



INTERIOR VIEW OF MORMON TABERNACLE.

long marked this place; long before the hardy Mormon passed down this wild gorge; long before the great trans-continental railroad was even thought of. It stood a lonely sentinal, when all around was desolation; when the lurking savage and wild beast claimed supremacy, and each in turn reposed in the shade of its waving arms. How changed the scene! The ceaseless bustle of an active, progressive age, the hum of labor, the roar and rush of the passing locomotive, has usurped the old quiet, and henceforward the LONE TREE will be, not a guide to the gloomy past, but an index of the coming greatness of a regenerated country.

Just below this tree, the cars cross a trestle bridge to the left bank of the Weber, thence down but a short distance, before they cross over another trestle to the right-hand side, and then, almost opposite the bridge, on the side of the mountain to the left, can be seen the

DEVIL'S SLIDE, or serrated rocks. This slide is composed of two ridges of granite rock, reaching from the river nearly to the summit of a sloping, grass-clad mountain. They are from 50 to 200 feet high, narrow slabs, standing on edge, as though forced cut of the mountain side. The two ridges run parallel with each other—about 10 feet apart, the space between being covered with grass, wild flowers and climbing vines. (See illustration, page 45.)

Rushing swiftly along past

Weber Quarry—an unimportant side-track, 8.5 miles from Echo City, we soon lose sight of these rocks and behold others more grand, of different shapes, and massive proportions. The mountains seem to have been dovetailed together, and then torn rudely asunder, leaving the rough promontories and rugged chasms as so many obstacles to bar our progress. But engineering skill has triumphed over all. Where the road could not be built over or around these points, it is tunneled under. Now we shoot across the river, and dart through a tunnel 550 feet long, cut in solid rock, with heavy cuts and fills at either entrance. Just before entering this tunnel, high up to the left, formerly stood "Finger Rock," as seen in the illustration (page 55), but which has been broken away, so as not to be visible now. The frowning cliffs bar our further way, and again we cross the roaring torrent and burrow under the point of another rocky promontory. Here the road stretches across a pretty little valley, known as Round Valley.

Dashing along, with but a moment to spare in which to note its beauties, we enter the narrowing gorge again, where the massive walls close in and crush out the green meadows. Between these lofty walls, with barely room for the track between them and the foaming torrent at our