

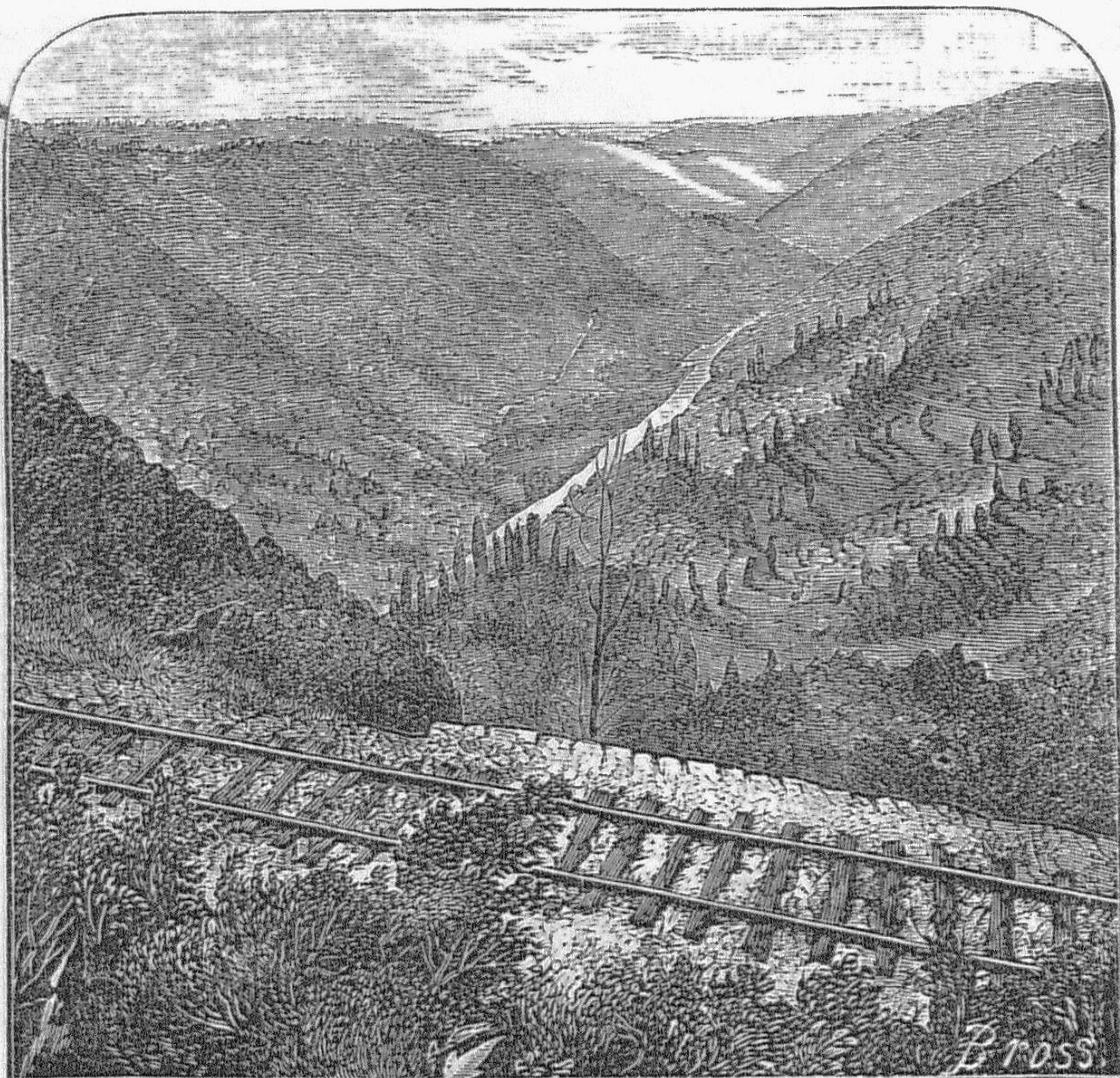
can see, on every hand, the miner's work. Long flume beds, which carry off the washed gravel and retain the gold; long and large ditches full of ice-cold water, which, directed by skillful hands, are fast tearing down the mountains and sending the washed debris to fill the river-beds in the plains below. There are a set of "pipes" busily playing against the hill-side, which often comes down in acres. All is life, energy and activity. We don't see many children peeping out of those cabins, for they are not so plentiful in the mining districts as in Salt Lake. But we do see nearly all of the cabins surrounded with little gardens and orchards, which produce the finest of fruits.

Descending the mountain rapidly, amid mining claims, by the side of large ditches, through the deep gravel cuts, and along the grassy hill-sides, until, on the left, a glimpse of the North Fork of the American River can be had, foaming and dashing along in a narrow gorge full 1,500 feet beneath us. Farther on we see the North Fork of the North Fork, dashing down the steep mountain at right angles with the other, leaping from waterfall to waterfall, its sparkling current resembling an airy chain of dancing sunbeams, as it hastens on to unite with the main stream. Now we lose sight of it, while it passes through one of those grand canyons only to be met with in these mountains.

**C. H. Mills**—a station where trains seldom stop, is 5.96 miles from Gold Run. The passenger should be on the lookout, and look to the left—south—as the scene changes with every revolution of the wheels. A few moments ago we left the canyon behind—now, behold, it breaks on our view again, and this time right under us, as it were, but much farther down. It seems as though we could jump from the platform into the river, so close are we to the brink of the precipice; steadily on goes

the long train, while far below us the waters dance along, the river looking like a winding thread of silver laid in the bottom of the chasm, 2,500 feet below us. This is Cape Horn, one of the grandest scenes on the American Continent, if not in the world. Timid ladies will draw back with a shudder—one look into the awful chasm being sufficient to unsettle their nerves, and deprive them of the wish to linger near the grandest scene on the whole line of the trans-continental railroad.

Now look farther down the river and behold that black speck spanning the silver line. That is the turnpike bridge on the road to Iowa Hill, though it looks no larger than a foot plank. Now we turn sharp around to our right, where the towering masses of rock have been cut down, affording a road-bed, where a few years ago the savage could not make a foot trail. Far above us they rear their black crests, towering away, as it were, to the clouds, their long shadows falling far across the lovely little valley now lying on our left, and a thousand feet below us still. We have lost sight of the river, and are following the mountain side, looking for a place to cross this valley and



ROUNDING CAPE HORN