



THE LATE BRIGHAM YOUNG'S RESIDENCE.

tude of 11,011 feet above the sea.

From the mouth of the canyon, about two miles north, is the little village of Alpine, containing about 250 agriculturalists.

Entering the canyon, the passage is quite narrow between the towering cliffs, which rise up in sharp peaks 600 feet in height, leaving only about 100 feet between, through which the road is built, and a sparkling little stream comes rippling down; the road, on its way up, crossing and re-crossing the stream many times.

Our train is rapidly climbing, but the canyon walls seem to be much more rapidly rising, and at a distance of one, two and three miles, gain an additional 500 feet, until, in places, they are full 2,500 feet above the road bed. In places these cliffs are pillared and castellated granite, in others, of slate, shale and conglomerate, seamed in places as though built up from the bed of the canyon by successive layers, some as thin as a knife blade, others much thicker; then again, the rocks have the appearance of iron slag, or dark colored lava suddenly cooled, presenting to the eye every conceivable angle and fantastic shape—a continuous, ever-changing panorama.

Imagine, then, this canyon with its grottoes, amphitheatres, and its towering crags, peaks, and needle-pointed rocks, towering *far* above the road, overhanging it in

places, with patches of eternal snow in the gloomy gorges near the summit, and clothed at all times in a mantle of green, the pine, spruce and cedar trees growing in all the nooks and gulches and away up on the summit; then countless mosses and ferns clinging to each crevice and seam where a foothold can be secured, together with the millions of flowers of every hue; where the sun's rays are sifted through countless objects on their way to the silvery, sparkling stream below, with its miniature cascades and eddies. We say imagine all these things, and then you will only have a faint outline of the wild and romantic, picturesque and glorious American Fork Canyon.

Proceeding on up, up, around sharp crags, under the very overhanging mountains, we pass "Lion Rock" on the right, and "Telescope Peak" on the left. In the top of the latter is a round aperture, through which the sky beyond can be plainly seen; this hole is called the "Devil's Eye."

About three miles from the mouth of the canyon, on the left, we come to Hanging Rock. (See illustration page 29.) Close above, on the same side, is a very large spring, and almost immediately opposite "Sled-runner Curve;"—an inverted vein of rock in the side of the perpendicular cliff, resembling a sled-runner—possibly this is the Devil's sled-runner; who knows? Along