

Hence we ran over to Manitou by the electric railway, catching glimpses of some of those curious monoliths and groups of rocks which constitute "the garden of the gods." The members of our party who drove through the "garden" gave us wonderful descriptions of the sights they had seen, and the remarkable resemblance on a huge scale to various animals. As the afternoon was cloudy, Dr. Riordan and I hurried through the drizzle to the cogwheel railway to make the ascent of Pike's Peak before dark. We were aware that it was probably snowing up aloft, but our scientific ambition would not down, and we were rewarded for our pains. We had some clinical experience, both objective and subjective. Out of a party of about sixty, two were rendered completely *hors de combat*, whilst many more felt "queer." One lady was so prostrated as not to be able to leave the car. She was not in our car, but I was told she had to remain lying down, and that she was very ill. A youth who returned in our car was very faint, and was attacked with cramps and diarrhoea. Whether this latter condition was most due to the change of pressure, the cold, or some irregularity in diet, I cannot say. As regards the subjective experience, when we reached a height of 11,000 feet, I had sensations of giddiness and muscular weakness, and a dull pain over the base of the heart. These symptoms did not increase during the further ascent to the summit (14,147 feet), except the muscular weakness, and I had about the same difficulty in walking into the little refreshment house that one would have after an illness. My friend Riordan said afterwards that I looked pale and pinched, as if I "had been dead about two weeks." I am able to vary the compliment by telling him that his face and throat were about the shade of a half-ripe purple egg-plant—a crimson purple. One of the men who had been engaged in the construction of the railway told me that the workmen could not do more than an ordinary half-day's work in a day, even though they had resided for years around Manitou and Colorado Springs. Before reaching Denver, some of us had found we could not run as far without dyspnoea as we can in Ontario. In some recent issues of the *Globe* and *Mail*, I have seen articles in which these results were attributed to the diminished amount of oxygen per volume of air, and no notice whatever is taken of the mechanical effects of diminished atmospheric pressure on the circulation and respiration. This subject is a complicated one, and would take too much space to discuss it in this letter, and point out the reasons of different effects on different persons (e.g., those recited above), and why the higher altitudes are not suited to persons with weak heart, and to persons of hemorrhagic tendency, and why medium altitudes are so much better suited to some.

Of course we were sorry that the day was not such as would enable us to take in the grand cyclorama which, on a clear day, is spread at the feet