

under the general name of the Humboldt Mountains, intersect the country.

For portions of the distance there is fine valley land along the stream, ranging from one to seven miles wide, adapted to cultivation, but, as a body, it is inferior to either the Main or North Fork valleys. However, the land is *all* admirably adapted for grazing purposes.

**Moleen**—is a signal station, 11.8 miles west of Elko. After leaving this station the valley presents a changed appearance. The meadow lands are broad and green, extending over most of the valley; on the right the bluffs are high and covered with luxuriant bunch-grass. Soon the meadows are almost entirely closed out, and we enter Five Mile Canyon. Through this the river runs quite rapidly; its clear waters sparkling in the sunlight as they speed along, while occasional narrow strips of meadow land are to be seen at times.

The scenery along this canyon is hardly surpassed by the bold and varied panorama presented to our view along the base of the snow-capped mountains through which the river and railroad have forced their way. Soon after entering the canyon we pass several isolated towers of conglomerate rock, towering to the height of nearly 200 feet. Leaving this canyon, we find Susan Valley, another strip of good farming land, about twenty miles long, by four wide, bordering the East Fork of Maggie's Creek. Among the foot-hills of Owyhee Range, to the northward, are many beautiful, fertile valleys, well watered by mountain streams, waiting only the advent of the settler to transform them into productive farms. Timber is plenty in the ravines and on the hill-sides—sufficient for the wants of a large population. Passing on to near the next station, we cross Maggie's Creek, which empties into the Humboldt from the north. This stream is named for a beautiful Scotch girl, who, with her parents, stayed here for a time "recruiting their stock" in the old times when the early emigrants toiled along the river. It rises in the Owyhee Mountains, about 80 miles to the northward.

The valley through which the stream flows is from three to five miles wide and very fertile. It extends to the base of the mountains, about 70 miles, and is now mostly occupied by stockmen. The stream affords excellent trout fishing, and game of various kinds abounds on the hills bordering the valley. Some time since,

a wagon road was surveyed and located up this valley to Idaho Territory.

From Moleen, it is 11.6 miles to

**Carlin**—This is quite a busy station, of about 600 population. Here are located the offices of Humboldt Division, and the division workshops. The latter are of wood and consist of a round-house of 16 stalls, a machine, car and blacksmith shop. The railroad was completed to this place Dec. 20, 1868.

To the south of Carlin, from 15 to 60 miles, are located mines rich in gold, silver, copper and iron. To the northward, rich discoveries have been made, extending to the Owyhee country. In both these sections new mining districts have been located, and the attention of experienced capitalists is being attracted thereto.

**MARY'S CREEK**—rises three miles north and enters the Humboldt at Carlin. It rises in a beautiful lakelet nestled among the hills and bordered by a narrow slip of fine valley land. The valley of the stream, and that portion surrounding its head waters, is occupied by settlers.

Proceeding down the river from Carlin, for some distance the green meadows continue fair and wide; then the sloping hills give place to lofty mountains, which close in on either hand, shutting out the valley.

From the appearance of this mountain range one would suppose that it had extended across the valley at one time, forming a vast lake of the waters of the river, then some mighty convulsion of nature rent the solid wall asunder, forming a passage for the waters which wash the base of the cliffs, which are from 500 to 1,000 feet high. This place is generally known as **THE PALISADES**—Humboldt or Twelve Mile Canyon, although it does not possess similar points of interest with Echo or Weber canyons, yet in many particulars the scenery is equally grand. The absence of varied coloring may be urged against its claims to equality with those places, but, on the other hand, its bleak, bare, brown walls possess a majestic and gloomy grandeur which coloring could not improve. In passing down this canyon, we seem to pass between two walls which threaten to close together ere we shall gain the outlet. The river rolls at our feet a rapid, boiling current, tossed from side to side of the gorge by the rocks, wasting its fury in vain attempts to break away its prison walls. The walls in places have crumbled, and large masses of crushed rocks