

freight—wood—close to the track of our road. Along here we find some broad meadows on the left, but sage on the right. Passing over 1.9 miles from the last station we arrive at

BROWN'S—Here is the end of another flume, and 2.4 miles further, and after curving around to the right, up a broad valley, arrive at the

STEAMBOAT SPRINGS—which are eleven miles south of Reno. There are several of these curious springs within a short distance of the road. They are near each other, all having a common source, though different outlets, apparently. They are situated to the right of the road, just before reaching the station, a short distance above the track; are strongly impregnated with sulphur, and are very hot, though the temperature varies in different springs.

They are said to possess excellent medicinal qualities. At times they are quite active, emitting jets of water and clouds of steam, which at a distance resemble the blowing off of steam from a large boiler. The ground around them is soft and treacherous in places, as though it had been thrown up by the springs, and had not yet cooled or hardened. It is related that once upon a time, when a party of emigrants, who were toiling across the plains, arrived near these springs about camping time, they sent a man ahead—a Dutchman—to look out for a suitable place for camping—one where water and grass could be obtained. In his search the Dutchman discovered these springs, which happened to be quiet at the time, and knelt down to take a drink of the clear, nice-looking water. Just at that instant a jet of spray was thrown out and over the astonished Dutchman. Springing to his feet, he dashed away to the train, shouting at the top of his voice, "Drive on! drive on! h—l is not five miles from this place!" Guess the innocent fellow firmly believed what he uttered.

The traveler will find the springs sufficiently interesting to repay him for the trouble of pausing here awhile and taking a look around. At the station will be found a comfortable hotel, ample bath accommodations, and about a half-dozen residences.

Leaving the springs, our course is south, up a narrow valley, in which is some good farming land, with high bluffs on each side; cross and re-cross Steamboat Creek, curve to the right through a narrow canyon

where there are many evidences of placer mining; twist and climb, between high projecting cliffs, and suddenly emerge into a great valley, and stop at

WASHOE CITY—Ah! here is a child of the past. In its palmy days Washoe was as lively a city, or camp, as could be found in the whole mining region. Where thousands of people once toiled, there are now only a few dozen, and most of those are engaged in other pursuits than mining. On the right is another flume for floating wood from the mountains on the westward.

The valley near this place is from half to a mile in width, surrounded by high mountains, the highest peak of which is Mt. Rose, at the south end of the valley, over 8,000 feet in height. The mountains on the east are bare, with some sage and bunch-grass, while those on the west are covered, the greater part, with pine and spruce timber.

Leaving Washoe, we pass, on the left, the Old Ophir Mill, a stone building—now in ruins—which once gave employment to about 150 men, besides a \$30,000 a year superintendent.

FRANKTOWN—is 4.7 miles from Washoe, a growing station in the midst of Washoe valley; population about 150. A "V" flume comes down on the right. There are some good farming lands along here, but the greater portion is only adapted for grazing purposes.

WASHOE LAKE, on the left, is about four miles long and one mile wide. On the east side of the lake is Bower's Hotel, a great resort in the summer for pic-nic parties from the cities to the southward. From Franktown it is 2.6 miles to

MILL STATION—near the site of an old mill, where another "V" flume comes down from the mountains on the right, making six since leaving Reno.

Proceeding south, the valley narrows and is soon crowded out completely, and we rise up onto the southern rim; and then, a look back will take in the whole valley and lake from end to end, and a beautiful view it is. At this narrow gorge the railroad track crosses the great

WATER SYPHON, through which the water is conducted from the Sierra Nevada Mountains, on the west, across this narrow gorge, for supplying Virginia City, Gold Hill and Silver City. It is an achievement which finds no parallel in the history of hydraulic engineering. The total length