

CAPT. LEATHERS' STORY.

Capt. Thomas P. Leathers was the possessor of seven successive boats called the Natchez in the course of his life on the Mississippi, each in its time one of the leading boats among contemporaneous water craft. They were all built in Cincinnati, which has for years been one of the leading boatbuilding centers of the United States.

It was here and about this time that the captain, whose credit always enjoyed the stability of the Bank of England, acquired the reputation of being a bank savior in a unique way. He was across the river one day, overseeing the construction of a boat he was having built when he was accosted by a friend, who said: "Leathers, have you any deposits in the Bank of Commerce in the city?"

"I have."

"Well, let me give you a piece of timely advice. There is going to be a run on that bank to-morrow, and I want to advise you to go right across the river and draw out your money."

"I am much obliged to you," returned the captain. The captain did not happen to have any deposits in the bank at the time, and, as a matter of fact, merely replied as he had to learn what his friend manifestly had to say. The bank had extended him certain courtesies in the past which he cherished in his memory. He went immediately to another bank in the city and drew \$1500 in \$1 bills. He had them tied up in an immense package, and, drawing a \$500 bill more had it tied on the top of the package so that its denomination might be readily seen. The banking business in those primitive days in the United States had not attained the stage of development of to-day. Business was conducted on a very simple plan. It was not at all out of the usual run for a new-comer capitalist to come into the country with all his capital tied up in a bundle, and with this bundle to march into the bank and make his deposit. Such prospectors carried all their wealth around with them quite frequently.

Next morning the captain took his huge package of \$1 bills, tied so that the contents could be easily seen, and with the bill of \$500 denomination especially conspicuous, and marched down to the bank. His friend had been a false prophet. A great line of depositors had ranged themselves in the bank, and the line extended out into the street. He elbowed himself carelessly through the throng, everyone taking notice of the great package of bank bills he carried, and finally made his way to the cashier.

Mr. Foote, the cashier, recognized him, and asked, with some regret, "You here, too, Cap?"

"I want this deposited to my credit, please," said the captain, handing the great pile of bills over to the cashier. "Place it over there. I shall return later when you have had a chance to count it, and get an acknowledgment. Good day." And the captain went about his business. When the throng of depositors saw this the great majority of them, who had come inspired by panic, thought awhile and left. The new-comer, they concluded, was some capitalist who had come in and knew the condition of the bank to be solid, and made his deposit without even so much as appreciating that they were there, the creatures of unfounded fear. In a very short while the run had ceased. That evening Cashier Foote called the directors of the bank together, and placing the big bundle of bills on the table before them, said: "Gentlemen, Capt. Leathers called in here to day during the run and left this deposit here, saying that he would return when I had counted it. I desired to have you present when I counted it, to make sure that no mistake was made. It seems to be a great amount of money."

The package was opened, and when the task of counting \$500 \$1 bills was well under headway it dawned upon the management what the purpose of the captain was in making the deposit. The captain had saved the bank. It grew to be a common thing at that period in Cincinnati, when a bank was in trouble, to say, "Send for Captain Leathers. He'll straighten it out."

It was in 1845 that Capt. Leathers built his first steamboat, Natchez. In those days, when boats like this catered to an enormous and wealthy passenger traffic, as well as a freight trade, speed was a requisite, and these boats in time came to be built with an elegance, richness and comfort such as might have been designed for the transportation of a king; in fact, their passengers were all sovereigns. In the years that succeeded, commerce over the great artery of the country, grew at such a pace and the development was largely due to these boats that a successful owner disposed of the old and built a new boat in a very few years. "We wore them out quickly," says Capt. Leathers. "A boat was considered old in a few years." To keep up with the developments of the demands they created for themselves the old boat was sold and replaced by something better and grander in five years on an average.

The first Natchez was sold by 1848, and in that year a new Natchez was constructed. This one was sold to parties in Mobile, and supplanted by still another Natchez in 1852. This boat had not been in existence more than a few weeks when it was burned in the conflagration at the wharf in St. Louis, before she could be removed from the play of the

flames. The fire originated in the steamboat Charles Belcher, which was consumed along with other boats.

The fourth Natchez was not built before 1854. In the course of five years she was "worn out"—to use the captain's own words—and was sold for use as a wharfbait.

The fifth Natchez, probably one of the richest and most gorgeous palaces that has ever floated on any stream, was built in 1859, at a cost of almost \$200,000. This boat in time became a part of the history of the late war, being confiscated by the Union and sent up the Yazoo to be used in the service of the Northern side. Later, laden with 2,000 bales of cotton to protect her engines against the shells of the enemy, she was sent to Port Pemberton, to be used as a ram, but the architect of this brilliant piece of war engineering failed to see the consummation of the purpose in view. The highly inflammable fleece, which loves the sunshine and the South and delights particularly to catch fire on the smallest possible provocation, was consumed in a few minutes, and with it the most magnificent steamboat of the day, probably. The captain had furnished the boat as only a man who loved his craft would have undertaken. There was a carpet in the boat, the one in the "ladies' cabin," which alone cost almost \$2,000. Toward the rear of this saloon there was a dome-shaped turret, in which a chandelier of apparently innumerable lights hung, with trimmings of cut-glass. There was not a cheap speck of work to be found in the entire boat, and this craft, with a rich cargo of 2,000 bales of cotton, burned off Honey Island, a monument to the lack of judgment of the war engineer who planned the enterprise. This boat was confiscated at the fall of New Orleans, in 1862, and all that Capt. Leathers ever saw of this magnificent property afterward, at present adorns his drawing-room in his house on Prytania street. They are two carved figures of Indians, and were once the patrons, so to speak, of the larboard and starboard engines of that Natchez. Sun and Moon were the names of these engines, and the figures were so called after the legendary personages of the Natchez tribe. Besides these mementoes is a clock which, as the captain puts it, he doesn't know whether it is his property or that of the United States.

Enormous as were the ravages of the war upon the South, the Mississippi, as the great artery of commerce and passenger locomotion, continued to be in great demand. It was in 1870 that Captain Leathers built his pride and his delight to meet the demands of trade. It was on this glorious boat the captain made 400 trips and traveled 400,000 miles, never losing a trip or paying a forfeit. It was built at a period when steamboating on the Mississippi was in the zenith of its glory. Beauty of construction, elegance, comfort, speed, endurance, docility and steering, all entered into the plan of architecture of a great boat. It was, indeed, the golden age of steamboating.

"Big Injun" towered up to an altitude of 170 feet to the top of her immense red smokestacks. These cylinders, from which when the firing process was going on down stairs vast volumes of coal-black smoke poured, were six feet in diameter. Her speed upstream was easily twenty miles an hour when under good headway, and twenty-five with the current. The figure is excellent now, and in these days of the lightning express it does not sound "big," but the sight of the monster of that size skimming along the great river at that rate was a sight grand to a degree. All who have seen this majestic boat from the shore as she made a landing must remember the familiar impression made upon one that the boat could not fail to rush over and annihilate the earth and everything thereon. He must also remember how obedient to the wheel and the engines she must have been—not looked at from the pilot's standpoint, but from the consideration of the greatness of the mass of architecture before him, its tremendous momentum, and the ease and suddenness, the grace, in fine, with which it was brought to landing. The pilots on these great boats always produced the impression that they were trying to throw a dash of "agony" or style into their work by the immensity to the shore they would permit the monsters to approach before gracefully checking their momentum. As a matter of fact, however, this was part of the art of piloting and part of the design of the men who planned the boat.

Before Capt. Leathers built "Big Injun" he studied the hulls throughout the country to select a model which would meet his ideal. Speed was a point of the utmost necessity. To secure that desideratum he visited the lakes and studied the plan of everything that enjoyed the reputation of speed upon their bosoms. He examined the crafts of reputation on all the tributaries of the Mississippi, and then went over to New York, and examined the hulls of the Sound boats and the boats that plied the Hudson.

It was on this beautiful stream that he found the germ of the model on which was built one of the fastest steamboats the world has ever known. The name of the Hudson river craft was the James Skidder. On calculating the size and the power applied the captain discovered that she had wonderful speed. Her hull was built on that long-pointed pattern,

like the edge of a chopper's wedge, so familiar to those who knew the Natchez. This little boat, of course, by no means so pretentious in any way as that he proposed to build, convinced him that the plan of her hull would be, indeed, ideal, had it not been for a foolish habit she had of "hanging her head when under way." The more she increased her pace the more she hung her head. But she had the speed, and that was the desideratum of his painstaking search. He got all her dimensions and a record of the power she used to carry her at different gaits, and felt convinced that she had the germ of the plan he sought. Then the captain noticed something about the construction of the hull which led to the conclusion of his labors. That foolish "hanging of the head" might do on the Hudson, but on the Mississippi, where they knew what steamboats were, a boat with her head down as if she were ashamed of herself would be absolutely incompatible with an ideal of a palace fit to float on the majestic river, the grandest flood in the world. The captain was then, as now, a lover of the river, and knew what benefited its dignity and grandeur, and he had inflexible ideas about the boat on which he proposed to carry the great passenger traffic that used the river at that time exclusively over the stretch he navigated.

The skidder's pointed hull, that long, tapering point, was the right thing. What was the cause of her nose getting a foot deeper in the water when she made her fast time? The hull at the prow did not curve outward at all. It went straight up like the sides of a ship. Here was the defect. The captain went back to his architect in St. Louis and laid before him the plan of his boat. He sent him on to New York to inspect the hull of the Skidder and get all possibly needed particulars about her. He then directed that the hull of the proposed boat should be built on the same plan, with the exception that her hull at the nose should be turned gradually outward. The result was not only one of the fleetest hulls in the world, but the faster the boat was urged the higher "Big Injun" held her head. When it is stated that this boat during her life paid not less than \$200,000 in wharfage at this city for the privilege of landing, some idea of the extent of the work she must have done is suggested.

An incident connected with the construction of this boat sheds light upon the character of the man who owned her and had her built. At her completion Capt. Leathers owed \$80,000 on the work, etc., and yet in acknowledgment of the fact he did not so much as give a promissory note. His word was his bond, and the solidity of his operations as a steamboatman was the security on which his creditors relied for the payment of his obligations. If not inhibited by accident, Capt. Leathers would make majestic "Big Injun" pay the debts his getting cost, and they were willing to share the chances with the man whose sterling integrity has never yet been questioned during almost a half century of steamboating.

At the time of the alleged race with the Robert E. Lee, "Big Injun" made, possibly, the biggest earning on record, and used the most of it in liquidating his indebtedness. "Alleged is said advisedly; for, although the general public has accepted the version that it was a race, the captain sturdily denies that it was. It will be remembered that on this eventful occasion the Lee stripped herself of all superfluous clothing. She even took down her doors to afford a little resistance to the wind as possible. There was a great deal of heat in the controversy as to which was the faster boat, and a matter of money involved as well—as speed counted for something, as did reputation for speed. Aside from this the management of the Lee had been angered by Captain Leathers shifting his day of departure to the same day as the Lee. Partisanship among the friends of the respective boats ran high, and the public was interested to an extent scarcely understood now. Capt. Leathers, by reason of the Lee's leaving light and taking no passengers, got almost all her cargo and her passengers. She made all her landings and was outstripped in the run. If one suggests a "race" the captain will tell you this little narrative, to the facts of which there are living witnesses.

When the Natchez reached her destination her architect came on board and asked Captain Leathers: "Captain, how is this? The Lee has beaten you in the race."

"Race! Thunderation, man; do not owe you \$80,000?"

"What's that got to do with it, captain?"

"Do with it!" thundered the captain. "Come with me." They went to the office. "Mr. Clerk, what's our earnings on this trip?"

The clerk looked over his books and showed that the net earnings were several hundred dollars over \$4,000.

"Pay this gentleman \$4,000. I guess we can get along with the rest. Lacing! That's the sort of racing I have been doing. When I have paid out, I shall then be able to indulge in such amusements. At present 'Big Injun,' sir, must pay his debts—and, by George! as quick as he can. That's his code of morals, sir."

"My baby had croup and was saved by Shiloh's Cure," writes Mrs. J. B. Martin, of Huntsville, Ala. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

AN OLD PARABLE IN VERSE.

[St. Luke, 15:11.]

There is a parable of old
That I shall now rehearse,
And try its beauties to unfold,
By putting it in verse.

Tis of a man who had two sons—
Both blithe, and young and gay,
Who used to work upon the farm;
And thought it was but play.

The father gave the younger son
His share of all the store—
This only made the younger wish
He had a little more.

Soon after this, the younger son,
Told his father said:
"Father, I'll take my part, and go
Where money can be made."

So to a far-off land he went,
A stranger among the strange;
Where all his money soon was spent,
And to poverty he came.

He now hires out to feed the swine,
To a citizen of that place.
And to keep himself alive,
He seeks a servant's place.

The famine now began to rage,
And he was sore in need;
His clothing was reduced to rags,
And no man did him feed.

And now he just came to himself,
And thus began to say:
"There is bread enough in father's house;
I wish I was there today."

I will arise and go there now,
And before him bow my knee,
I'll tell him I've unworthily been,
I'll seek a servant's place."

The father saw him coming back:
He ran, he leaped, he smiled,
And threw his arms around the neck
Of his rebellious child.

"My son was lost and now is found,"
The father joyfully said,
"For whom I've mourned for many years,
And thought that he was dead."

"Bring forth the robe, the best white
The father gives command:
"Dress him in garments white and clean,
Put rings upon his hand."

"Now, let us kill the fatted calf,
And merry let us be;
Because my son, that long was lost,
Has now returned to me."

So there is joy among the saints
And angels far above,
When one repents and comes to God,
And seeks his father's love.

—H. A. Berry.

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Equalization Board.

The state board of equalization has finished equalizing real property. On class 1, including town lots and improvements thereon, a reduction of 5 per cent was made in Washington and Klamath counties; 8 per cent in Multnomah; 10 in Douglas, Jackson, Josephine, Malheur, Polk and Wasco; 15 in Clatsop. In Marion and Linn counties 8 per cent was added. All other counties were left as returned by the county clerk. In class 2, embracing all railroad lands, wagon road lands, other unimproved lands, improved lands, improvements on decayed lands, railroad tracks, telegraph and telephone lines, a reduction of 5 per cent was made in Clackamas, Jackson, Lane, Malheur, Wasco and Washington; 7 per cent in Douglas; 8 per cent in Harney and Multnomah; 10 in Clatsop, Columbia, Crook and Lincoln. All others were allowed to stand as returned.

The assessed valuation of the state has been lowered several million dollars.

It's just as easy to try One Minute Cough Cure as anything else. It's easier to cure a severe cough or cold with it. Let your next purchase for a cough be One Minute Cough Cure. Better medicine; better results; better try it. W. E. Brock.

CRIME AMONG STUDENTS.

Of late considerable excitement has been caused by the action of students, in one particular college, in punishing one of their fellows who was caught pilfering from the other students' rooms. The punishment was probably a rough one, but was probably excusable. The Outlook, discussing on this subject of criminal students, says:

President Raymond, of Union College, struck a ringing note recently, not only in the way in which he dealt with a very painful experience at Union College, but also in his declaration of the principles which should govern a college faculty in dealing with such cases. Two students of that institution were suspected of having been implicated in certain burglaries which had recently been committed in Schenectady. As soon as Dr. Raymond was informed of the suspicion, he took another member of the faculty, notified the suspected students, and proceeded to make an investigation of their rooms. Stolen property was soon discovered, whereupon Dr. Raymond stopped his investigation, sent for the police, and placed the whole matter in the hands of the civil authorities, who completed the search and took the students into custody, a large amount of stolen property being discovered in their possession.

This prompt and direct action by President Raymond was followed by a statement in the chapel of the college on the next morning, in which he laid down the principles which should govern the action of college authorities in dealing with their students, so clearly and comprehensively that they deserve the widest publicity. For purposes of legitimate college discipline, Dr. Raymond declared, the authorities of the college need no help from without; but the moment the law is violated, and crime committed of any kind, the offender will be invariably turned over to the civil authorities. The allegiance of students to each other and to their college, he declared, must be subordinated to the allegiance of every student to the law, and no college can have to educate its students to be law-abiding members

and leaders of society unless it recognizes and maintains the majesty of the civil law on all occasions. This declaration on the part of the president commanded the enthusiastic applause of the students. It is safe to say that no body of American young men could fail to see the justice of such a position, or fail to appreciate the courage involved in taking such a position under the circumstances.

This action of Dr. Raymond is not without precedent in the conduct of our colleges, but it is in very sharp contrast to that policy of concealment which has sometimes been unwisely adopted. It has more than once been assumed by college authorities that the good name and prosperity of the institution demanded suppression of intelligence and a general minimizing of offenses. Honor, honesty, loyalty and obedience—those prime elements of education—are more powerfully taught by the policy and action of the authorities of a college than by the teachers in the classroom.

Consumption can be cured by the use of Shiloh's Cure. This great Cough Cure is the only known remedy for that terrible disease. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Karri Wood Pavement.

New York City is the scene of a great variety of experiments in street paving, although of late years the tendency has been largely toward the adoption of asphalt, even to the extent of pouring the asphalt over the old granite blocks, which serve as a bed for the smooth surface. A recent trial has been made, however, of karri wood from Australia, which is laid somewhat after the fashion of vitrified brick. This wood is of a light reddish color, close grained, hard and heavy, weighing about 75 pounds to the cubic foot, and having a tenacious fiber. The blocks are laid on a foundation of concrete after being dipped half way in melted asphalt. The joints are filled in with sand and cement, and a light coat of gravel is added as a better foot-hold for horses. It has been suggested that going to Australia for such wood is a far cry, and that it ought to be readily obtainable, if not in our own country, at least in the West Indies or Latin America.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy. Mrs. E. B. Worden. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

The Greatest Dredge on Earth.

Some of the American excavating machines built for the Panama Canal were considered monsters of their kind, but there is one now building near Baltimore which will far exceed in capacity any cutting machine or dredge ever before constructed. It will, in fact, be seven times more capable than any predecessor. It is intended for work on the Mississippi, as stipulated by the river commission, and will be able to cut its way through 3,000 cubic yards per hour. It comprises several sets of knives, which are driven into the bank or bar to be removed. These loose the earth so that it can be drawn into suction pipes in liquid form and then forced where it is desired to deposit the matter. A crew of seven men is required for the operation of the huge barge, but their number is utterly insignificant compared with the array that would be necessary to remove an equal quantity of dirt, say, for example, one foot every four from the top of a whole acre. The government is likely to require from five to seven of these for its work on the river. The barge has boilers of 3,000 horsepower, and pumps equal to 6,000,000 gallons per hour.

Coughing irritates the delicate organs and aggravates the disease. Instead of waiting, try One Minute Cough Cure. It helps at once, making expectation easy, reduces the soreness and inflammation. Every one likes it. W. E. Brock.

Each of the three 15-inch dynamite guns commanding the entrance to the harbor of San Francisco is capable of throwing a maximum charge of 500 pounds of nitro-glycerine, and it is not probable that any armored ship afloat could pass them. One of the guns was recently charged with 100 pounds of nitro-glycerine and trained on a bluff of spongy red rock two miles away, the result being a hole in the rock 30 feet in diameter and 6 feet deep. The accuracy of the fire is said to be such that a ship entering the Golden Gate would be hit three times before she could advance 100 yards. Yet Gen. Miles says we have no coast defense.

Piles of people have piles, but Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. When promptly applied it cures scalds and burns without the slightest pain. W. E. Brock.

A Gift in dialect.

A well-known bishop, who takes a prominent interest in every affecting the working classes, wishing to judge for himself what a journey a workman's carriage was like, took a ticket and joined the miscellaneous crowd which fills these trains on the Great Eastern Railway. After a most undignified struggle for a seat, he found himself jammed in between a navy smoking a strong, black pipe on his right hand and an artist in house painting, smelling strongly of his craft and carefully balancing a can of green paint on his left hand. In addition to apprehensions for the safe balance of this can and the very unpleasant odors arising, the good bishop was very much shocked by the bad language which garnished

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See that you get C-A-S-T-O-R-I-A.

The fac-simile signature of J. C. Fitch is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

the conversation of his neighbors. After a particularly strong expression from the navy, the bishop, touching him gently, inquired: "My good man, please tell me where you learn the language you have just made use of." The navy replied, with a suspicion of pride in his tone: "Learn it, guv'nor! You can't learn it. It's a gift. That's what it is."

Tax 'em \$100.

Why not require every immigrant to pay a tax of \$100 on entering the country? That rule would shut out paupers and the low-down classes who have been coming in for so many years without let or hindrance. It would be a protection of American industry worth having. It would not be a bad idea to put the same tax on returning American tourists who leave so many millions of American money in Europe every summer. The plan is feasible and the tax would be easily collectible from the steamship companies which would of course collect it beforehand from their passengers.—Farmer and Home.

When the Paris "Debate" says the United States "does not possess the naval and military forces that are at the bottom of every prolonged diplomatic discussion," it speaks without consideration. The navy of this country is in working shape, and within six months millions of soldiers could be trained and placed in the field. The lesson of the civil war is lost on that French editor.

Themistocles told his country's enemy of a weakness in his line which did not exist for luring that enemy on to its destruction, and he accomplished his purpose. Gen. Miles, on the other hand, tells his country's enemy of a weakness which he imagines is real. If that enemy acts on Miles' word it will be treated to the same sort of surprise that Xerxes was at Salamis.

The Pendleton Tribune thinks there will be very little chance to give another twist to the tail of the British lion on the Venezuelan question, for the reason he has tucked it between his legs and sat down on it.

Do Witt's Little Early Risers for biliousness, indigestion, constipation. A small pill, a prompt cure. W. E. Brock.

Stockholders' Meeting.

THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE stockholders of the First National Bank of Hillsboro, Oregon, will be held at their banking house on Tuesday, January 11, 1894, at 3 o'clock P. M. of said day, for the election of directors for the ensuing year, and for such other business as may come before said meeting.

J. D. MERRYMAN, Cashier.

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