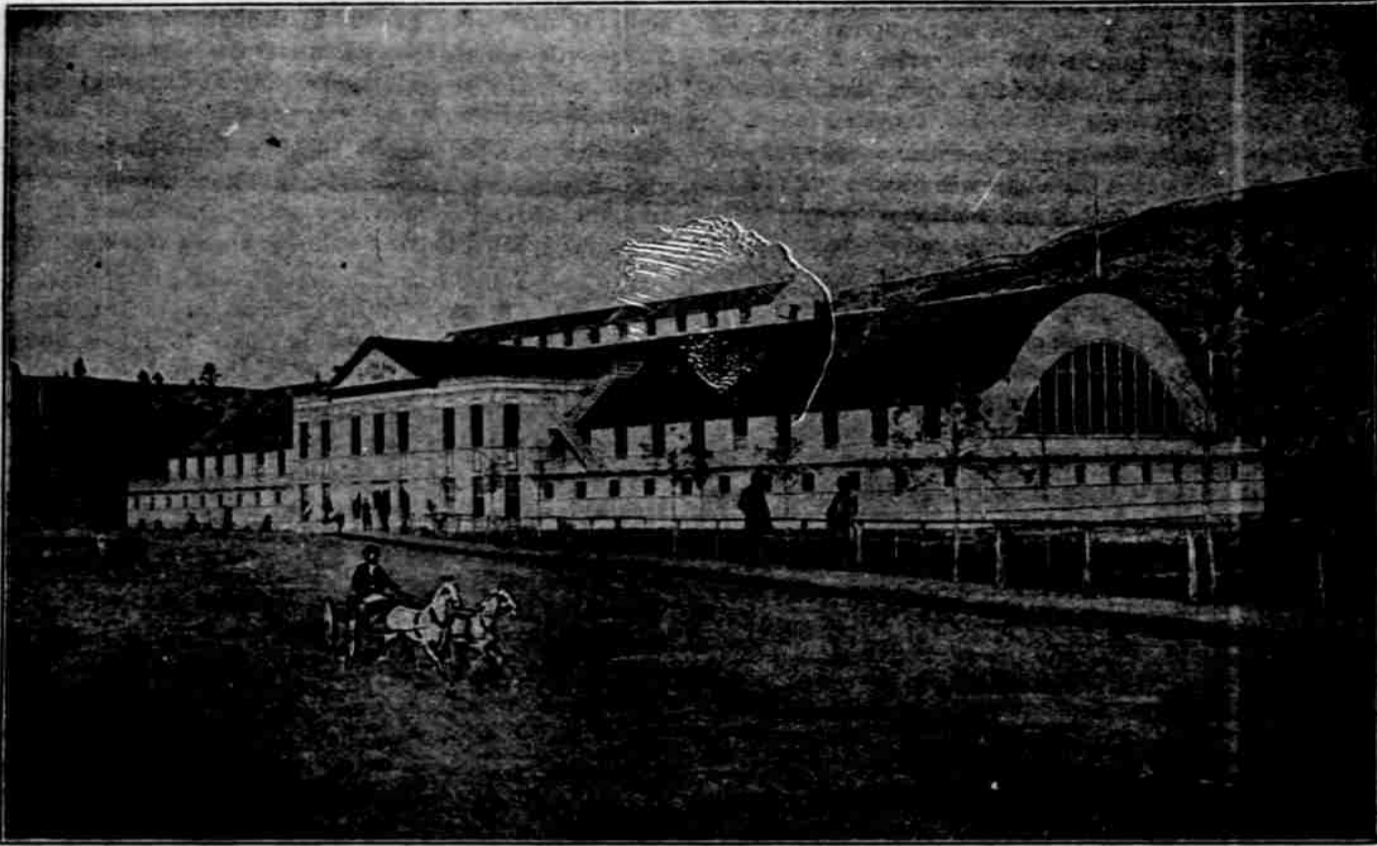


HOT SPRINGS, S. D.

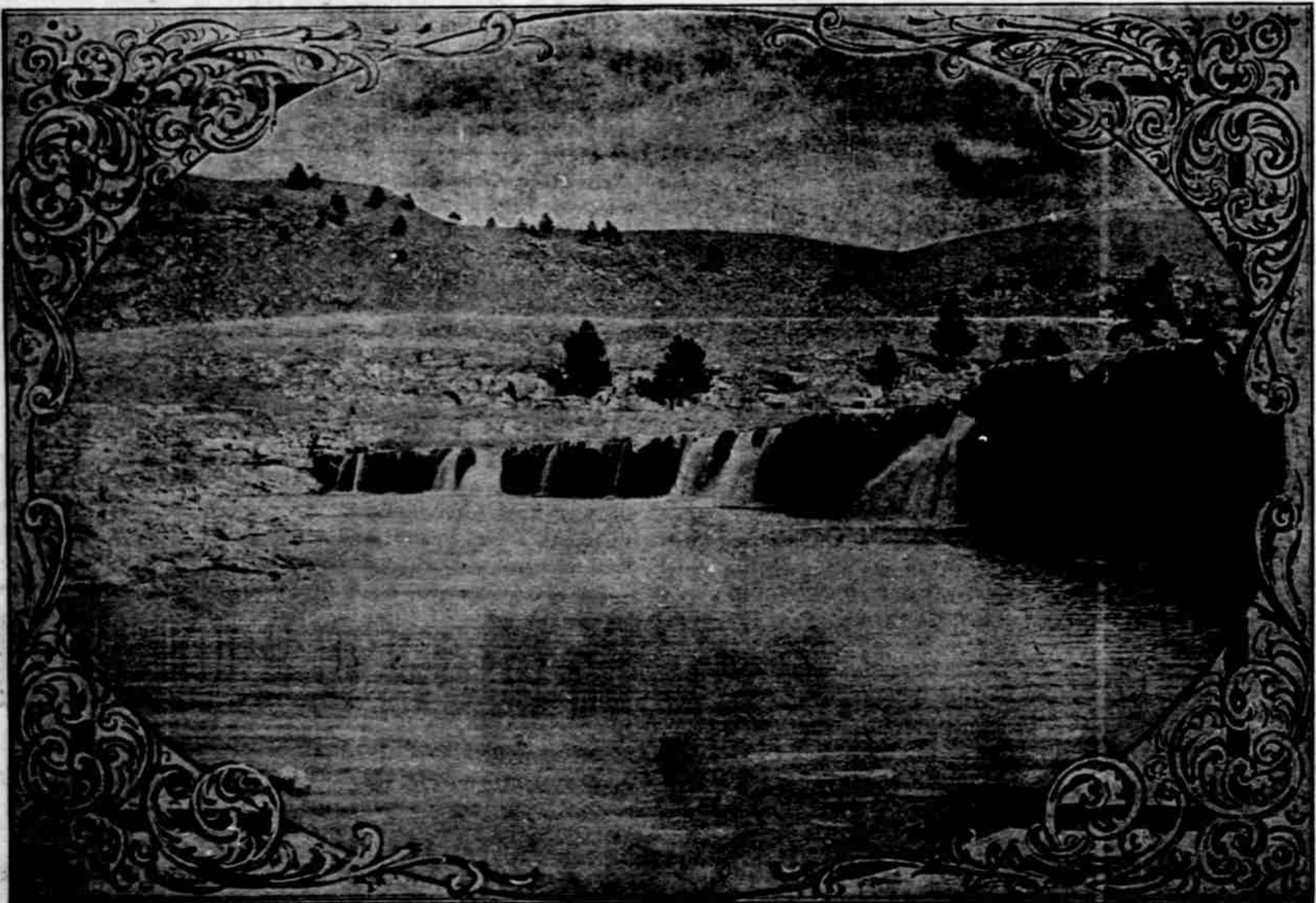
Minnekahta (Hot) Springs, S. D., is five years old. The rheumatic ranchman of early days, or the cowboy who first took a run this way to soothe the exasperation of the "Texas itch," took his bath in an Indian tub hewn out of stone in the shape of a moccasin. This

ure-seekers and recreation "fiends," who fill up hotels, exhaust livery barns, tramp over the mountains, through the glens, explore the caverns, swim in the magnificent plunge bath, from morn till night, and wind up the day by "tripping the light fantastic" till midnight. True, the rheumatics who take the baths are soon limbered up, and participate in the recreations of the pleasure-seekers, and none among the throng are so grateful as these to "Mother Earth" for her



tub was the nucleus of a little thermal town of tepees, which soon melted away before a claim cabin; and this claim cabin, constituting to itself what might be called the old quarter, has been put on wheels and unceremoniously trotted off to the far end of the town to make way for the stone hotel. One must not for a moment assume that only invalids are attracted here. On the contrary, each spring the place is literally overrun—taken possession of by pleas-

fountains of health, or the beautiful place and superb climate in which she chose to establish her sanitarium. Here are both health and pleasure. The baths are supplied by four main springs here, and one large and several smaller springs at the Catholicon, one and one-half miles east, the largest of which goes to form a luxurious plunge 200x50 feet. This water that caresses you deliciously with its tiny bubbles rises out of the ground at a temperature of 96 degrees.



CHEYENNE FALLS, NEAR HOT SPRINGS, S. D., ON THE BURLINGTON ROUTE.