seeing fertility again; but at last, by a turn of
the road, there lies before us the broad and
fertile Wet Mountain Valley. Eight thou-
sand five hundred feet above sea-level, it
forms one of those so-called parks of the
Rocky Mountains, and is as fertile and beau-
tiful a spot as can well be imagined.

We very soon alighted at West Cliff, and
were driven over to Silver Cliff, to the
Security House, where we quickly settled
ourselves.

As the sun went down it gave us one of
those magnificent sunsets for which the
Rockies are famous; and, indeed, the scene
beggers description, with a vast bank of
brilliant color reflected by the snow-clad
peaks of the Sangre del Christo's.

Quite out of the usual run it was very
chilly after the sun went down,—so cold that
we could see our breath, and overcoats were
in order.

Did we sleep? Yes! we did, somewhat,
and under several heavy blankets, too. And
in the morning we delayed our ablutionary
exercises until about eleven o'clock, when
things had become thawed out.

Within about a hundred yards of the hotel
are the mines of the Security Co.; so our
first duty was to take our hammers, chisels,
and grips, to play the part of specimen fiends.
These mines are very good for obtaining
specimens of horn silver, and we hunted
them all over for it without success. You
see we were hunting for nuggets of a brown,
soapy, soft mineral with a bright, fresh cut
surface, like those we had studied about.
We then asked an old miner to get us a
specimen, and he picked up a black piece of
rock, saying, "You see them little green
plates in thar?" and upon our nodding assent,
he continued, "Them's leaves of horn silver;
we call them greenhorns." Well, to admit
our ignorance would never have done, but
we had thrown away several much better
pieces than that shown us.

The atmosphere at this high altitude was
remarkably clear and very exhilarating.
We took a five-mile walk over to the Bull
Domingo Lead Mine. On the way back we
cought a couple of burros, a small mountain
donkey, and tried to ride them, but unsuccess-
fully; however handsome they may be, burros
are not the steeds for brilliant equestrian
figures.

Our time here was limited, and we were
obliged to get back to the East. Back through
the canons, past beautifully colored sandstone
rocks, and rapid waters, until we reached
Denver. Take up a book upon the West of
twenty years ago and read about Denver,
and then put yourself into a beautiful city of
a hundred thousand people, and a million
dollar hotel in course of construction. This
is a good example of the marvelous develop-
ment of the West.

Leaving Denver, we carried in our car
several foreigners, among whom were a young
Englishman and a German gentleman.
Naturally enough, Hermann and I soon found
ourselves in the smoking room of the sleeper,
and in conversation with our fellow-travelers.
Among other topics, we fell to discussing com-
parative railway facilities in our respective
countries. The German admitted at the start
that comfort, as known in American travel,
was a thing unknown in Europe. But our
English friend did not see it at all. He tried
hard to make us believe that to chalk one's
name and destination on his trunk was as good
as a check system. Then he railed at us for
going so slowly. "Why," said he, "in our
country, don't you know, the trains always go
sixty miles an hour." "Humph," suggested
Hermann; "I should think they'd run off your
beasty little island." The Briton fell back
with the well-known dull, cold thud, which
sent his cigar ash down his collar: one dose
of the American joke was sufficient.

Chicago at last,—peerless Chicago! We
went up to the Grand Pacific and went to bed.
The next day we saw the South Side and
Lincoln Park from "an hawnsom," and drove