

Lake, but only during high water, when the streams flowing into them cause them to spread far over the low, sandy waste around them.

Returning to Winnemucca, we resume our journey. The road bears away to the southward, skirting the low hills which extend from the Winnemucca Mountain toward Humboldt Lake. The general aspect of the country, is sage and alkali on the bottoms, and sage and bunch-grass on the bluffs.

Rose Creek—comes next, 8.88 miles, and 10.2 more,

Raspberry Creek—Both the last named are unimportant stations where passenger trains seldom stop. They are each named after creeks near the stations, but *why* one should be Rose Creek and the other Raspberry Creek, we never could learn. We saw no indication of roses or raspberries at either creek. But they *do* have queer names for things in this country. Where they call a Jack rabbit a "narrow gauge mule," we are prepared to hear sage-brush called roses, and grease-wood raspberries.

Mill City—is 7.49 miles from Raspberry, and has some good buildings, among which is a fine hotel, close to the track on the right—and large freight warehouses; also cattle pens and shutes for shipping cattle, great numbers of which roam over the bottoms and adjacent bluffs. Stages leave this station on arrival of the cars for Unionville, a thrifty and promising silver mining town, 18 miles distant to the southward.

Humboldt—11.7 miles from Mill City, is a regular eating station where trains for the West stop 30 minutes for supper, and those for the East the same time for breakfast. The meals are the *best* on the road.

Here will be found the clearest, coldest mountain spring water along the road, and viewing it as it shoots up from the fountain in front of the station, one quite forgets the look of desolation observable on every side, and that this station is on the edge of the great Nevada Desert.

It is worth the while of any tourist who wishes to examine the wonders of nature to stop here and remain for a few days at least—for one day will not suffice—although to the careless passer-by the country appears devoid of interest. Those who wish to delve into nature's mysteries can here find pleasant and profitable employment. The

whole sum of man's existence does not consist in mines, mills, merchandise and money. There are other ways of employing the mind besides bending its energies to the accumulation of wealth; there is still another God, mightier than Mammon, worshiped by the *few*. Among the works of His hands—these barren plains, brown hills and curious lakes—the seeker after knowledge can find ample opportunities to gratify his taste. The singular formation of the soil, the lava deposits of a by-gone age, the fossil remains and marine evidences of past submersion, and, above all else, the grand and unsolved problem by which the waters that are continually pouring into this great basin are prevented from overflowing the low land around them, are objects worthy of the close attention and investigation of the scholar and philosopher. From this station, the noted points of the country are easy of access.

Here one can observe the effects of irrigation on this sandy, sage-brush country. The garden at the station produces vegetables, corn and fruit trees luxuriantly, and yet but a short time has elapsed since it was covered with a rank growth of sage-brush.

About seven miles to the northeast may be seen Star Peak, the highest point in the Humboldt Range, on which the snow continues to hold its icy sway the whole year round. Two and one-half miles southeast are the Humboldt mines—five in number—rich in gold and silver. The discovery of a borax mine near the station has been recently reported. Five miles to the northwest are the Lanson Meadows, on which are cut immense quantities of as good grass as can be found in the country. Thirty miles north are the new sulphur mines, where that *suspicious* mineral has been found in an almost pure state, and so hard that it requires to be blasted before it can be got out of the mine, and in quantities sufficient to enable those operating the mine to ship from 20 to 30 car-loads a week to San Francisco. Leaving Humboldt, about one mile distant, on the right near the road, is another sulphur mine—but nothing has been done with it.

Rye Patch—is 11.23 miles from Humboldt, named for a species of wild rye that grows luxuriantly on the moist ground near the station.

To the left of the road, against the hillside, is another hot spring, over whose surface a cloud of vapor is generally floating.