

of roughs, gamblers and desperadoes. When the Vigilance Committee was in session here, in 1868, they waited on a noted desperado, and gave him 15 minutes to leave town. He mounted his mule and said: "Gentlemen, if this d—m mule don't buck, I don't want but five." We commend his judgment, and consider that for once "*his head was level.*"

BLACK'S FORK is approached at this station. It rises in the Uintah Mountains, about 100 miles to the southwest, and empties into Green River, below Green River City. The bottom lands of this river, for fifty miles above Bryan, are susceptible of irrigation, and are thought to be capable of raising small grains.

Marston—is an unimportant station, 7.6 miles from Bryan. Soon after passing the station, to the northward, the old Mormon trail from Johnson's Ford on Green River, 12 miles above Green River station, can be seen coming down a ravine. The route is marked for some distance by a line of telegraph poles which leads to Sweetwater.

Soon after leaving this station, a fine view can be had to the left, south of the Uintah range of mountains. The valley of the Beaver lays at the northern base of the range, and is one of the most productive sections of the territory; corn, potatoes, vegetables, and small grain grow and yield abundantly. Beaver Creek, which flows through the valley, was named for the beavers that inhabit the creek.

As early as 1825, Beaver Creek was known to Bridger and other trappers of the American Fur Co; in after years, it became the headquarters—for years at a time—of Jim Bridger and other trappers. Since trapping beaver has been abandoned the increase in Beaver Creek has been wonderful. Immense dams are here to be seen, from four to six feet high, which flood many thousand acres.

The streams of this section not only abound in beaver, but in fish—the trout here being abundant.

Beyond the Uintah Range is the Great Valley of White Earth River, where is located the Ute Reservation.

Granger—is 9.6 miles west of Marston. The last seven and a half miles of track before reaching this station was laid down by Jack Caseman in one day. The station is named for an old settler, Mr. Granger, who keeps a ranche near by.

Just after leaving this station we cross a bridge over Ham's Fork, immediately at its junction with Black's Fork.

HAM'S FORK rises about forty miles to the northwest, in Hodge's Pass. The bottom lands of this stream are very productive of grass; the upper portion of the valleys, near the mountains, produce excellent hay-crops. It is supposed that the small grains would flourish here under irrigation, but the experiment has not yet been tried on a large scale, though the whole valley can be irrigated with but little labor.

In 1867, the Union Pacific Railroad Company surveyed a route from this point—Ham's Fork—via Salmon Falls, Old's Ferry on the Snake River, and Umatilla, to Portland, Oregon. The route, as surveyed, is 460 miles by railroad, 315 by steamboat.

After crossing the bridge we leave Black's Fork, which bears away to the left, as also the old stage road, which follows up that stream to Fort Bridger. Our course is due west, following up the bank of the BIG MUDDY, which we cross and recross several times before we reach Piedmont, 50 miles ahead, where we shall leave it. The valley of the stream is narrow, producing sage-brush and greasewood in luxuriance, and possibly would produce good crops, with irrigation.

Church Buttes—is situated on Big Muddy Creek, just east of the crossing, in the midst of a sage-brush country.

The station is 10.5 miles from Granger's, a noted place for moss agates. These beautiful stones are found along the line of the road from Green River to Piedmont, but in greater profusion here than at any other point near the road.

In some places the ground is literally paved with these gems. The flinty boulders vary in size from a pea to about five inches in diameter. The outside of these pebbles is a dark gray and a greenish blue in spots. Should the reader conclude to stop over and hunt moss agates, our advice would be: take your time and a hammer with you; crack the rocks and pebbles beneath your feet; and when you find one of the agates, if it looks dull and rusty, do not throw it away in hopes of finding a prettier one; for often the dull-looking stone, when rightly cut and dressed, is very beautiful and valuable. Most of the agates are valueless, but some are very beautiful, and will readily sell for from \$50 to \$75.