

the water's edge. On, past the towering bluffs and castellated rocks—which, at first view, look like some old brown castle, forsaken by its founders and left to ruin, desolation and decay—we cross the river on a fine Howe truss bridge; and from this point we shall keep on the southern side of the stream until we near Humboldt Lake, when we cross it again, and for the last time.

Cluro—is a flag station, 10.4 miles west of Palisade, reached just after emerging from the canyon. We now enter a more open country, with strips of meadow along the river's brink. Near this point is where the powder magazine of the railroad company exploded in 1868, while the road was building through the canyon.

North of the river, at the point on the opposite side, can be seen a peculiar formation, not seen elsewhere in the canyon. Where the road is cut through these points, they consist of gravel, sand and cement, having all the appearance of gold-bearing gravel-beds. It is an unmistakable water-wash, and not caused by volcanic wear—fine layers of sand, from one to five feet thick, and interspersed through the gravel, showing where the water rested and the sediment settled.

GRAVELLY FORD—one of the most noted points on the Humboldt River in early days, is near Cluro. Then the canyon through which we have just passed was impassable. The long lines of emigrant wagons could not pass through the mighty chasm, but were obliged to turn and toil over the mountains until they could descend into the valley again. Coming to this point on the south side of the river, they crossed and followed up a slope of the opposite hills, thence along the table-land, and from thence to the valley above. A few would leave the river lower down and bear away to the south, but the road was long and rough before they reached the valley above the canyon. There were and now are other fords on the river, lower down, but none were as safe as this. With sloping gravelly banks and a hard gravel bottom, it offered superior advantages to the emigrant. Hence it became a noted place—the point to which the westward-bound emigrants looked forward with great interest. Here was excellent grazing for their travel-worn teams. Owing to these considerations, large bodies of emigrants were often encamped here for weeks. At times the river would be too high, and they

would wait for the torrent to subside. The Indians—Shoshones—knew this also, and many a skirmish took place between them and their white brothers, caused by mistaken ideas regarding the ownership of the emigrant's stock.

Connected with this place is an incident which, for the honor of the men who performed the Christian act, we will relate:

In the early times spoken of, a party of emigrants were encamped here, waiting for the water to subside. Among these emigrants were many women and children. While here, an estimable young lady of 18 years fell sick, and despite the watchful care and loving tenderness of friends and kindred, her pure spirit floated into that unknown mist, dividing the real from the ideal, the mortal from the immortal. Her friends reared an humble head-board to her memory, and, in course of time—amid the new life opening to them on the Pacific slope—the young girl's fate and grave were alike forgotten by all but her immediate relatives. When the advance guard of the Central railroad—the graders and culvert men—came to Gravelly Ford, they found the lone grave and fast-decaying head-board. The site awoke the finer feelings of their nature and aroused their sympathies, for they were *men*, these brown, toil-stained laborers.

The "culvert men" (masons) concluded that it was not consistent with Christian usage to leave a grave exposed and undefended from the incursion of beasts of prey. With such men, to think was to act, and in a few days the lone grave was enclosed with a solid wall, and a cross—the sacred emblem of immortality—took the place of the old head-board. In the day when the final reckoning between these men and the recording angel is adjusted, we think they will find a credit for that deed which will offset many little debits in the ledger of good and evil. Perhaps a fair spirit above may smile a blessing on their lives in recompense of the noble deed. The grave is on the south side of the road, upon a low bluff, about five miles west of Cluro. In October, 1871, the Superintendent of the Division erected over it a fine large cross.

"CORRAL," (Spanish) a pen made of posts set on end in the ground close together, and fastened with rawhide thongs, or by wagons drawn in a circle forming an inclosure.

TELEGRAPH OPERATORS are called "lightning shovers."

OUTFIT—Necessary supplies for a journey.