

here the rock seams are badly mixed, and run at all angles—horizontal, longitudinal and “through other.” Half-a-mile further we come to “Rainbow Cliff,” on the right; opposite, a narrow peak rises sharp, like a knife-blade, 300 feet; a little further on to the right, comes in the South Fork, on which are located several saw-mills.

Keeping to the left, and soon after passing the South Fork, a look back down this wonderful canyon affords one of the grandest of views; we cannot describe it, but will have it engraved for future volumes.

One mile further, and the train stops at the end of the track, at

**DEER CREEK**—Near this station, the hills are bare of trees, but covered with shrubs of different kinds, in which sage and moss predominate; the gulches and ravines bear stunted pine and aspen trees.

The chief business of this road is in connection with the mines above, among which are the Smelter's Sultana, Wild Dutchman, Treasure, and Pittsburgh. The Miller Smelting Works are four miles further up and the mines seven.

Charcoal in large quantities is burned near by and taken to the smelting works. There are ten Bee-hive kilns at the station, and fifteen more four miles further up. The yield is 3,000 bushels per month for each 60 cords of wood. Each kiln has a capacity of 20 cords, and is filled and burned three times each month. The price obtained is 14c. per bushel. Bishop McAllister is the jolly chief in charge.

Opposite the station, in a cosy little nook, is located the Mountain Glen House, where the tourist will find his wants anticipated, and plans can be matured for a ramble over these mountain peaks; and there *are* a number of little tours that can be made from this point each day that will well pay for a week's time devoted to this locality.

Returning to the valley, our engine is dispensed with, and only the brakes are used. Then it is that the view is most grand, and the ride one beyond the powers of man with his best goose-quill to describe. Make the tour of the American Fork, and our word for it, it will live in pleasant memory while the sun of life descends upon a ripe old age.

At American Fork station, we again enter the cars on the Utah Southern, and start once more for the south. Three miles brings our train to

**PLEASANT GROVE**—properly named. In early days it was known as “Battle Creek”—so-called from a fight the early settlers once had here with the Utes. It is a thriving place of 1,000 inhabitants, and like all other Mormon towns, is surrounded with orchards and gardens of fruit, with water flowing through every street. Herds of cattle are now to be seen grazing on the surrounding hills.

Eleven miles around, on the rim of the basin, across some sage and some well-cultivated land, our train stops at

**PROVO**—This is a regularly incorporated city, with all the requisite municipal officers; is also the county seat of Utah county, which was first settled in 1849.

Provo is 48 miles south of Salt Lake City, at the mouth of Provo Canyon, and on the east bank of Utah Lake, and contains an increasing population of 4,000. This place has several fine hotels, chief of which is the Excelsior House. The *Enquirer*, is a weekly paper published here. The court-house and public buildings of the city are very good, and all kinds of business is represented here. The principal manufactories are the Provo Woolen Mills, three flouring mills, and three saw-mills.

Provo River, which is formed by numerous small streams, to the eastward, affords the best water power of any stream in Utah.

The woolen mill is a noted feature of the city; the buildings number four, are built of stone, four stories high, and cost, complete, ready for business, \$210,000. There are in the mill four “mules” with 3,240 spindles, machinery for carding, dyeing and preparing 2,000 pounds of wool per day, and 215 looms, which turn out superior fabrics, in amount exceeding \$200,000 per annum.

The Mormons have a very capacious tabernacle, and the Methodists a fine church, and schools are ample. The Brigham Young Academy is located here, which was amply endowed by President Brigham Young some years before his death.

A regular stage leaves for Provo Valley, 20 miles distant, to the eastward, on arrival of trains.

**UTAH LAKE**—is a body of fresh water, 30 miles in length and about six miles in width; is fed by Provo River, American Fork, Spanish Fork, Hobble, Salt and Peteetweet Creeks—having its outlet