

Upon one side is inscribed "THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE," on the other, her name, "Lucinda Duncan."



Passing on, we cross narrow patches of meadow land, and wind around the base of low hills until we reach a broad valley. Across the river to the northward can be seen the long, unbroken slopes which stretch away until they are lost in that cold blue line—the Idaho Mountains—which rises against the northern sky. Behind that gray old peak, which is barely discernible, the head waters of the North Fork of the Humboldt break away when starting on their journey for the main river. Farther to the left, and nearer, from among that darker clump of hills Maggie's Creek finds its source.

**Be-o-wa-we**—is reached at a narrow point called Copper Canyon, 8.7 miles from Cluro.

The Cortez mines and mills are situated about 35 miles south of this station, with which they are connected by a good road. At this point the Red Range throws a spur nearly across the valley, cutting it in two. It looks as though the spur extended clear across, at one time, damming up the waters of the river, as at the Palisades. The water-wash far up the hillside is in evidence of the theory that such was once the case, and that the waters cut this narrow gorge, through which they speed along unmindful of the mighty work done in former years, when the resistless current "forced a highway to the sea," and drained

a mighty lake, leaving in its place green meadows.

Here, on this red ridge, is the dividing line between the Shoshones and the Piutes, two tribes of Indians who seemed to be created for the express purpose of worrying emigrants, stealing stock, eating grasshoppers, and preying on themselves and everybody else. The Shoshones are very degraded Indians, and until recently, were like the Ishmaelites or Pariahs of old—their hand was against every man, and every man's hand was compelled, in self-defense, to be against them until they became almost unable to commit depredations, and could make more by begging than they could by stealing. The term *Be-o-wa-we* signifies gate, and it is literal in its significance.

After leaving *Be-o-wa-we*, we pass through the gate, and wind along by the hillside, over the low meadows, which here are very narrow. The "bottom" is broad, but is covered with willows, with the exception of the narrow meadows spoken of. Amid these willows the stream winds and twists about through innumerable sloughs and creeks, as though undecided whether to leave this shady retreat for the barren plains below. Perhaps the traveler will see a flock of pelicans disporting in the waters on their return from their daily fishing excursion to Humboldt Lake. These birds, at certain seasons of the year, are to be found here and there along the river for about 20 miles below, in great numbers. They build their nests in these willow islands and rear their young undisturbed, for even an Indian cannot penetrate this swampy, treacherous fastness. Every morning the old birds can be seen taking their flight to Humboldt Lake, where, in its shallow waters, they load themselves with fish, returning towards night to feed their young and ramble about the bottom.

Soon after leaving the station, Hot Spring Valley comes in on the left—south—and by looking away to the south eight miles, can be seen columns of steam, from one of the many "hot springs" which abound in the "Great Basin."

If you do not behold the steam—for the springs are not always in active operation—you will behold a long, yellowish, red line, stretching for a full half-mile around a barren hill-side. From this line boiling, muddy water and sulphuric wash descends the hill-side, desolating everything in its