

widens to two miles inland, forming one of the prettiest land-locked harbors in the world. It is owned by Ben Holiday. At the south end of Tahoe, near the site of the Old Lake House, near Tallac Point, Lake Valley Creek enters the lake, having wound among the hills for many miles since it left the springs and snows which feed it. The valley of Lake Creek is one of the loveliest to be found among the Sierras. The whole distance, from the mountain slope to the lake, is one continual series of verdant meadows, dotted with milk ranches, where the choicest butter and cheese are manufactured. The next object of interest met with is a relic of the palmy days of staging:

FRIDAY STATION, an old stage station, established by Burke in 1859, on the Placerville and Tahoe stage road. Ten miles further on we come to the Glenbrook House a favorite resort for tourists. From Glenbrook House there is a fine road to Carson City, between which ply regular stages. This is a lovely place, and a *business* place too, as a half-dozen saw mills are located here, which turn out a million and a half feet of lumber weekly.

Four miles further we come to

THE CAVE, a cavern in the hillside fully 100 feet above and overhanging the lake.

Following around to the north end of the lake, and but a short distance away, are the celebrated HOT SPRINGS, lying just across the State line, in Nevada. Near them is a splendid spring of clear, cold water, totally devoid of mineral taste. The next object which attracts our attention is CORNELIAN BAY, a beautiful indenture in the coast, with fine gravel bottom. Thus far there has been scarcely a point from which the descent to the water's edge is not smooth and easy.

Passing on around to the westside we return to TAHOE CITY. Around the lake the land is generally level for some distance back, and covered with pine, fir and balsam timber, embracing at least 300 sections of as fine timbered land as the State affords. It is easy of access and handy to market, the logs being rafted down the lake to the Truckee, and thence down to any point on the railroad above Reno. So much for the general appearance of Lake Tahoe. To understand its beauties, one must go there and spend a short time. When once there, sailing on the beautiful lake, gazing far down its shining, pebbly bottom, hooking the sparkling trout that

make the pole sway and bend in the hand like a willow wand, few will have a desire to hurry away. If one tires of the line and of strolling along the beach, or sailing over the lake, a tramp into the hills with a gun will be rewarded by the *sight* of quail, grouse, deer and possibly a bear.

We have now circled the lake and can judge of its dimensions, which are 22 miles in length and ten in width.

[While on a recent visit to San Francisco, we learned, on good authority, that a movement was on foot, urged by several capitalists in that city, to build a large hotel at Tallac Point during the year, from which a stage line will convey passengers over the High Sierras, via Hope Valley and Blue Lake, to the Calavera Big Trees; distance 65 miles; fare, about \$20.] This would certainly be a lovely trip, passing as it does, through the grandest of the High Sierra range, and to the noted Blue Lake, so long talked about as the great reservoir from which the City of San Francisco is to be supplied with water in the future. For scenery, variety of game, trout, etc., this route will be found very attractive.

We will now return to Truckee.

DONNER LAKE—a lovely little lakelet, the "Gem of the Sierras," lies two and a half miles northwest of Truckee. It is about three and a half miles long, with an average width of one mile, and at the deepest point sounded, is about 200 feet. This and Lake Tahoe are, by some, thought to be the craters of old volcanoes, the mountains around them presenting unmistakable evidences of volcanic formation. The waters of both lakes are cold and clear as crystal, the bottom showing every pebble with great distinctness under water 50 feet deep. It is surrounded on three sides by towering mountains, covered with a heavy growth of fir, spruce and pine trees of immense size. Were it not for the occasional rattling of the cars, away up the mountain side, as they toil upward to the "Summit," and the few cabins scattered here and there along the shore, one would fancy that he was in one of nature's secret retreats, where man had never ventured before. A small stream, which tumbles down the mountain side, winds its way through the dense wood, and empties its ice-cold flood in the upper end or head of the lake, which rests against the foot of "Summit" Mountain. From the Lake House, situated as it is on a low, gravelly flat, shaded by giant pines,