined to spend several days there, it was so pleasantly situated.

Facing the towering cliffs of the foothills, with the Arkansas River running at the doors, one could but sink into one of the numerous arm-chairs, contemplate the scene before him, and breathe a sigh of relief at his deliverance from the hot and dusty railroad. The hotel takes its name from its proximity to several thermal soda springs; and it was from these springs, or rather from the bathing facilities offered at the hotel, that Hermann and I derived our greatest enjoyment. Coming from the bath, we would sit on the piazzas and sigh for a boat in which to shoot the rapids before us, or oftentimes we would climb a thousand-foot pinnacle of rock which towered above us, and there with a book, sit snugly ensconced in a warm corner to wait for the sunset, or the supper bell.

After a three days' sojourn at the springs, we took to our old friend the railroad for a trip up the mountains to the mines.

It was a slow ride, of necessity, with a grade of one hundred feet to the mile and thirty miles of it. The road hangs right on to the face of the cliffs, in some parts of Grape Creek Cañon, and iron rods serve as telegraph wire carriers. Many times we could look out of the window and not see the road-bed at all, but a couple of thousand feet below was Grape Creek dashing along over the boulders in its mad course to the Arkansas River. Such sights do not tend to increase one's desire to go any faster.

Onward and upward through the cañon we go, meeting nothing but rocks and a few scrub cedars, until we almost despair of ever