They hauled mining supplies up the Kite Pass over a rather winding road with steep grades and brought back silver ores to be shipped over the railroad.

My young broncho had never been off the Plains before, had little use for town life; he was on a trip to Glen Eyrie, he disliked the stream over there. As he had only seen running water after a cloudburst, he thought the rustic bridges very traps to catch a young wild bronco, it took a lot of spurring and spurting to get him over them.

The summit of Pike's Peak loomed up above me, I had no idea I ever reaching it; there was no wagon road, it was reached only by trails. Nothing up there except the U.S. Signal Station, which was afterward given up, as of no practical value in predicting the weather.

But life was full of the unexpected; a young fellow I met told me that he was taking supplies up to the Signal Station by a mule train, and invited me to keep him company.
So I "parked" my bronc at a hotel and went along.

We started the next morning up Bear Creek Canyon on the old wagon road to Seven Lakes, where we spent the night at the log hotel. The next morning we reached the Signal Station, where we unloaded the supplies and came back by way of Rupten's Canvas Halt. After four months of riding the range, the change to a train was a novelty. The weather was good all the way, and the view hasn't changed much in 60 years.

On my return from the Springs, I resumed ranching life with the Youngers. My friend F. J. Robinson of Providence, son of the then President of Brown University, had come west to seek his fortune and was running an outfit of horses and cattle near there. One of his ponies had come up from the Arkansas Valley late in September, when the nights were getting cold. Equally with a threat of snow in the air, the Indians decided to go south for the winter and took mine along for company. They were both