

by where the Bridger Pass Station is situated on the old overland stage road.

With a last look at this rugged, barren, desolate region, we speed away over the crest, and shall have down grade for the next 108 miles, descending in that distance 1,110 feet.

Latham—is reached $7\frac{1}{2}$ miles west, but our train does not stop; and 7 6-10 miles more brings to

Wash-a-kie—named after an old chief of the Shoshone Indians, whose portrait will be found on page 61. At this place is another artesian well, 638 feet deep, which, at 15 feet above the surface, flows 800 gallons of pure water per hour.

Red Desert—is 9 3-10 miles from Wash-a-kie. The country around here is called the Red Desert, from the color of the barren soil. It is a huge basin, its waters having no outlet. Several alkali lakes are found in it, but nothing lives on its surface. The soil is bad between Table Rock and Creston, the extreme points of the desert, 38 miles apart. It is composed of the decomposition of shale and calcareous clays, and is deep red, showing the presence of an hydrous sesquioxide of iron. The southern margin of the basin is mainly sand, which is lifted up by every passing breeze to fall in drifts and shifting mounds.

Tipton—a side-track, where our train *does not* stop, is 6 6-10 miles west of Red Desert, and 6 7-10 miles further, the train *will stop* at

Table Rock—This station is on the outer edge of the desert, which has an elevation of 6,890 feet. Off to the left can be seen a long line of bluffs, rising from 50 to 500 feet above the surrounding country. They are of red sandstone, which is mainly composed of freshwater shells, worn, cut, and fluted by the action of the elements. One of these bluffs, which gives its name to the station, is level on the top, which rises about 500 feet above the road, and extends for several miles. Heavy cuts and fills are found here, showing that the road is passing through the rim of the desert. After passing through this rim, and by the side-track, called

Agate—we go on, through a rough and broken country for ten miles, when we arrive at a station called

Bitter Creek—At this place the company have a ten-stall round-house, and a machine shop, for repairs.

As we leave this station, we begin the descent of the celebrated Bitter Creek, the valley of which we shall follow to Green River, about 60 miles west. The valley is narrow, the bluffs coming near the creek on either side. The stream is small and so strongly impregnated with alkali as to be almost useless for man or beast. The banks and bottoms are very treacherous in places, miring any cattle which attempt to reach its fetid waters. This section was always a terror to travelers, emigrants and freighters, for nothing in the line of vegetation will grow, excepting grease-wood and sage-brush. The freighter, especially, who had safely navigated this section, would "ring his popper" and claim that he was a "tough cuss on wheels, from Bitter Creek with a perfect education."

From the source to the mouth of this stream, every indication points to the fact that deposits of oil underlie the surface. Coal veins—valuable ones—have been found, and an oil-bearing shale underlies a large portion of the valley. The old overland stage and emigrant road follows this valley from its source to Green River. From the bluffs, spurs reach out as though they would like to meet their jagged friends on the opposite bluffs; and around the rough points the cars roll merrily on down, down to the Green.

Black Buttes—is 9 1-10 miles down the creek.

Hallville—an unimportant station to the tourist, is $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Buttes, and 5 8-10 miles to

Point of Rocks—Here an artesian well, 1,015 feet in depth, supplies an abundance of pure water.

Extensive coal mines near this station are being worked by the Wyoming Coal Company, who ship as high as 100 car-loads daily. In one bluff, at a depth of 80 feet, five veins of coal have been opened—one upon the other—which are respectively one, three, four, five, and six and a half feet in thickness. On the bluff, just above the coal, is a seam of oyster-shells six inches in thickness, which Hayden says "is an extinct and undescribed species, about the size of our common edible one."

The sandstone bluffs, at points along the road, are worn by the action of the elements into curious, fantastic shapes, some of which have been named "Caves of the Sand," "Hermit's Grotto," "Water-washed Caves of the Fairies," "Sanko's Bower,"