

Buffalo Park in Platte Canyon, besides ascending Pike's Peak by the cog-wheel railroad. But this was a new way for me to travel, in a dog-cart with Mrs. Gray, all alone by ourselves, and I had never been up Ute Pass further than the Rainbow Falls, which are about a mile above Manitou, so I joyfully replied that there was nothing special in view for the next ten days, and that I should be delighted to go, providing my husband was willing. I did not think he would object as he knew Mrs. Gray to be a capital whip and quite equal to any emergency, she being a Colorado Pioneer, having come out from England about twenty years previously. Mr. Hill and myself were also natives of the "Tight Little Island", but had only lived in Colorado about three years.

Mrs. Gray had all the plans laid for our trip; we were to take some provisions, but not to burden ourselves with any camping outfit, as she intended to always stay at some ranch each night, and it seemed as if a perfect colony of English people had settled up the Pass, for as she spoke of the different ranchmen, whose hospitality she intended to test, she always added after each name "He is another Englishman."

When Mr. Hill came home and heard of the plan he made no objection, so the next afternoon Mrs. Gray drove up in a dog-cart to our door; my small bundle of necessary garments was strapped to the dashboard; the provisions stowed away as carefully as possible so that they should not fall out in case of a possible upset; some straps and ropes put in, that any break in the harness might be repaired; and after many charges from Mr. Hill to be careful, and not to lose our way, we at length set out. Manitou and its scenery is so well known that I shall say nothing more of it, except that any description fails to give an adequate idea of its loveliness. It must be seen to be believed in, and the same may be said of the Garden of the Gods. No photo-