

further, making of tramway $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles; whole length of road $20\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The tramway is built on the south side of the canyon, away up on the side of the mountain. From the cars can be had a fine view of the canyon, Bingham, the mines and mills in the neighboring ravines and on the opposite mountain side, and the miners at the bottom of the canyon, working over the old "placer diggings."

At the end of this tramway is located the old Telegraph mine, one of the richest in the Territory, from which over 200 tons of ore a day is shipped, down over the tram and railroad to the smelters in the valley. The cars are hauled up by mules, and lowered down to the "iron horse" below Bingham by the car brakes.

The mines are numerous in and around Bingham, but we have not the space for a description of them, but will return to the junction on the Utah Southern, and one mile further arrive at

SANDY—This station is 13 miles south of Salt Lake City, and one of considerable importance.

At Sandy is to be seen immense quantities of ore—ore in sacks, ore loose by the car load, ore in warehouses 500 feet long, with a train unloading on one side and another loading on the other; in fact, *this* is the greatest shipping, smelting and sampling point in all Utah.

At Sandy are three sampling works, and two smelting works, and a lively town of 700 inhabitants, the greater portion employed in the handling and manipulation of ores. Here we find another railroad branching off; this time it is the

Wasatch & Jordan Valley.

Principal offices at Salt Lake City.

C. W. SCHOFIELD.....*President.*
EZRA HUMPHREY....*Treas. and Superintendent.*

This road is a three-foot narrow-gauge, 16 miles in length, running to Alta, at the head of Little Cottonwood Canyon. It is operated by narrow gauge steam engines for 8.5 miles, and the other 7.5 by *broad gauge* mules. The road was commenced in 1870, finished to Wasatch in 1872, and to Alta in 1876. Let us take a trip over it and note a few of the sights.

From Sandy the train runs north a short distance, and then turns to the east, directly for the Wasatch Mountains, leaving the old Flagstaff smelter on the left-hand side of the track, just above the station. The grade is heavy, the soil is stony, and cov-

ered more or less with sage-brush, and traversed by irrigating ditches conveying the water to a more productive and less stony soil below.

Nearing the mountains, about six miles from Sandy, we come to a deep gorge on the left, through which Little Cottonwood Creek has worn its way to the valley. From this point we bear away to the southward around a low butte, then turn again to the east and northward and run along on an elevated plateau where a most beautiful view can be had. On the west, the Jordan Valley, in all its magnificent shades of green and gold, is at our feet, with the brown old mountains bordering the horizon in the distance. To the north, fifteen miles away, over as beautiful a succession of little streams, well-cultivated fields, white cottages, orchards and gardens, as are to be found within the same number of miles in this country—sleeps "Zion" in full view, embowered in green, with the dome of the monster Tabernacle glistening like some half-obscured "silver moon," sinking at the mountain base; while *far* beyond, and more to the westward, lays the Great Salt Lake—a mysterious problem. Away to the south, is Utah Lake, looking like one large sheet of burnished silver, surrounded by a net-work of green and gold, while to the east looms up towering granite walls, cleft from summit to base, forming a narrow gorge only sufficiently wide to allow our little road to be built beside a little rippling creek of crystal water.

Rolling along, our train rounds the head of a ravine, through a deep cut, passes the old Davenport Smelting Works on the left, enters the mouth of the canyon between great walls of granite, crosses and re-crosses the little creek, and soon stops at

WASATCH—the end of the steam road, 8.5 miles from Sandy Junction. This is a small station with postoffice, store, and a few dwellings containing a population of about 100, more than half of whom are engaged in the stone quarries on the north side of the station.

At Wasatch all the granite is got out and shaped for the Temple in Salt Lake City. The stone is the best yet discovered in the Territory, being of close, fine grain, of light gray color, and of beautiful birds-eye appearance. The granite on the south side appears much darker than that on the north side of the canyon.

From almost every nook and crevice of these mountain cliffs—from the station away