

Spring Station," midway between Summit and Cascade stations.

Tamerack—is the next station, 4.2 miles from Cascade, and 3.51 miles from

Cisco—At one time this was quite an important place, being the "terminus" during the time occupied in tunneling through the summit; *then*, it was a place of 500 inhabitants, *now*, a score or so make up the town.

From this station we pass along rapidly and easily, without the help of the locomotive. To the right, occasional glimpses of the Bear and Yuba Rivers can be seen far below us.

Emigrant Gap—is 8.5 miles west of Cisco, at the place where the old emigrant road crossed the Divide, and followed down the ridges to the valley of the Sacramento. The emigrants passed *over* the "gap," we pass *under* it, making a slight difference in elevation between the two roads, as well as a difference in the mode of traveling. We have seen the last of the old emigrant road that we have followed so far. No more will the weary emigrant toil over the long and weary journey. Space is annihilated, and the tireless iron horse will henceforth haul an iron wagon over an iron road, landing the tourist and emigrant fresh and hearty, after a week's ride, from the far eastern shores of our country to the far western—from ocean to ocean.

Passing on amid the grand old pines, leaving the summit peaks behind, we turn up Blue Canyon, the road-bed on the opposite bank apparently running parallel with the one we are traversing. Swinging around the head of the canyon, past saw-mills and lumber side-tracks, 5.2 miles, we reach

Blue Canyon—a freight and lumber station, where immense quantities of lumber are shipped from mills in the vicinity. Before the railroad reached these mountains, the lumber interest of this section was of little value, there being only a local demand, which hardly paid for building mills and keeping teams. The mines were then the only market—the cost of freight to the valleys forbidding competition with the Puget Sound lumber trade, or with mills situated so much nearer the agricultural districts. Now the lumber can be sent to the valleys, and sold as cheaply as any, in a market rarely overstocked; for the one item of lumber forms one of the staple market articles, ruling at more regular

prices, and being in better demand than any other article of trade, on the coast, if we except wheat.

Leaving Blue Canyon, we speed along around the hill-sides, past

CHINA RANCH—a side-track, about two miles west. The passenger should now watch the scenery on the left.

Shady Run—is 4.72 miles west of Blue Canyon, but passenger trains seldom stop. On the left, south side, can be seen one of the grandest gorges in the Sierra Nevada Mountains, "The Great American Canyon." (See illustration, page 157). At this point the American River is compressed between two walls, 2,000 feet high, and so nearly perpendicular that we can stand on the brink of the cliff and look directly down on the foaming waters below. The canyon is about two miles long, and so precipitous are its sides, which are washed by the torrent, that it has been found impossible to ascend the stream through the gorge, even on foot. This is a beautiful view—one of nature's most magnificent panoramas. But we soon lose sight of it, as our train turns to the right, up a side canyon, 4.84 miles from Shady Run, and stops at

Alta—Alta looks old and weather-beaten, and its half-dozen board houses, with sharp roofs, look as though there was little less than a century between the present and the time when they were ushered into existence—like its namesake in San Francisco, after which it was named.

Dutch Flat—is 1.87 miles from Alta; old settlers call it German Level. The town of Dutch Flat is situated in a hollow, near by and to the right of the road, a portion of it being in plain view. The town contains many good buildings, churches, schools, and hotels. The *Farmer*, a weekly newspaper, is a new institution at Dutch Flat. Population, about 2,000. One feature of this town is worth noting, and worthy of commendation—the beautiful gardens and fine orchards which ornament almost every house. In almost all of the mountain towns—in fact in all of the older mining towns—the scene is reproduced, while many of the valley towns are bare of vines, flowers or fruit trees; the miner's cabin has its garden and fruit trees attached, if water can be had for irrigation, while half of the farm-houses have neither fruit trees, shrubs, flowers nor gardens around them.

Stages leave this station daily for Little York, You Bet and Red Dog. Freight