

THRILLING STORY OF ADVENTUROUS EXPEDITION BY MEN WHO BLAZED WAY FOR "SOUTH ROAD"

(Continued from page 3.)

here, approaching us. This soon proved to be our lost friend. The Modocs had discovered him in the lava fields, and probably supposing that the whole party was about to assail them from the rocks, they took to their canoes. He said that, seeing the Indians retreating, he concluded he would leave the rocks and ride along the lakeshore where the going was good. We nooned in a beautiful meadow, containing about two sections, near the head of the lake.

After spending a couple of hours in this splendid pasture, we re-packed and started on our way towards the timbered butte, but had not proceeded more than a mile before we came suddenly upon quite a large stream (Lost river) coming into the lake. We found this stream near the lake very deep, with almost perpendicular banks, so that we were compelled to turn northward, up the river. Before proceeding very far we discovered an Indian crouching under the bank, and surrounding him, made him come out. By signs, we indicated to him that we wanted to cross the river. By marking on his legs and pointing up the river, he gave us to understand that there was a place above where we could easily cross. Motivating him to advance, he led the way up the river about a mile and pointed out a place where an immense rock crossed the river. The sheet of water running over the rock was about 15 inches deep, while the principal part of the river seemed to flow under. This was the famous Stone Bridge on Lost river, so often mentioned after this by travelers. For many years the water of Tule Lake has been gradually rising, so that now the beautiful meadow on which we nooned on the day we discovered the bridge is covered by the lake, and the back water in Lost river long ago made the river impassable, is now probably ten feet deep over the bridge.

After crossing the bridge we made our pilot some presents, and all shaking hands with him, left him standing on the river bank. Pursuing our way along the northern shore of the lake a few miles, we came to a beautiful spring, near the base of the mountain on our left, and encamped for the night. After using the alkali water of Lower Klamath Lake the precious night, the fresh cold water of this spring was a real luxury. There was plenty of dry wood and an abundance of green grass for our animals, and we enjoyed the camp exceedingly. Sitting around our fire that evening, we discussed the adventures of the past few days in this new and strange land. The circumstances of the last day had been particularly interesting. Our adventure in the rocks; the retreat of the whole Modoc tribe in a fleet of thirty or forty canoes across the lake from Goff; the singularity of the natural bridge; the vast fields of tule around the lake, and the fact that the lake was an independent body of water, were subjects of peculiar interest and only intensified our desire to see more of this then wild land.

July 7th, we left the valley of Tule

Tilden Defeats Shimidzu



Wm. T. Tilden, 2nd, of Philadelphia, is the world's tennis champion, but he was extended to the limit to defeat Shimidzu, the Jap flash. "Shimmy" took the first two sets in the play for the Davis cup. Tilden recovered to take the next three and the match.

Lake to pursue our course eastward, over a rocky table land, among scattering juniper trees. We still observed the timbered butte as our landmark, and traveled as directly toward it as the shape of the country would admit. This butte is near the State line, between Clear lake and Goose lake, and probably distant fifty miles from which we first observed it, and supposing it to be about thirty miles away. In pursuing our course we passed through the hilly juniper country between Langell valley and Clear lake without seeing either the valley or lake, and at noon arrived at the head of a stream where there was but little water. The course of the stream was north or northwest, and

appearances indicated that at times quite a volume of water flowed in the channel. This was evidently the bed of Lost river, a few miles north of where this singular stream leaves the Clear river marsh.

Leaving this place we pursued our journey through a similar country to that passed over during the forenoon, and encamped at a little spring among the junipers, near the base of the timbered hill, and passed a very pleasant night.

On the morning of July 8th, we passed our landmark and traveled nearly eastward, over a comparatively level but extremely rocky country, and nooned in the channel of another stream, where there was a little water standing in holes. On leaving this place we found the country still quite level, but exceedingly rocky; for eight or ten miles almost like pavement. Late in the afternoon we came out into the basin of a lake (Goose lake), apparently forty or fifty miles in length. Traversing the valley about five miles along the south end of the lake, we came to a little stream coming in from the mountains to the eastward. The grass and water being good, we encamped here for the night. Game seemed plentiful, and one of the party killed a fine deer in the vicinity of the camp. From a spur of the mountains, near our camp, we had a splendid view of the lake and of the extensive valley bordering it on the north. On the east, between the lake and mountain range running nearly north and south, and which we supposed to be a spur of the Sierra Nevada, was a beautiful meadow country, narrow, but many miles in length across which the lines of willows and scattering pines and cottonwoods indicated the courses of a number of little streams coming into the lake from the mountain chain. A little southeast of our camp there appeared to be a gap in the mountain wall, and we decided to try it on the succeeding day.

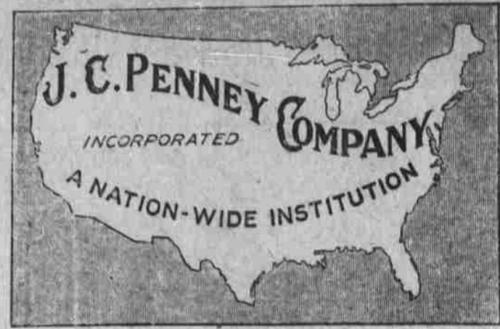
July 9th, we moved up the ridge towards the gap, and soon entered a little valley, perhaps containing a hundred acres, extending to the summit of the ridge, thus forming an excellent pass. The ascent was very gradual. The little valley was fringed with mountain-mahogany trees, giving it quite a picturesque appearance. This shrub, which is peculiar to the rocky highlands, is from fifteen to twenty feet high and in form something like a cherry tree, so that a grove of mountain mahogany strikingly resembles a cherry orchard. About the center of the little valley is a spring of cold water, making it an excellent camping place, and for many years afterwards it was the place where the immigrants were wont to meet and let their animals recuperate after the long, tiresome march across the so-called American desert; for this Sierra ridge separates the waters of the Pacific from those of the great basin which extends from the Blue mountains far southward towards the Colorado. The little stream on which we encamped before entering this pass is called Lassen creek, taking its name from Peter Lassen, who led a small party of immigrants across the plains in 1848, following our route from the Humboldt through this pass, thence down Pitt river to the Sacramento. From the summit of the ridge we had a splendid view. Northward the ridge seemed to widen out, forming several low ranges of timbered hills, while southward it seemed to rise very high, as we could see patches of snow along the summit in the distance. East and south of us, at the foot of the ridge, was a beautiful green valley, twenty or thirty miles in extent, and containing a small lake. A number of small streams flowed from the mountain into and through the valley, affording an abundance of water for the wants of a settlement. This fertile valley on the border of the desert has since been called Surprise Valley, and now contains quite a population.

As we stood on the Sierra ridge, we surveyed the vast desert plains to the eastward of Surprise Valley, apparently without grass or trees, and marked by numerous high rocky ridges running north and south. After deciding on our course, we descended the mountain and soon came to a little stream, the banks of which were lined with plum bushes completely loaded with fruit. There was a grove of pines at hand, and there we decided to noon, as the day was extremely hot. Game seemed plentiful about this rich valley, and while we were nooning a large band of antelope grazed in sight of us. Spending about two hours among the pines, which were the last we saw during our long and weary march on the desert, we packed up and moved across the valley eastward. After crossing the valley we entered a very sandy district, where the traveling was laborious, and next ascended to a table land, the surface of which was covered with small gravel. By this time most of our horses were bare-footed and our progress through the rocky country was consequently very slow. The country was so desert-like that we had about despaired of finding water that night, but just at dark we unexpectedly came to a little spring. There was but little water, by digging some we were able to get quite enough for ourselves and horses, though it kept us busy until about midnight to get the horses watered. Although we had met with singularly good fortune in this finding water at the close of the first day's march on the desert, we could not always expect such good luck in the future, and as we lay down in our blankets among the sagebrush that night we could not help having some gloomy forebodings in regard to the future of our expedition.

From the Little Spring on the Desert to Black Rock.

On the morning of the 10th of July, we found an abundance of water in the basin we had scraped out at the little spring early in the night, so that we were able to start out on the desert much refreshed. Our horses, however, looked very gaunt as there was a great scarcity of grass about the spring. The landscape before us, as we made our start this morning, was anything but inviting. It was a vast sand plain. No trees or mountains were in sight. Far in the distance were some dark looking ridges. There was no vegetation excepting dwarf sage and grass wood growing in the sand and gravel. At about three o'clock in the afternoon we came to a huge volcanic wall, varying in height from twenty or thirty to several hundred feet, extending north and south. The wall could reach and apparently without any gap through it we divided at the wall so as to explore the north mesa. The party going southward, after proceeding a few miles came to a little stream, forming a beautiful meadow at the base of the wall, and flowing through a narrow gateway into the ridge. They immediately dispatched one of their party in pursuit of us with the good news, and we returned to the meadows early in the afternoon, and decided to turn out our horses and give them a chance to feed and rest while we explored the defile on foot. We found it a very remarkable chasm, extending nearly due east. The gateway was about six-

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