

facing Main Street. The town has at present but one hotel. There is a new one in course of construction which will be more adapted to the wants of increasing travel. We are told that it will be opened during the present Summer.

Big Valley is the largest valley of Lake County, and covers an area of about thirty-five square miles. The soil is composed of rich bottom land and produces all kinds of cereals and hay. Timber exists in different portions of the Valley, it is pretty thickly settled and its inhabitants appear to be prosperous. There are several schools for the benefit of the population living at a distance from Kelseyville and Lakeport.

Clear Lake, so called from the extraordinary clearness of its waters, lies at an elevation of 1,500 feet above the level of the Pacific. It is about 25 miles long, and is one of the most beautiful and romantic lakes we have ever beheld. From the northern shore, for a distance of nearly 17 miles, its average width is about eight miles. At this point Uncle Sam Mountain (2,500 feet high) projects into and rises almost perpendicularly from the lake, reducing its width to about two miles; below this it again expands into an irregular shape. The first portion described is called "Upper Lake," the narrow portion, "The Narrows," and the last-described "Lower Lake." The water varies in depth from 20 to 115 feet, is as clear as crystal and of remarkable purity. The lake is entirely surrounded by mountains, except at its outlet, "Cache Creek," a wide stream, which flows in an easterly direction and empties into the Sacramento River. In the narrows, above alluded to, are several islands, which are, at some seasons of the year, inhabited by Indians, who live from hunting and fishing. They are friendly to the whites, very good natured, and love their wives more than the majority of "pale faces" do, as the following narrative, the truth of which is vouched for by reliable residents, will prove: Early this Spring, a party of Indians, consisting of seven persons, six men and one woman, were out in a light canoe. A squall suddenly came up and upset the frail bark, precipitating the whole company into the lake. The men, being expert swimmers, promptly righted the canoe and placed the woman in it, they holding on to the sides to keep it steady. They knew that if they all returned into the boat the life of the woman would be again in danger, so they decided to remain in the water and be rescued by a boat or swim to the shore. The lake was very rough, the water exceedingly cold. No help came from the shore, and they were left to their fate. One after another became chilled, and one after another relinquished his hold upon the boat and passed to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," but not one of them attempted to save himself at the peril of his female companion. The canoe, with its only occupant, the woman, was driven ashore by the wind, and she alone was left to relate the sad tale. If this is not heroism, in the true sense of the word, where can it be found?

Clear Lake abounds with pike, trout and black fish, and offers excellent sport for the angler. In the spawning season the little creeks running into the lake are crowded with fish to such an extent that they can be shoveled out or caught by the hand, while thousands swimming near the banks are pushed ashore by the immense numbers occupying the middle of the stream. This phenomenon must be seen to be believed, but we assure our readers that we saw one creek so full of fish that it looked as if it had been packed, and the banks were lined with hundreds which had been crowded out of the water. We picked up quite a number, which were still alive, and returned them to the water. This was lost work, however, for every twenty fishes that we removed, were immediately replaced by at least double the number pressed out of the stream. There is a small steamer plying on the Lake, making trips from Lakeport to Lower Lake and return. We, having our team, prefer to make a circle of the lake and obtain views from the different sides. Before leaving, however, we will go on a fishing excursion.

Early in the morning we proceeded to the wharf at Lakeport and hired a row-boat containing spears, fish-rods, lines and bait. We were soon a mile off shore, and concluded to partake of a light breakfast with which we were provided. Our little skiff floated quietly upon the placid bosom of the lake. The sun had just risen and the reflection of his rays in the water was not disturbed by a single ripple. The scenery on all sides was beautiful, the surrounding mountains towering high above the level of the lake, guarding it, as it were, from the view of the outside world. To the north we see Mount Ripley, to the east the Bear Mountains, and toward the narrows "Uncle Sam" stands like a sentinel. After admiring the beauties of nature for some time and appeasing our appetite, we cast our lines into the lake and soon began to take fish in large numbers. Pike, trout, suckers and blackfish were caught in rapid succession, and in about four hours the bottom of the boat was covered with numerous representatives of the finny tribe.

We now thought of returning to port, and while hauling around we saw, about a mile from us, a boat containing two men moving in our direction. We at first paid no special attention to the boat, thinking that it contained a couple of tourists, out on a fishing excursion like ourselves. This was the case, but instead of fishing, these gentlemen appeared to be drinking to each other's health, for they were both standing in the boat, and, what we had not discerned before, a man, seated in the middle, was rowing. As they came nearer to us we could plainly see their figures. The one was tall, well built, of light complexion, with light hair, an excuse for a moustache and an "imperial." He was very fleshy, and, in our opinion, must weigh 250 pounds. The other, of nearly the same build, was of dark complexion, but heavier than the former, by at least 30 pounds. Neither appeared to be above thirty, and both were what is commonly