

the canyon would have a fearful item added to its history. On went the train past the side-tracks, the almost frantic men throwing off the ties, in hopes that some of them would remain on the track, throw off the runaways, and thus save the forward train. Down the gorge they plunged, the terror keeping close by them, leaping along—almost flying, said one, who told us the tale—while the locomotive strained every iron nerve to gain on its dreaded follower. Again the wild scream of the locomotive of "switches open," rung out on the air and was heard and understood in Echo City. The trouble was surmised, not known, but the switches were ready, and if the leading train had but the distance it could pass on and the following cars be switched off the track, and allowed to spend their force against the mountain side. On shot the locomotive, like an arrow from the bow, the men throwing over the ties until the train was well-nigh unloaded, when just as they were close to the curve by which the train arrives at the station, they saw the dreaded train strike a tie, or something equally of service, and with a desperate plunge, rush down the embankment, into the little valley and creek below. "Down brakes," screamed the engine, and in a moment more the cars entered Echo City, and were quietly waiting on the side-track for further developments. The excited crowd, alarmed by the repeated whistling, was soon informed of the cause of these screams, and immediately went up the track to the scene of the disaster, to bring in the dead bodies of the unfortunate Dutchmen, who were surely crushed and torn in pieces. When they arrived at the scene of the disaster, they found the poor unfortunates sitting on the bank, smoking their pipes and unharmed, having just woke up. The first they knew of the trouble was when they were pitched away from the broken cars on the soft greensward. The debris of car frames, wheels, and ties, gave them the first intimation they had received that something was the matter.

**No. 21 ANNEX. Great Salt Lake**—Behind the station at Promontory the hills rise into the dignity of mountains. To the top of the left hand point we strolled one bright, spring morning. After an hour's toilsome walking through sage-brush and bunch-grass, then among sage-brush and rocks, until we had attained a height to which that persistent shrub could not attain, then among rocks, stunted cedars, tiny, delicate flowers and blooming mosses, until we stood on the summit of the peak, on a narrow ridge of granite, not over four feet wide, and there, almost at our feet (so steep was the mountain) lay the Great Salt Lake, spread out like a vast mirror before us, its placid bosom glittering in the morning sun, like a field of burnished silver. Mile after mile it stretched away, placid and motionless, as though no life had ever caused a vibration of its currents, or given one restless impulse to its briny bosom.

By the aid of the glass, Church or Antelope and other mountain islands could be distinctly seen, rearing their towering crests far above the silver border at their base, their sloping sides enrobed in the greenest of all green coverings. Standing there as lone sentinels in the midst of this waste of waters, they possess a wondrous beauty as a recompense for their utter isolation.

Away beyond these islands rise the white-crested Wasatch Mountains, and we believe that we can pick out the curve in their brown sides where nestles Salt Lake City, secure and beautiful in her mountain fastness. Far away to the southward the range blends with the sky and water, and the dim, indistinct lines of green, brown

and silver blend in one, while above them the clear blue of the mighty dome seems to float and quiver for a space, and then sweeps down to join them, blending with them in one waving mass of vanishing color, which slowly recedes in the dim distance, until the eye can follow its course no farther. Turn now to the left, and there, sweeping up far behind Promontory Point, is the north-western arm of the lake—Monument Bay. That long, green line is Monument Point, throwing its long ridge far out into the bosom of the lake, as though it would span the waters with a carpet of green. Away to the west Pilot Knob rears its crest of rocks from out the center of the great American Desert. Do not look longer in that direction, all is desolation; only a barren plain, and hard, gray rocks, and glinting beds of alkali meet the vision.

One more view to the north, one look at the lines of green hills and greener slopes which sweep down toward the sandy, sage-clad plateau on which stands the station; another and last look at the placid lake, and now, cooled and refreshed by the mountain breeze, we pluck a tiny moss bell from the cleft in the rock, and then descend the rugged mountain. We have seen Salt Lake from the most commanding point of view from the north, and now we are better able to understand its shape and comprehend its dimensions, which are 126 miles in length by 45 in width. The principal islands are Antelope (15 miles long), Sheep's Hot, Stansbury, Carrington and Egg. They possess many charming summer retreats, many natural bathing places, where the gravelly bays intrude among the grass-covered points and hillocks. The water is so buoyant that it is difficult for the bather to sink therein.

The lake has no outlet for the waters continually pouring into it from Bear, Jordan, Weber and other rivers. Evaporation absorbs the vast volume, but it is a noticeable fact, and one worthy of consideration, that since the settlements have been made in the Territory, and the bosom of the earth has been turned with the plow, rendering the barren waste blooming and productive, that the waters of the lake have risen steadily, and are now 12 feet higher than they were 20 years ago. Fences, which once enclosed fine meadow land, are now just peering above the flood, marking its steady encroachment on the fertile bottom lands. The grand old mountains bear unmistakable evidence of the water's presence far up their rocky sides. At what time the floods reached that altitude, or whether those mountains were lifted from the present level of the lake by volcanic action, and carried these water lines with them, are questions no one can answer. Savans may give learned theories regarding things they know nothing of; they may demonstrate that Salt Lake is held in its present position by immutable laws, but they cannot destroy the ocular evidence that it is rising, slowly and steadily, and has been during the last 20 years.

**No. 22 ANNEX.** For further information regarding Salt Lake, see from pages 121 to 140.

**No. 23 ANNEX. California**—was first discovered in 1542, by a Portuguese, Juan R. Cabrillo, while in the Spanish service. It was held by the Spanish then by the Mexican Government, until 1848, when by treaty it became a portion of the United States. It was admitted as a State in 1850. It covers an area of 160,000 square miles, divided about equally into mining, agricultural, timber, and grazing lands. All kinds of grain, fruit, and vegetables, grow in profusion. The grape culture has occupied the attention of many of her people, who find that they can