

BLAIR ON VANDERBILT.
Reflections of the Oldest Living Builder of Railroads in This Country.

"How did I come to build my first railroad? Well, that's a long story," said John L. Blair, the oldest living railway builder, to a Boston Globe reporter.

"You know I got my start as a country storekeeper, and along in the twenties I had six or seven stores scattered about in New Jersey. I was selling a lot of goods and making money."

"But it cost a lot to haul goods from New York to my stores, and it was a constant study with me how to reduce the transportation expenses and shorten the time required by the methods of those days."

"My first efforts in that direction were in co-operation with Commodore Vanderbilt. He was in the boat business then, and I paid him a good many dollars for freightage."

"One year he had a strong competitor for the business in the person of Governor Ogden, and freight rates were cut away down. It was that year that I got the better of the commodore. Either he didn't know or had forgotten that I had so many stores, for he said to me at the beginning of the season that he would contract to haul all my stuff across New York Bay for \$10."

"Did I take him up? Well, I don't think I need answer that question. The goods were brought over all right, and I paid the \$10 and no more. But Vanderbilt didn't try to back down. He made no fuss whatever, though I sold several boat loads of goods before the season was over."

"A bargain is a bargain, John L.," said the commodore one day, "and when I give my word I keep it, but I'd like to know when you are going to get through delivering goods to my boats."

"That's the kind of man I always found the commodore to be, though plain Cornelius to me then, just whenever he said he'd do a thing, he did it."

"I liked Cornelius and I liked Mrs. Vanderbilt. She was a real sensible woman and a mighty good cook. They kept a boarding house along the pier, next to Ogden's warehouse, where buyers and workmen could live while waiting for or handling goods."

"Before the steamboats were put on the trip from New York to Elizabethport was frequently drawn out because of adverse winds, and sometimes meals had to be served on the boat. Mrs. Vanderbilt had to cook these meals herself, and I enjoyed her cooking many times."

"She cooked on the first steamboat her husband put on the route, too, for, though the trips were not then so long, a man could save time after a busy day's buying in New York to eat on the boat."

"I was on the first steamboat that ever sailed from New York across the bay and to Elizabethport, and Mrs. Vanderbilt gave us an exceedingly good meal on that occasion."

BUNDLING KINDLING WOOD.

A Big Industry Which Grew Up From Very Small Beginnings.

More than 25 years ago, in the back yard of an up town house, a man with an idea started to chop up kindling wood and tie it into bundles of requisite size to suit the needs of the neighborhood.

In those days people bought loads of hickory logs in the fall and had the professional sawyer and splitter, who paroled the streets with a buck and saw over his shoulder, reduce them to the required size.

From that man, with his back yard and his idea, a great industry has sprung. The business was a success from the start. First the wood was sold only in the poorer sections of the town, where the slum dwellers found it very convenient to buy the cheap little bundles, all ready for use. They thus economized minutes that could be applied to their working day. After a time it got to be that there was not a street where there were not stores that kept the bundles, and the small coal and wood dealers in the slum basements made them part of their stock in trade.

With the general use of the kindling steam and improved machinery came into use in the cutting and bundling of the wood. Now there are extensive establishments in the city, and the bundles turned out in the course of a year amount to millions. At the present day all manufacturers bundle their wood in the same general way. In the early days the ends of the little sticks were dipped in resin; another bundle put a small bit of cork in the center of each bundle, while still another had each stick saturated with a chemical preparation. It was the general belief that some aid must be given to the wood, otherwise the coal would not burn. But all the other methods were put aside when one bundle hit upon the idea of evaporating all moisture from the wood through the agency of a steam heated kiln.

The wood used by the bundlers of kindling in New York is pine and hemlock. The first comes from Virginia and the second from the forests of Pennsylvania. It reaches the city in the shape of long slabs. These slabs are split into lengths of kindling thickness. From the splitting machine the lengths are run along a platform to a buzzsaw, where they are cut into the lengths used in the bundling. As they fall from the buzzsaw table the bits of wood drop directly into a box through which runs an endless chain elevator. By this elevator the wood is carried far up to the top of the building and dropped into the opening of the kiln. Around the sides of the kiln run coils of steam pipes. In the great kiln the sticks remain from one to four days. The loss in the kiln treatment amounts to 10 per cent. A cord of wood produces 1,000 bundles. The wood is now inflammable and ready for bundling.

This last work is done by boys, who stand at a foot power press. Through openings at the bottom of the kiln the kindling falls to the table before which the boys stand. The bundling machine is two half circles of iron, one of which is above the other, making an opening the size of a bundle of wood. There is a slot at the bottom of the machine in

which the tarred twine is placed. On top of the twine goes a label with the manufacturer's name, and then the bundle is packed in. On top of the wood falls the upper half circle of iron, the boy gives pressure with his foot, the twine is tied, and the kindling is ready for delivery. In a day a boy can tie up 1,000 bundles. —New York World.

Standpoints of Criticism.

His eyes were half closed in the reverie which the smile on his lips showed was pleasant. He paid no attention to the other travelers who were in the same section with him — one of them a quiet, neatly dressed gentleman, and the other sleek, slightly rotund and with a large diamond earring.

"Ah," murmured the gentleman in the ecstatic mood, who had been beating time with his forefinger. "Wagner! Wagner! There is no body else who can write music like him! Is it not so, my friend?" he said to the sleek man who shared his seat.

"Y-y-es. I reckon so."

"He wrote music for all time."

"I don't know much about his music, but he makes first rate sleeping cars."

"Yes," chimed in the other, "and I wish he'd stick to his music and sleeping cars and let baseball alone — or else give Washington a good team for a change." —Washington Star.

Law and Lawyers.

In the late Mr. Charles O'Connor's opinion the greatest lawyer was not the man who knows the most law, but the one who sees at a glance the real question involved, and he often declared that many cases were carried to the court of appeals without the lawyers on either side discovering the real legal principle which must govern the case. —W. Watson in North American Review.

Disinterested.

"What a splendid woman she is!" "I am glad to think you have got such a wife."

"Such a wife! Why, man, you have no idea of her generosity. When I was poor she refused to marry me because she was afraid of being a burden upon me, but the moment I came into my fortune she consented at once. What do you think of that for kindness?" —Pick Me Up.

Three Faults.

The conversation turned upon a speaker who was not particularly gifted.

"He has only three faults," said one of the company. "First, he reads his speeches; second, he reads them badly; third, they are not worth the reading." —Geillustreerd Weekblad.

ELEVATION FRIGHT.

Some Persons Are Impelled to Jump Off High Places.

At a great height many persons would no more think of looking down upon the surface of the earth than they would of thrusting a hand into a blazing fire. An irresistible impulse comes over them to jump, and this impulse is stronger when the feet are close to the edge of the roof of a high building.

Dr. Edward Lanning, the American physician who practiced his profession in Paris for 10 or 11 years, says he has seen more cases of "elevation fright" in the French capital than he has in any other city he has ever been in.

"I do not know," said he, "that it is any peculiarity of the French character, but I have frequently been called in cases where death has resulted in a leap from a tall building or tower — not that I could do any good, but simply to see whether I could determine from previous family history whether the victim was insane or not."

"About two years ago I was visited by a sailor, an Alsatian, who told me he experienced the peculiar sensation of terror when at an elevation and that he was unable to take a berth on any vessel where his duties would require him to go aloft, farther than 12 or 15 feet from the deck. He consented to go with me to a tall building and go on the roof so I could observe his condition when he looked over the edge into space. I took two assistants with me as a precaution."

"One of them brought a rope at the sailor's request. He said he would not dare venture to the edge of the roof unless he had one end of the rope around his waist and felt that the other end was securely held. I acceded to that and told him to go as close to the edge as he pleased."

"We were very high — up 125 feet, I should say. The sailor walked cautiously toward the eaves, and I walked alongside of him. He looked over and jumped back and then walked forward again. I observed that the pupil of his eye had become dilated, and in a few minutes the perspiration ran down his face in streams. His pulse bounded and his muscles twitched. He stood quietly, without tugging at the rope, but told me if he did not know that he was being held he certainly could not resist the desire to leap into space."

"He got down on his hands and knees and tried to become accustomed to looking over the roof's edge, but said he could not. He wanted to draw himself forward and plunge over head first. I finally took him down stairs, when he recovered his equanimity. He came to see me a year afterward and said he had tried his best to cure himself of what he considered a weakness, but was unable to do so. The man was perfectly sane and apparently cool and collected when on terra firma, but at 75 or 100 feet he became an abject coward."

"Some time after I was not surprised when I received a letter from one of my colleagues telling me that the sailor had cast himself from a balloon in which he accompanied with an aeronaut near Dieppe and had been dashed to pieces." —New York Mail and Express.

The tablet requires of the sultan, including rouge and enamel for the ladies of the harem and jewelry, cost \$5,000,000 a year.

DISAGREEABLE MAN'S WILL.

He Managed to Put a Sting Into Each One of His Bequests.

While John Carpenter was spending a vacation up in the country, he had occasion to look at some records, and his attention was directed to a whimsical will. He arranged for a copy of it as a literary curiosity.

"Imagine the satisfaction with which Mr. Darling proceeded to libel all his relatives and insert a sting into each bequest, well knowing that before their anger began to rise he would be where even a capias in a suit for damages could never reach him," commented the judge, as he gave it to a reporter to copy. The testamentary clauses of the documents are as follows:

"I, William Darling, in Grantness, in the township of —, county and district of —, western Canada, require, being in sound health of body, and my mind just as usual, which my friends who flatter me say is no great shakes at the best of times, do make this my last will and testament as follows, revoking, of course, all former wills:

"I leave the property of Grantness, and all other landed property I may be possessed of, to my sisters Ellen — and Betsey Darling, the former because she is married to a minister whom (God help him) she respects, the latter because she is married to nobody, nor is she likely to be, for she is an old maid and not market ripe. And also I leave to them and their heirs my share of the stock and implements on the farm, provided that the inclosure around my brother's grave be reserved. And if either should die without issue then the other shall inherit the whole."

"I leave my brother Andrew my big silver son of old James, as the representative of the family. I would have left it to old James himself, but he would melt it down to make temperance medals, and that would be a sacrifice. However, I leave him my big horn snuffbox. He can only make temperance horn spoons of that."

"I leave my sister Jessie my Bible, and when she knows as much of the spirit of it as she does of the letter, she will be another good Christian than she is."

"I leave my late brother's watch to my brother Jerry, exclusively. At the same time to give up Whiggery, radicalism and all other sins that do most easily beset him."

"I leave my brother Andrew my big silver snuffbox, as I am informed he is rather a decent Christian, with a jolly face."

"I leave Parson — the snuffbox I got from the militia, as a small token of my gratitude for the services he has done the family in taking a sister that no man of taste would have taken."

"I leave John Carson a silver teapot, to the end that he may drink tea therefrom to comfort him under the affliction of a slatternly wife."

"I give my silver cup, with a sovereign in it, to my sister Jane, because she is an old maid and pious; also my gramma's snuffbox, as it looks decent to see an old woman taking snuff." —Philadelphia Press.

On the Use of Language.

Every one knows the anecdote in which the rustic thought "felicitas" was something inside of a pig, meaning probably the part that furnishes lard, which is known in some rural districts as fair, in others as flick — the latter word is well known in Dorsetshire. But this story is surpassed in simplicity by the following:

A woman in a village in Kent lost three children by diphtheria, and when the clergyman's wife went to console with her she railed against the doctors, and said she couldn't think how they could go to church and say that prayer, and then go and practice on the people as they did. In answer to the question what prayer she meant, she said, "Why, they pray to be delivered from false doctoring, heresy and schism, and then they go about and do false doctoring and kill the children." —Notes and Queries.

The Ass Who Predicted.

An Ass who heard a Gorse observe that the Water in the Pond was getting very low, at once offered his Services to Predict Rain. This having been Noised about, the Hens asked for continued Dry Weather, the Foxes demanded a snowstorm, the Mule and the Wolf, the Dog and the Peacock each demanded that he be favored with Weather made to order. As a result the Ass could Please no one, and as his Failure was charged to his Obstinacy, the Whole Crowd fell upon him and Wounded him almost to Death. He was Complaining of this to the Peasant When the latter Replied: He who seeks to Please all will end in Pleasing nobody at all. —Detroit Free Press.

Case and Effect.

There is a good story told of a Hertfordshire farmer. He went home late one night and drank a pint of yeast in mistake for butter-milk. He rose three hours earlier next morning. —Cardiff Mail.

WOMEN AS MUSICIANS.

They Show Refined Taste, but Lack Force and Vitality.

More interesting, perhaps, than anything else in relation to feminine progress in the future is speculation regarding the effect of higher education on our artistic mind. There is no use in cheating ourselves, in refusing to own that as yet in the composition of music the feminine gender is distressingly apparent. Wagner's work so far is poetical, picturesque, sometimes even dramatic. It is sweet to the ear and mellifluous to the understanding, but — here we come to the crux of the argument — is it strong, durable, systematic? Is it strong musicians — we are dealing purely with the fair sex — we have occasional displays of ingenuity, elaborate synopses and possibly some suggestions of antiphonal effect, but of really artistic reservations, of technical force such as displayed by the masters there are few. In this even the very lady composers themselves will agree.

though their want of power and vitality is in a measure compensated by refinement of taste, in their most ambitious efforts they suffer from lack of sustained power and from constructive weakness. They are as yet incapable of close analysis of form, the diagnosis of subtleties of "klangfarbe," or tone color, and resent the humiliating bondage and servility demanded by omnipotent science before the smiles of his consort, art, can be won.

Musical women are, as a rule, romantic, refined, enchanting, full of "coquettish quality" of inspiration, yet powerless to develop the initial conception of the brain to a stout state of robustness, whereby it may resist the wear and tear of the very emotions which drain it.

In some cases a process of development has been forcibly attempted, but up to the present date such efforts have merely resulted in the elimination of the romantic for the furtherance of a parched erudition which coils in knots!

Now in the higher educational schemes is to be seen the key of musical progress in the feminine future. A mathematical discipline is all that is needed for the training of the musical mind to concentrate itself on the perspective of the sound landscape before attempting the luxuries of colorful and poetic detail. The higher education will assist it to create a veritable column capable of holding the music and sinew of fine form which the delicate fancy of women shall decorate at will. There may be in the first days of her higher advancement a disposition toward "capriciousness," toward rigidity and academic scrupulousity, but from these trammels she will soon shake herself free and glow in her native poetry of thought brightly as her male rivals.

But before the full liberty comes she will also have to acquire from the mines of science the absolute confidence in self which has been the sole right of such men as Wagner and Brahms. She must learn to face her critics and not, Kotschliko, sink through them to her doom. Every chilly blast, every adverse word, must brace, not blight, her productivity, or progress will yet lie in the far, far ages. Sugary harmonies which now dottle for richly colored orchestration, transient and superficial effects which dazzle and die, will all be wheeled into line. The discipline of the higher brain culture will nourish the womanly output of the classic giant, capable of holding its own in the sphere of musical giants. We have lately had the advantage of judging and admiring the talent of the first musical women of the age and learning through them and the excellence and refinement of their work what germs and possibilities may be hoped for from them and their disciples in the near future. —Exchange.

"IT'S NO BUSINESS OF MINE."

This was a favorite saying with young Myron Boyd. He was a farmer's son. A tall, handsome young fellow, honest in his dealings in the ordinary sense of the word, enterprising, industrious and emphatically, as the country phrase goes, "smart to work." People respected Myron; that is to say, they rather looked up to him because he was in a fair way to be rich, because he understood farming better than any other young man in the district, because he was capable and sensible, and yet he could not be called a favorite among young men of his own age.

Myron knew that he was not popular, and though he professed to care nothing for public opinion, nevertheless he would have liked to feel himself more welcome than he generally was in the society of his fellows.

Perhaps one secret of the lack of cordial feeling toward Myron was the consistent manner in which he acted up to his favorite saying: "It is no business of mine."

He not only never put himself out of the way to do his neighbor a service, but he never offered a kindness or lifted a hand to prevent any injury to another, even when it would have cost him no trouble whatever.

One day he was driving into the village with Alfred Brown, the minister's son, a boy some years younger than himself.

It was a very warm day, the road to the village was sandy and tire-some, and Alfred, who had been out to Mr. Boyd's on an errand, was not sorry that he was not obliged to walk back.

By-and-by they passed an old gray-headed colored man toiling along in the sun with a heavy bundle over his shoulder. The old man looked wistfully after the wagon, but he knew Myron Boyd too well to ask for a ride.

"Why don't you give old Uncle Jeff a lift?" asked the good-natured Alfred. "It's all of a mile from here to his place."

"Oh, I'd have to stop and pick him up and set him down. I can't take in every one I see."

"But the poor old fellow looks so tired."

"Well, I can't help that," said Myron carelessly; "it's no business of mine."

Their way lay past Uncle Jeff's little place, and Alfred saw that there was no one at home and that two or three cows, taking advantage of a weak place in the fence, had got into the corn patch and were making sad havoc.

"Oh, let's stop and drive those cows out," cried Alfred. "They'll ruin the old man's garden."

"He should have had his fence in better order then," said Myron. "It's no business of mine."

"It's mine then, anyway," said Alfred, disgusted. "Let me out."

"I shan't stop for you to drive out the cows," said Myron, coolly; "it's no business of mine."

"Drive on then," said Alfred, as he jumped out of the wagon and ran after the cows.

Myron drove on and was soon out of sight, thinking to himself what a fool Alfred Brown was to lose his ride for the sake of old Uncle Jeff's garden, which was, after all, no business of his.

It cost Alfred some time and trouble to drive out the cows and put the fence again so that they could not make their way back into the garden.

When this was finally accomplished, he sat down on the doorstep to rest awhile, feeling hot and tired, and not a little provoked at Myron.

By and by Uncle Jeff came wearily home, and when he learned the story he was very thankful to Alfred, and the boy did not regret what he had done, even though he had a long hot walk to the village.

Two or three days after Myron Boyd went past old Uncle Jeff's house with a heavy lumber wagon loaded with grain bags. He had not gone far when out came the lurching, and down went the wagon. The horses were steady and did not run. Myron was not hurt, and, after ascertaining the cause of the accident, went back to Uncle Jeff, who was peacefully smoking on his doorstep, to borrow a hammer.

"I seed that lurch-pin was a conin' out when you passed," said Uncle Jeff, coolly.

"You did!" said Myron, not un-naturally provoked. "Why didn't you tell me?"

"Why, honey," said Uncle Jeff with a sly little laugh, "I thought it wasn't no business of mine."

Myron bit his lip.

"Have you got a hammer you'll lend me?" he said.

"Well, I don't rightly know jes' where the hammer is," said Uncle Jeff, placidly, "and I'm mighty comfortable just now, and I don't want to go look for it. 'Taint no business of mine."

Greatly provoked, Myron was turning away when Uncle Jeff called after him:

"You're welcome to the hammer or anything else, honey," said he, laughingly. "I was only jes' seeing how cur things is, but I guess you'll find out this rule of yours is one the kind won't work both ways. Dis yer is a world full of folks, and you can't live in it like there wasn't nobody but yourself, fix it how you will." And then Uncle Jeff went to help Myron with his wagon.

Myron did not wait for sense, and Uncle Jeff's lesson made a strong impression on his mind. He used his favorite phrase less frequently, and learned, after a time, to feel that duty was a word of far wider meaning than he had supposed, and that whatever his hand found to do for his neighbor, whether in the way of prevention or cure, was indeed the business of a man. —Parish Visitor.

If suffering with piles, it will interest you to know that Dr. Witt's Witch Hazel Salve will cure them. This medicine is a specific for all complaints of this character, and if instructions (which are simple) are carried out, a cure will result. We have tested this in numerous cases, and always with like results. It never fails. W. E. Brock.

Advertising for Farmers.

While waiting at a country station I became acquainted with quite an intelligent, nicely dressed gentleman who belonged to that class which, according to the funny newspaper, is the natural mark for the confidence man. During our conversation he learned that I was connected with the advertising department of the press.

"I believe in advertising," he remarked, "and practice it, as also do several of my neighbors."

The possibility of a farmer advertising had never occurred to me, and upon expressing a curiosity to know in what manner farmers could advertise, he said:

"I live in one of the best counties in Michigan, where I own and till a large farm. In addition to growing all kinds of grain I raise both cattle and hogs. I live within convenient distance of four railroad stations, each having a number of grain buyers and stock dealers. When I conclude that I am ready to sell my stuff, I insert a local in three or four local papers published at those villages stating the amount and quality, and, if stock, when it will be ready to go. Then, instead of being compelled to go from one dealer to another in order to receive a fair price, they come to me, and by mail and personally put a price on it. The buyers know my methods, and also know that other dealers are after me, and as a consequence they bid the highest price they can afford. I always get the best prices going, and my little outlay in advertising pays me. Then another thing: If I want to buy a milk cow, what is the use of my riding all over the country, inquiring from Tom, Dick and Harry for the desired article, and spending four or five dollars' worth of valuable time when fifty cents invested in an advertisement in the local paper will bring such a throng of eager sellers as to give my premises the appearance of a county fair or one?" —Printers' Ink.

Wife—Here's an account of a man who shot himself rather than suffer the pangs of indigestion. Husband—The fool! Why didn't he take Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers? I used to suffer as bad as he did before I commenced taking these little pills. W. E. Brock.

Senator Morgan doesn't like Senator Sherman's financial policy. None of the 16 to 1 men do. This is one of the reasons why four-fifths of the people are on Sherman's side on the finance question.

CASTORIA

for Infants and Children.

THIRTY years' observation of Castoria with the patronage of millions of persons, permit us to speak of it without guessing. It is unquestionably the best remedy for Infants and Children the world has ever known. It is harmless. Children like it. It gives them health. It will save their lives. In it Mothers have something which is absolutely safe and practically perfect as a child's medicine.

Castoria destroys Worms.
Castoria allays Feverishness.
Castoria prevents vomiting Sour Curd.
Castoria cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic.
Castoria relieves Teething Troubles.
Castoria cures Constipation and Flatulency.

Castoria neutralizes the effects of carbonic acid gas or poisonous air.
Castoria does not contain morphine, opium, or other narcotic property.
Castoria assimilates the food, regulates the stomach and bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep.

Castoria is put up in one-size bottles only. It is not sold in bulk.
Don't allow any one to sell you anything else on the plea or promise that it is "just as good" and "will answer every purpose."

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

The signature of J. C. H. Hatcher is on every wrapper.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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

It is hard to realize that the Spain of to-day claimed to be mistress of the world 300 years ago, and even undertook to invade England with sailors and soldiers. Spain's treatment of Cuba shows that she has learned nothing in three centuries, and that her history, first and last will be that of an oppressor.

Pills do not cure constipation. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

No excuse for sleepless nights when you can procure One Minute Cough Cure. This will relieve all annoyances, cure the most severe cough and give you rest and health. Can you afford to do without it? W. E. Brock.

Edison's promise to take an inventive part in the next war of the United States excites amusement among the English papers, but all the same the electric current, dynamite and submerged torpedo boats are almost certain to make a new era in fighting between leading nations.

Consumption, lagrippe, pneumonia and all throat and lung diseases are cured by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

One Minute Cough Cure is a popular remedy for cough. Safe for children and adults. W. E. Brock.

Thousands of cases of consumption, asthma, coughs, colds and croup are cured every day by Shiloh's Cure. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

Executive Notice.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT the last will and testament of Jacob Keim, late of the County of Washington, Oregon, also last duly admitted to probate, by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, letters testamentary thereon have been issued to me as executor of said will, and that I have duly qualified and entered upon the discharge of my duties as such executor.

All persons, therefore, having claims against said estate are hereby requested and required to present them, with the proper vouchers, to me, at the law office of T. H. Tongue, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof.

For all particulars, enquire of or address MRS. MARY CLAFIN, Hillsboro, Or.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.

A DESIRABLE BUILDING LOT, 100 feet square, in Portland, a half block distant from the electric car line. This property is offered at a low price for cash, or for acreage property outside the city limits.

For all particulars, enquire of or address MRS. MARY CLAFIN, Hillsboro, Or.

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Particular attention is called to The Weekly Globe-Independent, issued in Semi-Weekly Sections, eight pages every Tuesday and Friday, making it practically a large Semi-Weekly Paper for only One Dollar a Year. This issue just fills the bill for the busy man, who has not the time to read a daily paper, and yet desires to keep promptly and thoroughly posted. It goes to every State—almost to every Post-office—in the Union. All America is its legitimate field. No matter where you live, you will find it invaluable as a newspaper and journal.

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