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Sunset Over the Lariat Trail,  
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# VANISHING TRAILS *of* ROMANCE

Legendary and Historical Tales and Events  
Gleaned Along Moccasin-Winged Trails  
of Aztec and Indian and the Blazed  
Trails of Explorer and Pioneer  
Settler in Enchanting  
Colorado

*by*

*Warren E. Boyer*

—  
ILLUSTRATED  
—

GREAT WEST PUBLISHERS

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—  
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TO MY WIFE  
who is  
related to the family of  
George Washington



## FOREWORD

Princely pomp of tradition and the glamour of chivalry, despite common belief, are not confined to the European side of the Atlantic. There is the Old West, with its crumbling adobe castles and deserted eagle-like nests of the primordial Cliff Dweller. The Rocky Mountains are rich in colorful romances of the primitive threshold of a forgotten Yesterday and the vanishing trail of a fleeting Today. Here Toltec, Aztec, Spaniard, Frenchman, Indian and Pioneer American pass in historic review.

Colorado's romantic career in the United States of America is measured through the ages by its inclusion at various times in a score of countries and other geographical divisions, and because Coronado and his Spanish conquistadores set foot upon Colorado soil within fifty years after Columbus discovered America and nearly a century before the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth.

Mythology and history combine to make interesting legendary narratives that appeal to the fancy of young and old. They help the memory by association to retain facts, or alluring, vivify a latent imagination. As a greater incentive thereunto, this volume is respectfully presented—dedicated to the cause of the blazed trail rapidly disappearing. If, by perusal, the reader's vision is quickened to a vivid appreciation of his own country, the object of this work will be attained.



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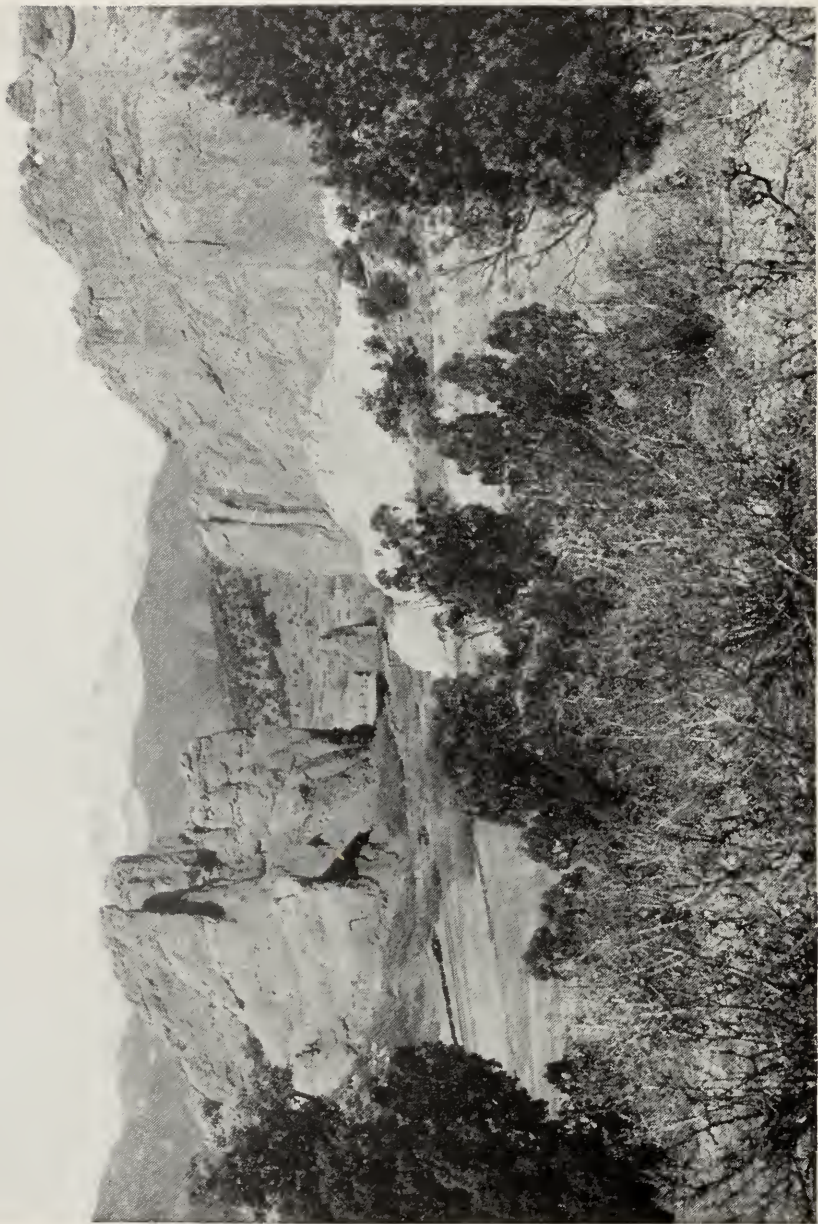
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Pikes Peak, Sky-Stairs of Ancient Worship,  
Viewed From the Garden of the Gods.

## AN AZTEC PRINCESS OF PIKES PEAK

**T**It was toward the close of the twelfth century. The Aztecs and the Tezcucans, kindred tribes, were making their migration from the north and were camped in the shadow of what is now Pikes Peak, in Colorado. They were inter-tribal races of the Toltecs, who had preceded them into Hue Hue Tlapallan, as the Pikes Peak region was called. The Toltec migration at the close of the seventh century had continued southward into Anahuac, the land of Mexico.

The Aztecs and Tezcucans, filled with tribal bitterness and jealousy, nevertheless imitated their predecessors and sojourned in worshipful reverence in the protecting influences and superstitious fears of the great throne-peak. This snow-capped sentinel, according to their traditions, held the sacred birthplace of Huitzilopotchli, their great war-god much like Mars, favorite deity of the Romans.

Superstitions advanced by the priests brought human sacrifices at every unusual omen. Although showing traces of the Toltec tincture of civilization, the warlike spirit, brought on perhaps by the necessity for self-preservation, was further fostered by the belief that special recognition was given in their mysterious hereafter to the heroes who fell in battle or gave their lives as a sacrifice to appease the wrath of the gods.

It was in this environment with its narrowed outlook upon life that Princess-in-the-Sun, favorite

daughter of the Aztecs, awoke one summer morning. She shuddered as she tried to brush the snow from her shoulders. But it wasn't snow at all. Marvel of marvels! Her once flowing black hair had turned silver-grey overnight.

The Princess was held captive in the camp of the Tezcucans as a result of a quarrel between the hunting parties from the rival camps, and she fully realized her impending fate. In the eyes of her people it would be a triumphant passage into the presence of the Sun, during its bright progress through the heavens. There would be festive singing and dancing to speed her on her way. Circumstances weighed against her. Huitzilopotchli was calling. She had been rightly named.

But the priests of the Tezcucans were perplexed. The gods had touched the dusky hair of their prisoner and changed it to a veil of snow, reminding them of the snow-veiled crest of the great throne-peak. What did the gods desire? They feared to harm her, lest vengeance be visited upon them. So they released Princess-in-the-Sun, who started for the skin-covered shelters of her tribe. Now the hair of Princess-in-the-Sun was unusual in that it almost touched the ground and was silky instead of coarse. Caught in the light breeze, it formed a sort of halo, at first startling the crouching Ute Indian known as Little-Bull. But the Ute warrior longingly followed her as his encroaching tribesmen, in their war feathers and paint, stealthily crept up on the worshippers of Huitzilopotchli.

Here, then, seemed to be a world cradle for the Indians as well as for the contemporaries of a race which had shown marvelous skill in Anahuac, in Mexico. Bubbling springs in the shadow of the peak were the recognized manifestations of protection from Mani-

tou, the Red Man's Great Father. They looked upon the spirit that dwelt here as the great protector of their people.

Now the Utes had come from out the land of Utah. They, too, claimed to be wards of the Great Spirit of the towering peak. The bubbling waters of their Great Manitou contained the gifts of trinkets and gems. They regarded the Aztecs and Tezcucans as intruders.

They disregarded the fact that five hundred years previous the Toltecs had lived amid the flashing lightning and deafening thunders when the peak was surrounded by storm clouds; that here was advanced a barbaric culture preserved in Mexican myths and legends. Hue Hue Tlapallan, signifying, in Toltec tradition, something like "Colorful Red Land," through translation into our language becomes "Colorado."

Was not Aztlan, the ancient home of the Aztecs, far to the north of Mexico? Two streams of immigration, one on each side of the Rocky Mountains, flowed presumably from the Pacific Northwest into Mexico. The Aztecs, even after they had been driven step by step into Anahuac, remembered Pikes Peak reverently as the sacred birthplace of their great god, Huitzilopotchli. So the predecessors of the Aztecs regularly sent embassies back to Hue Hue Tlapallan, laden with jewels and other religious offerings. These were placed in the "Seven Caves of Aztlan" referred to in Mexican history and supposedly in the region of Manitou Springs, including a celebrated cave of mysterious winds in what is Williams Canyon.

It so happened that this was the chosen year for the pilgrimage of the embassies from the Toltec descendants in Mexico. Among them was one who found

a responsive yearning in the breast of Princess-in-the-Sun. And now she herself must release her spirit from its bonds of clay and send it to mingle with the Great Spirit of the Sun God. She sighed at the thought of parting from the Worshipful Toltec and wondered if he, more advanced in cultural arts than her people, could save her from the fate to which she had been condemned.

Off there toward the plains, where Colorado Springs has since been settled, tiny curls of smoke rose. It was a ruse of the Utes to get the Aztecs out of the timbered foothills. But it had failed, and now the Indians were closing in on those who sought to worship at the same shrine with them. As they did so the Tezucucans joined the Aztecs and retreated with them over rocky heights in order to get to the Aztec shelters on the south side of a nearby mountain stream, before the Utes arrived.

Into what is now South Cheyenne Canyon went the Princess, trailed by the admiring Little-Bull. The other Utes followed, gaining confidence when they saw that no harm befell their self-acclaimed leader. Princess-in-the-Sun was in the wooded and rock-walled canyons of her people. She climbed the steep gorge on the north side of the stream, and when within sound of the tumbling waters of a series of seven cataracts, she hid from Little-Bull in the hollow end of a fallen tree. The Utes followed Little-Bull, then pushed onward and drew taut their bows when they saw the tribesmen of Princess-in-the-Sun on the opposite side of the splashing waters armed with spears, bone knives and stone hammers.

And while they fought an indecisive battle Princess-in-the-Sun prepared for the traditional and inevit-

able self-sacrifice that she knew her people would expect of her. Eluding Little-Bull, who searched in vain, she cautiously made her way to the first of the crystal waterfalls. Deserted, but realizing the presence of the sunbeams ready to carry her upward as the setting Sun shot its shafts higher and higher on the sheer canyon walls, she leaped.

Chief Wa-Wa-Ho, her father, recognizing her features but filled with superstition, got a glimpse of her as she jumped. So did Little-Bull, who shrieked and hurried away to join his tribesmen.

Princess-in-the-Sun dropped perhaps thirty feet in the spray of the falls—and into the arms of the Worshipful Toltec. Having spied her mantle of silver-grey hair he realized that self-sacrifice must be the end of Princess-in-the-Sun. So he waited in the deep pool at the foot of the falls. The force of the maiden's plunge momentarily sent both to the bottom, but he carried the unconscious form to a small cave nearby. There they hid until nightfall when they began the long journey, in secret, to Mexico, after the Worshipful Toltec had called upon the gods to witness the taking of Princess-in-the-Sun as his wife.

The battle ended when Little-Bull wildly sought to explain and the bewildered Utes withdrew. Superstition made it easy to understand the departure of the Princess, presumably for the realms of the Sun. The fatal end of the conflict explained the absence of the Worshipful Toltec. But the Aztecs thereafter referred to the cascading falls as Princess-in-the-Sun's flowing tresses, once black, but silvered through the magic of the mountain moonlight.

## SMOKE OF UNDYING EMBERS

**C**ERROR gripped the Indian settlement of Go-Two-Ways, on the banks of the Rio la Plata, in what is now southwestern Colorado. Now Go-Two-Ways was so named because here the trail divided, one path leading to the Cliff Dwellings in what is now Mesa Verde National Park, and the other to the Pueblo Bonito, in New Mexico. Ruins of all three places still remain.

It was a thousand years ago, about the time when the Crusaders in far-away Europe were being elevated to knighthood for valorous deeds in their marches for the cause of Christianity. The beating of a crude, skin-covered tom-tom at daybreak hurriedly summoned the tribesmen of the Fire Clan to the underground council chamber. This weird summons was an alarm of spiritual distress, for the ceremonial Fire of Life in the Sacred Kiva of the Fire Clan had gone out. During the night lightning had shattered the underground room and the circular fire-pit was drenched by rain.

When Buffalo-Horn, a commanding youth, saw the devastation at dawn he realized that to save his tribesmen he must sacrifice his own life. He was the Younger Fire-god of the Fire Cult, and as such presided with the Elder Fire-god over the seasoned, slow-burning juniper wood fire. Overwhelmed by the magnitude of the calamity that had befallen his people, he sped from one to another of the semi-terraced houses of stone and timber, warning the women to extinguish all the fires. Eating must cease, for life was cold. Ac-





Cliff Palace,  
Prehistoric Cliff Dwellers' Ruin  
in the Mesa Verde National Park.



ording to their religion, fire once used for secular purposes could never serve to kindle a flame in the Sacred Kiva. This fire must originate through the ceremonies of the Fire-gods, or be taken from another shrine.

And after he had made the rounds, he again walked meditating toward the abode of Chief Bow-in-the-Neck, unable to comprehend the work of the Great Spirit. Why should his life be sacrificed in such a needless manner? There was an undefined conflict within him between the physical and spiritual forces. Would he dare carry out the plan that had suggested itself to him?

Show-Pretty-Feathers, comely daughter of Chief Bow-in-the-Neck, stood in the doorway of her father's house. Buffalo-Horn paused, emitted a guttural sound, and passed on. The primitive call of love gladdened her heart, but it was only momentary, for she read in his eyes that the fires of admiration were burning low.

Indian summer was nearly gone. There had been a bountiful harvest of maize, and the feasts of thanksgiving had lasted many days. Then came the Ceremonial of New Fire. A fresh blaze was kindled in the Sacred Kiva that should serve for the coming year, and fresh coals were carried from this into each house.

Now Buffalo-Horn had a rival in the treacherous Sly-Wolf, one of the youngest tribesmen sitting with him in the council on this morning. Admiration for the Indian maiden was still burning in his eyes, for he, too, loved Show-Pretty-Feathers. The council held a brief session in which Sly-Wolf accused Buffalo-Horn of practicing witchcraft and through it destroying the Sacred Kiva of the Fire Clan. He further

declared that as a result of the witchery the Great Spirit had taken away the Fire of Life, and the only method of restoring it would be through the sacrifice of Buffalo-Horn, possessed by the Evil One.

Chief Bow-in-the-Neck was very fond of both Buffalo-Horn and Sly-Wolf, for they came from noble clans in his tribe of a thousand warriors. Knowing that the youths were rivals in love, he associated them in all things. Ordinarily supremacy in battle or friendly contest between them, rather than purely elemental preferences, would have decided which should marry Show-Pretty-Feathers.

Buffalo-Horn was so astounded at the false accusation that he did not defend himself. He sat silent while instructions were given by Chief Bow-in-the-Neck that at the rising of the sun Buffalo-Horn should be taken to the lowest and darkest room in the settlement, stripped, and cedar stakes driven through his abdomen into the mud floor. The hatchway of the room should then be sealed, so that his evil spirit could never emerge to the outside world and again trouble them.

Sly-Wolf was detailed to watch over Buffalo-Horn until the following morning, when Buffalo-Horn, by the sacrifice of his life, would release his tribesmen from threatened extinction. Meantime prayer and fasting must prevail. Buffalo-Horn stoically listened to the fatal sentence imposed by Chief Bow-in-the-Neck, then folding his arms, looked skyward to Those-Above until the council disbanded.

Hurrying to the household of his mother, he tenderly embraced her, professing his innocence; then re-

tiring to a dark corner he covered his head and meditated. Early in the afternoon, assisted by his mother, he outwitted Sly-Wolf and stole away, dressed in his full regalia and wearing a single red feather in his straight, black hair. Reaching the end of the pueblo, he darted into the heavy spruce and was gone. Two hours later Sly-Wolf, learning of the secret departure, followed Buffalo-Horn toward the land of the Cliff Dwellers—Mesa Verde, the "Green Tableland," as it became known centuries later through the Spaniards.

The trail was a hard one, pursued only under difficulties through the arroyos and canyons of the Mancos River country. The Indian's sandaled feet were noiseless in flight except for the crunching of sticks and cones. He chided a saucy chipmunk for being curious, and at dusk besought a cooing turtle-dove to carry his praises to Show-Pretty-Feathers.

Now the Cliff Dwellers in the high, sandstone ledges were none too friendly with Chief Bow-in-the-Neck and his people, who held for the time the coveted tribal supremacy. Fortunately for Buffalo-Horn, there was an important tribal dance that night at Cliff Palace, a short distance from the House of the New Fire, for he had come to get coals from the Sacred Shrine of the kindred tribe. Attendants of the New Fire House had temporarily deserted their duties to take part in the religious ceremony.

New Fire House was dedicated to fire worship, which ranked favorably with their reverence of the sun. The rooms in this two-story cave structure were plastered, red colorings being used to adorn the walls with symbolic figures, while zigzag markings denoted lightning and its relation to the worship of fire. In the floor

of this abode was a circular fire pit in which the Sacred Fire was kept slowly burning.

Buffalo-Horn, creeping on hands and knees, silently made his way from the rocky bottom of the canyon upward over the steps worn in the rocks by the women in carrying water from the spring below. Taking a small earthen jar from beneath his hide shirt, he stooped over the fire hole, breathed a few words softly, reverently brushed the flames with his palm and raised his cupped hand to his mouth, inhaling deeply, then swiftly forced some of the sacred coals into the receptacle and covered the embers with ashes. Securely concealing the jar within his blouse, he crept noiselessly from the place.

Hearing a commotion down in the canyon, he followed the rock ridge until he came to a hidden passageway, ordinarily guarded but now deserted, leading upward through a narrow cleft in the rim-rock. These protruding ledges formed the overhanging shelf-like roof of the cliff cave which contained the House of the New Fire.

Once on top of the tableland, Buffalo-Horn paused a moment to rest and to listen to the singing dancers celebrating ceremonial rites in Cliff Palace. He felt for the jar of wood coals. As he did so, Sly-Wolf leaped upon him from behind and bore him to the ground. Over and over they rolled, Buffalo-Horn several times losing his advantage in the terrible struggle while protecting the bit of hidden pottery. He was on his back, one leg dangling in space and the other pressing against the rocky ledge. Desperately he tried to save himself from plunging hundreds of feet into the

canyon as his aggressor, trying to free himself, sought to push Buffalo-Horn over the edge of the cliff.

He felt a hot, stinging sensation, as if the fatal moment had come and his abdomen were being pierced by stakes. Confusion, momentarily his master, was dispelled as he realized that live coals were burning his flesh. He made a last, frantic effort to save himself from the black depths, and Love superseded Hate as he recalled the teachings of his forefathers, that New Fire—meaning continued health and prosperity for the tribe—could never be rekindled at the expense of another life willfully destroyed. It was enough. Just as he was losing his hold on the rocky shelf, his body suspended between the secure tableland and the yawning abyss, he cried: "Curse of New Fire on Innocent Blood!" Miraculously he was pulled back to safety.

Sly-Wolf, awe-struck but filled with strange understanding, stood there, helpless to continue the struggle. The Great Silence had threatened to engulf him, for he realized that New Fire would consume him if he took a life in this manner. His lips were forever sealed against repeating what had occurred when Buffalo-Horn held high the little jar of pottery with the smoldering embers. A great truth dawned upon Sly-Wolf: *Without honor there could be no seat with Those-Above.* Sly-Wolf disappeared into the night.

Several times on the return journey Buffalo-Horn had to stop and blow the tiny flame and add twigs to keep the Sacred Fire burning. With the first reddish glow on the eastern horizon preceding the actual rising of the sun, a curl of smoke was seen ascending from the fire pit in the ruins of the Sacred Kiva of the Fire Clan. There need be no sacrifice. Show-Pretty-

Feathers ran to the outstretched arms of her chosen lover. Chief Bow-in-the-Neck looked on approvingly, for if he suspected anything his stolid countenance did not betray him.

The visitation of lightning upon Go-Two-Ways was now regarded by the tribe generally as a mark of esteem coming from the Great Spirit. Unaware of the rekindling of the fire in the early dawn, they elevated Buffalo-Horn to the seats of the Mighty Council and renamed him *Smoke-of-Undying-Embers*.







Great-Spirit Lake Cavern at  
Arapahoe Glacier.

## ARAPAHOE SPIRIT GLACIER

**B**RIGHT-STAR, Arapahoe Indian maiden, neared the edge of the great ice-field, high in the Colorado Rockies. It was early fall. A September moon outlined the maiden against the expanse of packed snow turned ice, now known as Arapahoe Glacier, twenty-five miles west of Boulder. The reflection of the moon on the milky-white surface almost gave the brightness of day.

Tradition had brought her to the White Tomb, which, according to Arapahoe wise men, held one of the tribal wish-charms. This lost treasure, possession of which would bring heart's desire, was a small round piece of the fossilized tusk of a prehistoric monster, roughly polished and containing carvings of tribal gods. Its loss had deprived the tribe of many unusual blessings for nearly one hundred fifty years. One generation had passed, and another was fast closing; Indians ordinarily enjoying long life in the open.

Arapahoe warriors, including Blue-Cloud, tribal warrior-in-chief and father of Bright-Star, generally disregarded the talk of the soothsayer, that the small tusk-end bearing peculiar Indian designs would again be recovered. Bright-Star still trusted in its power and had pinned her faith to its possession. This was the third time within a week that she had returned in the hope of realizing her desire.

Should she not get possession of the wish-charm this night before the moon reached its zenith, then all would be lost. In the witching hour her father's life

would be taken as punishment for his refusal to combat the Utes assembling across the Continental Divide in the Grand Lake country. For the Utes likewise were intent upon capturing the coveted wish-charm. Their councils also rang with the account of the struggle that led to the loss of the wish-stone by the rival Arapahoes.

The Utes feared the white tomb-like glacier after dusk because of the restless spirit of an imprisoned Ute hovering over it. So Bright-Star, desperate, chose the night without fear of molestation by the Utes. Now the hatred between the two tribes did not extend to Bright-Star in her affections. Not-Afraid, a Ute brave, had promised to catch a fleecy cloud some day and sail with her to the land of the stars. She adored him, and in their clandestine meetings he professed adoration for her. But now, when she needed him, he stayed away. She had not seen him since the last full moon. Had he, too, become afraid of the glacier?

Pon-Pon, one of her tribesmen and rival for her hand, had incensed the Arapahoes against Blue-Cloud, who continued in his refusal to sacrifice any of the Arapahoes in prospect of recovering the wish-charm. Blue-Cloud, hating Pon-Pon, believed a still greater curse would descend upon them if they interfered with the possessions of the glacier. Did not the glacier, melting, supply water for his tribe as it formed what is now North Boulder Creek? Had not the chattering creek quenched his thirst time and again? Despite his faith, Blue-Cloud was to be consumed by fire when the light of the moon, dipping into Boulder Canyon, creeping down its sheer walls, bathed in radiance a rocky pillar to which he had been securely bound at sunset.

Tribal soothsayers in both camps had foretold that this was the accepted year for the recovery of the frozen body of the Ute having the coveted wish-charm. The story ran something like this——

*Prior to 1400 A. D., fully one hundred years before Columbus landed on America's shores, a battle between the warring Utes and Arapahoes brought two of their number in fierce combat just above the great seam, or bergschrund, at the head of the glacier. The Arapahoe soothsayer, recognizing that the wish-stone for some reason refused to bring victory to his tribesmen, sought to escape. A Ute followed him.*

*The Arapahoe soothsayer bravely started cross-wise over the glacier, his moccasined feet feeling their way over the treacherous ice. Progress was very slow and hazardous, just above the bergschrund, the great break where the ice is released at the outset of its journey down the mountain side in a stubborn, frozen mass. The Ute unrelentingly pursued. They struggled. The Ute wrested from his adversary the necklace containing the magic wish-charm, and as he did so, he slipped and shot forward. In another moment the great major crevasse had swallowed him. A cry of anguish rose from the depths of the gash in the ice as the Ute disappeared.*

*Between the narrowing walls of ice the Ute fell—thirty—forty—fifty—sixty feet. At that point his body on striking a projecting rock that had been caught in the snow pack, was deflected and hurled across the narrow gap onto a shelf-like hollow which the rock had filled before the ice break occurred.*

*Stunned by the fall, the Ute finally recovered consciousness. He was cold, encased, as he was, in ice. He tried to shriek but could not. Terror filled*

him. Cautiously he peered over the edge and looked down fully a hundred feet into the shadowy depths of the huge crevasse. Then he gazed upward and saw just a tiny patch of blue sky. He shouted, but help failed him. So he became numb and finally froze to death. Snows of winter sealed the sepulchre. Then, his body began another career, this time in death, of moving spirit-like down hill; carried by and becoming a part of the glacial stream, which flowed about twenty-five feet a year.

By the following spring the story of the Arapahoe soothsayer had reached the camps of the Utes. Great rejoicing ensued. They, like the Arapahoes, realized however the futility of trying to cut away thousands of tons of milky-white ice to search for the charm-holding Ute.

The glacier's movement, concerning which the Arapahoe wise men had knowledge, was studied and observations made and measurements taken from the major crevasse by means of long poles driven into the surface. The Indians generally attributed its progress more to the gods of rain and harvest than to the annual collection of snow, melting and freezing, that pressed unceasingly against the main mass of the glacier.

So the years passed. Indian papooses grew up, married, and died as other papooses took their places. And all the time the Ute's body reposed in an icy tomb which, at times, must have been shaken and even threatened with destruction. For the great frozen stream crunched boulders to powder in the path of its journey down the slopes of the Arapaho(e) peak.

Yes, it was the appointed year, according to the predictions of the soothsayers. But summer was waning, and interest lagged except for the occasional visits

of the descendants of the hapless Ute. They were, in a sense, glorified at the distinction accorded their distinguished forebear, but did not relish the possibility of some day finding his shriveled body protruding from the end of the tapering glacier. And there was always the possibility that he had been ground to pieces upon the boulders under the mammoth ice-field.

Bright-Star reached the haunting hollow, the roof of which was an overhanging ledge of ice. The cavern was about fifty feet in width, with a thirty or forty-foot opening to the roof, becoming smaller as it neared the sloping mountain. Ordinarily this ice grotto was inaccessible, for the reason that it was the basin of the deep blue lake at the end of the glacier. This year, however, had been unusually dry, the lake waters disappearing as fast as they could collect.

Timidly, at first, then with determination, Bright-Star hacked the ice with a stone tomahawk. It had been an unusually warm day, and the dripping water from the cavern roof still formed a fascinating curtain that sparkled silver in the bright moonlight. She had noticed a discoloration in the ice at sunset the day before. It was in the curved wall of the cavern, within reach, close to the outer edge. An exhausting but expectant hour passed, and finally a dull thud startled her. The tomahawk struck something other than ice. The frightened maiden, all but collapsing, lay back against an upstanding rock.

But the long-sought charm, equivalent in modern times to wealth, lay within her grasp. The hand containing it was now exposed. She shuddered as she touched the frozen fingers. Secure in his shrunken fist was the necklace bearing the magic treasure. Determinedly, she forced the stiffened joints apart.

Clutching the strand of beads and jewels she hurriedly scaled the rocky incline from the lake bottom and, breathless, made a wish. She wished for one of the fleecy clouds in the heavens to carry her speedily down the canyon in time to save her father's life. And, behold! Her wish was realized.

At that moment a white charger came over the moraine with Not-Afraid astride its bare back pulling on an improvised bridle. Enthralled at the sight—for she had never seen a horse—the comforting words of Not-Afraid spurred her on. So she climbed up behind him on the broad back of the spirited stallion and sailed through the night.

Somehow, the horse with several others had become detached from Coronado's expedition, which that summer had visited the plains to the east of the Rockies in search of the fabled City of Quivira. Not-Afraid had trailed the horse for nearly a month, after having been told in a nearby tribal camp of the mysterious white-winged beast. Marching Indians had brought word of how this unfamiliar spirit-god had been ridden by strange men clad in heavy armor.

Instead of descending the winding canyon, Not-Afraid guided the charger to the canyon's brink, on the opposite side of which, down below, the dance of death had begun. The light of the moon slowly erased the shadows of the distant canyon wall. Its radiance bathed the dancers and Blue-Cloud. The brushwood at the feet of the warrior-in-chief was about to be set afire by brandishing torches.

The girl emitted a succession of shrieks. Her cries rang through the canyon. The ceremonies were interrupted. Pon-Pon, among others looked upward, inwardly gloating over Bright-Star, whom he intended



to claim without delay. They discerned the Indian maiden and a ghost-like object, for they likewise had never seen a horse. The maiden appealed to the leaders to come up and get the magic wish-charm. They released Blue-Cloud, unwilling to risk their own lives with the mysterious spirit robed in white. Pon-Pon foresaw defeat and crept away.

Blue-Cloud received the charm from his daughter. He bade her a fond farewell, admonishing the Ute lover to be kind to his little Bright-Star. Marveling at the strange animal, and confused and weakened by the terrible ordeal, he hysterically related to his tribesmen how Bright-Star, alone, sailed away on a cloud-mist rising from the haunted glacier.

But Bright-Star was not alone, for with her on the magic ride of her dreams was her lover, Not-Afraid, who carried her to his own people, the Utes, across the Continental Divide. The fleet-winged spirit-horse, brought under control by Not-Afraid, in the eyes of the Utes was a greater charm than the coveted amulet of the Arapahoes. The Utes regarded Not-Afraid as possessing unusual power coming from the Great Spirit. Granting his wish, they reversed the established order of the marriage custom of his living with the maiden's tribe. Thus Not-Afraid forestalled any humiliation which Bright-Star might have suffered at the hands of the Ute women, and at the same time made complete the restoration of Blue-Cloud in the tribe of the Arapahoes through the recovery of the wish-charm.

## A HOLY CROSS PILGRIMAGE



**S**POTTED-FEATHER, chief of the Chickasaws, crouched in wonderment mixed with awe at the procession of fully five hundred helmeted Spaniards filing through dense woods in what is now the State of Mississippi. Equally great was his astonishment at sight of prancing horses, unknown to his people, and the ease with which they carried supplies and camp trappings.

The Spaniards were traveling westward. It was toward the close of April, 1541. Little did Spotted-Feather know their mission, or care. Neither did their leader—Ferdinand de Soto—know, for that matter, that about a week later he would discover the Mississippi River. In fact, De Soto was in search of an elusive land of gold. He longed to outdo Cortez in Mexico. With De Soto was the flower of the Spanish and Portuguese nobility in suits of gorgeous armor.

As De Soto was the first white man to look upon that mighty river, so Spotted-Feather, in amazement, was the first of his tribe to look upon a white man. His bow, spanned with an arrow, was relaxed as he gazed in searching wonder at what was transpiring. There were monks in sacerdotal robes, carrying images, and footmen armed with arquebuses, lances, swords and shields.

The line of weary soldiers passed. Some distance behind was a Franciscan Friar, in his brown robes and carrying a standard upon which was superimposed a brass cross. The frightened Spotted-Feather



Mount of the Holy Cross, a Nation's Emblem  
of Christianity.



deemed the Friar some strange god following the armed hosts to victory.

How to take the stranger back to camp, alive, as captive and good luck omen confused Spotted-Feather. He had sunk to superstition's depths. But as he came from the thicket a strange thing occurred. One of the soldiers, known as Roderig, also in hiding, jumped out and blocked the Friar's path.

Spotted-Feather could not understand by their conversation that Roderig threatened the unarmed Friar, but a brandishing sword, the like of which he had never seen, told as much. Thereupon, the Friar disrobed. Roderig removed his outer garments. The men were about the same stature. They exchanged clothes. The clanking sword, reluctantly accepted for the cross, did not impress the Friar as a means of overcoming his adversary. No, his way was along the paths of peace. An old grievance, because of a reprimand by the young Friar, given early in 1539, just before leaving Cuba on this exploration, accounted for Roderig's action.

"Now, curse you, shift for yourself!" were the parting words of Roderig. He raised the skirt of the robe and with the standard in the other hand, ran to catch up with the procession. As both had beards, due to lack of conveniences, the deception on Roderig's part was perfect, so far as appearance was concerned.

Then Spotted-Feather confronted the perplexed Friar, now wearing a helmet and breast plate and carrying a shield. The Friar drew his sword, then quickly sheathed it again. Thereupon the Chickasaw, signalling, persuaded him to follow. They proceeded in a northwesterly direction.

Now the Friar, divested of his priestly robes, was none the less forceful in the estimation of Spotted-Feather. In fact, the Chickasaw chief believed the Friar to be possessed of strange powers. So the tepees of his people were thrown open, and Spotted-Feather saw to it that he was cared for in one of the tents. His only daughter, Swallow-Wings, waited upon the strange medicine man.

But she did not win favor in the eyes of the serious-minded Friar. As the days passed, he was presented by Spotted-Feather with a blanket of unusual texture containing many designs, and beaded, oak-tanned moccasins. The cleric threw the Indian blanket about his shoulders, and wore the moccasins; yet he was, withal, a Spaniard. But no great luck came to Spotted-Feather, such as he had anticipated from the wearing of the gaudy blanket by the Friar.

In the meantime, on May 1, 1541, De Soto had looked upon the Mi-che-se-pe, Indian name for Mississippi, meaning "Father of Waters." Then death claimed the fearless leader, whose body, weighted with sand bags, was lowered to a watery grave.

Discouraged and emaciated, the greatly reduced forces, leaderless, decided to return—all, except Luis Moscosco de Alvarado, a lieutenant under De Soto. He persuaded a handful to continue westward. Rodrigo, in the guise of the Friar, having feigned mental aberration and succeeded in the deception, was afraid to return. So he cast his lot with Moscosco de Alvarado, while all the other monks, with one exception remained with De Soto's band. Felling trees, Moscosco de Alvarado's men fashioned boats that carried them down the Mississippi. Indians helped them land at

the western shore, near where the Arkansas River empties into the Mississippi, in what is now Arkansas.

Spotted-Feather all this time had dispatched a runner at intervals to the river. After the last visit the Friar managed to secretly question the runner, by signs and markings on the ground. He gathered, in a crude fashion, that De Soto's band had separated, some returning the way they had come, others going down the Mississippi.

Days dragged by. Summer had come. The Friar, doubtful that he should ever again greet any of his countrymen, became restless. He could see no means of escape. Spotted-Feather likewise grew impatient. No great blessing had manifested itself. The Indian maize, or corn, was none too far advanced. In fact, it gave evidence of never maturing, which was indeed a bad omen. Spotted-Feather's warriors were dissatisfied. They implored their chief to send the Friar away, but Spotted-Feather's faith in the stranger's powers could not be shaken.

The Friar shortly thereafter outlined a cross in the sand before the tepee of the Indian chief. Now the mystic symbol was not unknown to Spotted-Feather, or to his forefathers. It had been revered by the Chaldeans, Phoenicians, Mexicans and every primeval people as a mysterious, hidden wisdom. The Friar saw in it the salvation of souls.

Spotted-Feather did not tarry. It was enough. The cross to him meant a talisman of great power against demons. So the three hundred Chickasaws, with their squaws, papooses and dogs trailing behind, crossed the Mississippi in bark canoes and led by the Friar, journeyed westward. The Chickasaws accord-

ing to tradition, had come out of the west, and this seemed like a glorious opportunity to Spotted-Feather to be charmed back into primitive delights.

For a time it kept the warriors off the war path. They ignored the mockery hurled at them by other tribes, in being led through their own country by a bearded stranger. There were dances, feasts and days of atonement, Indian fashion. But the Friar found it difficult to lead them. His was a faith without superstition's fears.

Now Moscosco de Alvarado and his men, having reached the Arkansas River, decided to follow its course. Months passed. Winter had given way to spring. They were intent on getting away from the marshy country of the Southland until far enough west to strike directly southward in their effort to reach Mexico.

It was just after the time that Francisco Vasquez de Coronado journeyed northward from Mexico in 1540-1542, in search of the land of riches and later for what proved to be the mythical City of Quivira with its streets of turquoise. His trail doubtless was crossed in 1542 by that of Moscosco de Alvarado, who little dreamed that one of his countrymen preceded him by a short time to this land of aboriginal mysteries. So it transpires that Moscosco de Alvarado in all likelihood was the second white man to put foot on what is now Colorado soil.

The northwestern course pursued by Moscosco de Alvarado and his men, by a coincidence of fate, early was bringing them nearer to Spotted-Feather and his tribe, led by the Friar. And when, one day, on the distant horizon, the Chickasaws saw a slow-moving



body of strange people, they streaked their faces with vermilion and whooped the war cry. Seeing he could no longer hold them in restraint the Friar, realizing it was a part of De Soto's band, kept in advance with Spotted-Feather.

Arrows sped over the Friar's head as they whizzed toward the Spaniards, who offered feeble resistance. Carried momentarily into a frenzy at sight of Roderig wearing his raiment, the Friar, fearless under fire, rushed his adversary. As he thrust the sword into the body of its owner—Roderig—the Indian blanket fell from the Friar's shoulders, revealing the Spanish uniform.

"Holy Virgin, save me!" cried the deceptor, realizing as he sank, mortally wounded, that he had been caught at last. The battle ended abruptly at a signal from Spotted-Feather. Moscosco de Alvarado threw his arms about the Friar and wept for joy. Admiring countrymen welcomed him, as Roderig, the impostor, expired.

Spotted-Feather, seeing the Friar once again clothed in the priestly robes taken from Roderig, moved off with his tribesmen. Then, for a second time, a strange thing occurred.

The Friar, once again the spiritual guide, was handed the cross to replace the sword. But he shrank from it. A rent in his own garment—pierced by his own hand—reminded him of the life he had guiltily taken. He saw the cross, blood-stained. Roderig, dying, had pressed it against his wound. The Friar cringed in agony before its significance. He must make atonement for having slain another—defenseless—in unholy anger.

He joined Moscosco de Alvarado on the march through what is now Pueblo, and into the mountains, touched with the rose-tinted afterglow of sunset on snow-capped heights. Penitent, he muttered: "Sangre de Cristo," meaning, "For the Blood of Christ." Thus the great Sangre de Cristo Range, in what is now San Isabel National Forest, came to be named. Here he left them, as they turned southward toward Mexico. His was a new mission, the search for a sign of forgiveness from heaven. Humiliation was his lot, and penance. His troubled soul had visualized for him redemption's cross.

This symbol he sought. For days he passed through deep gulches and clambered to steep heights; slept in the open, ate roots and herbs, and endured privations that even his hardened physique could not successfully withstand. For weeks he traveled aimlessly about in the Rocky Mountains, as yet unnamed save in Indian terms by the Utes he encountered. The Indians, fearing him, gave him food and shelter. Twice he caught a glimpse through wooded aisles of what he thought was a cross in the heavens.

But continued hardships began to tell upon him. Once, with dazed mind, due, in part to his unnourished body feeling the effects of the higher altitudes, he experienced a sort of mist settling about him. It was midday, yet he could see nothing. Then, his mind, responding, groped for an explanation.

Sinking to his knees, he began to pray. It was a trying effort, but the cloud lifted. Gazing, he beheld off there to the West the symbol of eternity, a snow-white cross, unstained by crimson. The huge cross was outlined against the mountain side. With out-

stretched arms he sought forgiveness, and with contrite heart, collapsed. His soul passed onward. Curious Utes watching from a nearby peak of the Gore Range saw him sink to the earth and never rise again. They told of it in their councils.

From a plateau near what is Shrine Pass today, in the Red Cliff country, the Friar had gazed upon the wondrous cross of snow which, each year, is formed anew when the transverse ravines hold secure Colorado's snows until late in summer. Now other pilgrimages end at the foot of the great cross of snow.

## THE TRIUMPH OF TRAIL RIDGE

**D**ANCE festivities were in preparation at the summer camp of the Arapahoes at Marys Lake, just outside the eastern boundary of Rocky Mountain National Park. Spring sports, with the bow-and-arrow contests, pony races, wrestling and running games, had marked the close, with great ceremony, of their winter camp on the Colorado River, about seven miles above Grand Lake. Squaws, children and aged warriors had crossed the Continental Divide by way of Trail Ridge, the old Ute Trail, while most of the braves took the harder but shorter beaten path over Flattop Mountain to reach what is now called the Estes Park region.

Buffalo hunters were returning to their tepees, which the squaws had set up the day before while the braves prepared for the buffalo chase. The great hunt had been successful, and feast days were at hand.

Ne-o-ta, an imaginative little Arapahoe maiden affectionately called the Deer-Heart, because her eyes were large and soft and her manners shy and timid, stepped from the skin-covered shelter of her father's tepee, singing a light refrain. The disquieting recollection of a mythical monster known as the carcagne, feared even by trappers early in the nineteenth century and realistic enough to her, set Ne-o-ta's imagination afire.

On the trip across the mountains, her mother, Ni-ha-na-wu, had recounted tales of narrow escapes



Majestic Longs Peak and Chasm Lake in  
Rocky Mountain National Park



from this dreadful, devouring carcagne. She had pointed to precipitous heights where the beast had sprung over seemingly impassable gorges and had even scaled the cliffs through foaming cataracts. The carcagne, variously described by Ni-ha-na-wu, had a long, pointed nose and sharp ears like a wolf, and its cry was indescribable. Like the blasts of the North Wind, the monster destroyed everything in its path. So to ward off fear, Ne-o-ta sang; to ward off fear of the beast and lonesomeness for Na-kos.

Ne-o-ta's tender age was the ostensible objection raised by Ni-ha-na-wu to the admiration shown by the youthful Na-kos. Ku-ni-tha, another Arapahoe brave, likewise showered his attentions on Ne-o-ta at every opportunity, perhaps to the pleasure of Ni-ha-na-wu; but his father, Oe-che-ne, was war chief of the Arapahoes, which may account for the mother's preference for Ku-ni-tha. But Na-kos fondly loved the maiden, and she longed for him, despite her mother's wishes.

As she stood there in the bright sunshine, she thought she discerned far away, a big-horn sheep half hidden by a rocky crag. Presently she was attracted by a bear—or was it her vivid imagination visualizing the wolf-nose monster—in the nearby woodland. It rose up for a moment, seemed to scent danger, then dropped on all fours and was gone.

But she soon forgot the carcagne, for the air was filled with shouts and derisive jests. Oe-che-ne, the Old-Raven, rushed from his tepee, flourishing his bow-and-arrow in imitation of his bird-namesake flapping its wings. He confronted a buffalo coming into camp. The attitude he assumed, with drawn bow, created great mirth among the assembled Indians. For it was all in play. Concealed within the buffalo hide was

Ku-ni-tha, Oe-che-ne's young son, who at dawn had decoyed the unsuspecting herd of buffaloes into a trap for slaughter.

Now the "trap", northeast of Estes Park Village of today was a narrowing passage formed by a convergence of the mountains between "Devils Gulch" and "Long Gulch." Ku-ni-tha, with the hide and head of a great black buffalo skillfully fastened about him, mingled with the herd, and, assuming leadership, slowly enticed them into the death-trap defile. At a given signal, the squaws and old men came running from hiding places in the rear of the animals, frightening them into the narrow gorge, where the Arapahoe braves were lying in wait, carefully concealed from sight along the sides of the gulch, which narrows to a ten-foot "gate". After wounding the buffaloes with arrows and spears, they then finished them with tomahawks.

It was from this escapade Ku-ni-tha was returning. The make-believe buffalo rolled over on its back, that the buckskin laces might be undone, and out crawled Ku-ni-tha, glad once again to stand erect after having traveled many miles on hands and feet. He quietly exchanged a few words with Oe-che-ne, who started for the council tepee where he had assembled the warriors in anticipation of Ku-ni-tha's return.

While the squaws, led by Ni-ha-na-wu, sang praises of Ku-ni-tha's successful buffalo slaughter as they prepared the feast, the warriors, among them Na-kos, considered the menacing encroachment of the Utes. For Ku-ni-tha had devoted himself eagerly to the hunt, while Na-kos, thinking more of the safety of the tribe and of the beloved Ne-o-ta, had abandoned the chase to spy on the skulking figures of Utes on Wind River Trail. He had then hurried back to camp



and reported to Chief Oe-che-ne that the valley was full of the enemy.

The old warriors sat long in meditation after Oe-che-ne called the council gathering, but the younger men, absorbed by thoughts of the dance ring, disregarded the real significance of the alarm. Within the stone-marked rings they expected to dance in the open during the afternoon and night, in celebration of the buffalo hunt. A small fire in the center of this ring would hold them enthralled in a strange worship of its power.

Just as the squaws had the meat pots ready for the fires, a wounded Arapahoe, bringing buffalo meat on his pony, staggered into camp. This development emphasized the imminent danger. Ordinarily another day would have passed while Utes assembled, only to be defiantly repulsed in battle by the waiting Arapahoes. But the wounded brave brought word of many smoke signals to guide the assembling Utes. His people would be greatly outnumbered. Even now Ute runners were spying on the camp.

In the discussion Na-kos was called for to tell the council the position and number of the band of Utes on Wind River Trail. But Na-kos had quietly slipped away. Nevertheless Oe-che-ne was sustained in his proposal that the Arapahoes return to the winter camp across the Continental Divide, for the Utes had evidently come to kill mountain sheep and to escape the heat of the plains in summer. The Arapahoe braves could not dream peacefully in their tepees with their deadly enemies, the Utes, so close at hand.

So the plans for feasting were turned into hurried departure. Smoldering camp fires, buffalo meat and tepee rings of stone for weighting the ends of the skin

tents, told the story of flight. It would require an all-night march, over the pine-fringed reaches of the Snowy Range, to gain the retreat of the Arapahoes in a sheltered vale near Grand Lake.

The three hundred warriors, divided into an advance and rear escort for the women and children, started over the old Ute Trail, which we now call the Trail Ridge. A very sharp incline, to reach the ridge proper, was called "Where-the-Women-Walk," because up this stretch the ponies could not carry any burden in addition to their heavy trappings.

One hundred fifty braves, mounted on swift ponies, led the party, sending scouts in advance as far as the head of Forest Canyon, where the Fall River Road crosses the old Ute Trail. The remaining braves brought up the rear, with the women and children scattered along the narrow, tree-sheltered trail.

Ne-o-ta had just helped the old Ni-ha-na-wu over the steep, rough ascent "Where-the-Women-Walk" and, as they were nearing timberline, had put a heavier blanket about her mother's shoulders, when suddenly she was encircled by a strong arm, a firm hand was pressed over her mouth, and she found herself lifted from her feet into the arms of Ka-vi-a-wach, a young Ute chieftain. He had tried to make love to her surreptitiously the previous summer, and now bore her swiftly into the forest. Ni-ha-na-wu gave chase, shrieking, but her cries were drowned by the trample of the ponies' feet, and in the confusion of the march their absence passed unnoticed.

Down the steep slope Ka-vi-a-wach staggered with his prize, a maiden from an enemy tribe. This feat would give him an enviable position in the eyes of his tribesmen. And so for hours he pushed through

dense woods, over the rough, wild, unfamiliar region. The old Ni-ha-na-wu, stumblingly followed as fast as her weary limbs could carry her. Finally they came to Chasm Falls, where Fall River plunges thirty feet into a rocky gorge nearly twenty feet wide. There was no means of crossing.

Ka-vi-a-wach decided to go down stream in the hope of finding a place to ford it when a black bear appeared from the direction of the falls, growling angrily. Now, a bear will not attack human beings if unprovoked, but rather shuns them. However, a mother bear will protect its cubs. Ka-vi-a-wach knew that not far away, and behind him on the narrow path, must be the cave-like shelter containing the cubs, and realized the danger to himself and his little captive.

Instinctively he prayed to the protecting spirit of the water; for after the ancient custom of his people, Ka-vi-a-wach bore the name of the foaming white spray of the mountain stream, which was the first object his father saw when the child's birth was announced. Suddenly wild shrieks rent the air. Across the gorge Neo-ta's startled eyes beheld the animal that gave the indescribable cry. In her frightened state she likened it to the weird monster. Only the deep, wide ravine could save them from the destroying beast. Terror seized them all. Old Ni-ha-na-wu folded her arms over her bent head and moaned. Even the old mother bear, maddened by the uproar, became the more determined to reach its cave shelter.

But, look! The odd beast, running to the precipitous edge of the gorge, sniffed the air, growled, ran back, then returned and clambered up a tall spruce tree growing on the very edge of the ravine. The next moment it was swaying in the top of the spruce,

one paw clutching a branch, the other outstretched to keep its poise as it rode high in the air.

Careening far over the gulch, the beast suddenly leaped from the tree, cunningly catapulted through space, then crashed into a smaller spruce on the other side, near Ne-o-ta and Ka-vi-a-wach, thereby breaking the force of its tumbling fall to the ground. Stunned momentarily, it quickly recovered and closely embraced the unwilling Ka-vi-a-wach. In the death struggle the animal overpowered the Ute, and wresting from him the bone dagger of defense, fatally wounded the Indian. Then it rushed the bear, which, bleeding, scampered for the cub den.

The superstitious Ne-o-ta fully believed that the carcagne, bugaboo of her imagination, would certainly wreak its vengeance on her mother and herself. But the odd beast rolled over on its back with a cry, "Ne-o-ta! Ne-o-ta!" Scarcely able to believe her ears the Arapahoe maiden, recognizing the voice, quickly unlaced the shaggy hide of a grizzly, and out crawled Na-kos, his back bleeding from cruel scratches inflicted by the black bear.

Na-kos, eager to outshine Ku-ni-tha, had left the council tepee before noon to take his perilous turn at scouting. Having determined the strength and nearness of the enemy, he was returning to the camp, unadvised of the sudden departure of his people. He scalped Ka-vi-a-wach, the Ute, and won Ni-ha-nawu's consent to marry her daughter, Ne-o-ta. And during the night they overtook the fleeing Arapahoes.

## LUPTON'S LOVE FORT



HE loghouse trading post on the South Platte River in Colorado was crowded with buckskin-robed trappers and gaudily-blanketed Arapahoe Indians. It was in the spring of 1835. Interest centered in a strikingly pretty Indian maiden, Touch-the-Sky, sitting in a swing-like support made of sacks, as part of an old-style arm scale. She was the balance for a counter weight comprising satins, calico, tobacco and steel arrowheads. It was a barter, unusual in the tribe of the Arapahoes, provoked by a rivalry for the maiden's hand.

Madeiro Gonzales Lupton, of Spanish descent, possessing the soft, mellow voice of his Castilian forefathers, sought as his bride Touch-the-Sky. From out her captivating, copper-hued countenance, wreathed in raven tresses, shone dancing brown eyes. Lupton was in charge of the trading post for the American Fur Trading Company of St. Louis.

Over him glowered Palette de St. Vrain, second in command. All the elegance of a station in royalty had been thrown about the Indian princess by the Frenchman, rival for her hand, in his manners and by his continued outbursts of impassioned love.

Since 1833, when Lupton built the small log trading post, these two had been staunch friends. Each had professed never to end their companionship for an Indian maiden, attractive as some were in their primitive costumes. And now, two years later, of a sudden, their vow of friendship seemed to split asunder—cen-

tering in a brawl in which they shared equal blame. The princess had captured two hearts. Coyly she played with them.

Lupton gazed, steel-eyed, at Two-Arrow, Arapahoe sub-chief, then tossed another packet of expensive draperies on the scale. The tribal leader had insisted upon receiving in exchange for the maiden the equivalent of her weight in what, to the Arapahoes, meant riches.

"Heap more!" grunted Chief Two-Arrow. Now Touch-the-Sky towered above the other maidens and weighed about one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Lupton, limited by the Arapahoes in selection to a counter balance of only the costliest of articles in the stock of exchange goods, was at his wit's end. The barter scale needed at least another twenty-five pounds to complete the transaction.

"It's wrong, and what's more, unfair," protested St. Vrain, who saw that the Arapahoes had accepted Lupton's proffer in humanity. "The Company won't stand for this; besides, I——"

Before St. Vrain could finish he found himself delivering and unavoidably receiving staggering blows. Lupton had resented his words. Touch-the-Sky, frightened, wriggled out of the sack-swing and escaped to her people. Trappers finally separated Lupton and St. Vrain, but from that day they were sworn enemies.

It was in the land of the beaver, buffalo and other fur-bearing animals. There were also the black-tailed deer, antelope and elk in the nearby snow-capped Rockies. Wild turkeys occasionally supplied food and war bonnet feathers. Cottonwood and aspen trees

bordered the stream. Spruces and pines commanded the mountain slopes.

Lupton did not have opportunity to finish the transaction that called for a counter balance of finery and beads. Instead, the Arapahoes continued to receive small favors until the Spaniard could complete the erection of a mud block, or adobe fort, construction of which was begun immediately by twelve of the Company trappers.

The remaining twelve Company trappers, having decided to cast their fortunes with St. Vrain, crossed to the west side of the river and there erected a log stockade. In the meantime the business of fur trading was neglected.

Daring and impulsive adventure in these trailblazers had withstood every challenge of privation, constant danger from attack by wild animals and death at the hands of prowling Indians. During this time the little log trading post had been all sufficient for Lupton and St. Vrain. Then friend turned foe. Lupton erected an immense fortification for those times, which his followers named Fort Lupton.

Its ruins are crumbling on what is now a farm in a peaceful village by that name, in the center of a rich agricultural district. In the eighty years or more that have elapsed gold has been discovered in Clear Creek, and Denver, about twenty-five miles to the south, has become the metropolis of the Rocky Mountains.

Concern for the safety of Lupton and the others was expressed at St. Louis when shipments by water ceased. As many as half a dozen rafts loaded with furs had been sent down the river at one time, finding their destination at length on the Mississippi. Months passed with no shipments. Instead, Cupid held sway

while a fortification with pretentious defense works lifted its romantic towers to the sky, on the edge of the wilderness. It was, in truth, a temple wherein love, fortified, was to reign in regal state.

The love fort was one hundred feet square. Its walls were eighteen feet high, tapering from three feet in thickness at the foundation to a foot at the top. A circular tower containing lookout holes for defense purposes—a veritable conning tower for Cupid—rose ten feet above the walls. Small turrets, of Spanish design, more for ornament, superimposed the adobe block structure.

Lupton had abandoned the log trading post. He was just finishing the love fort when St. Vrain, realizing that a battle of the heart was on, ventured forth, and by subtle means kidnapped Touch-the-Sky.

Now the tepees of the Arapahoes lay to the east of Lupton's fortification. Their warwhoops while giving chase to St. Vrain and his followers, were heard by Lupton in time to intercept the fleeing love rival. St. Vrain dropped his captive and spurred his pony to greater action. Lupton took Touch-the-Sky to the love fort prepared for her, accompanied by Chief Two-Arrow.

Preparations were under way next day for the acceptance of Lupton's proffer. The old arm-scale, once more suspended from heavy log beams by a rope caught in an iron ring, was brought into service. The barter proceeded. It brought riches, pound for pound, representing the equivalent of coveted humanity. Lupton was about to become the squaw-man husband of Touch-the-Sky. Outside, St. Vrain and his followers assembled to storm the fort. Old ball and powder muskets were brought into play to the consternation



of Chief Two-Arrow and his tribesmen, as well as of the maiden, Touch-the-Sky.

St. Vrain's men broke down the rough-hewn timber gate. Chief Two-Arrow, with arms uplifted, in the role of peacemaker, appeared and the firing ceased. But his message to St. Vrain was a challenge from Lupton to do mortal combat. Within the walls of the love fort the romance must be settled. St. Vrain accepted the challenge of fists and daggers.

So these two bearded fur-traders, robust and of powerful physique, fought the most unusual battle for love ever recorded. Here, in a courtyard within a love fort on the western frontier of the United States, they matched their strength. Blows rained, then daggers flashed in the sunlight, as they fought beneath an azure-canopied sky. Life, after all, was worth the living. Romance had entered the lives of daring trappers who had left comforts and pleasures and conveniences of civilization far behind in pushing westward to a wild country. And then——

Lupton, wounded in the shoulder, began to show distressing signs of weakness. St. Vrain cunningly advanced the fight to where Touch-the-Sky, wide-eyed, half crouching, nervously clung to Chief Two-Arrow. In a tense moment the wily Frenchman swerved and, snatching the maiden unawares, started for the gate. His followers sought to shield him from attack. But Lupton, enraged, slashed his way to the fleeing rival. Realizing impending danger, St. Vrain turned suddenly as the poised dagger descended on its fatal way. It was driven, not into his own breast, but unintentionally through the heart of the struggling princess.

She sank, limp, at the feet of Lupton. Frantic at the tragedy wrought by his own hands, he sprang

wildly upon his adversary and drove home the crimson-stained dagger. St. Vrain, dying, was carried away by his followers. Lupton, holding the clinging maiden in his arms, pressed a kiss to her lips. He helped bury her there, as her soul winged its flight to the Happy Hunting Ground of the Arapahoes.

But did it? Chief Two-Arrow confessed to Lupton, after she had been buried with Indian ceremony and royal pomp, that Touch-the-Sky was of Caucasian lineage, and had been stolen from her white parents in her early childhood. She could speak only the Indian tongue, and knew not her origin. Though life in the outdoors had bronzed her skin, her heart had never inclined toward an Indian brave.

Instead, she marveled and responded to the attentions paid her by Lupton and St. Vrain. Their rivalry at courtship was satisfying; thrilling, but unexplainable. Her Temple of Love—the only love fort known to have been thus erected—became at once her monument in death. Her dying smile haunted Lupton and he soon fled the country.

## THE GIFT OF THE RAINBOW

**B**UFFALO hides and paleface scalps were the trophies of the hunting band of Kiowas until Shaky-Legs, their leader, learned that Ouray, chieftain of the Uncompahgre Utes, was camped at La Porte, near the mouth of the Cache la Poudre Canyon, in what is now the Colorado National Forest. It was in the early '60s. Venturesome French Canadians in search of gold had braved the uprisings of Indians, including the Arapahoes and Cheyennes.

Ouray and his people followed the run of the buffalo farther to the north than usual. He was thirty. Chipeta, his squaw, and their year-old papoose, Loquito, were with him. At this early age Ouray gave promise of the greatness which later won for him the distinction as the outstanding chief of the Indian tribes of Colorado.

Ouray's father was a Tabeguache Ute and his mother an Apache of the Jicarilla tribe. Ouray's boyhood was passed among the better class of Mexican rancheros, as a shepherd. He soon learned to speak Spanish and English fluently. At twenty he joined his father, leader of a band of Utes, in a battle against the Kiowas. Among the enemy was Shaky-Legs, who was about Ouray's age. They fought, and Shaky-Legs narrowly escaped death when Ouray's tomahawk marked him with a glancing blow. They hissed their names, indicating they were sworn enemies for life.

Now Shaky-Legs, unknown to Ouray, was prowling in the densely wooded region of the Ute camp near the frontier post of Fort Collins. He came alone, seeking revenge for the scar on his forehead. A June shower blew up suddenly, giving the late afternoon the semi-darkness of twilight shadows, and as it rained Shaky-Legs cut through the rear of the skin tepee of Ouray, who was directing the roundup of the tribe's ponies.

Into the tepee crept Shaky-Legs. Chipeta was bending over the papoose, crooningly mumbling Indian terms of endearment. The next instant she was overpowered, gagged and bound hand and foot. Quickly the intruder regained the underbrush of the forest, carrying the papoose tucked in its sheepskin-lined, latticed board cradle.

Ouray returned. The clouds scatterd. He carried the hysterical Chipeta outdoors. In the sky was a rainbow of gorgeous colors. Griefstricken, he nevertheless sought to console Chipeta that this sign in the heavens gave assurance of Loquito's eventual return. Placing her in gentle hands, he led a handful of warriors toward one end of the arched rainbow, while others started in the opposite direction. But late at night they returned, emptyhanded.

The camp of Shaky-Legs, of which Ouray had heard on reaching Fort Collins, and the leader of which he at once suspected, could be located only by smoldering camp fires and rings of stones used in holding down their tepees. The Kiowa leader had started for the plains country to the east at sundown.

Although bearing up bravely for the sake of Chipeta, to whom he was devotedly attached, Ouray never

fully outlived the tragedy of the kidnapping of his only child. After a fruitless search he returned with saddened heart to his ranch lands in the Uncompahgre Valley, where he had large herds of cattle and sheep.

Meantime the tiny Loquito was mothered by a Kiowa squaw of the Bear clan. Still-Water, the daughter of Shaky-Legs, belonging to the Eagle clan, began playing with the Ute at an early age. She was nearly two years younger than the son of Ouray, who, as he grew to manhood, become as one of the Kiowas.

Their attachment for one another, approvingly watched by Shaky-Legs, brought about a marriage. Loquito, mentally alert, agreeable, and popular among the Kiowas, at sixteen claimed Still-Water for his squaw. This was in 1878.

Many times had the camping place of the Kiowas changed since Shaky-Legs had stolen the Ute papoose. But always there was carefully conveyed with the trappings the bead-bedecked cradle-board in which Chipeta had placed Loquito on that fatal evening. It had not since been used. But when, in 1879, a copper-hued papoose came as a blessing to Still-Water, the heart of Shaky-Legs momentarily expressed the warrior's finer feelings. He brought forth the cradle-board for Still-Water's little boy, realizing, however, that its disclosure would lead to a long postponed confession on his part.

And so it developed. The name "Loquito" had been crudely matted into the skin covering of the cradle-board, in English, by Ouray and his early American acquaintances. Shaky-Legs shrewdly intimated that the strange characters indicated as much, and Loquito knew no different. However, the cradle-board also

contained typical markings of the Utes whom Loquito had been taught to hate by the Kiowas.

The expected moment had come, even sooner than Shaky-Legs anticipated. He implored Loquito to wait until the papoose was "twelve moons" old before he related the story of the cradle-board. And so the papoose of Still-Water came to be known as Twelve-Moons.

Loquito surmised the truth, but thought his parents had been killed and that the Kiowas had spared his life. However, about a year later Shaky-Legs told him the story, beginning with the scar on his forehead. Loquito was powerless before Shaky-Legs, who was now one of the tribal sub-chiefs. There was, too, the tie of devotion to Still-Water that held him in tolerant submission as the narrative unfolded.

Now the age of Twelve-Moons was about that of Loquito when he was kidnapped. Having been brought up under the influences of the Kiowas as one of them, Loquito did not feel the hatred toward them that as a born Ute he should feel. Inheriting the manifest qualities of self-sacrifice that marked the lives of his parents, Loquito sought to right the wrong committed. Secretly he evolved a plan in which Shaky-Legs, through Still-Water, his own flesh and blood, must share in the sacrifice.

Under pretext of getting away from camp temporarily in order to recover from the shock of sudden disclosure, Loquito made the hazardous trip into the country of the Utes, in southwestern Colorado, accompanied by Still-Water with the little papoose, Twelve-Moons, strapped to her back. It took them many weeks to reach the vicinity of the Los Pinos

Indian Agency, the Ute reservation in the fastness of the Colorado Rockies.

Early in life Ouray had seen the futility of the tribal desire to stem the tide of paleface settlers. Hated but feared by many of his tribesmen, he nevertheless sat in the councils of the federal government in disputes affecting his people, and prevented much bloodshed.

Although in his prime—not yet having reached the age of fifty—his remaining days were few, mixed, as they were, with joy and sorrow following a strange experience late one afternoon in June. There came a sudden shower, and after the clouds had lifted Ouray went outdoors. He never failed to look for the sign which he believed would somehow bring back his beloved Loquito. The oracle in the heavens had not since appeared under exactly similar conditions. But, look! Today his prayers to Mother Earth, Father Sun and all the other gods, were answered. The rainbow of promise was arched in a position seemingly identical with the way in which it had appeared on that fateful day, years before.

A tiny voice faintly heard thrilled his being. "Chipeta! Chipeta!" he cried to his devoted squaw. She hastened with him to the edge of a wooded tract, only a few steps from their log house abode. Against a tree reposed a cradle-board, half-hidden in a vari-colored blanket containing primary colors as if reflecting Heaven's mystic arch. A tiny papoose was fretting, instinctively trying to make itself heard.

"Loquito! Loquito!" cried the excited Ouray, hardly able to believe that the cradle-board he saw was the same which held his baby boy nearly a score of years before. He was momentarily confused. Chipeta

rocked the cradle-board to and fro in her arms and Twelve-Moons dropped off to sleep.

Ouray carefully looked about but saw no one. Listening, he heard nothing unusual. Yet on a knoll, tree-covered, stood a youthful maiden—Still-Water, who just at present wasn't living up to her name. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. Beside her stood Loquito, intently peering through a forest aisle that enabled him to see all that transpired.

Having seen, he stretched out his arms that his blanket might infold the heartbroken Still-Water. A short grunt told his squaw that the sacrifice was complete. He raised the sobbing Still-Water in his arms and stolidly retraced his steps to the tepees of the Kiowas, as Ouray and Chipeta, bewildered, hastened indoors with their promised gift of the rainbow.







Snow Angel of Mount Shavano on the  
Continental Divide.

## SHAVANO'S SNOW ANGEL



HAVANO, picturesque war chieftain of the Tabeguache Utes, was overwhelmed. The cloudless sky, whose aboriginal mysticisms he often unraveled for his tribesmen, seemed strangely unfathomable. Now Shavano, in Ute, signifies "Blue Flower". In him was symbolized the wisdom of the star-studded canopy, reflected in the sacred bluebell with its delicate chimes of mystifying Indian vespers.

Grief clouded his vision. For him, the cosmic scheme of things, revered but understood only through the eyes of wonderment, was upset. Literally, the flower of his heart had been pulled up and crushed. No direct descendants would perpetuate his idylls of primitive worship, attuned to legendary flights of Indian enchantment. Sit-by-the-Stream, the warrior's son, had been ruthlessly dispatched to the Red Man's Happy Hunting Ground by a dagger in the hands of Flamish, a paleface roustabout. So Shavano's seed must perish!

Shavano, pondering, gazed into the West. Behind him the Indian warriors were dancing slowly in a circle to the weird, impelling music of the tom-toms. Occasionally a sagebrush or bough of spruce was thrown on the small camp fire. But the agony of green branches in the toils of sacrifice was typified on a much larger scale by a helpless girl bound to a pine tree and discernible in the glow of the sputtering firedarts. There

was plenty of brushwood and sticks at hand for the expected ceremony. Shavano must decide her fate.

Pride of ancestry, deeply instilled in Shavano, inclined him to frown upon the Spanish girl, for he could not understand why Sit-by-the-Stream ignored tribal maidens for the love of Carmenita Montoya, a white maiden upon whom Flamish, the paleface good-for-nothing, showered attentions. And, too, Shavano could not help but feel that the death of Sit-by-the-Stream was indirectly brought about through the encouragement of his son's attentions.

Carmenita's delightful personality attracted the dream-filled adventurer, the hardened-in-saddle cowboy and the prospector of a gold-washing river craft, and held their respect. But they feared to offend her by their advances, not only because her sympathies lay with the magnetic and romantic Sit-by-the-Stream and his moccasined people, but because she resented the uncouth manners and speech of these wearers of leather "chaps" and holsters among Colorado's pioneers.

An unwelcome proffer of affection previously thrust upon Carmenita by Flamish had resulted in innocent bloodshed. Sit-by, as Carmenita endearingly called her Indian lover, was spirited away in the night as gentle breezes whispered a requiem from nodding pine trees. She had been the last to secretly minister to his wants. Flamish had fled.

So, now! Carmenita was bound to a tree. Curious eyes awaited the sign from Shavano, Ute chieftain, before applying the firebrands to the branches at her feet. Accacia, the soothsayer, Shavano's counselor, stood at hand, ready to repeat the expected

sign to proceed the moment Shavano faced about, directing his gaze to the East. That was to be the death signal.

Hatred, mixed with a strange, unaccountable something, fought for supremacy in the breast of Shavano. He pulled his strangely-patterned blanket about him, and with arms folded, stood motionless. Although his fringed, rabbit skin breeches, beaded moccasins and elk-tooth decorated native shirt did not disclose it, civilization's awakening had touched him. He had made the most of the days the many spirits of his ancestors had breathed upon him, and his puzzled mind now sought relief in a prayer to his *manito*—a broken-arrow charm—pleading enlightenment.

Vengeance, however, would not easily down. Had not the paleface again given provocation to call his Ute tribesmen into action? The warriors had kidnapped the girl for a purpose—expiation, in part, for their loss. Shavano, distressed, had a different idea, at first vague and confusing, but now haunting and impelling. And while he was fumbling about, mentally, for an expression of his feelings, Carmenita grew desperate in her helplessness.

Reconciled to what seemed an inevitable fate, she had gazed quietly toward the moonlit peaks seeking a figure outlined in white against a distant mountainside. Knowing the legend the Indians connected with the snow-spirit, which she now saw clearly, she silently prayed for as speedy an end as that which came to the Princess Corn-Tassel, which the figure on the mountainside represented. But at the thought of parting from her lover, whom she knew to be still living,

she cried out in desperation and vainly sought to free herself from the merciless hold of the taut buckskin thongs.

"Carmenita knows secret," she shouted in a nervous voice, so as to be heard above the low-chanting Utes dancing about her in the death circle.

Now Bear-Four-Paws, formidable rival for tribal honors of the departed Sit-by-the-Stream, looked with savage favor upon the ravishing Carmenita. She shuddered at the grin he wore through the mask of red clay streaks. His fascination for her, carried away to primitive ecstasy, spurred him to action.

Visions of a spiritual reunion of Sit-by-the-Stream and the girl almost brought him to a standstill in delivering Carmenita's message. Sit-by-the-Stream would be a long time, if ever, reaching the Indian Happy Hunting Ground. No tomahawk, bow and arrow, war dress and jar of water had been left beside his body to fortify him on the spirit journey to the Red Man's heaven.

Without his weapons of warfare and a wish token from Shavano as guides, Sit-by-the-Stream might easily be directed by Carmenita, instead, to the great spirit land of the paleface. He could see them happily reunited, inseparable, and forever out of his reach. Cunningly he determined to claim her for himself. Shrewdly he sought to out-guess Accacia, the soothsayer, whose side he now reached. Imparting the message from Carmenita, he waited.

Accacia, sensing a solemn occasion, slowly advanced toward the sorrowing chieftain, then paused. Shavano made a slight gesture. The counselor took

courage. "Bear-Four-Paws brings to Shavano a message from the maiden, that Sit-by-the-Stream, wounded, hides from his paleface enemies in an old dugout." To keep the good will of Shavano, whom he had unnecessarily interrupted to appease Bear-Four-Paws, he added: "The torches of the juniper wood bring the circle of fire closer to the maiden. Seven sleeps have passed and Sit-by-the-Stream has not come back."

Shavano at first made no comment. "Let the worthy pine no longer keep the maiden against her will," he said at last. "Bear-Four-Paws shall ride with her. The night is long. Darkness is his protector. Shavano will wait. Go, tell my warriors they will have many scalps for the life of Sit-by-the-Stream, and many more if Bear-Four-Paws does not return when the night is gone. Shavano has spoken."

The savage spirit seemingly must triumph. So it fashioned itself. Bear-Four-Paws, through instinct, almost, felt the struggle, centered around Carmenita. Sit-by-the-Stream might win yet, if only in the spirit land, Bear-Four-Paws reasoned, as he rode away through the night with the white girl.

Around the camp fire the Indians sat, idly watching their hobbled ponies grazing. They had gathered after Bear-Four-Paws departed with Carmenita. Story telling was indulged. "Tell us of the Valley of Shavano," suggested one of the younger warriors.

"Accacia shall speak," replied Shavano, with a gesture of approval. The story, like all Indian recitals, unfolded with the utmost detail and deliberation. It took hours to tell, and had to do with the ruins of cave dwellers in the Valley of Shavano, in the Un-

compahgre River basin, near their tribal village, in what is now the Montrose country, several sleeps away. It was a narrative of smooth rock walls of sandstone, bearing inscriptions of an earlier race of people—something of their history and romance, fully one thousand years before.

The picture rocks told a tale of two chiefs, or clan leaders, who had fought to the death for the love of an Indian Princess. The Utes had named them Stone-Face and Little-Drum, rivals for the hand of Princess Corn-Tassel.

As Little-Drum sank to his knees with an arrow piercing his breast, the Princess called out: "Remember Corn-Tassel." Keeping his promise secretly agreed to beforehand, in case he lost, Little-Drum drew another arrow and sent it through her heart. She died in his arms, breaking the arrow as she collapsed.

Now the harm lay not so much in the death of the rival clan leaders, but because of the untimely death of Princess Corn-Tassel. Maize, or corn, for which she was named, was the crop upon which the tribe depended for existence, along with the wild animals killed. So evil days came upon her troubled and superstitious people. Crops withered, and the Cliff Dweller Indians, appeasing the wrath of the gods, moved elsewhere.

The dejected little band wandered about hopelessly for months. One morning to their joy they beheld the likeness of Princess Corn-Tassel, with outspread arms, sketched in snow on the side of a mountain in the shadow of which a little valley broadened out. Regarding it as a sign from the Spirit of the Corn that this would be a fruitful place, the Indians made



camp and put in a crop of maize. And so the gods smiled upon them, through the spirit of Princess Corn-Tassel. A bountiful harvest resulted in days of thanksgiving and festivities.

It was at this point in the narrative that Shavano arose and walked some distance from them. Again the younger brave spoke: "But how comes the greatness of our fearless Shavano?"

The sage related that symbol writings in the canyon made trespassing doubly punishable. And so it happened that Shavano, openly defying the teachings of the tribal wise men, in his youth had laughingly entered the sacred sandstone canyon. Picking up the broken arrow, like that pictured in the hieroglyphics depicting the fate of Princess Corn-Tassel, he explained that the spirit gods gave him a charmed life.

And now in the eyes of the tribesmen his *manito* had failed him. But what of the teachings of the paleface missionaries by which he had sought to grasp the greater understanding?

Tearing a woven feather necklace from about his neck, he threw the *manito* it held—the broken arrow found in the Valley of Shavano—to the ground. Accacia saw but said nothing. Shavano crushed it under foot, even as the "Blue Flower" of his being, Sit-by-the-Stream, had been trampled in the dust. He was bent on challenging the wisdom of the white man's teachings. Wavering in fearful uncertainty, but having set his face to the West, arms outstretched, he cried:

"Great Father of the paleface, whom my people know not, unless it is the same that brings to the Tabequaches the rain, and fills the air with sunshine, and

talks with thunder, hear Shavano, war chieftain of the Utes. Let the talk of the paleface missionary come to pass with the rising sun. Bring back to life the 'Blue Flower.' Old leaves cover the tender plant in winter. Let the Great Father of the paleface restore Sit-by-the-Stream and take instead Shavano, who has watched through many moons and is ready to sit with those in the sky of the Great Spirit. Let the Great Father of the paleface speak to Shavano, who casts his *manito* from him. Shavano has spoken."

Raising his eyes, in the pink flush of early morn he beheld the outline of a figure in white. He saw in the connected snow patches for the first time a resemblance to the angel in the illustrated tract the missionary had given him.

Off there, indeed, was the resemblance of the picture book angel—in snow—on the side of Mount Shavano, his tribal hunting region. Could it be that the prophecies of the white man, like the legendary teachings of his own people, were veiled in wondrous, mysterious beliefs? It was an appeal for compassion—the revelation of understanding. He must spare the life of Carmenita, the White Dove.

Before he could reveal his vision a shot rang out. Daylight disclosed Bear-Four-Paws, smoking gun in hand, riding with Carmenita. The object of his attack was a lone rider—a Tabeguache—Sit-by-the-Stream. Some distance behind the restored Indian whom Shavano at first believed to be only the restless, wandering spirit of the departed Sit-by-the-Stream, came noisy cowpunchers from Salida, the little frontier settlement a few miles distant. Sit-by-the-Stream rode toward Bear-Four-Paws hands lifted high, shouting the

Indian word of friendship's welcome: *Ha-o*, meaning, good.

For answer, the other Indian placed his gun on Carmenita's shoulder so as to get a better aim, and wildly deriding Sit-by-the-Stream, fired. The missile went wide of its mark as Carmenita, conscious of the aim, sprang from the horse, thrusting the gun out of range.

Cowpunchers were closing in on Sit-by-the-Stream, who erroneously interpreted their menacing hostility. Carmenita's friends had reported the girl's disappearance. Across the shoulder of Sit-by-the-Stream was a strap that held a quiver of arrows and a bow. He rode directly toward Bear-Four-Paws, who was circling about the crouching Carmenita.

Shavano, looking on from a distance, took hope when he saw the primitive weapon wherein his people excelled—the bow-and-arrow—used by Sit-by-the-Stream on his avowed rival in love. Then consternation gripped him anew.

Bear-Four-Paws, changing his tactics, instead pointed his gun at Carmenita. Shots from the cowpunchers, directed in the air, more to startle than harm, brought confusion as he tried to control his scared pony.

An arrow sped on its winged way through the morning air—the whirr of death—and Bear-Four-Paws, mortally wounded, fell in a heap near the girl. The next minute Sit-by-the-Stream was riding toward the Continental barrier with Carmenita happily holding to him.

Shavano picked up his *manito* and again placed it about his neck. Accacia was the only witness to the faltering faith of Shavano in its power. In the

councils of his followers, Shavano was acknowledged to be a charmed warrior ranking close to their tribal gods.

The bluebell came back to life each spring, and Carmenita, the White Dove, became the squaw-wife of Sit-by-the-Stream. In his declining years vesper bells of Indian magic called Shavano. And the angelic figure, regarded by the other Indians as Princess Corn-Tassel, but by Shavano as also the angel which evidenced to him the power of the white man's God, may be seen to this day in changing raiments of driven snow.





Colorow Point, Overlooking Clear Creek Canyon,  
Denver Mountain Parks.

## COLOROW'S LEAP



COLOROW, renegade Ute, was restless. He longed again to assume the role of chieftain of a handful of his warring tribesmen. Freedom of roving in the wild Colorado Rockies had been denied him for some years. He reflected on his boasts to military officials that he would not remain in what he regarded as white man's captivity. They had moved his people, in 1881, to the Uintah Reservation in eastern Utah on account of the White River Agency massacre, Sept. 29, 1879, when Nathan C. Meeker, Indian agent, his assistants and Maj. T. T. Thornburgh, of Fort Steele, Wyoming, sent to rescue him, were killed at what is now the town of Meeker, in northwestern Colorado. Colorow helped to provoke the massacre.

The years had dragged along, until, in 1887, the piercing cry of the wolf, qualities of which Colorow is said to have possessed, aroused the "bad Injun" in him. Emitting the penetrating wail of the coyote-wolf, until it seemed uncannily real, he publicly boasted of conquests in bygone years. This won for him new followers, and he led a score of them from the reservation one night, armed and carrying a large deer hide.

Ever since the Utes had been ordered to forsake the White River country some of the sub-chiefs, including Colorow and Piah, claimed that their people had the right under the treaty to return every fall and

hunt deer for the winter supply of meat and hides. This, then, was the excuse the band of rovers made when they encountered military authorities, although it was the least of their intentions.

They reached the Meeker country about the time a handful of Cheyennes, likewise disobeying the government mandate, neared the coveted territory. The Cheyennes, along with the Arapahoes, had been moved from Colorado to the Oklahoma country in 1867. But scalp hunting was as popular as ever, and Yellow-Eagle, a Cheyenne brave, made it his life devotion. He had a purpose in wanting the scalp of one Ute in particular.

On this morning it looked as if his wish would not be in vain. Crawling on the ground, he kept in the bushes and occasionally spied on the enemy. Not far away a deer raised its antlered head from among the heavy brushwood. Yellow-Eagle, on his guard, realized that it was a trap. Now Colorow, whose face was in the deer head, left his followers in the rear, the idea being that he would attract the browsing deer, then suddenly lie flat on the ground to prevent being shot by his tribesmen. This was not an unusual practice.

Secretly Colorow had another purpose. He had experienced a similar meeting, perhaps twenty years before. The untimely arrival of their respective followers prevented Yellow-Eagle and himself from fighting it out single-handed. Any way, Colorow did not like such methods, especially when indifference swayed him. But Yellow-Eagle threatened vengeance at the time because he accused the Ute of having broken his sister's heart.



Away back in the early '60s, Colorow, leading some carefree braves, through skillful tactics had received every hospitality for his followers for more than a month in the camp of the Cheyennes, on the plains east of where Denver now stands. The Utes and Cheyennes were bitter enemies, engaging in scalping parties without invitation or provocation. But Colorow had come as an emissary to get the Cheyennes to join his people in resenting alleged wrongs committed by the whites. It was only a ruse to get food, the Cheyennes afterward learned. Colorow and his small band were hungry and weary.

Moon-Flower, sister of Yellow-Eagle, attracted by the visiting chieftain, easily fell charm-captive to Colorow. In fact, an unusual inter-tribal admiration sprang up between them, and Yellow-Eagle, apparently unable to interfere, at last consented to their marriage. But the night before the ceremonies were to have been observed Colorow and his followers sneaked away, leaving Moon-Flower heartbroken and disgraced in the eyes of her people. Yellow-Eagle swore vengeance. So the years passed. And now the enemies again confronted each other.

"Pikee!" hissed Yellow-Eagle, the Cheyenne, which in the Ute language means, "Get out!" Thereupon Colorow, in the deer head foil, knew it was his sworn enemy.

Now the accustomed way for a Ute brave to fulfill a love pact is to kill a deer and carry it on horseback to his sweetheart. If she waters and feeds his horse it means she accepts the deer meat and the warrior-lover.

“Come, kill and carry me to Moon-Flower, and her charms will bring me back to life so I can marry her,” Colorow howling, yelping, taunted the Cheyenne in response to the challenge. He was still a wolf, even in deer’s covering.

A shot rang out. The bullet hit one of the antlers of the deer mask and, deflecting, grazed Colorow’s forehead. This enraged the Ute, who, with his followers advanced upon the Cheyennes. It was a battle to the death.

In the following weeks the Cheyennes and the Utes fought for vantage points. They plundered the isolated homes of whites for food as they went. Saving their ammunition for a decisive engagement, they brought into play the bow-and-arrow. Each side had lost a number of braves before they reached the vicinity of what is now Lookout Mountain, in the Denver Mountain Parks. On a high plateau in the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, they took their stand. Colorow Point, so designated, was a lookout station for the Utes, a place to which Colorow’s outlaws were driven by strategy of the enemy.

A band of Arapahoes, having conspired with Yellow-Eagle of the Cheyennes to avenge Moon-Flower’s disgrace, lay in wait for the word to advance. Hemmed in, Colorow’s braves were forced to the rocky point which today bears his name. There is an almost sheer drop of two thousand feet from Colorow Point into Clear Creek Canyon. Several slab-like pieces form a rocky throne which Colorow used in his councils, while his followers vainly summoned help by means of smoke signals by day and camp fires at night.

On the third day Yellow-Eagle sent word that if Colorow would surrender himself his followers could go unmolested. The Cheyenne scarcely dared to hope that Colorow's followers would consent to this, as they knew it would mean death for their fearless leader. However, with apparent disloyalty and desertion they informed Yellow-Eagle that the Utes accepted his terms.

As the rising sun bathed the rocky crags in light, the Utes were assembled near the edge of the canyon and not far from the lookout point. Yellow-Eagle and his men took their stand expectantly, waiting for Colorow to come forth to them. Silently and without demonstration a lone figure separated itself from the little band of Utes and advanced toward the waiting enemy. Only the chirp of the awakening birds broke the stillness.

Suddenly the Indian darted toward the projecting rock, paused a moment and lifted his arms high in the air. The Cheyennes, perceiving his intent, ran forward uttering cries of dismay. But too late. Out into space leaped the doomed Ute warrior rather than humiliate himself and his people by surrendering to a Cheyenne.

Yellow-Eagle hurriedly wended his way to a protruding ledge near the bottom of the canyon, far below, where he scalped a battered, unrecognizable form. The features had been practically obliterated. Meanwhile, the Utes were released. Colorow, their chief, had paid the supreme penalty. The victorious Cheyennes departed.

But——

According to the Utes, Colorow died a natural death, in the following year (1888) on the Uintah

Indian Reservation. His tribesmen, on being informed of the terms of the truce, decided to agree to the proposal of Yellow-Eagle in order to gain time for the execution of their plan. Colorow, endowed with the cunning of a wolf, had escaped in the night as his tribesmen played an exacting game of life and death. There was a strange gripping and measuring of hands in the circle around the glowing fire. The loser faced death. It was Piah, perhaps the worthiest. He had the shortest index finger.





Overland Prairie Schooner, Epic of  
Vanishing Trails.

## VANISHING TRAILS



COLORADO'S sunsets ablaze with molten gold were beheld with longing expectancy by eager Argonauts of the West for many days before they reached the Rocky Mountains. Some of the adventurers came in covered wagons, known as prairie schooners; others crossed the plains in the historic stage coach, which had its inception at Leavenworth, Kansas, May 1, 1859, when Russell & Majors started an overland passenger and mail service to Denver by way of the Smoky Hill River course. The first coach arrived in Denver, May 7th, after six days and nights of continuous travel. It was known as the Leavenworth and Pikes Peak Stage and Express Company, and the fare from Leavenworth, including meals, was \$100.

Horace Greeley, celebrated editor of the New York Tribune, who in 1859 said "Go West, young man, go West!" after he had visited Colorado, did much toward the development of the Rocky Mountain region. On the way West he met Albert D. Richardson of the Boston Journal and Henry Villard of the Cincinnati Commercial. They arrived in Denver, June 6th, by stage coach, and made a careful investigation to see if gold could be found in paying quantities. The mails were carried by the overland stage as express matter at a charge of twenty-five cents for postage on each letter. The Express Office was located at what is now Fifteenth and Blake Streets.

Indians held up stage coaches in the early '60s between Kansas and Nebraska points and Denver, and

robbed the passengers and occasionally carried off the women and girls. Arapahoes surrounded Colorado City (now a part of Colorado Springs) in August, 1868, but did not attack the town; instead, they continued on the war path into South Park, where they encountered their enemies, the Utes.

On April 3, 1860, Russell, Majors & Waddell started the famous Overland Pony Express through the Central Overland, California and Pikes Peak Express Company, between St. Joseph, Missouri, the end of the railroad and telegraph facilities, and San Francisco, California. This service included Denver from a branch route leaving the great Overland Trail at Julesburg, Colorado. The Pony Express was discontinued Oct. 7, 1861, with the completion of the transcontinental telegraph line. As the telegraphic facilities were not extended to Denver until two years later, the stage coach connection on the Julesburg branch of the Overland Trail was operated between Brighton and Denver, a distance of about 20 miles, until that time. This is believed to have been the last of the overland stages.

Col. William F. Cody, familiarly known as "Buffalo Bill," was the most famous of the pony express riders, although Colorado contributed a number—among them Moore, James, Keatley, Donovan, Kelley, Rising, Boulton, Baughn, Cliff, Rand, Beatley and Haslam. Some of the names are carved in marble in the lobby of the Denver Postoffice.

There were 190 stations, 420 horses, 400 stationmen and assistants, and 80 riders in the equipment and service of the Pony Express, which maintained a schedule of ten days and nights for the 1,966 miles to the Pacific Coast. However, a record run was made in March, 1861, in the transmission of Lincoln's in-



augural address from St. Joseph to San Francisco in 7 days and 17 hours, and for the 665 miles from St. Joseph to Denver in 2 days and 21 hours. The ponies were changed at stations about every 10 miles, although the riders continued over courses of about 75 miles. The postal charge for a half-ounce letter delivered by Pony Express was at first \$5; later, \$1.

A revival of the Overland Pony Express in 1923 for one trip between St. Joseph and San Francisco, except that it followed in part the Victory Highway instead of the original trail, was observed in connection with the Mark Twain Memorial Association and the California Admission to the Union Celebration, at Tanforan Park, San Francisco, and to see if the record of 7 days and 17 hours could be beaten. The original Pony Express service was routed by way of Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and ended at Sacramento, California, from which point the mail pouch was forwarded to San Francisco by boat.

The Pony Express Revival Race started at St. Joseph, Aug. 31, 1923. The mail pouch contained letters from Gov. Arthur M. Hyde of Missouri; Gov. Jonathan M. Davis of Kansas; Gov. William E. Sweet of Colorado; Gov. Charles R. Mabey of Utah, Vice-President for that State of the Pony Express Celebration; Gov. J. G. Scrugham of Nevada, as well as from Mayor Benjamin F. Stapleton of Denver, to Gov. F. W. Richardson of California, James D. Phelan, former United States Senator from California and President of the Pony Express Celebration, and Emmet D. Boyle of Carson City, former governor of Nevada, President of the Mark Twain Memorial Association and Vice-President for Nevada of the Pony Express Celebration. And when the letters were de-

livered by the last courier, September 9th, after allowing for the greater distance (228 miles) traveled in the 1923 Revival Race, the record of the old-time riders had been beaten by approximately 42 hours. The actual running time was 6 days, 14 hours and 18 minutes. The route lay through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, and California, and major celebrations were held at St. Joseph, Topeka, Denver, Salt Lake City, Reno, Sacramento and San Francisco.

Among the others who actively participated in the affair were Charles Waddles, President of the Chamber of Commerce of St. Joseph and Vice-President for Missouri of the Pony Express Celebration; Harold S. Foster and A. E. Ueberrhein, Missouri; Ben Blow, Manager of the Victory Highway Association and J. H. Lee, Topeka; Dr. W. M. Jardine and Dan D. Casement, Manhattan; C. W. Lamer, Salina; Burl Frazier, Wakeeney, and former Gov. W. R. Stubbs of Kansas, Vice-President for that State of the Pony Express Celebration; Dr. J. R. Dresser and J. E. Chostner, Kanorado; George Pruett, J. Fred Roberts, Joseph A. Shoemaker, Harry N. Burhans, Samuel F. Dutton, A. U. Mayfield and John T. Graham of Denver; Courtney Ryley Cooper and H. F. Nimmo, Idaho Springs; H. W. Leonard, Deer Trail; C. R. Campbell, Bennett; Robert W. Burton, Byers; C. M. Somerville, Limon; O. A. Goetze, Golden; R. H. Gleason, Hayden; H. B. Hendricks, Fraser; E. L. Harsh and A. E. Straub, Jr., Hot Sulphur Springs; C. C. Eastin, Kremmling; George E. Steele, Steamboat Springs; George E. Guild, Craig, and H. B. Pleasant, Maybell, Colorado; T. Joe Cahill, Cheyenne; Preston G. Peterson, Utah; Dr. R. N. Mead and Frank B. Cook, Salt Lake City; E. H. Gardner, Payson, and

Alonzo J. Stookey, Clover, Utah; Col. C. H. Moore and J. C. Durham, Reno; W. H. Goodin, Lovelock, Nevada; J. Selby Badt, Wells; James Russell, Deeth; John White, Beowawe; Don L. Cooper, Winnemucca, and Neill West, Reno, Nevada; Maj. Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) of Oklahoma, partner of Col. William F. Cody; Col. A. N. McClure, Sacramento; John S. Bryan and D. L. Millerick, California; William S. Tevis, Jr., Burlingame; Edgar D. Peixotto, J. Emmet Hayden, Angelo J. Rossi, Harvey M. Toy, Charles K. Field and Charles W. Fay of San Francisco; Earle Snell of Reno, Managing Director of the Celebration and Executive Secretary of the Mark Twain Memorial Association, and Hazen Cowan, Assistant Executive Secretary, Glen Ellen, California.

The 75 couriers who took part in the ride covered a total of 2,194 miles. Robert Lee Shepherd started with the mail from St. Joseph at a telegraphic signal from Hon. Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, at the White House in Washington, D. C. Among the riders in Kansas were Clarence Main, Johnnie Carter, Dr. J. W. Cook, E. W. Lee, Louis Collister, Jack Casement, John Collister, Leo Petit, Carlotta Lamer, Lowell Faulkner, Melvin Wheaton, Levi Schermerhorn, Milton Wheaton, John Parker, Warrenna Bowlby, Robert Crawford, Charles Welch, John Brewer, Gale Taylor, Guy Wigdon, Charles Berry, John Fenno, Fred Sussex, Johnnie Hixon, Fritz Bradley and Alvie Frazier.

Carrying the mail pouch across Colorado were Tod Nettlefield and John Nettlefield; Verner Z. Reed, Jr., who rode through Denver (Sept. 3rd) over the stretch between Aurora and Golden; Johnny Baker, foster-son of Colonel Cody and Vice-President for

Colorado of the Pony Express Celebration, who paused a moment at the grave of the Indian fighter on Lookout Mountain, in the Denver Mountain Parks, to do honor to the old scout who carried the mail in 1860 when a boy of 15; Charles Tipton, Ralph Salisbury, Fred Salisbury and George Long, reaching the Utah state line by way of Steamboat Springs and Craig.

Myrtel Gardner carried the mail pouch for ten miles into Salt Lake City. Other riders in Utah included Lester Gardner, Nick Killian, Denzil Gardner, Ray Elmer, Lincoln Stookey, Enos Stookey, Paul Stookey, Ellis Orme, Nina McAuley, Lawrence Sharp, Sidney Clark, Roy Brown, Raleigh Johnson, Milan Johnson and Willard Callister.

Among the riders in Nevada were Ruth Wiseman, James Dewar, Ray Barber, Mabel Weber Blair, Georgia Grayson Hinckley, Knud Nelson, Al Holt, Reed Hopkins, Chaska West, Clyde Light and Gardner Sheehan.

The longest continuous ride without a regular rest period in the history of the Overland Pony Express was made by the youthful Cody, who rode for 322 miles in an emergency.

Not all of the prospectors and adventurers of pioneer times were men. Women played their part in the early struggles in the West. Take Marie Delay. She drove her four-mule freight schooner over the Smoky Hill Trail into Denver in the '60s, for Russell, Majors & Waddell, of Leavenworth. Swinging a "bullwhip" and encountering Indians, the prairie journey ended when her covered wagon careened down what is now Park Avenue.

Mme. Marie Delay had been thrown upon her own resources, as a widow, in Nemaha County, Neb.,

at the age of 24. She had pre-empted a quarter section of land, and learned to swing an axe with the best of frontiersmen. After three or four years, adventure again beckoned. She continued the journey, pushing westward, alone, but dreaming of the boyhood sweetheart left behind in a lonely grave on the frontier—her youthful husband, whose roseate word-pictures came back in memory and enthralled her just as they had on the honeymoon to America.

Continuing from Denver to Central City, she staked out a claim. One day she was apprised of the fact that a "claim jumper" was digging in her shaft. Strapping a large six-shooter to her waist she rode on horseback to the claim and shouted down the shaft: "Come up, or I'll bury you there!" The trespasser quit digging.

Mme. Marie Delay died in 1920, in an old chateau at Chaumont en Bassigny, in the Haute Marne, France, at the age of 84. She was the Marie Delay of the mad rush in the quest for gold at Central City and Black Hawk more than fifty years before. She had sold her Colorado interests in 1905 for \$20,000, and returned to her native village in France, rich in gold but richer in golden memories.

Many of the old stage coach and Pony Express roads and trails, as well as the winding trails of Indians and pioneers, have been perpetuated in ribbons of shining steel or widened into transcontinental automobile highways. The Central Overland, California and Pikes Peak Express Company, the California Overland Mail, and Holladay's Overland Mail Stage, a branch of which served Denver from Julesburg (known as the California Crossing), virtually terminated their

careers with the completion of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads and the advent of the Wells-Fargo Express Company.

The Smoky Hill Trail from Kansas lives again in the Union Pacific Highway, and the old California Overland Mail in the Lincoln Highway. Berthoud Pass, now on the transcontinental route of the Victory Highway, passing through Denver, was surveyed in 1863 by Capt. E. L. Berthoud during the gold mining excitement in Middle Park, while the old Ute Trail west out of Colorado Springs, through Ute Pass, marks the route of the Pikes Peak Ocean-to-Ocean Highway.

The historic Santa Fe Trail (National Old Trails Road), oldest of them all, linking Bent's Fort on the Arkansas River (1826) with the Commercial Street of today in Trinidad, marks the course from Kansas City, of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad. Regular wagon freighting trips overland to Santa Fe, New Mexico, were begun by Mexicans in 1846, after Maj. George C. Sibley had located a route (at that time along the U. S. boundary) afterward known as the Santa Fe Trail. Pack horse freighting trips were carried on intermittently between Missouri River points and Santa Fe as early as 1822.

Fifteenth Street in Denver was once the beaten trail of fur hunters between Bent's Fort, Colorado, and Fort Laramie, Wyoming. Arapahoe Indians often camped among the white settlers in West Denver in the early '60s for protection against the Utes, who stealthily lay in waiting in the South Platte River bottoms.

# EXPLANATORY NOTES

## AN AZTEC PRINCESS OF PIKES PEAK

Pikes Peak is the best known mountain in America. It is in El Paso County and has an elevation of 14,109 feet—almost 3 miles above sea level. The summit is perhaps higher above its base (nearly 1½ miles) than any other peak in Colorado, despite the fact that there are 26 higher mountains in the State, among them Mount Elbert, the highest, 14,420 feet; Mount Evans, 14,259 feet, and Longs Peak, 14,255 feet above sea-level.

The peak was named for Capt. Zebulon Montgomery Pike, who first beheld it Nov. 15, 1806. Believing it impossible for man to reach the summit, he abandoned the attempt, Nov. 27th, on reaching the top of what is now called Cheyenne Mountain (9,560 feet).

Dr. Edwin James, geologist and historian of Long's expeditionary party, was the first white man to scale Pikes Peak, July 14, 1820. He also discovered the famous medicinal springs at Manitou, at the foot of Pikes Peak. Indians believed that the bubbling in these springs was caused by the breath of Gitchy Manitou, their Great Spirit.

On July 15, 1820, Major Long gave the name of "James" to Pikes Peak, but so great was Pike's popularity among the traders and trappers that they persisted in calling it Pikes Peak. Doctor James' name has been given to another peak in the Continental Divide—James Peak—the mountain through which the Moffat Tunnel is being bored on the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad out of Denver.

Mrs. Anna A. Holmes, a member of the Lawrence, Kan., party that founded "Montana City" (now a part of Denver), was the first known white woman to scale Pikes Peak, July 7, 1858. She was in a group led by Frank M. Cobb.

Zebulon Montgomery Pike was born at Lambertton, New Jersey, Jan. 5, 1779. He had attained the rank of Brigadier General at the time of his death early in our last war with England, suffering fatal injuries, April 27, 1813, while leading the victorious assault on the British town of York (Toronto), Canada.

The top of Pikes Peak is reached by either the steam or the gasoline route. A carriage road was built to the summit in 1873. The Manitou & Pikes Peak Cog Railway, completed Oct. 20, 1890, winds for about 9 miles (46,992 feet) to the summit from Manitou (elevation 6,442 feet), with an average grade of 16 per cent and a maximum of 25 per cent. In this distance it ascends 7,525 feet.

The Pikes Peak Auto Highway, which extends from Colorado Springs, 6 miles east of Manitou, to the summit of the peak, a

distance of 30 miles, was opened in July, 1916. It has an average grade of 7 per cent and a maximum of  $10\frac{1}{2}$  per cent, and the driveway is more than 20 feet wide at its narrowest point.

Colorado Springs has an elevation of 6,038 feet. It was founded July 31, 1871, by Gen. William J. Palmer of Philadelphia. Colorado City, now a part of Colorado Springs, was the first Territorial Capital of Colorado. The Legislature held a four-day session there in 1862 in a log structure that is still standing. Colorado City was founded Aug. 12, 1859, and annexed to Colorado Springs June 10, 1917.

The Cave of the Winds, supposed to have been one hundred thousands years in forming, is a series of underground chambers connected by narrow passageways resplendent with stalactites, stalagmites, and other delicately crystallized formations.

The Seven Falls of South Cheyenne Creek are in a mighty granite cleft in Cheyenne Mountain used by the Utes as a retreat from the warring Arapahoes and Sioux. They have a combined drop of 350 feet and there are 287 steps in the stairs leading to the top of the falls.

These leaping waters were immortalized by Helen Hunt Jackson, whose vivid imagination also supplied names for many of the queer formations in the Garden of the Gods.

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### SMOKE OF UNDYING EMBERS

Mesa Verde is in the southwest corner of Colorado, in Montezuma County. In this area of 77 square miles are located the most notable and best preserved prehistoric cliff dwellings in the United States, if not in the world, in the estimation of Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service at Washington, D. C. Under his direction the ruins have been scientifically excavated and studied, recent explorations indicating evidences of habitation by the Basket-Makers there as long ago, possibly, as 1,000 years before the birth of Christ. The "Mesa Verde" was so named by the Spaniards, meaning "Green Table," and referred to the verdant tablelands of juniper and pinon between the many side canyons of the Mancos River.

The earliest notice of ruins in southwestern Colorado comes from an entry in the journal of Padre Silvestre Velez de Escalante, who, in 1776, came upon three ruins on the bend of the Dolores River, practically within sight of the Mesa Verde, while searching with his followers for a possible direct route from Santa Fe, New Mexico, to Monterey, California, the land of Spanish missions.

In 1874, W. H. Jackson and Prof. W. H. Holmes of the Hayden U. S. Geological Survey discovered, photographed and reported on several small ruins in the Mancos Canyon. Cliff Palace, the largest ruin in the Park, was found by the Wetherill brothers, in December, 1888, while hunting for lost cattle. It is located in a sandstone cave 300 feet long and 50 to 100 feet high,



the cave floor being several hundred feet above the bottom of a spur of Cliff Canyon. This communal structure contained more than 200 terraced rooms and many underground ceremonial chambers. These early discoveries led to the extensive exploration of the Mesa Verde and the location of a great many major ruins. Baron Gustav Nordenskiöld, the talented Swedish explorer, took an active part in the excavations in the early '90s, and his publication, "The Antiquities of the Mesa Verde," is the finest monograph on the early discoveries in Mesa Verde National Park.

Mesa Verde was created a national park by Congressional Act of June 29, 1906, and the boundaries extended by Act of June 30, 1913, embracing an area of 48,966 acres. The mesa itself is about 15 miles long and 8 miles wide, and the highest point has an elevation of 8,575 feet above sea-level. The establishment of this Park for the preservation and protection of these remarkably preserved ruins is largely due to the efforts of the various members of the Colorado Cliff Dwellings Association, which was organized for that purpose.

A small and inadequate museum has been maintained at the Park for the display of the comprehensive collections of the early cultures of the Mesa Verde, and the new Park Museum, a gift of Mrs. Stella M. Leviston, noted traveler and lecturer of San Francisco, has made it possible to install and exhibit much material which heretofore it has been impossible to display. This building, an adaptation of the early Pueblo Indian type, has been erected under the supervision of Jesse L. Nusbaum, Park Superintendent, who has taken an active interest in the Park since 1905, being a member of the expedition that helped to define and set aside the limits and the ruins to be included in the Park.

The New Fire House is one of the most interesting cliff ruins in the Park. Facts brought to light in 1920 when it was excavated, point to the theory that it was consecrated to the ancient worship of fire by the Fire Cult. Fire was kept burning continuously in the central fire pit within the house. It is presumed that this fire was kept burning throughout the year, then extinguished to make way for the "New Fire," which was kindled under the direction of the principals of the Fire Cult, known as the Elder Fire-god and the Younger Fire-god. Elaborate dances and rites marked the sacred ceremony of the "New Fire."

Of equal importance is the ceremonial building of sandstone known as Sun Temple, built on top of the tableland, and which was excavated in 1915 by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, Chief of the Bureau of Ethnology, Smithsonian Institution. Much of the popularity of the Mesa Verde is due to the fact that Dr. Fewkes for a period of years engaged in the excavation and repair of ruins thereon, giving evening camp fire talks on the past inhabitants and their work. These informal camp fire talks, now given by the Park Superintendent, Park Rangers and visiting scientists,

form one of the most enjoyable educational activities of the National Park Service.

Passenger service over the Denver & Rio Grande Western Railroad ends at Mancos, Colo., the Park Postoffice, the trip to the Park being completed by a 28-mile automobile ride. The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe System provides rail service to Gallup, New Mexico, with a 200-mile automobile ride from that point to the Park, largely through the Navajo and Ute Indian Reservations.

Mesa Verde National Park is open to visitors from May 15th to November 1st, and rangers conduct all parties to and through the various ruins without charge.

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### ARAPAHOE SPIRIT GLACIER

Arapahoe Glacier, the largest in the Boulder Glacier region, is a mile wide, three-quarters of a mile long and from 50 to 500 feet thick. This glacial river moves 27½ feet a year, and is the source of Boulder's water supply. Other ice-fields in the group are Isabel, Fair, Peck, Roberts and St. Vrain Glaciers, in the Colorado and Arapaho(e) National Forests. The altitude of Arapaho(e) Peak is 13,506 feet, and of the City of Boulder 5,349 feet.

Morainal Lake, known to the Indians long ago as Great-Spirit Lake, was so named because its waters occasionally disappeared, leaving an immense ice grotto at the edge of Arapahoe Glacier. The mysterious draining of the water as fast as it could form from the melting glacier was regarded as little short of the work of the Great Spirit. In 1922 a similar draining of Morainal Lake occurred for the first time in many years, leaving a huge cavern for a number of weeks. The water presumably finds its way just the same to a chain of lakes below the glacier.

Spotted white horses, whose predecessors are said to have become separated from Coronado's expedition in 1541, roam the plateaus and mountain valleys in northwestern Colorado. An unusual experience is the pack trip out of Sunbeam (Moffat County), to sight, if possible, the last of these wild, spirited chargers that apparently cannot be caught.

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### A HOLY CROSS PILGRIMAGE

Luis Moscoso de Alvarado (known also as Moscoso de Alvarado), according to records, led the ragged remnant of the Spanish troops of the expedition of Hernando de Soto (known also as Ferdinand de Soto) far into the northern lands of New Spain soon after Coronado sought Quivira, while other accounts describe his journey to the Sangre de Cristo (Blood of Christ) Range before turning toward Mexico.

William Wood Seymour, in "The Cross in History, Tradition and Art," says: "Leading truths of the primeval religion may be traced through the principal pagan mythologies; and a symbol

(The Cross) of the fundamental article of the Christian creed and hope has been recognized in the very earliest records of antiquity."

The Mount of the Holy Cross (Eagle County) has an elevation of 13,978 feet. The deep ravine forming the upright section of the cross is 2,000 feet, in which snows drift to a depth of 50 or 60 feet; while the transverse ridge forming the arms, is 800 feet across. Nearby, fashioned from the driven snows, is the Supplicating Virgin, and at her feet is a body of water known as the Bowl of Tears.

The United States Forest Service, by Proclamation of the Department of Agriculture, Oct. 28, 1922, had 350 acres set aside in the Holy Cross National Forest for recreative, educational and devotional purposes. It is near the head of Turkey Creek, in a region exemplifying the nature-carved symbol of Christianity as the instrument on which Christ was crucified, and is intended for the devotional uses of all religious denominations.

An international pilgrimage is proposed for the summer of 1925, starting from New York City and San Francisco, over the designated Holy Cross Trail, leading to Shrine Pass (elevation 11,100 feet). Special rites days will be observed in sight of the snow cross, some twelve miles distant. Usually the snow cross is at its best about July 16th, the date upon which the Emperor Constantine of Rome is regarded as having seen a fiery cross in the heavens, which converted him to Christianity.

Plans for such a religious celebration and anniversary ceremonial of world-wide significance, concluding with the dedication of a proposed Shrine, are being formulated for July 16, 1925, by the Mount of the Holy Cross Association. The Reverend Father J. P. Carrigan of Glenwood Springs, former pastor of St. Patrick's Church in Denver, is the leader in the movement growing out of his suggestion, that the Mount of the Holy Cross be set aside as a religious shrine.

Gore Range was named for a British nobleman, Sir George Gore, who hunted in the Colorado Rockies from 1855 to 1857.

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### THE TRIUMPH OF TRAIL RIDGE

Rocky Mountain National Park lies in Boulder, Larimer and Grand Counties, in north-central Colorado, about 70 miles north of Denver. This Park, the most accessible of the large national parks and the nearest to the big centers of population, was established and enlarged by Congressional Acts approved Jan. 26, 1915, and Feb. 14, 1917. Situated in the heart of the Rockies, its area is 397½ square miles or 254,327 acres, and encloses about 29 miles of the Continental Divide.

There are 46 peaks in the Park of an elevation of 11,000 feet or more. Longs Peak, the highest, has an elevation of 14,255 feet above sea-level and has a great, square, granite head. Mount Meeker and Mount Lady Washington flank it, and geologists say that glacial action made these three mountains out of one.

Indians had an eagle trap on the summit of Longs Peak long before the coming of the white man. French trappers called the peak *Les deux Oreilles* (Two Ears). Later it was named for Maj. Stephen Harriman Long who, while on an exploring expedition, first saw it June 30, 1820, but who never got any nearer to it than the South Platte River. Major Long was born Dec. 30, 1784, at Hopkinton, New Hampshire, and died Sept. 4, 1864, at Alton, Illinois.

It is generally supposed that the first white men to climb Longs Peak were Maj. John Wesley Powell (born March 24, 1834, Mount Morris, N. Y.; died Sept. 23, 1902, Haven, Me.), L. W. Keplinger, Samuel Gorman, Ned E. Ferrell, John C. Sumner and William Newton Byers. They reached the summit of Longs Peak from the south side on Aug. 23, 1868. Major Powell later explored the Colorado River. Byers Peak (elevation 12,778 feet) in Grand County is named for Mr. Byers, who was born Feb. 22, 1831, at West Jefferson, Ohio, and died in Denver March 25, 1903. He was the founder of Denver's oldest newspaper, *The Rocky Mountain News*, first published on April 23, 1859.

The first white woman to scale Longs Peak is said to have been Miss Anna Elizabeth Dickinson (born Oct. 28, 1842, Philadelphia). In September, 1871, she accompanied the United States Geological Survey expedition of Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden to the summit. Her name is perpetuated in Mount Dickinson (elevation 11,874 feet), about 15 miles north of Longs Peak.

Rev. E. J. Lamb, the first regular guide on Longs Peak, made his first ascent in August, 1871. On the return trip he descended the precipitous east side, which drops abruptly 2,455 feet to Chasm Lake, near the foot of a sheer precipice. This feat was but once equalled—by Enos A. Mills, in June, 1903. The east side precipice, however, was scaled for the first time Sept. 7, 1922, by Prof. James W. Alexander of Princeton University.

Big Thompson Canyon, one of the approaches to Rocky Mountain National Park, was named for David Thompson, an English engineer and astronomer in the employ of the Northwest Fur Company. He established trappers' camps in 1810 on the Big Thompson and Little Thompson Rivers, so named by his trappers, and on the Cache la Poudre River. It is quite possible that he was the first white man who looked upon what is now known as Estes Park, in following the Big Thompson to its source.

Among the other approaches to the Park are the canyons of the North and South St. Vrain Creeks, named for Ceran de St. Vrain, the brother of Palette de St. Vrain of Fort Lupton fame and associate of the Bent brothers who in 1826 established a trading post on the Arkansas River within the present State of Colorado.

The distance by automobile from Denver to Rocky Mountain National Park varies from 70 miles to 97 miles, according to the route chosen in reaching the village of Estes Park (elevation 7,547

feet) at the eastern entrance. The distance by way of the North St. Vrain Canyon is 70 miles; by the Big Thompson Canyon, 86 miles; by the South St. Vrain Canyon, 87 miles, and by Boulder Canyon through Nederland, 97 miles.

Rocky Mountain National Park is connected with Mesa Verde National Park and 10 others throughout the West by the National Park-to-Park Highway, a scenic thoroughfare 6,350 miles in length, approved by the Department of the Interior, Hubert Work, Secretary, and by the National Park Service, Stephen T. Mather, Director. Gus Holm's, of Cody, Wyo., Managing Secretary, is in charge of the Highway Association headquarters in Denver.

Estes Park Village, at the eastern entrance to Rocky Mountain National Park, takes its name from Joel Estes, a trapper from Missouri, who first entered the region in the fall of 1859. He and his wife settled there in 1860, being the first white settlers. They remained until 1866.

There is no direct rail connection with Rocky Mountain National Park or with Estes Park Village, where the Park headquarters are maintained. Leaving the Union Pacific or Colorado & Southern train at Fort Collins, or the Colorado & Southern train at Loveland, one proceeds by automobile through Big Thompson Canyon to the Park; or leaving the Burlington train at Lyons or the Colorado & Southern train at Longmont, motor through either North or South St. Vrain Canyons; or leaving the Colorado & Southern train or the Denver & Interurban electric line (Kite Route) at Boulder, motor through Boulder Canyon and over the Glacier High Line, or through the North or South St. Vrain Canyons, to Estes Park Village. The Rock Island and Santa Fe Railroads also make connections at Denver for Rocky Mountain National Park.

Grand Lake (elevation 8,369 feet) the western entrance to the Park, is 110 miles from Denver, by direct journey westward through Idaho Springs and Granby in an automobile, or 99 miles over the Denver & Salt Lake Railroad (Moffat Road) to Granby, and 16 miles from there by auto stage, totaling 115 miles. Grand Lake likewise is reached on a circle trip of 236 miles by automobile from Denver to Estes Park Village and across the Continental Divide in Rocky Mountain National Park by way of Fall River Road, in a government-regulated service the licensed operator of which is The Rocky Mountain Parks Transportation Company. The return trip includes Idaho Springs and the Denver Mountain Parks. Tickets may be purchased at any railroad ticket office in the United States for the trip through Rocky Mountain National Park, and this Company's automobiles make connections with all trains.

Beyond Chasm Falls, on the Fall River Road, is a skyline stretch of automobile road, almost 3 miles in length, which is the loftiest scenic course of its kind anywhere. The highest point

is reached at Fall River Pass, 11,797 feet above sea-level. Near this Pass the historic and romantic Ute Trail, so named for the Indian path along the top of Trail Ridge, touches the crests of peaks and maintains an altitude throughout of from 11,400 feet to 12,277 feet elevation. It is about 7 miles long, joining Fall River Road at an elevation of 11,524 feet, at a point where it starts the descent to Poudre Lakes. Fall River today is spanned by a rustic foot bridge at Chasm Falls.

The Estes Park Woman's Club, comprising more than 100 members, donated about an acre of ground in Estes Park Village as the site for a new administration building for Rocky Mountain National Park. The land was accepted by a Special Act of Congress, introduced by Congressman Charles B. Timberlake of Colorado, and the building completed and occupied by the National Park Service Oct. 5, 1923.

Rocky Mountain National Park is open all the year. The summer travel season is observed from June 15th to October 1st, and the winter season from January 15th to April 15th.

The Superintendent of the Park is Roger W. Toll, whose compilation, "Mountaineering in the Rocky Mountain National Park," has been published by the Department of the Interior and has helped many Park visitors to find the hidden beauties of valley and peak. An engineering graduate, he is also an enthusiast regarding the mountainous regions of Colorado, and is a member of the American Alpine Club and a charter member of the Colorado Mountain Club.

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#### LUPTON'S LOVE FORT

Fort Lupton is 26 miles north of Denver, on the east side of the South Platte River. The crumbling ruins of the trading post are on the Fort Lupton Ranch of Harry H. Ewing, on the west side of the Denver-Greeley Highway a little distance north of the town. St. Vrain's log stockade is gone.

The combat between Lupton and St. Vrain for the love of Touch-the-Sky was witnessed, among others, by William Gerry and Mariana Modena. St. Vrain and one of his seconds were buried on the banks of the Platte. Their graves were seen as late as 1863. Soon thereafter flood waters cut deep into the river bank and washed away the graves.

Touch-the-Sky was buried in the adobe fort, which afterward assumed the proportions of a fortress when as many as 25 families took shelter there during the Indian troubles.

Lupton, morose and inconsolable, disappeared in 1842. Gerry and Modena thereupon maintained "squatters' rights" to the land containing the fort, selling it in 1859 to Mark Mills, who was killed by the Indians shortly thereafter. Succeeding owners included A. J. Williams, Charles Blake, H. T. Monson and David W. Ewing.

## THE GIFT OF THE RAINBOW

French Canadians, prospecting for gold, camped near the present site of Fort Collins as early as 1842. In fact, an expedition of 45 French-Canadian trappers had preceded them in 1816, when "beaver skins were ready money." They came in the interests of the American Fur Company, organized by John Jacob Astor. In 1858 the community of "Colona" was established by the Provost Colony (headed by John B. Provost) with 14 persons from Fort Laramie, Wyoming, shortly before the nearby community, La Porte (The Gate), was founded.

One of the members of the Provost Colony was Elbridge Gerry, who soon afterward became one of the first merchants in Denver. He was the grandson of one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence—Elbridge Gerry, delegate from Massachusetts Bay Colony. Gerry married an Indian. His "boiled shirt" acquaintances in the East were shocked at his continuing to live with her, especially after white women had reached the Rocky Mountains. He wrote back: "I married her when there wasn't a white woman within a thousand miles. My wife and my children are as dear to me as those of any man, and I will die a thousand deaths rather than desert them."

The first known white settler to permanently locate in Larimer County was Antoine Janis, a native of Missouri, who, June 1, 1844, pitched his tent near the present site of La Porte (Laporte). He afterward established a trading post, remaining until 1878.

Early in the great Indian wars of the '60s, a military post was established on the Cache la Poudre River, 4 miles southeast of La Porte. This outpost was named Fort Collins, for Lieut. Col. William O. Collins, of the 11th Ohio Regiment of Volunteer Cavalry, a part of which was among the troops sent West to subdue the Indians. French-Canadian settlers, attacked by Indians near the present site of Belleview, seeing they were outnumbered, dug a hole and hid their powder and supplies. Those who escaped came back and recovered their possessions. Thus the nearby river, Cache la Poudre, meaning "hide the powder," got its name.

Ouray was born at Taos, New Mexico, in 1833. His name, in Ute, signifies "The Arrow." His relations with the United States Government date from Oct. 7, 1863, in the treaty made by the Tabeguaches at Conejos, Colo., signing his name "U-ray, or Arrow." Chief Ouray's only son was captured by the Kiowas in June, 1863, who surprised a hunting camp of Utes in the foothills northwest of Fort Lupton. The tiny papoose was never recovered; in fact, only indirectly heard of afterward by Ouray, who died Aug. 24, 1880, at Los Pinos Indian Agency, Colo., near the town (Ouray) named for him. Chipeta, his squaw, born in 1842, was still living May 6, 1921, on the Uintah-Ouray Reservation in Utah.

## SHAVANO'S SNOW ANGEL

Shavano peak is about twenty miles northwest of Salida, in Chaffee County, and has an elevation of 14,179 feet. The snow angel is three-quarters of a mile high with outstretched wings a half-mile across, and is formed by the packing of the snow into deep ravines on the mountainside, sometimes to a depth of 40 feet. Uncompahgre, in the Ute language, signifies "hot water spring."

Following the massacre at White River Agency in 1879, Shavano conducted an escort for Gen. Charles Adams from Ouray's camp (Southern Ute Agency) to rescue the women captives. With Shavano were Sapovanero and Young Chief Colorow—not the celebrated renegade chieftain—and ten Ute warriors. He brought Miss Josephine Meeker and the others safely to Ouray's camp.

Salida in Spanish signifies "Outlet."

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## COLOROW'S LEAP

Colorow was not a hereditary chief. As a renegade among the White River Utes he exerted considerable influence in leading for a time a roving band of the younger Indian braves. He often camped in the South Platte bottoms, just across the river from the mouth of Cherry Creek, a few blocks from the present site of the Denver Union Station.

Colorow was treacherous by nature, and pioneers say he had the mixed qualities of a wolf and a coyote. During an altercation between Colorow and Edward Moody McCook, Territorial Governor, the Ute, somewhat under the influence of liquor, interrupted Governor McCook's explanation of a refusal to supply Colorow's braves with government tents and guns. After repeated interruptions, Governor McCook threw him out of the office and ignominiously kicked him down the stairs, to the consternation of Colorow's followers.

The White River Agency trouble resulted in the massacre of the following: Nathan C. Meeker, the government agent, and William H. Post, his assistant; Frank Dresser, Harry Dresser, E. W. Eskridge, E. Price, Fred Shepard, George Eaton, W. H. Thompson and E. L. Mansfield.

After the treaty of 1880, in which the White River Utes were moved to the Uintah Reservation, in Utah, Indian sub-chiefs returned to Colorado to hunt deer. In 1887 Colorow's roving band resisted arrest by authorities of Garfield County. Colorado State troops were called out, and seven Indians and three white men killed. Colorow died Dec. 11, 1888, at the mouth of the White River, Utah.

Colorow Point is on Lookout Mountain, overlooking Clear Creek Canyon, not far from Buffalo Bill's grave in the Denver



Mountain Parks. Gold in Colorado was first discovered in marketable quantities in Clear Creek, Jan. 7, 1859, by George A. Jackson, near its confluence with Chicago Creek, at Idaho Springs.

Denver erected Pahaska Tepee, an artistic memorial log museum, on Lookout Mountain (elevation 7,342 feet), for Col. William F. Cody, better known as "Buffalo Bill." The distinguished scout was nicknamed "Buffalo Bill" because he killed 4,300 buffaloes in 18 months (1867-8) for the builders of the Union Pacific Railroad for meat in their construction camps. Buffalo Bill's grave is 19 miles from Denver.

The rustic museum contains Colonel Cody's relics and is in charge of Johnny Baker, his foster-son. The body of the famous scout, called "Pahaska" by the Sioux Indians, meaning "long hair," rests nearby in a rocky grave. The crypt also contains the remains of his wife, Louisa Frederici Cody (died in Cody, Wyo., Oct. 20, 1921), who shared his hardships of early days and helped to perpetuate his memory, historically, as the personification of the Old West.

William Frederick Cody was born in Scott County, Iowa, Feb. 26, 1845. As a scout in the Sioux War of 1876, he killed and scalped Yellow Hand, Cheyenne chief, in a personal combat during the battle of Indian Creek. He organized the celebrated Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show, and was received by, and gave special performances for, the royalty of England. He died in Denver, Jan. 10, 1917.

Denver, by a Charter Amendment adopted May 21, 1912, followed by an Amendment to the Constitution of the State authorized through a Special Act of the Colorado Legislature April 13, 1913, was the first to establish and develop a system of park areas entirely outside the limits of a municipality. These wild, romantic spots in the Rockies, known as the Denver Mountain Parks, begin at Golden (designated in 1862 as the second Territorial Capital) 12 miles from Denver and are connected by 100 miles of splendid automobile highways many of which once were moccasin-winged trails of the Utes. There are in all 19 park areas with a total of 5,030 acres.

On Genessee Mountain, also within the system of Denver Mountain Parks, is the only municipal mountain game preserve in the United States. This tract embraces 600 acres and contains elk, deer, buffalo, mountain sheep and antelope. They may be seen from the driveway.

On the way to the snow-crested divisional watersheds of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is Echo Lake (altitude 10,600 feet), another of the areas in the system of Denver Mountain Parks, cupped in the heights of the Continental Divide. From the lake surface rise mists, cloud-kissed, that Colorow and his conquering Utes believed went to form the nebulous Milky Way—an astral streamer that indicated the journey of the departed spirits of warriors bound for the Happy Hunting Ground.

Denver was named for Gen. James William Denver, Governor of Kansas Territory, by Gen. William Larimer, Jr., and Richard E. Whitsitt, Nov. 17, 1858. Kansas Territory at the time extended as far west as the Rocky Mountains. Denver grew out of rival settlements known as Auraria City and St. Charles at the confluence of the South Platte River and Cherry Creek, Auraria City springing up soon after the arrival from Georgia of the W. Green Russell gold-prospecting party, June 24, 1858. General Denver was born at Winchester, Virginia, Oct. 23, 1817, and died at Washington, D. C., Aug. 9, 1892. He was the son of Capt. Patrick Denver.

Colorado's independence came about through the Provisional Territory of Jefferson, created Oct. 24, 1859; its designation as the Territory of Colorado by Congressional Act of Feb. 26, 1861, approved by President James Buchanan, Feb. 28, 1861, and its succession to statehood Aug. 1, 1876, as the 38th state, by Proclamation of President Ulysses Simpson Grant. Colorado is known as the "Centennial State," because statehood was achieved in the year of the 100th anniversary of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. The present State Capitol in Denver was erected at a cost of \$3,000,000, and the corner-stone laid July 4, 1890. It stands at an elevation of 5,280 feet above sea-level. The Capitol's height to the top of the gold-leaf covered dome is 272 feet.



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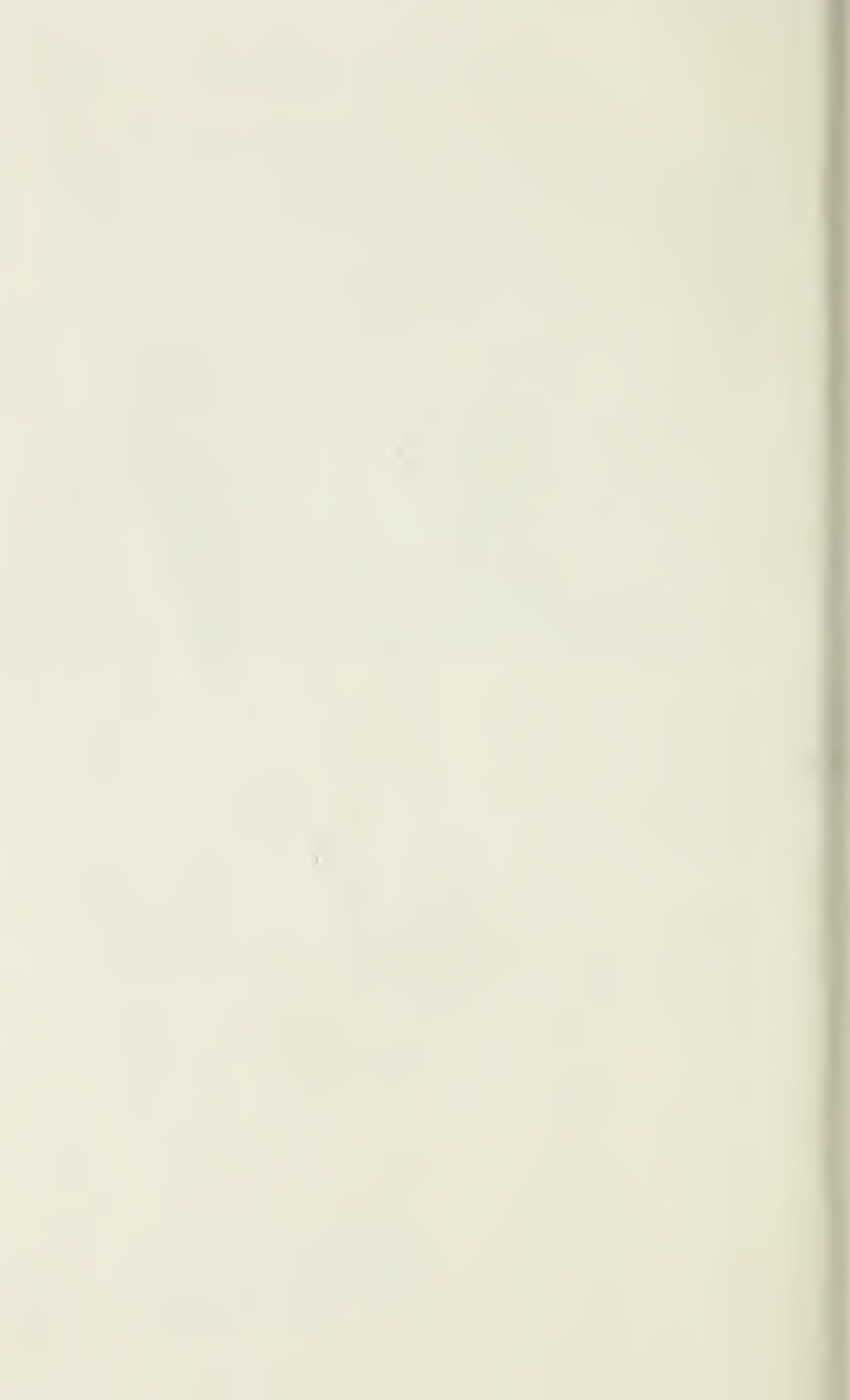
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