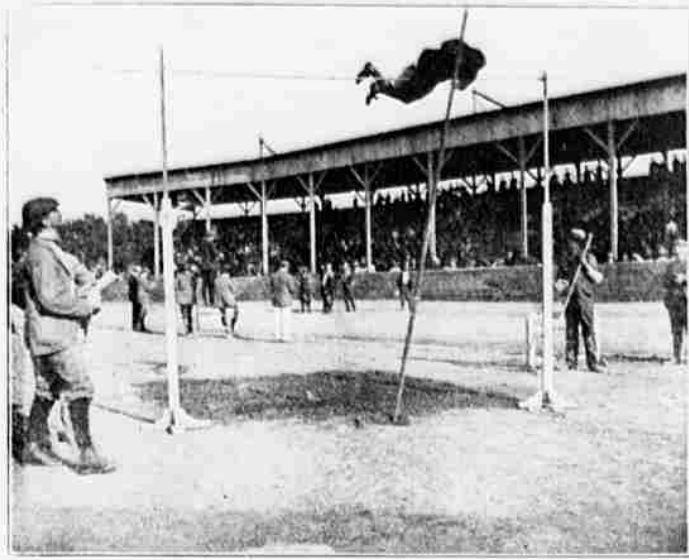


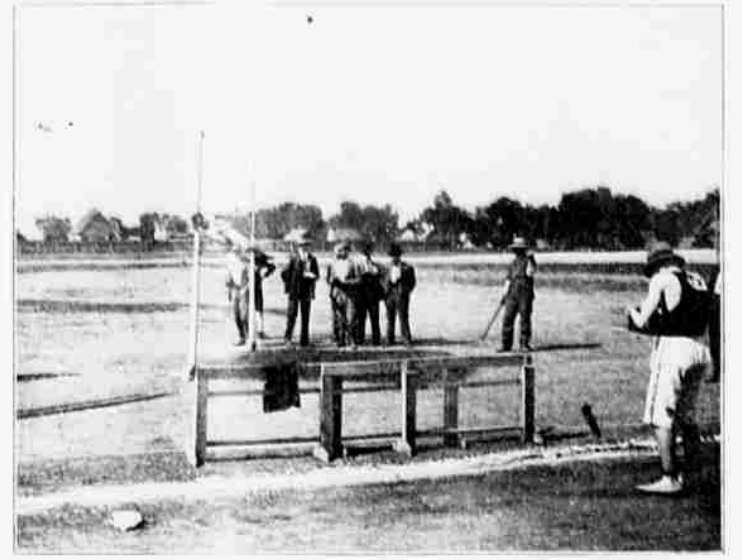
Opening Y. M. C. A. Athletic Park, Omaha, June 10, 1899.



THE WINNING VAULT.



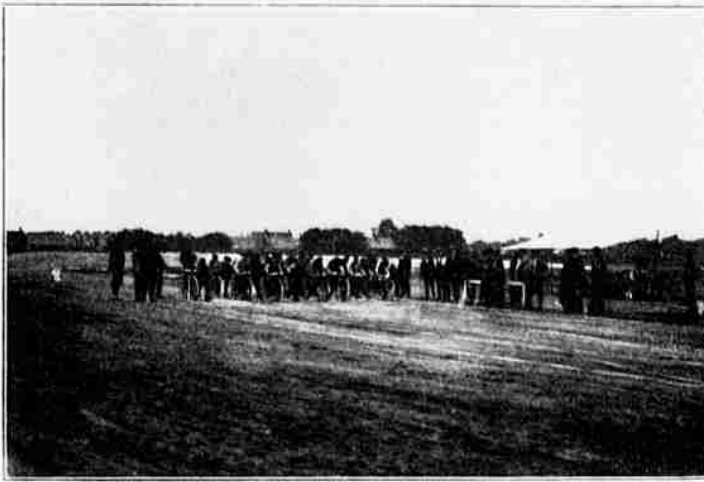
START IN 100-YARD DASH.



TRIAL POLE VAULT.

The Established Trans-Continental Route.

The story of "The Overland Route,"—the Union Pacific—has been told in prose and poem by those who have a right to claim the best knowledge of it; those who toiled over the plains driving oxen in spans, which pulled great caravans of freight; those who hopelessly bore the heat and burden of the day, buoyed up and encouraged by the hope of an El Dorado in the mountains of the West—great, noble-hearted men who sought in the glorious West the reward which seemed never to come near their doors in the populous East. They were brave and kind-hearted, bold and gentle, and writers



THE MILE NOVICE.



START IN HALF MILE BICYCLE RACE.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT on the line of the Union Pacific.

love to dwell on their adventures and depict their hair-breadth escapes, and tell of their hopes and their disappointments. In one sense theirs is the story of the lives of many who read, and a chord of sympathy is touched by the skillful telling of the story. Everyone who has read these tales of the West has felt an instinctive desire to see the spots hallowed at least in memory of some story; which has served to pass an hour away; and each one has longed for an op-



UNION PACIFIC BRIDGE.

This famous bridge provides for the great transcontinental traffic from the Atlantic to the Pacific Coast. It is the only double-track steel bridge across the Missouri River. portunity. Those of the present day can now make the trip in comfort, free from peril, and surrounded by all the luxuries in-

them, the traveler of the day simply selects "The Overland Route," (the Union Pacific) and, as much at home as though in a quiet of some New England village, glides swiftly over a splendid roadbed, and allows his eyes to feast on the magnificent scenery afforded. Leaving Council Bluffs via the Nebraska main line of the Union Pacific and Kansas City via the Kansas main line, the two lines join at Cheyenne. The Kansas main line runs to Denver; and the trip from Denver to Cheyenne, along the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, affords the tourist a kaleidoscopic panorama of hills, fields, rivers, running brooks, and lofty mountains. Leaving Cheyenne the summit of the Rockies is passed at Sherman, elevation 8,247 feet, the highest point on the transcontinental ride between the Missouri River and the Pacific Coast. Ames' Monument and Hippopotamus Rock, just beyond Sherman, can be seen from the windows of the car. Next, Dale Creek Bridge, a wonderful structure over Dale Creek, is passed. Then comes Rawlins, Rock Springs, Green River and Granger is reached, thirty miles west of Green River, which is the junction point of the Union Pacific with the Oregon Short Line for Portland.

From Green River the trip across the continent to Ogden is continued.

Between these points Echo and Weber Canons are passed. To those who have not yet made the notable tour, who have yet to learn from actual sight the peculiarities and grandeur of Western scenery, the name will serve to put their expectation on tiptoe, for of all the canons, Echo and Weber Canons passed through by the Union Pacific between the Missouri River and the Pacific Ocean, these have earned the reputation of



ECHO CANON.

"Echo Canon," through which the Union Pacific winds its way between Wasatch and Echo stations,

containing the most wonderful scenes, the strangest sights—some that will be long remembered for their wildness and grandeur alone; and others, because they are most striking examples of some of the distinctive features in Western scenery.

Carpenter's Letter.

(Continued from Sixth Page.)

It is a thousand miles inland in the very heart of the great Amazon forest. There are woods about it so dense that monkeys could travel a thousand miles through them, jumping from branch to branch and never once touching the ground. They are so dense that you could not possibly go from one place to another except by the streams. It would take you a day with an ax to

make five miles. The country about here is very wild. It is in fact one of the least known parts of the world, and Manaus is the metropolis, being the chief city of a region hundreds of thousands of square miles in extent.

Manaos is on the Rio Negro, about ten miles from where it flows into the Amazon. In coming up the Amazon as we approached the Rio Negro, I could see where the latter river joined it without lifting my eyes from the waters. The Rio Negro is as black as your hat. The Amazon is as yellow as pea soup. For about two miles below the mouth of the Rio Negro the waters of the Rio Negro and the Amazon flow side by side without mixing. Our steamer for a time cut the joining of the waters so that on one side of the ship the stream was as yellow as a lion's mane, while on the other it had the panther black of the Rio Negro. A little below this the two colors disappeared, the waters of the Rio Negro having been swallowed up in the mighty flood of the Amazon.

As we steamed on we passed out of the Amazon and into the wide mouth of the Rio Negro. We were now sailing through a jet black stream. Our steamer churned the water into foam and it looked like boiling black molasses. A sailor dropped a bucket over the side and caught up a gallon for me to examine. In the bucket it looked brown, but when I took it up in a glass it seemed almost clear.

The Rio Negro is an immense stream. It is very wide at the mouth, and at first sight it seems almost as large as the Amazon itself. It drains a vast region and is so connected with the Orinoco by the Cassiquiare river that you can enter the Orinoco at its mouth and sail down through the Rio Negro and the Amazon.

As it nears the Amazon the Rio Negro increases in size. A large part of its lower course is formed of a succession of lakes, some of which are from twenty to thirty miles wide. Its flow is not very rapid, and its ordinary depth is from 100 to 150 feet. It has numerous sand bars, which hinder navigation at very low water, but during the rainy season it rises from thirty to forty feet and floods a large part of its basin. At its mouth there are high bluffs lining the banks. These are spotted with cacao plantations, back of which is a dense forest.

There are numerous palm trees, and among them, now and then, a thatched hut upon piles.

A little further up on the north bank upon a hill is the city of Manaus. The town slopes from the river, covering the hills at the back. It looks like a large town from the steamer. At first you see only a maze of white-colored one and two-story buildings roofed with red brick tiles.

As you come nearer the houses near the wharves grow under your eyes until you realize that they are large business establishments. You see numerous fine buildings, and out of the mass notice a structure somewhat like the pension building at Washington, which is topped with a great dome, covered with porcelain tiles. That is the theater of Manaus. It will seat 2,000 people, and it is finer than many so-called good theaters of the United States. The theater is partially supported by the government, and troupes are brought here from Para and other Brazilian ports. It is not a one-night stand, for it takes 2,000 miles to get to and from it, so that the troupes usually stay a week or so. With us came an American circus, which is to get a big guarantee from the government for showing a month in Manaus.

Manaos is an ocean port 1,000 miles inland from the Atlantic. Suppose the big Atlantic liners could sail right across the United States to Chicago, and you have about the situation of Manaus in respect to the sea.

My steamer drew sixteen feet. It was an English ship, which had come from New York to Para, and thence to Manaus. It was of about 2,000 tons, and its time from New York to Manaus was about two weeks. I asked as to the fare, and was told that it was \$90 in gold.

Manaos has about 50,000 people. It has wide streets paved with cobblestones, many of which were brought up the river from Para. It has many houses faced with tiles imported from Europe and it has several fine government structures, such as the treasury, the palace and the cathedral.

I call the cathedral a government structure, for it is largely supported by the government. The bishop of the province of Amazonas presides over it and it is the central point for the religion of this part of the world. The government has a large

income from its export duty on rubber, and the pickings are probably great.

There are two hotels here. The one at which I am stopping is kept by a French woman, who charges exorbitant prices for poor food, but who has a fairly good cook. We have coffee and bread and butter for dinner. Wine and mineral waters are very dear, costing at least 50 per cent more than they do in any other part of Brazil.

FRANK G. CARPENTER



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One of the popular Ball Bearing Pneumatic Bike Wagons, owned by Mr. J. H. Evans, president of the National Bank of Commerce, furnished by the Drummond Carriage Co., of Omaha.



1,000-MILE TREE, ON THE UNION PACIFIC.

An object that is invariably looked for with interest is the lone 1,000-Mile Tree, which, by a singular chance, marks the one-thousandth mile from Omaha. The tree stands on the south side of the tracks, and a sign-board, swinging from one of the lower limbs, tells its legend to all passers-by. incident to modern travel. Instead of toiling over the calcined tract of those who preceded