

FAIRVIEW HOTEL

Highland Springs.

VOL. 3. LONGMONT, COLORADO, SEPTEMBER 14, 1881.

No. 1

THE HIGHLANDS.

ESTES PARK, COLORADO.

THE TOURIST'S DELIGHT.

H. W. FERGUSON & SON, Proprietors.

A cozy home-like retreat where you can do as you please, dress as you please, and get a genuine rest. First class table; all the luxuries of town and country. No pains spared to make guests comfortable and happy.

References furnished on application to those who will testify to the truth of the above.

Sept. 9.

The past week has given us a series of climatic surprises. Friday and Saturday were certainly the handsomest

shower whirled through the air, but melted on touching the ground, so that what little snow-falling was indulged in was of an unsatisfactory character. But Wednesday's dawn revealed a spectacle of surprising loveliness. The ground everywhere was white, the moist snow clung to the pines, and the Range beyond was of vivid whiteness. All was enthusiasm at the ranch; and inspiring in the extreme. Expressions of delight were universal, and several of the guests who had seen much of foreign lands were confident they had never before witnessed such was the enthusiasm, that the young man who persisted in remaining in bed, was carried out, in spite of his struggles, wrapped upon the dryest rock that could be found, and made to look at the snow-covered Range, and all this happened before the seven o'clock breakfast.

Ere these Echoes are in type, Ferguson's will be well-nigh deserted. A number leave on Thursday morning, and a large part of the remaining few, on Saturday. All are loath to go, and promise themselves another visit next summer.

Mr. I. R. Riddle, the enterprising Topeka photographer, who has been

in casual. May we not hope to welcome you many times in the future beneath this roof-tree, under its new name, the one we are gathered here to give it tonight." At the close of the address, "Home Sweet Home," was beautifully rendered by the Quintette. The most pleasing event of the evening then followed, being the reading by Mr. Buckman of the following ode, contributed by him for the occasion:

ODE.

Read at the Christening of "Edgemont," Estes Park, Sept. 7th, 1881.

The Roman warriors who would rear
"Neath sunny skies their strange abodes,
Shrined recently their household gods—
The Larcs and Penates de-
part.

Since pilgrim fathers crossed the main,
Their children whereso'er they roam,
To dedicate the new-born home
Hang in the hearth the Iron crane.

With simpler rites but equal zeal,
This fair home would we dedicate;
So shall it meet a kindly fate,
Thus hallowed by baptismal seal.

II.

What mine this throng all gaily come,
What, pray, may be their glad intent?
We come in joyous errand bent—
To dedicate this cottage-home.

Where rock-bound hills protectingly
Their shadows throw o'er Grassy glade
That holds a wealth of light and shade,
It stands, this cottage fair to see.

It overlooks from breezy heights

To purest love, to tenderest ties
That bind fond hearts in union rare.
We dedicate thee all to joy,
Yet know that sorrow needs must come
With chastening ministry—therefrom
We would not take even this alloy.

In songs we'll raise our voices high
And gaily sing this happy night,
With joy perform our simple rite
And "Encemont" christen thee for aye.

A round of applause followed the reading of the "Ode," which was delivered in the author's best style, and was heartily appreciated.

As the plaudits died away Mrs. Hallett advanced to the entrance, bearing a silver chalice, and with its contents sprinkled the threshold, while repeating the following: "In the presence of these assembled friends I christen thee, 'Edgemont.'" This was hailed with cheers and shouts of "Hail to Edgemont," "All joy to Edgemont," &c., &c., while the snow-capped peaks seemed to feel the inspiration of the moment as they caught the glory of the full moon, bursting from behind a passing cloud.

Then followed the singing of "Auld Lang Syne," after which the company repaired to the ranch house, where, when they had assembled, they were addressed by Mr. Buckman, as follows:

Friends, there is to be yet another

Friday were certainly the handkiest days the sun ever shown upon. Sunday was fine but a trifle windy in the afternoon. Monday was rainy, Tuesday was snowy and Wednesday was foggy—a variety of weather sufficient certainly to satisfy the most earnest devotee to the Colorado climate. The good days were well employed. On Friday, a large delegation from Ferguson's went on a picnic to the Horsehoe Park. He who has never looked down into that emerald, peak-guarded dell has surely missed one of the loveliest views that could be imagined. The simple collation, eaten with hearty zest on the banks of the stream; the attempts at fishing and the attendant struggles with trout of fabulous size that invariably got away; explorations of the canon, down which a stream dashes over enormous boulders in a series of bewitching cascades; the homeward ride while the sun was casting long shadows, and mountain and valley looked their best—all conspired to make a day of rare delight. A well-conducted picnic is a good institution; a Rocky Mountain picnic embraces alluring possibilities not elsewhere to be found; and an Estes Park picnic seems to me the very acme of delight.

Our snow storm of Tuesday has been quite an experience. All day the fleecy

Topoka photographer, who has been doing a great deal of work in the Park, has just spent a day or two at Ferguson's. He secured several handsome snow views, and his entire series is thoroughly artistic. His pictures deserve a large sale.

On the evening of the 7th inst. occurred another of those social gatherings for which Mr. Hallett's residence has become noted during the past summer, the occasion being that of the christening of his cottage. At 8 p. m. huge camp-fires shed their ruddy glow across the lawn, welcoming with their cheery light the many friends of the genial host who soon thronged the spacious veranda. The house was gaily decorated with many colored lanterns, which flooded the ranch with mellow light, and seemed to throw into bold relief the tasteful festooning of the pillars. Particularly was admired the legend over the entrance to the veranda, "Welcome to Edgemont."

The guests having assembled, a "Song of Welcome" was rendered by a quintette, consisting of Mrs. and Miss Marton, and Messrs. Sterling, Buckman and Hallett. The following brief "Address of Welcome" was then delivered by Mr. Hallett: "Kind friends assembled here, we greet you on this pleasant oc-

It overlooks, from breezy heights, Great sways of pine-flecked vale below,
 7111 feet ~~high~~, the sunset glow
 Crowns far-off peaks with rosy light.
 The towering range sweeps rally by,
 Overtopping hills that bound the vale.
 While over them theory cloudlets fall—
 The white-winged navies of the sky.
 And all within is bright and fair
 And nestled in its every part,
 A monument of loving art,
 Of labors long and foresight rare.
 Here, blest by loving mother's care,
 Young parents watch by cradle side,
 And with their love thus sanctified
 Their hearts for joys or woes prepare.
 Here cherish boys with prattle sweet,
 Shall while away long sunny days,
 Shall learn of nature's secret ways
 And won her in her own retreat.
 With nobler growth shall they not grow
 Who breathe this upland atmosphere?
 Most light have peaks that highest rear,
 Are first and last in sunshine glow.
 Ah, yes, we know this fair roof-tree
 Small shelter souls of upward drift,
 With arms that grant peaks uplift,
 And sweet and pure as flowery lea.

III.
 Let those who will vast empires found
 And seek o'er fellow men to reign;
 Far nobler he who binds no chain
 Save such as loving hearts hath bound.
 Ah! who could wish o'er earth to roam,
 When loving subjects own his sway,
 And willing service gladly pay
 Within the empire of his home.
 We dedicate thee, "cottage fair,"
 To all this sacred word implies;

Friends, there is to be yet another christening to-night. It has been generally supposed that young ladies only were privileged to change their names; but happily no such restrictions bind us a way here in the mountains, and so we are going to change the name of this ranch. The place for which so long we have known and loved as "Ferguson's," is to have a new name. But I am glad to assure you that the proprietorship remains unchanged (cheers)—that the kind host and hostess will still remain and dispense their hospitalities as of old. And each one of us hopes to spend more happy summers with the new name than has ever been his good fortune under the old.

The address ended, all assembled on the ranch house porch and Miss Sallie Ferguson stepping forward, proceeded with becoming ceremony to bestow the appropriate name, "Highlands." Three cheers and a "tiger" were then given for "Highlands," and all repaired to the spacious dining room, where ice cream, hot coffee and delicious cakes, nuts, candies, &c., were bountifully indulged in.

The repast over, all assembled once more upon the lawn, where a grand display of fireworks, provided by Mr. Hallett for the occasion, ended the evening's festivities.

HALLETT HOUSE NAMED "EDGE MOUNT"