

So Boulder is the place to live in. Here you may enjoy prairie and mountain, washouts and dryouts, tremendous winds and dreadful calms: intellectual pursuits, for the State university is here, and suits of an otherwise interesting nature. When I am old and rich, my head crowned with a beautiful silvery gray, my form bending gracefully under the dignity of years, and my feet wending their quiet path towards the sunset of my day, I am going to settle cosily down at Boulder, and some fine morning, rambling among those mighty hills, lie down and, shutting my eyes, fall asleep in those great extended arms of Nature which are constantly inviting one to rest. What nicer could one wish for than that? Yet, when I so express myself sometimes to a certain friend, he excitedly requests me to "shut up," as it reminds him too forcibly of black snakes and green lizards. Poor fellow, he evidently has no taste for the tender and beautiful!

It was Monday afternoon when I reached Boulder, from Longmont, fifteen miles distant. I had my bundle of bedding wrapped up in a rather disreputable horse-blanket, much the worse for wear and tied with a rope. It was a weird sight that evening when, just at dusk, Davis and I carried it through all the back alleys of Boulder to the wagon in which we were to start early next morning for our camping ground. Fortunately, no policeman arrested us, which notable fact I have since attributed to my good and honest looks. The moral is: always put a good face on things, and if you don't possess one of your own, honor your neighbor's as Mr. D. did.

Next morning we were bright and early at the rendezvous, not however before the sun. High in the heavens, he smiled upon us through the deep blue ether, filling our hearts with sunshine at the prospect of a fine day, and as we left the quiet town, whose streets were not yet fully awake to the business of the day, we doffed our dignity and threw it to the winds, and, for the next ten days, became veritable school-boys.

A nice party we were—five in all. First, there was Cassidy. He owned the magnificent team that drew us so willingly, and the waterproof-covered wagon, a better camping outfit than which could not be found in Boulder. He was our driver and master of ceremonies, and the most expert fisher of the crowd.