

body of water, and in places bends down until its thirsty sands are laved by the briny flood. There are many evidences in support of the theory that it was once covered by those waters, although much higher than the present level of the lake. The saline matter is plainly discernible in many places, and along the red sandstone buttes which mark its northern border. The long line of water-wash, so distinctly seen at Ogden, and other points along the lake shore, can be distinctly traced, and apparently on the same level as the bench at those places. The difference in the altitude of the road is plainly indicated by this line, for as we journey westward, and the elevation of the plateau increases, we find that the water-wash line blends with the rising ground and is seen no more.

Matlin is an unimportant station, 10.78 miles from

Terrace—Here the railroad company have erected work-shops and a 16-stall round-house. To the northward the hills which mark the entrance to the Thousand Spring Valley are plainly seen; they are brown, bare and uninviting as the country we are passing through. Some mines are reported near, but have not yet been developed. From Terrace it is 10.54 miles to

Bovine—Here there is little of interest to note, the face of the country remaining about the same, though gradually improving. Spots of bunch-grass appear at intervals, and the sage-brush seems to have taken a new lease of life, indicating a more congenial soil.

Continuing on 10.85 miles further we reach

Lucin—At this point we find water tanks supplied by springs in the hills at the outlet of Thousand Spring Valley, which lies to the north, just behind that first bare ridge, one of the spurs of the Humboldt Ridge, but a few miles distant. The valley is about four miles wide, and not far from 60 miles long, taking in its windings from this point to where it breaks over the Divide into Humboldt Valley. It is little better than one continual bog in the center—the water from the numerous brackish springs found there standing in pools over the surface. There is good range of pasturage for the cattle in the valley and hills beyond. The old emigrant road branches off at or near the station, one road passing through the valley, the other following nearly the line of

railroad until it reaches the Humboldt *via* Humboldt Wells.

Goose or Hot Spring Creek, a small stream which courses through the valley its entire length, sinks near by the station, rising and sinking at intervals, until it is lost in the desert.

Before reaching the next station we leave Utah and enter the State of Nevada. Passing over 11.75 miles of up-grade, our train arrives at

Tecoma—In 1874 quite an excitement was created among the mining operators by the discovery of rich silver and lead mines, situated about five miles south of this station in the Toano range of mountains. A new town was laid out at the mines—called Buel. A smelting furnace was erected at the mines and a run of 200 tons of bullion produced, valued at \$360,000, which was shipped to San Francisco on one train, creating no small excitement on California street. Indications of coal mines have been found in the vicinity, but no systematic effort has yet been made to develop them.

Stock-raising is now the principal business of this country. To the northward of this station, and in fact for the last two stations, large herds of cattle can be seen, and at the stations, pens and shutes for shipping.

PILOT PEAK, a noted landmark which has been visible for the past fifty miles, lies almost due south of this station—distance 36 miles. It is a lofty pile of rocks—the eastern terminus of Pilot Mountains—rising about 2,500 feet above the barren sands. For about half-way from the base to the summit the sides are shelving piles of shattered rock—huge masses crushed to atoms. Above that it rises perpendicularly the summit looking like some old castle when seen at a distance. From Promontory Point looking westward, this vast pile can be seen on a clear day—a dark mass amid the blue haze which bounds the western horizon. To the emigrant, in early days, before the railroad, it was a welcome landmark, pointing his course to Humboldt Wells or Thousand Spring Valley, where he was sure to find water and feed for his weary teams, after crossing the barren waste.

From Tecoma it is 9.56 miles up-grade to **Montello**—elevation 4,999 feet. The general aspect of the country is changing with the increasing elevation. We approach nearer the long, rough ridge of the Goose Creek Range, the sides and gulches