

stay of a few days would be passed very pleasantly.

Chalk Creek, Silver Creek, Echo Creek, and Weber River, afford excellent trouting, while antelope are shot near the city. The mountains abound in bears, deer and elk.

Echo contains about 200 inhabitants, including those settlers near by and the railroad employes. Coal beds, extensive ones, are found near by, as well as an indefinite quantity of iron ore, which must possess a market value, sooner or later.

Near Echo City, across the Weber, a ravine leads up the mountain side, winding and turning around among the gray old crags, until it leads into a beautiful little dell, in the center of which reposes a miniature lakelet, shut in on all sides by the hills. It is a charming, beautiful, tiny little gem, nestled amid a gray, grand setting of granite peaks and pine-clad gorges—a speck of delicate etherealized beauty amid the strength and ruggedness of a coarser world.

**WEBER CANYON**—To give a minute description of this remarkable place we cannot attempt, as it would fill a volume were its beauties fully delineated, and each point of interest noted. But as one of the grand and remarkable features of the road it demands a notice, however meager, at our hands. For about 40 miles the river rushes foaming along, between two massive mountain walls, which close the landscape on either hand. Now, the torrent

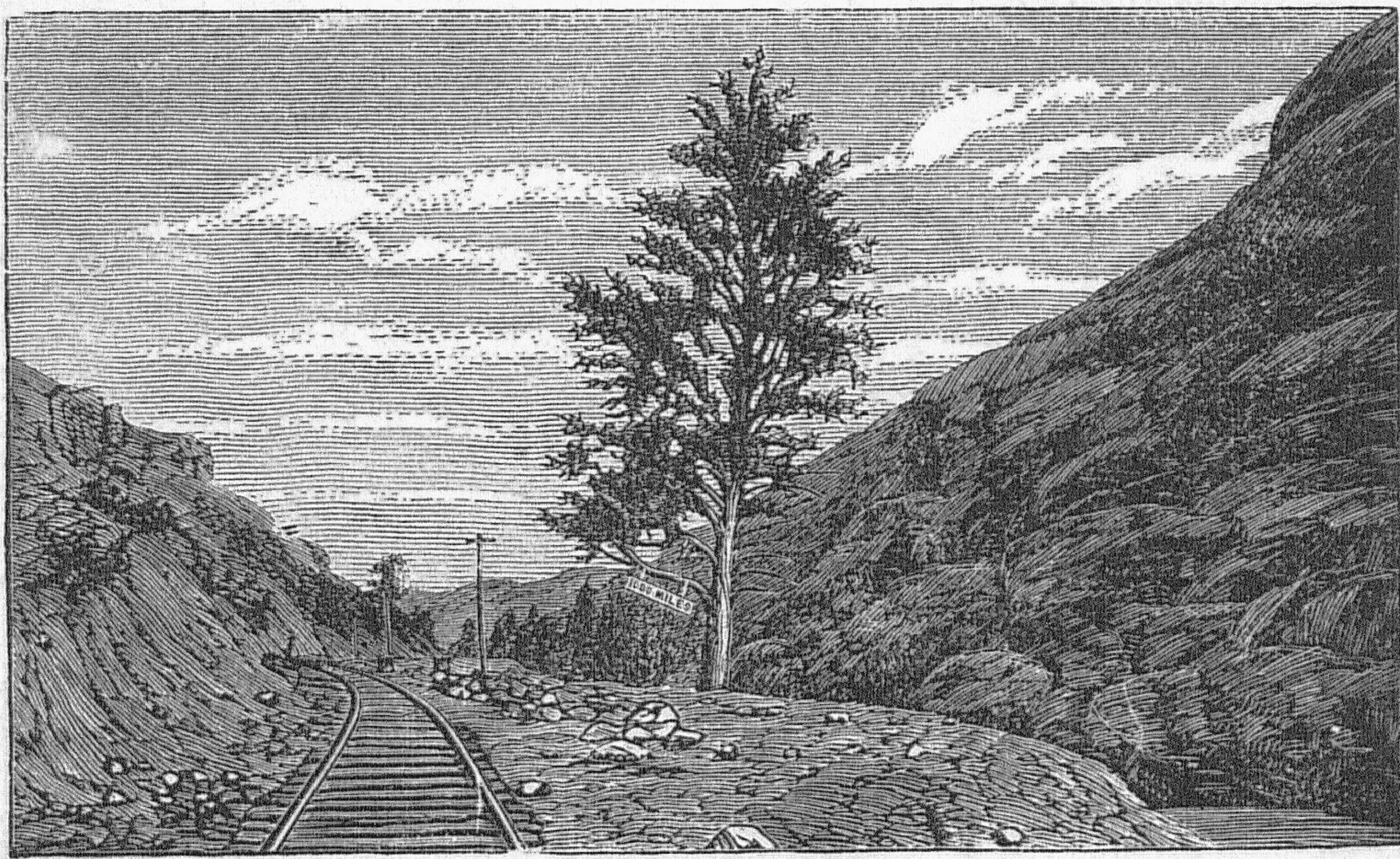
plunges over some mighty rock which has fallen from the towering cliff 1,000 feet above; anon, it whirls around in frantic struggles to escape from the boiling eddy, thence springing forward over a short, smooth rapid, only to repeat the plunge again and again, until it breaks forth into the plains, whence it glides away toward the lake, as though exhausted with its wild journey through the canyon.

In passing down the canyon, the traveler should closely watch, for fresh objects of wonder and interest will spring suddenly into sight on either hand.

From Echo City, the cars speed along the banks of the Weber for about four miles, when they enter the Narrows of Weber Canyon, through which the road is cut for two miles, most of the way in the side of the steep mountain that drops its base in the river-bed.

Soon after leaving Echo City, on the right, about 100 yards from the road, and 300 feet above it, can be seen the "Wiches' Rocks," a collection of red, yellow and gray conglomerate rocks, standing out from the side of the cliff, varying in height from 20 to 60 feet. Shortly after entering the Narrows, the

**ONE THOUSAND MILE TREE** is passed—a thrifty, branching pine—bearing on its trunk a sign-board that tells the western-bound traveler that he has passed over 1,000 miles of railway from Omaha. This living milestone of nature's planting has



ONE THOUSAND MILE TREE, U. P. R. R.