AH, THERE! WHERE?
AT 1302 FARNAM ST.,

WHERE

THE UNION PACIFIC

"THE OVERLAND ROUTE,"

Will Open Their New City Ticket Office, on July 11th.

HARRY P. DEUEL, City Passenger and Ticket Agent.

The UNION PACIFIC was first called the Great Overland Route.

Instead of going to Europe take a trip to the Yellowstone National Park over the UNION PACIFIC.

Salt Lake, the Dead Sea of America, is reached by the UNION PACIFIC direct.

Soda Springs, Idaho, excelling all the Spas of the world, can be reached only by the UNION PACIFIC.

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Take the UNION PACIFIC for Garfield Beach the best Watering Place in the United States.

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Popular excursions to San Francisco, Los Angeles, and other points in California, are run over the UNION PACIFIC.

A trip to Alaska is much sought after and is easily obtained over the UNION PACIFIC.

The UNION PACIFIC is the only road running Through Palace cars between the Missouri river and Portland, Ore.

The wonderful scenery along The Dalles of the Columbia River, Oregon, can be reached to advantage only by the UNION PACIFIC.

COUNTRY CORRESPONDENCE.

Latest News From All Parts of the State.

PROVED UP ON HIS HOMESTEAD.

Double Courtships—A Pair of Buns—Studying Astronomy—A School Teacher's Contract—July Fourth.

The week just closed has, on account of general preparations for the observance and the proper celebration for the glorious Fourth of July, been quiet, very quiet. Yet there are several occurrences worthy of note. For instance, from Armstrong, Neb., comes the following chunk of information:

A certain voter known hereabouts as a zealous disciple of Bacchus recently proved up on his homestead, and having secured a loan on the same concluded to celebrate the event, which he did by purchasing a keg of beer and inviting a few kindred spirits to help partake; they doubtless partook, for each claims he kept perfectly sober while the rest got sleepy drunk.

After a man "proves up" on a homestead it is in order to celebrate, and the custom of buying a keg of beer and inviting a few kindred spirits is not new by any means. Indeed, certain voters who are not "zealous disciples of Bacchus" have been guilty of the same conduct with far less provocation.

Another correspondent writes his country paper this choice paragraph:

A friend informs us that he recently observed two young men and two young ladies, east of town, in a one-horse buggy, doing a good job of courting while going along the public highway. It was a sight worth seeing.

It must have been. One good healthy young man, and a pretty, vivacious, plump young lady out courting in a buggy, can furnish a vast fund of amusement for a spectator, especially if the vehicle is constructed on the narrow gauge principle. The reader who has been so fortunate as to have seen one or more incidents of this kind, can imagine what jolly old sensations would creep over him when, instead of one couple, two exhibited themselves before his admiring gaze. And all four in a one-horse buggy, too. The "friend" mentioned was playing in great luck when secreted behind a bunch of cottonwoods by the roadside he witnessed this very interesting episode.

A one line paragraph in items from Elk Creek reads as follows:

ASK Will Hawley if he still studies astronomy.

The question is hereby propounded. Do you, William, still study astronomy? Or has the great firmament studded with stars, planets, nebulæ, etc., proven too much for you? Or have you decided to keep up your investigation of things celestial, and what is the condition of affairs on the planet Mars as regards the recent nominations for the presidency in this our glorious country as signalled to you by the strange people who inhabit the little planet said to resemble the globular ball of mud on which we vegetate? Can you "read the answer in the stars" and inform us of the prevailing opinion on Jupiter of the effect the passage of the Mills tariff bill would have upon the infant industries of the land with belts around it to keep it from falling to pieces? If you have not decided to cease, and have not as yet ceased your probing the mysteries of space you will confer a favor on all of us by sending in your manuscript written on one side only, with your name attached, not of necessity for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

From High Ridge is clipped the following:

Mr. Nelson Burham has a well and wind mill. The wind mill makes quite an improvement on the homestead.

A wind mill is a valuable improvement on a homestead; indeed, a good, first-class wind mill, well oiled, is a great institution. When not in use pumping water for the stock or a bucketful for culinary purposes, a wind mill can be used as an ornament. It should be painted white with either red or blue tips in order to be regarded with more than ordinary interest.

From Logan it is learned that:

In riding over the country we find it very hard to get across Dry creek. None of the bridges are completed at this date.

This is odd although doubtless true beyond the peradventure of a doubt. But it does seem just a little bit improbable that anyone, man or woman, great or small, should have any trouble in fording a Dry creek.

From the Grabow district comes the information that:

J. E. Hover closed his term of school in the Grabow district on Friday. He has contracted to teach the school the coming year at $50 per month.

Hover took the contract too cheaply. Fifty per month while seemingly a very liberal salary, is not enough by any means. During the fall season J. E. will walk home each night with a different pupil, whose fond parents will insist upon his catechising the youngster in their presence after supper. Then when bedtime arrives they will put him in the spare bedroom, which has not been opened for ninety days, and he will disrobe and climb in between a pair of cotton sheets which have not been aired since January 30, and will lay there and shiver and wish he was back in York state. Then in the morning he will wake up with a bad cold, and during the day will "call up the first glass id spellig," and sneeze and kerchoo for three weeks. During hog killing time he will dine, sup and breakfast upon tenderloins, spare-ribs and souse until he arrives at a condition when he will be ashamed to look a hog in the face. During the winter season he will be compelled to build his own fires in the morning two hours before school opens, and in blizzard time will have to tie his pupils together with a string and lead them through the storm, for which no subscription will be started, because such action will by that time be chestnutty. No, Hover, $50 is not enough.

From Hooper it is learn that

Fish are reported as being quite plentiful in the river and the lakes since the recent rise in the river, and our local sportsmen are having considerable sport. Joe Caldwell captured a catfish Friday that weighed twenty-three pounds.

As this is the first fish story of the season, nothing will be said.

Last week this column contained several birth announcements. They were all singles, and there was a raft of ten, metaphorically speaking. But a new movement has been inaugurated. They are coming in pairs. Listen to this from Scribner.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Gus H. Buns was made happy Monday morning by the arrival of a full pair of twins, a boy and a girl.

These may be styled Fresh Buns. Right here it may not be out of order to state that in the future no new born infant will receive any notice in this column hereafter unless he or she is born twins. This single handed work must be stopped. C. M. J.

SINGULARITIES.

A mocking bird in Albany, Ga., whistles the Boulanger march.

A turtle has been found at Eau Claire, Wis., with the figures 1810 cut on its back.

A sand spout 300 feet high and about fifty feet in diameter was observed the other day during a storm upon the coast near Colleton, S. C.

Sylvania, Ga. has a stock of corn ten feet high, and which contains seven well developed shoots, six of which have put out silks.

An autopsy on the body of Nelson Lee, who was killed in Charleston, W. Va., a few days ago, showed that his heart was situated on the right side of his breast.

T. H. Stewart, of Smyrna, Ga., owns a cat with three kittens. A young rabbit was given her to eat recently, but instead, she adopted it and is rearing it as carefully as if it had been one of her kittens.

The other day three colored men at Charleston, S. C., captured a monster soft-shell turtle which weighed 365 pounds. Its head was several sizes larger than an ordinary man's, and its mouth was enormous.

A dry goods merchant in Newville, Cumberland county, Pennsylvania, dreamed one night last week that he was selling and measuring off great quantities of dress goods, and so realistic was the dream that he actually tore the sheets of the bed into pieces.

Matthew W. Sedman, an eccentric old man who died at Terre Haute, Ind., last week, was buried in a coffin which for twenty-five years he had kept in his bed room. The monument over his grave was erected according to his orders fully thirty years ago.

W. J. Reeves, a chicken fancier, of Westville, Conn., has a Plymouth Rock hen that has just laid an egg measuring 7½ inches one way and 9½ the other. Inside of it was another perfect egg, shell and all, and so far it beats the season's record for ovarian monstrosities.

There is a very remarkable apple tree in Rockingham county, South Carolina, it is said, which has borne fruit for a number of years, but has never been known to blossom. The fruit, while resembling an apple in size and general appearance, tastes like a pineapple.

Henry Cary, of Key West, Fla., has a novel shaped potatoe. Standing at a distance of six or seven feet one could not tell it from a wild duck which had been deprived of its body feathers, and to make the delusion more perfect he had inserted a few tail feathers.

A curious monstrosity of Vienna is a girl who, though born February 15, 1871, has lived only in the cradle. She has a sound constitution, but has never outgrown the physical or mental stature of a suckling. She utters only inarticulate sounds, has all her teeth, but never masticates, often sleeps two days and nights at a time, and has never risen.

Jim Blevins, living near White Rock, Tex., killed a very large chicken snake a few days ago, and noticing the snake's body was unusually large and ill-shaped, made an incision and found it to contain a large cow horn, and in the horn a large rat. It is supposed that the snake chased the rat into the horn, and to secure the rat swallowed the horn.

From Birmingham, Ala., comes this eerie tale of a snake. Otto Franks, eight years old, in trying to pet a big rattlesnake, was bitten below the knee, but by use of proper remedies apparently cured of the bite. Soon, however, he began to crawl and writhe in the most snake-like fashion, and kept it up with short intervals of quiescence until he died.

Yet another "sea serpent" has been heard from, this time from Alpena, Mich., where it is reported that people living along Thunder Bay have been terrified by the appearance of a monster snake. It was first discovered in a potato field, at a little distance inland, but afterwards, according to the story, was seen to "go over the ground as lively as a horse, and glide into the bay."

It is reported from Detroit that a lad named Frank Bailey, sixteen years old, has such a mania for thrusting pins and needles into the right side of his face and neck that it has become necessary to send him to the lunatic asylum. At the time of his departure he had from thirty to forty pins buried to the head in his cheek, besides an unknown number of needles that were out of sight.

The Greensboro (Ga.) Sun says: Mr. J. H. H. Brown, one of the most prosperous farmers of the Veazey neighborhood, laid upon our table a curiosity in the shape of an egg. The egg was not unnaturally large, but at the small end it was raised in the shape of a serpent. The reptile was perfectly plain, seeming to lie coiled around it. The head, eyes, body and tail were all perfectly formed. We have the shell in our office, and doubting Thomasas may come in and satisfy themselves.

If a Girl is Born

In January, she will be a prudent housewife, given to melancholy, but good tempered.

If in February, a humane and affectionate wife and tender mother.

If in March, a frivolous chatterbox, somewhat given to quarreling.

If in April, inconstant, not very intelligent, but likely to be good-looking.

If in May, handsome, amiable, and likely to be happy.

If in June, impetuous, will marry early, and be frivolous.

If in July, passably handsome, but with a sulky temper.

If in August, amiable and practical, and likely to marry rich.

If in September, discreet, affable, and much liked.

If in October, pretty and coquettish, and likely to be unhappy.

If in November, liberal, kind of a mild disposition.

If in December, well-proportioned, fond of novelty, and extravagant.

Madame Gerster, in a letter to a Philadelphia friend, says that she does not contemplate returning to America.

ODD CORNERS IN THE CAPITOL

The Various Nooks and Passages Beneath the Dome.

RAMBLES UNDER THE ROTUNDA.

The Ventilating Department—The Folding Rooms—Vaults and Underground Ducts—Unfrequented Rooms.

[*Written for the Sunday Bee.*]

The usual visitor at the national capitol is generally shown about the building by friends or by one of the numerous guides who make their headquarters in the rotunda. The trip takes him through rooms and passages which have been described over and over again. The newspaper-reading public is familiar with the ascent of the dome, the halls of both houses of congress, the marble room and lobbies. But the vast dimensions of the building enable it to contain many nooks and corners which the ordinary sight-seer has neither time nor opportunity to explore.

From general appearances the capitol consists of two stories and a basement, but beneath this is a sub-basement which extends under the whole building. Immediately under the dome in this sub-basement one can enter, by a dark narrow passage, the place which is termed the crypt. This is a large, unlighted room of circular form in which at one time it was proposed to place the remains of Washington. However, the plan could not be carried out on account of the objections of some of his relatives. At the present time, the only use made of this apartment is to store in it the catafalque upon which have rested the bodies of various statesmen who have lain in state in the rotunda. This piece of furniture, heavily draped in black, lends a solemnity to the room which was intended to be the burial place of the "father of his country."

In this same sub-basement, beneath each wing of the building, are situated different departments appertaining to each branch of congress. Each house has its ventilating department, its folding-room and its restaurant. The hall of the house and also of the senate, being situated in the center of their respective wings of the building, have no windows, and consequently obtain their supply of fresh air through ducts which open under the hollow floor. Likewise the impure air is drawn off by pipes leading from the room above the hall. The machinery by which this is accomplished is stationed in a large room in the sub-basement. It consists of engines, large steam fans, etc. The air is drawn through an underground passage leading under the walks and vaults from a small tower in the grounds. But there are other air-ducts which open under the walks in different places around the building. The air is, of course, heated before being sent into the hall. For this, the vaults beneath the walks surrounding the capitol are utilized to hold the boilers and heating apparatus. These vaults are very numerous and are used for various purposes. Some contain coal, while others are used by the carpenters, plumbers, electricians, or as store-rooms.

Not far from the ventilating fans is a large room used as a kitchen to supply the restaurant immediately above it. This is furnished with all the culinary appliances, but is conducted by private parties subject to the rules laid down by congress. Next to the kitchen are the folding-rooms. The vast number of public documents sent out each year by members of congress must be securely wrapped or enclosed in envelopes. For this purpose a small armies of men are employed who make their headquarters in this part of the building. Their rooms are packed with books, wrapping-paper and benches.

But documents for the immediate use of congressmen are stored in a different place. The document room of the house is a small passage leading from statuary hall, besides the gallery of the old house of representatives. In the senate, this department is directly above the corridor leading to the rotunda. Behind this is the senate library and by various passages, shelf filled with old papers, one can make his way to the space between the ceiling and the roof of the supreme court room. This is the old portion of the building which was partially burned by the British in 1813 and one can still see traces of old wooden beams and laths peeping out through the broken plaster. The dust of ages awaits the intrusion of some curious individual. The existence of the place is not generally known and consequently it is seldom entered. V. R.

RELIGIOUS.

Dr. Joseph Barker has just completed nineteen years of pastoral service in City temple, London.

Mr. J. F. Moretta, in his recent lecture on "Judaism," estimated the total number of Jews throughout the world as between eight and ten millions.

The number of Congregational communicants in the state of New York has increased 50 per cent since 1870.

The Lutheran church is doing grand work and achieving wonderful success in America. In 1830 the number of communicants in that denomination in this country was less than 400,000. Now there are over 1,000,000.

A St. Louis minister says that the greatest feat of baptism in the history of the Baptist church in modern times was that performed in July, 1878, by J. C. Clough, a missionary, who, with the assistance of five native preachers, immersed 2,222 converted brethren within six hours.

There are thirty-four summer assemblies modelled after the original one at Chautauqua, N. Y., and its outline of work is done in each. Of these assemblies forty-one are located in twenty-one different states and territories of the United States, one is in Canada, and one in England.

In the pulpit treatment of texts there is such thing as homiletic vivisection, in which the very life of the sacred words is killed out by artificial plans and excessive divisions. We so busy ourselves with the "skeleton" of the sermon that the soul of the text escapes us, and it, too, becomes a skeleton in our hands.

There is now in session in London an international missionary convention which is attended by delegates from almost, if not quite, every nation of the world, including many converts from heathenism. Reports already received indicate that great enthusiasm prevails and all the meetings are thronged. Many men whose names are household words in religious circles have crossed oceans or traversed continents to be present. American churches of all denominations are very largely represented.

NOVELTIES IN JEWELRY.

Corsage pins in dull and Roman link patterns are popular.

A well executed grasshopper, in green and brownish gold, is a novel brooch.

A peculiar pattern in garter buckles represents a circular corrugated plaque of oxidized silver upon which rests a coiled serpent.

A heart of plain gold, paved with diamonds, entwined with another set with sapphires, makes an attractive top design for a knife-edge bracelet.

A seasonable design for small silver cases is a catcher in the act of stopping a swiftly-coming ball. On court-plaster cases it is especially appropriate.

The repousse head of a terrified horse, having a broken bridle dangling from the mouth, is a design for cigar cases which will not be relished by nervous equestrians.

A costly brooch is in the shape of a six-pointed star, the rays set with emeralds, rubies and diamonds. In the centre is a large brilliant surrounded by a circle of smaller ones.

An attractive brooch has a center piece of moonstone on which appears a sculptured head. Surrounding it are sixteen diamonds and pearls set alternately, the latter varying from a pure white to an almost black color.

Watch cases in oxidized silver are now seen in many designs. A spider snug within his web, a scene from the familiar willow pattern on china, flowers, leaves, rocks and landscapes, all etched, are among those most in favor.

A handsome cigarette case is of oxidized silver, having on its cover a female figure in repousse surrounded by a sunburst. The case is slightly curved in order to fit snugly against the body when carried in an upper vest pocket.

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THINGS.

A Column of Humor and Comicalities.

AN EPOCH IN A GIRL'S LIFE.

No Wonder the Boys Love Her—His Patent Racket Had Been Worked—The Usual Happenings in Smithville.

No Wonder the Boys Love Her.

Miss Annie McCormick, one of Hawkinsville's most charming young ladies, was in town recently, says the Dodge county (Ga.) Journal, and made a number of friends and many mashes among our gay and festive youths. I cannot blame the boys for falling in love with her, however, for any young lady who can play two pieces on a piano and sing a third at the same time, is competent to captivate the most fastidious of us. I have often heard of fine performers on the piano, but have never seen or heard any one who could compete with her. She can sit with her back to the instrument and play most beautifully. It is said that she can play three different instruments at once, and I don't doubt it, for she offered to do so here if furnished the proper instruments.

An Epoch in a Girl's Life.

Is when she has her ears pierced for the first pair of earrings," remarked a jeweler with a family. "I'm the father of a family myself and I know. The first question always is how to get the holes punched.

"The elder sister volunteers to undertake it, and the entire family gather to witness the operation. The mother holds the trembling hands of the willing victim. One of the boys gets an auger and is driven from the room with reproofs. The sister comes with the needle. She is shaking from head to foot. She sets the point of the little instrument in the velvet flesh, lets out a little spurt of blood and quietly faints. It is evident that the operation will have to be conducted by some one of less tender sensibilities.

"At last a happy thought strikes the father and he calls upon a jeweler with his daughter.

"'I would like to get my daughter a pair of solitaires,' he says to the clerk, 'but unfortunately her ears are not pierced.'

The clerk smiles, stands behind her, and pinches each little ear till it is white. Then he runs a sharp steel needle through both lobes and wipes off the half drop of blood with a piece of muslin.

"'Do up your ears for a week when you go out,' he says in a business-like way, and then: 'Now, sir, what sized solitaires would you like to look at?'"

He Would Not Work.

Detroit Free Press: A citizen yesterday stood on the steps of a Griswold street bank, gazing at something across the street. While thus occupied a pedestrian halted, ascended a step or two, and after taking off his hat, said:

"Being, you know, as I haven't had anything to to eat for two days, I didn't know but what you could spare me a dime."

The citizen did not lower his eyes by an inch.

"Presume the cashier gave you all bills, you know," continued the man, "but if you'd be pleased to hunt around in your pockets I've no doubt you'd find a dime."

Not a sign that he was heard or seen.

"I would take it as a great favor, I assure you. Party tough, you know, to tackle a job on an empty stomach. I've got $50 worth of work waiting for me as soon as I can get a meal."

And yet no sign.

"It's only a loan, you know. A loan to be returned to-morrow. I hate to ask it, colonel, but there's no other way for me. If you should happen to have a quarter it would be all the same—a loan."

The colonel seemed hewn out of marble.

"Hope you'll excuse me," continued the man, "but I happened to see you as I passed. There's no particular hurry, you know, but the sooner I get the money the sooner I can fill up and go to work."

The colonel now made a move to raise his umbrella.

"The cashier would doubtless change a bill for you if you are broke for silver. This is a fine rain, colonel. Things must be looking nice in the country. Make it a half, colonel, and I'll be around Saturday."

The colonel decended the steps as rigid as a poker.

"I'll take your address," said the man, as he followed behind, "because I'm very particular about repaying borrowed money. I might telegraph to my brother in Buffalo, but he might not be at home, you know. Now, colonel, if you would be so kind as to hand me out—"

The colonel joined the procession and disappeared, and after looking up and down the street a minute the tramp said:

"I might as well quit right here. Some one has worked this town before on my patent racket, and he didn't even leave a good name behind."

Down in Smithville.

Smithville (Ga.) News: Between measles, mumps and melons, we're having a lively time down this way.

The world owes every man a living, and is never slack in paying it to a good collector.

If the people want us to "blow" the town, they must help us raise the wind.

We return thanks to Tom Burton for the gift of a new linen duster. But unless we can get a railroad ticket it won't be of much use to us.

The editor will leave to-morrow for parts (heretofore) unknown. He is going to church, and hopes to return with grace enough to keep him till grist comes in.

A Georgia poet writes: "I go to strike the lyre." If the fish season is on he needn't go far; for the liar will come to him.

A Texas pony, a quart of whisky and something that looked like a man passed through Smithville yesterday. This was the first cyclone that has visited us this year.

We were not in last Monday when Colonel Jenkins, of the Forks, called to settle his bill. It is strange that he always calls when we are out, and leaves nothing for us but his "regards."

"Fellow citizens!" exclaimed a Smithville orator, "when the war-cry rang over this broad land—" "You was in the barn loft, under six foot o' fodder!" shouted a man in the crowd who knew him.

A certain young man, who is a first-class grocery clerk, asked us yesterday how long it would take him to learn to be an editor. It's according to what kind of a constitution he has, and just how much malaria he can stand before he weakens.

In the latter stage of consumption, the afflicted will find relief and comfort in Dr. J. H. McLean's Tar Wine Lung Balm, its soothing effects on the lungs is remarkable. 25 cents a bottle.