

JOHN INSLEE BLAIR.

AMASSED \$60,000,000 AND LIVED TO HIS 98TH YEAR.

He Was the Owner of More Railroads than Any Other Man and Was Also the Biggest Land Owner in the United States.

One of the richest of Americans, John Inslee Blair, died at his home in Blairstown, N. J., from old age, being in his ninety-eighth year. For a very rich man he was comparatively unknown and his entire life was passed on and near the Delaware River, where it divides Northern New Jersey from Pennsylvania, which tended all the more to his obscurity. But his departure opens up to view a rare and splendid character who made the most of his opportunities and the possibilities for rapid enrichment only to be found in our own country.

Mr. Blair came of Scotch blood, his ancestors settling in New Jersey in 1720. They were Presbyterians of the most orthodox type. The subject of this sketch was born Aug. 22, 1802, at Belvidere, N. J. He was one of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters.

The first money he earned was by trapping rabbits and muskrats and selling their skins at \$1 for sixteen. Before he was 11 years old he was a clerk in the general store of his brother, at Hope, N. J. At 17 he owned a store of his own. He became postmaster at Butts' Bridge. He started two of his brothers in business and they, too, prospered. At one time he had five general stores in as many towns. He established the Belvidere Bank in 1831. A cotton mill fell into his hands and he operated it for several years. He bought a cargo of cotton which was supposed to be damaged, but which was injured very little, and in one year made \$115,000—an enormous profit in those days.



JOHN I. BLAIR.

He had also four flouring mills in operation at one time in Warren County. He accumulated real estate in large quantities through trade, and came to be a wholesale merchant. Soon he was well on to being a millionaire. Then he tried to make iron with anthracite coal at Slocum Hollow, now Scranton, Pa., in 1843, and became interested in the Scranton Coal and Iron Company. It was through his financial backing that this company was enabled to supply the Erie Railway, then building near Port Jervis, with rails. The company was reorganized, with Mr. Blair as principal owner. It obtained a charter for a railroad from Scranton to Great Bend, called Leggett's Railroad, and which was to connect with the Erie. This was the real beginning of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western system. For some years the company had to send out men to teach people to use anthracite coal. Many declared that it would not burn. In all the successive stages of the building of the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western, Mr. Blair was the master spirit, and his mercantile genius caused him to profit immensely by the development of Scranton.

Mr. Blair caused the first auction sale of coal to be made in New York, just prior to the war. By this means he kept the price of coal up and at the same time defeated the cry of monopoly. Before the war there was little or no demand for iron, but his company kept right on manufacturing it. Suddenly iron rose to \$50, \$80 and then \$100 a ton.

A Railroad Builder.

Mr. Blair next built a railroad in Iowa, then joined Oakes Ames in organizing the Union Pacific and constructed its first hundred miles west from Omaha. He built railroads by the dozen in the West. The great undertakings of which he was the master have never been duplicated by any other American. Jay Gould at times had to accept his terms. He held the mortgage bonds of scores of railroad companies, some of which were absolutely in his power. He washed his hands of the Chicago and Northwestern Road to the extent of \$2,000,000 worth of stock, because he did not approve of the extension policy of the company. The money which he received for this stock he brought East in two satchels and deposited personally in the Park Bank in New York City. In the building of all his Western roads Mr. Blair obtained enormous land grants as premiums. In connection with his work on the Union

Pacific he got 1,000,000 acres of land in Iowa. For completing the Iowa Falls and Sioux City Road he obtained 700,000 acres. With all this land on his hands Mr. Blair formed land companies, and these companies, under his direction, laid out the sites for what are now more than 100 flourishing cities and towns in the West. At one time he was the largest land owner in the United States. It was in 1860 that he undertook railroad building in the West. In that year he was sent as a delegate to the Chicago convention which nominated Abraham Lincoln for the Presidency.

A few years ago Mr. Blair, with considerable pride, made the statement that he had built every road with which he had ever been connected for cash and without putting a dollar's worth of its stock on the market to raise money. He calculated that in his railroad operations he had spent \$26,000,000, all of which he either advanced himself or raised among his friends. The fortune left by Mr. Blair is not less than \$60,000,000 and may reach \$70,000,000.

His home in Blairstown, which he founded, was a simple one for one with such vast possessions. As his millions came to him he never thought of leaving his two-story frame house, with its green shutters and the cupola in the center of the flat roof. That was sufficient. So he lived to the end of his life, simple and homely, hating ostentation and loving and being loved in return by everyone who dwelt in his town. An enthusiastic Republican, in 1868, his party made him candidate for Governor, but he was beaten at the polls. The campaign cost him \$90,000.

WEAPONS OF ANIMALS.

Claws, Teeth, Horns and Hoofs All Come Handy at Times.

Many animals, including both those that kill and those that are killed, are endowed with special means of offensive and defensive combat. The latter are often furnished with weapons of effective value, such as the horns of cattle and goats and the hoofs of horses, says the Philadelphia Times.

Even some of the largest animals, which are not carnivorous and may be said to have no enemies, possess special organs that they can use for inflicting wounds. Such are the tusks of the elephant, the horn of the rhinoceros and the antlers of the moose. Their primary purpose, however, is to aid in procuring food and in clearing a way through forest and jungle.

With beasts and birds of prey weapons of attack are indispensable. Among the most highly developed are the retractile claws of the cat family, the cutting and tearing teeth of the wolf family and the talons of eagles and hawks. Even in lower forms of life we find highly specialized weapons, chief among which are the fangs of venomous serpents and the stings of bees, wasps and hornets, rendered far more effective by the presence of a powerful and sometimes deadly poison.

While noting the liberal endowment of creatures that prey upon animals, we must not lose sight of the fact that certain vegetarians are also well equipped with weapons of combat. The males of the bovine and the goat tribes in the wild state use these weapons largely in their combats with rivals of their own species, while the females employ them chiefly in defense of their young.

The bull fights with the head down, often with the eyes closed; and the horns, being usually short and nearly straight, can be used only one at a time, aided by the toss of the powerful neck. The horns of the cow in all the commoner breeds are turned somewhat forward so as to be of the utmost service, and the faithful mother fights for her calf against dog or wild beast with her head raised and eyes wide open.

A stag brought to bay sometimes presents his antlers to the hunter. With some species these branching horns are shed at certain seasons, and during their renewed growth are for a time soft and useless as weapons. They gain strength and toughness at the season when rivalry and battles between the males are in order, and it is, therefore, natural to infer that the antlers are intended chiefly for this purpose.

Against many foes however, man included, the deer family find their best weapons in their hoofs, with which they strike and cut as with knives, sometimes killing dogs, wounding hunters and at other times cutting coiled rattlesnakes into pieces.

Advice from the Gallery.

Of the Dublin gallery boys a famous baritone, in his reminiscences, tells some facetious tales—one of "Faust," in which he played Valentine.

After the duel, Martha, who rushed in at the head of the crowd, raised his head and held him in her arms, during the first part of the scene, and cried out, in evident alarm:

"Oh, what shall I do?"
There was a deathlike stillness in the house, which was interrupted by a voice from the gallery calling out:

"Unbutton his weskit!"—London Spare Moments.

We like to see a girl yawn at 9 o'clock in the evening; it is a sign that she is accustomed to going to bed at a reasonable hour, and does not bum around every night with bum young men.

POTTER PALMER, OF CHICAGO

He Is Much More than the Husband of a Famous Woman.

The newspaper reading world knows much about Mrs. Potter Palmer, of Chicago. She sprang before the public eye as the president of the Woman's Board of Managers of the World's Fair. More recently, her successful management of the love affairs of Count Cantuzene and Miss Julia Grant, her niece, has kept alive the public interest in this forceful and attractive woman. Like Mary Ellen Lease, she eclipsed her husband, of whom little ever appears in print. And yet Potter Palmer is a great business man, one of the real makers of Chicago and a power in the financial world—one of those silent forces, which contribute so much to the world's progress.

Potter Palmer was a young man when he located in Chicago fifty years ago. He invested a few thousand dollars in a dry goods store and soon had the cream of the city trade. His surplus cash went into real estate and the soil was fertile. He was a wealthy man when, at the close of the war, he took into partnership with him Marshall Field and Levi Leiter. State street, now Chicago's leading thoroughfare, was then a narrow, dirty lane. Lake street was the commercial center. Potter Palmer proposed to make State street the commercial center. Men ridiculed him, but he went over to the despised street, bought a mile of frontage and commenced building commercial palaces. His firm occupied the first and other firms quickly took others. When the fire of 1871 came, Potter Palmer owned thirty-two buildings on State street. All were destroyed. He borrowed \$3,000,000 and rebuilt them, better and stronger than before. Then he looked about for a spot where he might build a home.

What is now the magnificent boulevard known as the North Shore drive was then a heap of sand. Here he built and sold adjoining property to the best class of people. The boulevard is the result. Then he built the Palmer House, Chicago's finest hostelry in his day, which it is now said he will tear



POTTER PALMER.

down in the near future and erect in its stead a commercial palace.

These are a few of the things he has done for Chicago. He has never desired political honors, never sought them. He might have won honors in this field, but they were not to his liking. He has preferred to be the simple business gentleman, eager for the welfare of his city, building always for the public weal as well as his own good. His later years are spent in the midst of artistic surroundings of his exquisite home. There has always been in his nature that vein of sentiment which never desired that Chicago should be of the material only. Parks, boulevards, art treasures, music have to him always seemed as much a legitimate part of the being of the city as mercantile establishments and steam roads. He has enriched Chicago in this direction also.

A GREAT BOER LEADER.

Gen. Cronje, Who Opposed the British at Modder River.

While Gen. Joubert, commander-in-chief of the Boer forces, is the tactician, Gen. Cronje, who commanded the Boers at the Modder River, is the burly fighter of the Transvaal army. Of the two Cronje is the more representative Boer. Joubert, possibly from his French ancestry, is a man of a certain polish, and can be indirect when policy requires. Cronje is blunt and always to the point. His craft is that of the hunter, and thinly disguises the force that awaits only the opportunity.

Gen. Cronje is greatly admired by the Boers. They think Joubert is a wonderful tactician and organizer, but they love Cronje, the silent man, of sudden and violent action. He is no man's friend. His steel-gray eyes peer out from under huge, bushy brows. He never speaks unless necessary, and then in the fewest words. He never asks a favor. When time for action comes he acts, and that with the force of fate, and with no consideration for himself or his men.

Cronje is a soldier and nothing else. He hates form. He hates politics, though a born leader of men. He was strongly urged to oppose Kruger for the Presidency in 1898, but he would not. He will have none of any rule but that of the rifle. He despises cities. He is a man of the veil.

It was Cronje who rounded up the

Jameson raiders and, says a writer, "his maneuvering on that occasion was that of a Cromwell. So far as my memory carries, Cronje was not even specifically thanked by the Volksraad for his great service to the state. He was a burgher; it was his duty to repel the invader; he repelled him—and there the matter rested."

"They would have censured him had he failed; they refrained from comment when he succeeded."

"Cronje, riding back to Pretoria, had no guard of honor to receive him, no great civic function to fete him, no



GEN. CRONJE.

sword of honor to adorn him. He was plain Peasant Cronje, returning, heavy-hearted, from his wounded son's pallet in Krugersdorp Hospital, somewhat weary in the bones from those long hours in the steaming saddle, nowise elated, nowise altered from his everyday demeanor.

"Since then Cronje has received a seat in the Executive Council, and is now a personage with a substantial state salary; but the man is in no way changed. He is as individual as Kruger, strong in the faith of his own generalship as Joubert."

PET SUPERSTITIONS.

Some that Influence Mostly All Sorts of People.

Dr. Samuel Johnson would never enter a room left foot foremost; the brave Marshal Saxe screamed in terror at the sight of a cat; Peter the Great was not equal to crossing a bridge when he came to it, unless to do so was absolutely necessary; Byron shared with less famous people than he the dislike to having the salt at table spilled between him and his neighbor. A sneeze is with half the nations of the world nothing to be sneezed at. To exclaim "God bless you" when any one sneezes in your presence is a relic of what the Roman did before us, and before him the Greek. Mohammed gives directions of the same kind to his followers, and the Hindu of to-day utters his pious ejaculation after the sneeze by way of prayer or good wish on behalf of the victim.

Many people will avoid going under a ladder if they can get around it. The belief that if you put on your stocking the wrong side out it is lucky is very general, or was until the schoolmaster returned from abroad; and I myself remember an old woman who was convinced that turning her stocking inside out saved her from being lost when the fairies, one pitch-dark night, had misled her on a trackless English moor.

What is to take the place of a lucky horseshoe when we all ride in automobiles? There is no room for the imagination in them. Some new mascot will have to be discovered. Charms of one kind or another are carried by people that have a pious contempt for heaven superstitious; a small potato, for example, to avert rheumatism, or a chestnut. The late journalist, George Augustus Sala, never traveled without carrying with him, as a lucky card, an ace of spades. Somehow it failed to save him from his creditors. But creditors are notoriously deficient in imagination. If Shylock had remembered this when he drew up his bond "The Merchant of Venice" would never have been written.—Rochester Post-Express.

Advice to a Daughter.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Learn a little bit of art,
Some good poetry by heart,
Languages to wit impart,
Music fine.
Know the proper way to dress,
How to comfort and caress,
Dance a little, gossip less,
Daughter mine.

If you want to please the men,
Daughter mine;
Study how to make a cake,
Learn to stew and boil and bake,
Say you cook for cooking's sake,
How divine—
Be a housewife, all the rest
Counts but little, truth confessed,
Such girls always marry best,
Daughter mine.
—What to Eat.

People are always surprised when the engagement of a real quiet girl is announced, but, as a rule, they land the best man.

It is all right for a woman of 30 to say she feels as young as she did at 18, but she never looks it.

Were it not for the bliss of ignorance some people would always be unhappy.

RUTHLESS SLAUGHTER.

The Boers Have Killed Over 60,000 Graceful Giraffes.

The creditable work of the Boers in freeing South Africa of the dreaded lions, which roamed in such numbers that life was rendered unsafe anywhere in the country, is offset by their ruthless destruction of the giraffe from Cape Colony to the Botletli River. If they killed 6,000 lions in the Transvaal before existence was made safe, they have killed 60,000 of the innocent, graceful giraffes. In the early days of South African history the giraffe was the most abundant game in the Transvaal, Matabeleland and Orange Free State, but the creature has been killed off like our American buffalo, and the few remaining representatives of a noble race gradually driven north. For years past the giraffe has been a profitable quarry for the Boer hunters, and the animal was valued by them only because the hides were articles of commercial use. They were not hunted, shot down in droves, and destroyed in the greatest number possible in every direction.

A good giraffe skin is worth from \$10 to \$20 in South Africa to-day, and much more in Europe. On their hunting trips 10 and 15 years ago it was a common matter for one hunter to kill 40 and 50 of these graceful animals in one day. The reason for this is that the giraffe is the most innocent of animals and is easily hunted. It is absolutely defenseless, and there is hardly a case on record where a wounded giraffe turned upon the hunter. It is true giraffes have great powers of speed, and they can dodge rapidly from tree to tree in the woods, but they offer such a fair mark that these tactics hardly ever save them.

The hide of the animal is its chief article of value. No wonder that the bullets often fail to penetrate this skin, for it is from three-quarters to an inch thick, and as tough as it is thick. The skin, when cured and tanned, makes excellent leather for certain purposes. The Boers make riding whips and sandals out of the skins they do not send to Europe. The bones of the giraffe have also a commercial value. The leg bones are solid instead of hollow, and in Europe they are in great demand for manufacturing buttons and other bone articles. The tendons of the giraffe are so strong that they will sustain an enormous dead weight, which gives to them pecuniary value.

HORSES NOT YET SUPERSEDED.

Automobiles Will Continue Too Expensive for Common Use.

When the bicycle became so popular several years ago the enthusiasts claimed that the death knell of the horse had been sounded. They argued that it didn't cost anything to keep a bicycle, while a horse, when he wasn't being used, was eating his head off. But the horse survived and the bicycle fell from popular favor. Now the automobile appears on the scene, and we again hear talk of a horseless age. "To be sure, the automobile is very expensive as yet," the enthusiast will tell you, "but that condition of affairs cannot last long. See how the bicycle was forced down in price." Then he will tell you that the horse is doomed. He forgets that the mere cost of an automobile is only an item. A Philadelphia lawyer, who has just returned from Paris, which is automobile crazy, says that the cost of maintaining one would bankrupt the ordinary citizen. "There are plenty to choose from," he remarked, "with steam, gasoline, petroleum or electric motors. These range in price from \$300 for a motor cycle to \$3,000 for heavy rigs suitable for carrying four persons and a driver. While in Paris I busied myself to the extent of finding out how much it cost to operate one of these carriages. For a year it's about as follows: Gasoline, \$87.50; lubricating oil, \$5.45; repairs to carriage, \$102.50; repairs to machinery, \$185; repairs to tires, \$27.50; sundries, \$61.80; depreciation, \$150; tax, \$50; servant, \$200. That makes a total of \$872.75. Remember, this is for Paris, where my calculations are based upon the actual experience of a friend of mine. But they can't vary much in this country."—Philadelphia Record.

Society for Sock-Darning

In a neighboring Long Island village the young men have a new privilege. On paying ten cents a week they can have their socks darned by the belles of the village, who have organized themselves into the "Giddy Girls' Darning Club." One of the young ladies noticed a hole in the hose of a young man who was paying her a social visit the other night, and, on comparing notes, it was found that many of the other girls of the village had been impressed by the fact that the beaux of the place needed help in keeping their socks in order. The young man who was admitted to the privileges of the club must not be in the habit of smoking, drinking, playing cards, or doing anything real naughty. All he has to do then is to pay ten cents a week and wear his socks into as many holes as pleases him.—New York Cor. Pittsburg Dispatch.

Hope makes a man believe that something will happen which he knows will not.

It is said that many a model woman earns a living by trying on cloaks.