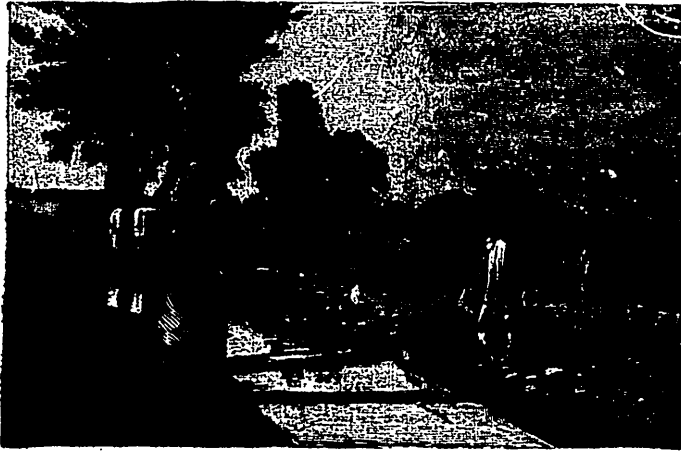


"THROUGH COLORADO."

THE EDITOR.

II.



NEW MEXICAN LIFE.

THE Narrow Guage Division of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway crosses over the borders of New Mexico, and a number of Spanish Mexicans board the train—brown, stalwart, be-ringed, and wearing the broad sombrero, shown in the cut. They talk of their exploits in hunting a murderer with blood-hounds in Hardscrabble Canyon, which gives one the impression of being in a somewhat lawless country. We see wild cow-boys, and bare-headed Indians recklessly riding their fiery mustangs. Their canvas tepees look so diminutive amid the wild grandeur of nature. At the Indian Reserves an occasional glance may be had of the picturesque Ute braves, tricked out in savage finery, with scarlet blankets, gazing stolidly as the train sweeps by. A wealth of lovely flowers at this high altitude—larkspurs, columbines, primroses, mountain daisies, golden rod, and mountain roses carpet the slopes. So close do the railway curves in places come together that a stone can be thrown from the mile-post on one track to that of another on the lower grade.

One of the most magnificent pieces of scenery on the road is the tremendous mountain canyon shown in our picture on page 18, to which the Spaniards gave the musical but melancholy title of Rio de los Animas Perdidas, or "the River of Lost Souls," so named