

THE PAST AND THE PRESENT.



THE OLDEST INHABITANT

The oldest inhabitant—admire him! The last of his race—what pity! King of his kind—mighty, majestic!

He has braved the mountain torrents. He has laughed at heaven's deep rolling thunder. His eyes have given responsive fires to the lightning's flash. The tornado has only combed out to fineness his shaggy mane. In protection of his kind he has led splendid defiance at his cruel foe—man.

He is a type par excellence in the animal kingdom; type of courage, power, nobility. For centuries he has dominated plain and mountain, forest and canyon—free, fearless.

Before the Indian, the scout, the pioneer, the settler—he was.

He has witnessed all their advances, encroachments, innovations,

while he fought for life, land, liberty. The territory was his, his sacred heritage, and he battled for it as the primal, rightful and superb aborigine.

But man is unfeeling, selfish, destructive, when nature, animate or inanimate, stands in the way of his enterprise and enrichment. And so the animal ruler of the wide, wild western world was hunted, driven back and brought to the verge of extermination.

It would challenge the fine artistic talents of a Rosa Bonheur to portray the qualities and nobilities of such a matchless specimen of the beast creation, and then his melancholy yet defiant grandeur as he witnessed the merciless extinction of his race.

Man, however, is conqueror, and time is the paramount consideration. Time is health and wealth, and to time everything succumbs. The Buffalo, the primal "Lord of the Land," has been driven back to his animal fastnesses in obedience to the law of advancing civilization and the imperative demand of time, the

speediest time. The railroad meets the demand of time, and, specifically, the Union Pacific meets the demand of the speediest time.

Formerly the race across the great western portion of the continent was by the horse and the caravan. But something better was to come. Over twin lines of steel, climbing peaks, threading canyons, covering vast plains, came the first engine of advancing civilization with its human freightage in eager search of the one supreme goal—life and prosperity. But still the best had not been attained.

How weary the caravan! How tedious the early railway passage over the great western world. The culmination, however, was to come—has come.

And this widely coveted zenith, this supreme desideratum of man and object of man's search, is here. How so? By a Union Pacific train reaching Salt Lake City in twelve hours, San Francisco sixteen, and Portland sixteen hours ahead of all competition.

ON UNION PACIFIC LINE

No exception to this, mind you. You leave Omaha at 9:40 a. m. today, are thousands of miles away, in Salt Lake City at 2:05 p. m. tomorrow, San Francisco 5:25 p. m., and Portland 4:30 p. m. the next day, Los Angeles the day after.

Extinction—resurrection! If it means extinction to one of the noblest types of the animal kingdom, it also means a resurrection to man who was made lord of that kingdom; a resurrection into a wider, grander sphere of development, usefulness and higher civilization.

The law of compensation and of higher compensation obtains. The merely animal gives way to the diviner human; and the diviner human requires the two prime essentials of speedy time and spacious territory to realize its ideals for the betterment of all.

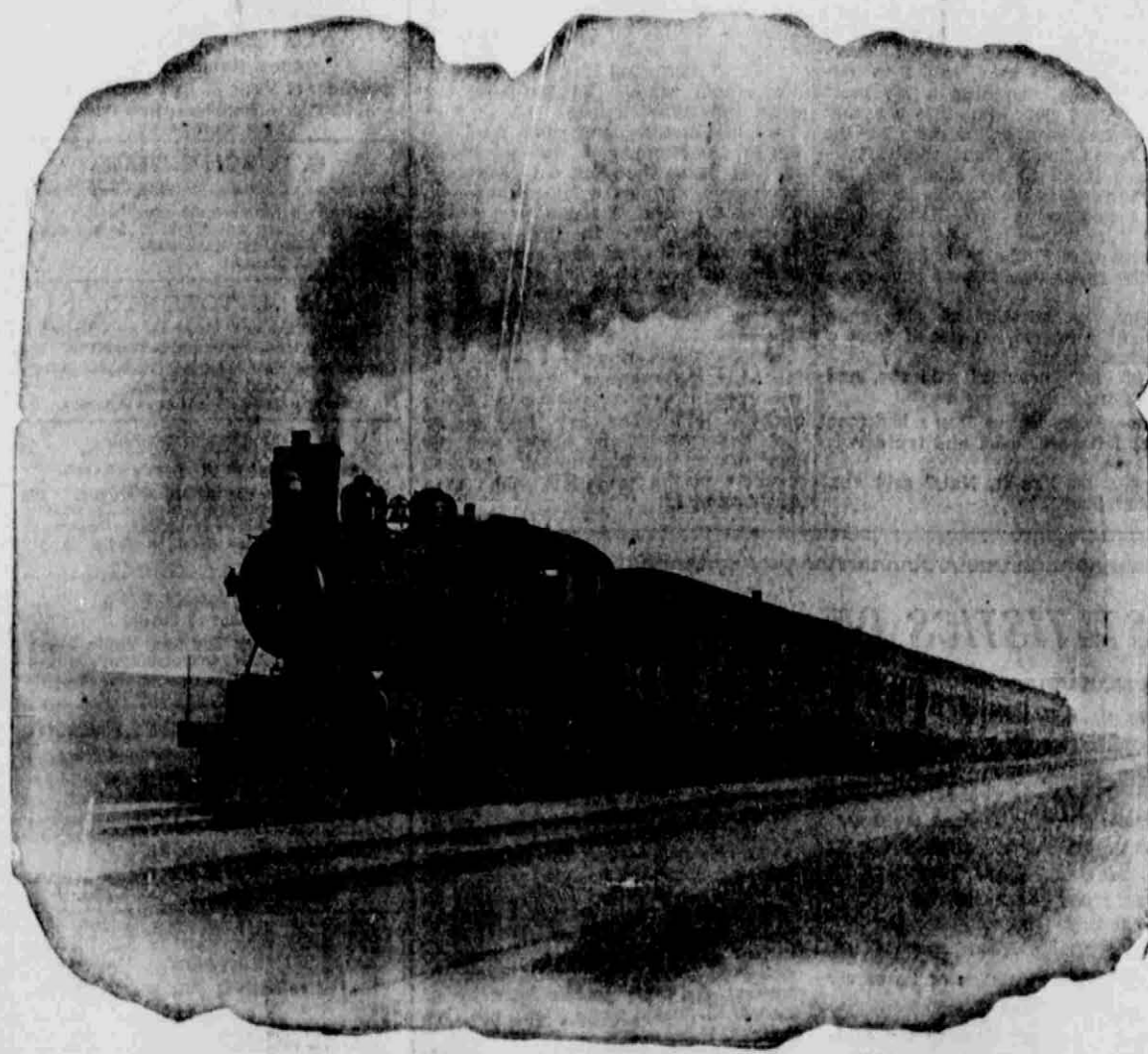
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Promenades, observation rooms, electric lights, electric lamps, perfect heat, etc.

TICKETS, 201 MAIN ST., SALT LAKE CITY.



ONE NIGHT —TO— MISSOURI RIVER. TWO NIGHTS —TO— CHICAGO.

Lv. Salt Lake 12:50 p.m. today.
Ar. Omaha 7:30 p.m. tomorrow.
Ar. Chicago 9 a.m. next morning.

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BOSTON,
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And all Eastern points.