

A GREAT FOX CHASE.

Just across the Missouri river from Washington, Mo., there is a little German settlement called Dutzau, whose inhabitants are very fond of sport, such as can be found in the woods and waters thereabouts. The country for miles around is fairly well under cultivation, and the tillers of the soil are not averse to chasing the red foxes, burrowing in the sand bars when the wild geese are on the wing or seeing the sloughs for buffalo and catfish after the Missouri has dumped a lot of these fish into them by a big rise.

Fox-chasing is the sport that seems to stir up the whole neighborhood more than any other. The town and the country are of one accord on this question, if not on others. They all like to fish with gig and net, but not with the rod and line. Next to fox-chasing the Germans of Dutzau recognized that gitting and seeing the buffalo give the most satisfactory results and the greatest excitement.

Last week a large party assembled at Fred Meyer's farm house just as the dawn was deepening into day light. There was a mingling of local tools with the buying of the hounds and the party, composed of Fred Dunkmann, Otto Niehaus, Sam Heilbush, Herman Witharth, H. Keller and the Hausner brothers, struck out for the hills in pursuit of the eager hounds. There was an agreement that not a morsel of breakfast was to be eaten until a fox was run to earth; as it was considered a sure thing that one would be started in rounding a bluff but a short distance from the Meyer homestead. As the foxes usually take down a ravine toward the Missouri river, some of the party took stands at a point about half a mile from Meyer's, the rest taking stands at favored points for foxes when eluding the hounds.

Hardly had the men reached their stands when the buying of the hounds announced the welcome tidings that a trail had been struck. A few minutes later a good-sized red fox bounded from cover within range of Dunkmann and Niehaus, and each sportsman made the valley ring with the report of their shotguns, but the fox frisked away and the last they saw was his brush as he sailed over the fence into Mr. Meyer's wheat field. The horns tooted, and all the hunters came breathlessly forward, just as the dogs bounded past the two men that had shot at the fox.

There was a chorus of "Did you get him?" but the answer of Niehaus and Dunkmann as to results left a doubt as to whether the fox had been shot to pieces or had taken wings and flown away; so all started in the direction the hounds had taken. Their deep-mouthed baying signaled that Reynard was still beyond the pack.

Thoughts of that hot breakfast at Meyer's house toward which the hounds were legging, made the men eager to run down their prey. The fox knew his business well, and long before the dogs came up to the fence in front of Meyer's house he was snugly cuddled in a box in the granary. Mr. Meyer has a colored man who seemed to know his business, or at least what was expected of him for he was at the granary as soon as the fox, and a few moments later was piddling away towards the hills with the animal in a sack.

The men came up to the house almost whimper, but dead game.

"Call off the hounds," said Mr. Meyer. "Start them in about 100 yards above there. The fox is almost to the hills by this time. The dogs have lost the trail. Better hurry up, boys. Get some of the finest chickens and hot biscuits you ever tasted, and I don't want to eat breakfast without you. The old lady would be so disappointed after all the preparations she has made. Hurry up and get that fox and then I'll go out with you and show you plenty of red fellows and a silver-gray that has been prowling around these parts lately."

After sounding a jug which their host provided to stimulate the hunters, the party started for the head of the ravine, and soon thereafter the merry baying of the hounds came over the hills, telling the chase was on once more. A little later a gun or two was fired, but after the lapse of about three-quarters of an hour the fox came like a Kansas cyclone across the wheat field, and once more landed safely in his box in the granary. Then came the hounds, but not before the colored man had left for the bluff with his bag full of fox.

The men came struggling afterward, pretty badly winded, but Meyer said: "No fox, no breakfast."

As on the two previous occasions, the band of hunters took up the lost trail around the bluff and down through the ravine. The dogs made music and gas cracked, but almost on schedule time poor old Reynard came across the green stretch of young wheat, but Meyer, who was watching for him, noticed that about half the poor animal's tail had disappeared in the run. The hounds were pretty close behind this time, cleared the fence, and were yelping at the place where Mr. Meyer was telling the others of the fox's brush. The hounds were still yelping about the corner when the last tired and hungry member of the band of hunters dragged his weary way to the place where Mr. Meyer was telling the others of the fox's brush. The fox was safe in the granary and breakfast was ready.

It was a hungry but enthusiastic

crowd that sat down to the table to chickens, eggs, cornbread, hot biscuits, baked potatoes and splendid coffee. It was then about 10 o'clock, and the appetites of those men were something to marvel at; but the fun came when breakfast was over, and all hands repaired to the granary to view the supposed victim of their prowess. The colored man carried the poor bob-tailed fox out in his arms, where it nestled as close as a kitten.

Then Meyer began to laugh loud and long. "What does it all mean?" asked Niehaus, as he looked into the bewildered faces of his companions. "It means," said Mr. Meyer, as soon as he could get his tongue untangled from the laughs, "that you have been chasing my old tame fox all the morning, while you were almost starving. Dick, here," said Meyer, pointing to the colored man, "took the fox out just before you fellows came, and when the dogs started him he ran around the hills and back to his nest in the corn crib, where I had him to catch mice. Each time the dogs ran him down to the corn crib cover Dick would carry him to the head of the ravine, and you fellows and the hounds did the rest. Nice lot of fox-hunters, you are. I'll go with you this afternoon and show you how to catch 'em."

The band of fox-hunters from about Dutzau hadn't a word to say, but marched off toward the hills, vowing vengeance on Mr. Meyer. But they did succeed in getting two red foxes and one gray during the afternoon, and will accept no more invitations from Meyer to come out with the hounds and help destroy the foxes about his premises.

SEVENTY PIEGANS JUST ALIVE.

"A member of the Canadian mounted police, Lieut. McDonough, told me," said Capt. Partello, at the Officers' Club, "the following incident of a band of Crees and a solitary Piegian Indian, which is novel and interesting. It occurred about 100 miles from Fort Walsh. A band of Cree Indians woke up one snowy morning to find that about one dozen of their choicest ponies had been run off during the night. Pursuit was soon organized, and within a few hours a fresh trail was found in the snow. After following the trail some thirty miles it entered a river bottom and headed for a wooded island in the middle of the river.

"Smoke was seen rising from the trees, and an opening, which seemed to be the mouth of a cave, appeared in plain view. Presently a single Indian, a Piegian, showed up in front of the opening. He was in war paint, and there was a dog at his heels. Pretty soon the dog scented the Crees and began growling and barking. The Piegian looked up, glanced a moment about him, and then instantly entered the cave. In about ten seconds another Piegian came around the rocks and also went in; then another and another and another, being but a few seconds between them. The Crees lay silently in the bushes watching and counting, until upward of fifty Piegians had come around the rocks and gone into the cave, and still they kept coming. What seemed remarkable was the fact that all these Indians were, to all appearances, exactly the same size, were dressed and painted alike, each carried a Winchester rifle, and most remarkable of all, each one seemed a little lame in the left foot, limping slightly.

"They were a gaudy crowd, and the Crees counted seventy of them. The superstitious Crees naturally concluded that the evil spirit had something to do with it, for there was no doubt that there were seventy Piegians on the island, who were exactly alike.

"So thoroughly were they filled with the idea that the devil was mixed up with the mystery that even when the reinforcements arrived, which was in a few hours, they were reluctant to attack the island. That night one Cree, less superstitious than the rest, crossed over the ice to investigate. On approaching the supposed cave he was surprised to find it was no cave at all, but simply an opening leading some ten feet into the rock, where it made a turn and came out on the other side. It required but a glance to understand what had seemed so mysterious before. There was but the remnant of a single camp fire, the ponies were gone, and not an Indian was in sight. The apparent presence of sixty-nine other warriors was a sharp trick on the part of the Piegian warrior to deceive his enemies and gain time for his escape, which he accomplished in good shape.

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.

Cecil Rhodes says that his heads of mining departments in South Africa are all Americans. The president of the Boer republic and also the general commanding the Boer army are Pennsylvanians by birth. In a new where imported Yankees are pitted against each other England should try to settle the dispute without fighting.

Captain Sweeney, U. S. A., San Diego, Cal., says: "Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy is the first medicine I have ever found that would do me any good." Price, 50c. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

MADE A MAN OF FARRAGUT.

Admiral David G. Farragut, America's foremost naval commander, reached the turning point in his career at a very early age, according to a statement in "Turning Points in Successful Careers." It is well known that Farragut entered the navy when a little more than nine years old. During the next year or two the boy got to be about as bad a boy as one of his age could well be. In after years, when he reached the zenith of rank and fame, he related to a friend this crisis in his career: Said the old admiral:

"When I was a little more than ten years old my father, Master-Commander George Farragut, was sent in a sloop-of-war to New Orleans to watch the supposed movements of Aaron Burr. I went with him as a midshipman. I had some qualities that I thought made a man of me. I could swear like a Caribbean pirate, could drink as stiff a glass of grog as the toughest old salt, and could smoke like a volcano. I was great at cards, and was fond of gambling in every shape.

"At the close of dinner one day my father turned everybody out of the cabin, locked the door and said to me: 'David, what do you mean to be?'

"I mean to follow the sea," I said. "Follow the sea!" exclaimed my father. 'Yes, to be a poor, miserable, drunken sailor before the mast, kicked and cuffed about the world, and die in some fever hospital in a foreign clime.'

"No, father, I replied. 'I will tread the quarter-deck and command, as you do.'

"No, David, no boy ever trod the quarter-deck with such principles as you have and such habits as you exhibit. You will have to change the whole course of your life if you ever become a man."

"Then," continued the admiral, "my father left me and went on deck. I was stunned and mortified at the rebuke. I thought over and repeated to myself what he had said, and then I resolved to change my life. From that time and until the present I have never uttered an oath, taken a drop of intoxicating liquor or handled a card. Shortly after this episode I became a Christian, and that settled my temporal as well as my moral destiny."

One Minute Cough Cure is rightly named. It affords instant relief from suffering when afflicted with a severe cough or cold. It acts on the throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, and never fails to give immediate relief. W. E. Brock.

TRAP SHOOTING.

It is safe to presume that but few people are aware that Col. John Finn, so well known in this community, once beat the champion wing shot of St. Louis at the trap. The event occurred years ago, when the colonel was younger and keener of sight than to-day.

"One day a party of friends of Col. John accosted the champion wing shot and offered to match a St. Louisan against him, the conditions being 100 birds each, the loser to pay for wine suppers for twelve people. The champion eagerly accepted the challenge, a day and place were selected, and then the friends of Col. Finn went to him and related what had occurred.

"What the devil do I know about shootin' birds in traps?" was the colonel's reply to the matchmakers. "But you can shoot a gun?" said one of the party.

"To be sure I kin shoot a gun," said the intrepid colonel. An' begorrah, I'll tackle your moon, with traps as any kind."

When the day of the match came off, Col. John Finn was on hand, ready for the fray, under the conditions specified in the match. He was instructed to watch his opponent, who was to shoot the first ten birds, and to do just as the champion did when it came his turn.

Col. Finn kept a close watch of the pigeon slayer, and when eight out of the first ten had hit the dust before his skillful aim, the colonel took his place on the line, striking an attitude like a veteran trapper. He had evidently been well coached, for he called out "Ready!" just as if he was used to it. The trap was sprung, a pigeon bounded up into the air, but tumbled to earth, all in a heap, at the crack of Col. Finn's gun.

"Biddy!" called the colonel once more, and another bird arose and fell with the emphasis of the first. The astonished champion looked on with wonder. Another bird was flung from the trap only to drop dead when the colonel pressed the trigger. When the eighth bird struck the ground without a flutter, tying the score, there was a look of triumph in Col. Finn's eye as he turned to the champion with the query: "Where the devil did you learn to shoot? I'll show you what an Irishman can do!"

By this time Finn's opponent was annoyed. "Never saw birds fall so dead before. Not a flutter," was his remark. Up rose the ninth bird, and collapsed as the smoke belched from Col. Finn's gun.

"I kin bate the world at this," exclaimed the colonel, now becoming enthused over his success.

"Make it ten straight," said a friend of Col. John's.

"Is it tin? Sure I'll make it a hundredth."

The tenth bird slipped into the ozone, the colonel pulled the trigger, the gun snapped, but down tumbled the pigeon beside its dead companions.

Then such a shout of laughter as

greeted that shot was never heard at a trap shoot before. Col. Finn's face, so it is said, was a study for a moment, then ever it spread the genial smile that so often has lighted up his good-natured face.

"The suppers is on Finn. Divil the word more have I to say," and away he went with the crowd after him.

The truth was that each of the birds that Col. Finn had shot at had been carefully punctured through the head with a shoemaker's awl, and several jabs into the region of the heart had been made by the same instrument, just as they were placed in the trap, consequently they needed no prodding with Col. Finn's shot to declare the poor creatures "dead birds." Col. Finn paid the suppers, but never tried his hand at trap shooting again, declaring that it was himself that had been "trapped."

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

NORTHERNMOST ESQUIMAUX.

The characteristics of the northernmost Esquimaux have provided Henry G. Bryant with material for a strikingly interesting lecture, which was delivered before the Archaeological Society in the University Museum. The Esquimaux, Mr. Bryant said, have attracted more attention from scientific men than any other similar race in the world. He visited them three times; in 1891, when he went to the Grand Falls of Labrador; and in 1892 and 1894 in North and South Greenland, when on the Peary expeditions. The Labrador Esquimaux he regarded as a somewhat degenerate race. They have been in contact with the Danish missionaries for 175 years, and afford evidence of the admixture of European blood. The women alone retain their dress. This, Mr. Bryant illustrated by a native doll, which showed, among other peculiarities, the method of wearing the hair. The color of the hair ribbon distinguishes the condition of the woman, whether man, wife or widow.

"The use of tea and coffee and the changed mode of life," he observed, "have unfitted the men for the fatigues of seal-hunting, the pulmonary diseases are frequent. Dr. Nansen, who is now cruising somewhere near the pole, has given a most favorable account of the Esquimaux of the west coast of Greenland. While great injustice has been done to the Esquimaux in the past, their racial peculiarities can not be preserved through any intervention of civilized people. The northernmost Esquimaux were first encountered in 1818, when the members of Sir John Ross' expedition spent several days in the neighborhood of Cape York. They are a primitive tribe, just emerging from the stone age. As the vessel approached Cape York the explorers saw crowds of skin-clad men and women, with hair streaming down their backs. They showed no signs of alien blood or physical decay. The men average 5 feet 5 inches and some are even 5 feet 10 inches, while the women conform more nearly to the popular idea of Esquimaux stature.

"The northernmost Esquimaux meet the Esquimaux inhabitants of the west coast of Baffin's Bay, whom they call the 'latooed men,' and fierce fights occur between them. Few living members of the tribe had seen a white man up to the time of Lieut. Peary's visit in 1891. In 1818 Sir John Ross noted they were not yet familiar with bows and arrows, nor did they know the kayak. Lieut. Peary found bows and arrows and the kayak in use among them; and it would appear they had acquired a knowledge of these objects since they were first visited.

"They are very reticent about their religious beliefs. They have notions of a future state, and a spirit of good, and an evil spirit of the ice and waters. There are no rulers or chiefs among them, and no formal government. Family life is very happy, and they are distinguished by their regard for children and their care for the weak and sickly. The barbarous custom of strangling infants, still survives. Polygamy and divorce are not popular, but the custom of exchanging wives is quite common, and often effected by force. The exchange lasts from two months to a year."

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.

The Gypsy Moth Commission in Massachusetts asks for an appropriation of \$200,000 this year, which is an illustration of the difficulty of getting rid of a bug after it fastens on the public treasury. A force of men, varying from 200 to 125, is to be employed through the year, at a total cost of \$177,500. The salaries of the clerks and entomologists, with incidentals, will bring the amount to \$200,000. Next year an appropriation of \$300,000 will be imperatively necessary. The amusing part of it is that the people of the state will have to fight all the other bugs on their own account. Col. Sellers' most brilliant idea was tame compared with the gypsy moth.

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

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.

Somebody writing over the signature of "One Who Savors," in the Pendleton Tribune, gives the following timely suggestions to parents, which should be given more than a passing thought: "Parents who desire to properly rear their children should know where the child is at all hours of the day and night. They should also know the character of the company their children are keeping. These facts were aptly illustrated yesterday in front of a Court street building. There were three or four boys, ranging in age from 10 to 15 years, and in their midst was a little fellow, probably four years old. As the writer passed along he overheard one of the larger boys say to the

BEFORE GRANT WAS FAMOUS.

For several years there was much about a railroad from Galena to Janesville, the idea being, when once there, to arrange with the then Milwaukee & Mississippi, now the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, to run a line to Janesville from Milton Junction, and thus secure a Milwaukee connection. The line was built from Milton to Janesville, but from Galena to Janesville the road is an air castle.

A number of moneyed men from Galena had been induced to interest themselves in the project. In 1860, several of these gentlemen, says the Chicago Times-Herald, including the banker, Henry Corwith, who loaned vast sums of money to Wisconsin lumbermen, from thirty to forty years ago, being of the number, drove overland to Janesville for a double purpose—to see the country through which the proposed road was to run, and to consult with A. Hyatt Smith and other Janesville men, concerning the contemplated enterprise. Mr. Corwith and his party were met by Mr. Smith and several others. There was a carriage ride in the afternoon. One of the Galena party had not been provided with a seat. He stood in front of the hotel watching the delegation preparing for the trip of pleasure and business.

"Mr. Corwith, that gentleman is of your party, is he not?" asked Hyatt Smith. "Yes, he came over with us." "Well, well; I'll sit with the driver and he can take my place." "Never mind him, Mr. Smith. Presume he does not care to go. He is our driver."

It was not exactly a banquet they had that evening, after the Janesville people had shown their visitors the town and told them as much in its favor as it would bear, but it was a spread something beyond the average for the little town of two or three thousand inhabitants.

"Have you registered?" asked the landlord, of a man he saw sitting near the stove soon after the visitors and their entertainers had been located in the dining-room.

"No, sir."

"Going to stay with us to-night?" "I guess so."

"Are you of the Galena party?" "Yes; I am the transfer."

The landlord stepped into the dining-room and said:

"Mr. Corwith, your driver is in the bar-room. Shall he come to supper now or wait?"

Some one suggested that he wait. "No; let him come in. Yes, landlord, let the captain come in."

So it happened that Capt. Grant did not have to wait and eat with the servants, even if he was the teamster. How little any one at the Janesville table thought that within four years the quiet "teamster" would be the first of modern military chieftains; that he would stop driving railroad delegations about the country long enough to serve eight years as president; that he would have a place in American history that well enough belongs by the side of Washington and Lincoln! For that matter, who in all the wide world had such thoughts in 1860?

What astonishing things time and opportunity will do! All the "teamster" needed was an opportunity. A cluster of hot-headed Southern leaders in congress gave the opportunity, and God gave the Widow Washburne, of Maine the wisdom, heart, brain and desire essential to bring up a family of boys to a type of manhood not often surpassed, one of whom saw to it that the opportunity was not wrenched from the "teamster." One of the Widow Washburne's sons lived at Galena when Grant's opportunity came, and his good bringing up had taken him to congress and made him one of the most useful and influential members of the house. Who can tell what Grant and the nation would have lost if Ethel B. Washburne had not been close to and in the confidence of another Illinois captain, Capt. Abraham Lincoln? Washburne and Lincoln saved Grant more than once.

Capt. Grant used to drive through Southern Wisconsin selling leather. A young German opened a shop at Lancaster. Grant called upon the German. After trying again and again to make the young man understand, he asked a friend to direct him to some one who could talk German. A Mrs. Cox was named. Captain Grant, reinforced by Mrs. Cox, renewed the attack on the young German, and made a good customer. That is the way Grant fought it out on the Lancaster line.

Mrs. Cox is still living, and delights in talking about the time when she was Gen. Grant's interpreter.

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.

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"Now, if you will swear I will give you some candy." The little fellow hesitated and scarcely knew what to say, whereupon, the large boy disgorged a string of oaths that would have put a sailor to the blush, and made the threat that if the little fellow didn't swear he would never buy him any more candy. With the assistance of some of the other boys, the little fellow was induced to utter his first oath, and under the careful teaching of the larger boy, who had him in charge, will soon become an artist in the art of profanity, and will, inside of two years, be cursing his mother and father, brothers and sisters, and possibly end his career in penal servitude. The mother of the little fellow in question should have a care. The very life and existence of the child is now in her hands, and she should know with whom it associates. It is true that many good men swear, but they are all sorry that they ever learned. They would give a great deal if they could conquer the habit."

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