A. L. Bancroft

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OREGON LODGE NO. 3, I. O. F., Meets every Thursday evening at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall, Main street. Members of the Order are invited to attend. By order N. G.

REBECCA DEGREE LODGE NO. 2, I. O. O. F., Meets on the Second and Fourth Tuesday evenings each month, at 7½ o'clock, in the Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Degree are invited to attend.

MULTNOMAH LODGE NO. 1, A. F. & A. M., Holds its regular communications on the First and Third Saturdays in each month, at 7 o'clock from the 20th of September to the 20th of March; and 7½ o'clock from the 20th of March to the 20th of September. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend. By order of W. M.

FALLS ENCAMPMENT NO. 4, I. O. O. F., Meets at Odd Fellows' Hall on the First and Third Tuesday of each month. Patriarchs in good standing are invited to attend.

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PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
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Particular attention given to surgery.
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One door north of Pope's Hall.
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An assortment of Watches, Jewelry, and Seth Thomas' Weight Clocks all of which are warranted to be as represented.
Repairing done on short notice, and thankful for past patronage.
Cash paid for County Orders.

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PAY THE HIGHEST PRICE FOR WHEAT, at all times, at the
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And have on hand
FEED and FLOUR
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Prescriptions carefully filled at short notice. ja7 tf.

Dig for it at Home.

Would you have the shining metal?
Do not o'er the wide world roam,
Following a fleeting phantom—
Stay and dig for it at home.

Do not heed the luring story
Treasures distant hillsides hold;
Ten adventurers, disappointed,
Stand for every ounce of gold.

Wishing still for something better
Many fancies youth will rear;
Mountains of the yellow mica,
In the distance gold appear.

And the longing is contagious,
Drinking from a leaden cup,
For the means of grander living,
On highways to pick it up.

But dame fortune is too fickle
In her train afar to roam,
Would you win her golden treasure
Stay and dig for it at home.

In the land that lies before you
Find your wealth by honest toil;
Never votary disappointed
Rightly sought the generous soil.

Only faint, weak hearts repining
Cast away the good at hand;
Fortune's smiles will rarely crown them
Sought for in a distant land.

But success rides on before you,
Grapple it and you will win;
Lo! e'en now the mists are rifting
And the tides are rushing in.

Let no foreign expedition
Lure your restless steps to roam,
Gold is nearer than the mountains,
Stay and dig for it at home.

THE BEST BED.

The district school in the village of Hollythorn was taught by Miss Eva Stanley, who "boarded around" among the scholars, and was considered the paragon of teachers.

The last week previous to the holiday vacation she had been boarding with a Mrs. Carpenter, who was making gigantic preparations for guests she was expecting from New York.

"You have never met my brothers, Eva," she said. "There's Sam, and Georgie, and Johnry, the youngest; and such times as they have when they get out here and 'rusticate,' as they call it! But dear me, I don't get much rest or peace, for they are like a lot of boys let out of school.

"The last time they visited me together, John and Sam actually cut a pane of glass from the window and pelted George from my best room with snow!

"You see there is always a regular strife for that particular room, for the bed is a spring one, and they say they don't sleep on any other in the city. But they don't get it this time, that's certain, for I intend to give you that room, and so end the controversy."

"I had just as soon occupy some other room, Mrs. Carpenter, and do not wish to incommode your brothers."

"No you shan't, Eva." peremptorily exclaimed her hostess; "and what is the use of your going home vacation week? You can stay here just as well as not, and do your sewing on my machine."

The subject was dropped, and the entire household retired early, for on the morrow the brothers, young, ardent and full of life, were to be there. But without sending any word of their intention, they had concluded to take the train which would land them in Hollythorn about bed time. George and John did so, and when seated in the cars began to speculate upon the absence of Sam.

"No reason in the world why he should not have been there," said George. "I can't make it out unless he has taken the five o'clock train by mistake."

"Not a bit of it," laughed John, who fancied he understood the entire programme. "It is most likely he took that train on purpose to get into Hannah's parlor bed-room, and make us take up with straw ticks and feathers."

"I didn't think of that, but I reckon you are right. We must contrive to get him out somehow."

The brothers put their heads together and laughed heartily over their scheme for out-witting Sam, and accordingly, when the train reached Hollythorn about eleven o'clock, they approached the home of their sister in a very stealthy manner.

Climbing the fence in the rear, they softly opened the window and obtained access to the pantry, where they demolished a whole mince pie and a quantity of doughnuts. Then with appetites appeased they removed their boots and prepared to investigate the "best room;" they stole along the hall, which was dimly lighted by the moon, ascended the stairs and reached the door. The faint rays of the moon disclosed a chair piled with clothing, and they could distinctly trace the outlines of a form beneath the bed clothes. A few whispered words were exchanged and then as lightly as if shod with down they drew near.

"All ready!" whispered George.

Quick as thought they seized the form of the sleeper, bed clothes and all, bore it swiftly down the stairs and out into the snow, and were about to drop it in a huge drift when a shrill scream broke the stillness of the night, and oh, horror! it was that of a woman! And in their consternation they dropped their burden plump into the middle of the drift.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed George, "it isn't Sam, but some woman, as I am a sinner, and she has fainted! Run and call Hannah!"

With admirable presence of mind, he lifted the limp form of Eva Stanley and carried it into the house. But they had already been heard, and the inmates came rushing into the hall just as he appeared.

"George! John! for goodness sake what does this mean, and who have you there?" asked Mrs. Carpenter in a breath.

"Blessed if I know," began George; "thought it was Sam, so we concluded to give him a douse in the snow for getting into the best bed and trying to euchre us. Quick! I believe she has fainted."

"Just like you," scolded Hannah, as she assisted in depositing Eva once more in the bed from which she had been so unceremoniously taken; "beginning your tricks upon each other before you are fairly in the house. Clear out now!"

Long before she had finished her tirade her brothers had betaken themselves down stairs, where they went into hysterics over the joke.

"A pretty kettle of fish!" George said, rolling over the floor and letting off peal after peal of laughter.

"I should think it was," replied John, holding his sides. "Oh, my! But what is to be done about it; and who do you suppose she is, George?"

"Some guest of Hannah's of course, and young and pretty at that. I don't know how it is with you, but I feel particularly small and cheap—would sell myself at a very low price."

"Cheap!" roared John. "Cheap! I would actually give myself away this blessed minute, and throw something in to boot. What are we to do? I can't say. I believe I shall dig out of this place and get back to the city before morning. I haven't got the courage to face the music."

He began hastily putting on his boots, and would have carried his threat into execution, but for the appearance of Hannah, who at once asserted her authority.

"You are not going a single step, John. I don't wonder you feel ashamed of yourselves. What on earth possessed you is more than I can tell."

"That's right, Han'; pitch in, scold away; I'll take any amount of talking just now. I am as meek as a lamb. But who is it we've played so shabby a trick on?" replied George.

"Trick! I should think it was. Why it is Eva Stanley, our school teacher, and this is her week to board here. I don't believe the poor girl will get over her fright. It is too bad; I shouldn't wonder if she had taken her death of cold, being dragged out of a warm bed at this time of night and dropped into a snow drift in that fashion. No wonder she cried, poor thing."

"Cried, did she?" replied George, with a groan.

"I should think she did. I just took her in my arms and let her have her cry out, while I explained to her how she had been mistaken for Sam and became the victim of your mad pranks."

"That was neat in you, Han'," said George. "I am awful glad you hugged the poor little thing. Wish you had given her a brotherly hug for me—'pon my honor I do."

"And how on earth do you expect us to stay and take the consequences?" asked John, beginning to look serious. "I'm for taking myself off instanter. I had rather face a masked battery than this pretty teacher, after making such fools of ourselves."

"I don't care if you had," answered his sister, indignantly. "The only way is to stay and brave it out, both of you, and apologize for your rudeness."

"But Sam, how the deuce are we to get along with him? You know well enough, Han', we shall never hear the end of it from him."

"If you two can keep a secret, I'll find a way to silence Bridget, and it is a subject Eva will not care to have discussed, and fortunately my husband is away from home. So go to bed and rest contented."

She showed them to the bed she had intended them to occupy, and soon the house was once more hushed in slumber.

Meanwhile, their brother Sam had reached the depot a few minutes too late. He found the train he was to have taken already gone, but on consulting a time table he found that another started two hours later, and so decided to take it. He figured to himself, as he impatiently crowded into an empty seat and was being whirled along at a rapid rate, how snugly his brothers had ensconced themselves in the best bed, which by right belonged to him, he being the eldest; and consummated a plan to get even with them.

Sometime after midnight he was deposited in Hollythorn, and reaching his sister's house he scouted around till he found a way of entrance into the kitchen, where he deposited his luggage, and removed his boots. Then he quietly stole up stairs and opened the door of the best room. "Sure enough," thought he, "my fine chaps you're in clover!" For there were not to be mistaken signs of the room being occupied.

To think of coping with their united strength by dragging them forth was not practicable, but there stood the pitcher of water, and he knew a good dousing with the icy fluid would bring them out quick enough.

He lifted the pitcher, approached the bed, raised it and suddenly dashed the contents upon the sleepers.

Such a torrent of screams as he had never before heard rang through the house, and before Sam could collect his scattered senses the door opened, and Hannah, George and John rushed in clothed in scanty apparel—Hannah with a frightened look upon her face and a lamp in her hand that revealed the entire scene.

There, sitting in bed, with her hair dripping like a mermaid, her nightdress delnged, her face colorless and looking terror, was the young school mistress; and there was Sam, with the empty pitcher in his hand, the picture of imbecility, staring around like an idiot at the havoc he had made. Hannah, George and John instantly understood the situation; and the letter, at the command of their sister, dragged Sam away, and she assisted the drenched and terrified girl to dry clothing, and then took her to her own room and bed, explaining for the second time the mishaps of the night.

"I'll keep you with me, now, my poor child," she said. though with difficulty keeping back her laughter. "The boys are nicely come up with at any rate; and if it were not for your being so terribly frightened, and the way my best bed has been used, I wouldn't care. But you are safe now."

Hannah kissed her charge and went down to see the boys, who as soon as they were fairly shut in the regions below, began to appreciate the joke and now that Sam was as deep in the mud as they were in the mire, gave no quarter.

"I'll be blamed if I know what it all means," said Sam, looking in confusion at his brothers, who were rolling and kicking in convulsions of laughter.

"Means!" said George, holding his sides. "It means that you have stolen like a thief into Miss Eva Stanley's bed chamber, who is a young lady teacher, boarding here; and thinking it was your humble servant and John snug in bed, you attempted to drown us out, and made a grand mistake. How do you like it, Sam?"

"I confess I see the point, but not the joke. It is a most outrageous shame."

At this juncture Hannah came in and began rating them soundly, thereby letting out the whole story.

It was Sam's turn to laugh.

Miss Eva was not visible the next morning, and Hannah announced that she was sick with a bad cold. Hannah had the unruly crew under her thumb for once in her life, and had the satisfaction of seeing them behave with some dignity. They appeared never to forget that there was an invalid in the house, and went on tip-toe about. Sam, who seemed to take the entire responsibility upon his own shoulders, sent off slyly to the city for choice fruit and flowers, which he induced his sister to convey to the young lady with the most abject apologies and regrets.

In a couple of days Eva was able to come down stairs. She was looking quite pale, but lovely, and of course divinely, when presented by Mrs. Carpenter to her three brothers, who behaved quite well, considering the unpleasantness of their situation.

But Sam, who had broken the ice by means of his presents, was most at ease, and by virtue of his age and experience constituted himself the proprietor, and was constantly on hand to offer Miss Eva a thousand nameless attentions; and before the week was out John declared that Sam was "done for!"

"Gone under completely!" echoed George with one of his dismal groans.

Hannah, singing Eva's praises, commended Sam's choice, and recommended marriage to all of them as the only sobering process she was acquainted with.

It was a piece of advice, however, which they did not appear inclined to follow, notwithstanding Sam's happy lot with the pretty school mistress of Hollythorn.

She often reminds her brothers-in-law of her unceremonious introduction to a snow drift at the dead of night, and they retaliate with the shower-bath given her by Sam.

Hanging in China.

One mode of Chinese capital punishment is known as "the cage." The "cage" used was between two and three feet square and over six feet high. Near the bottom was a close floor of plank. The four sides were open work of plank palings. The planks composing the cover were made to fit around a man's neck close enough to hang him, but not close enough to strangle him. The condemned man was put into this cage, his head projecting above, the cover fitting around his neck, and under his feet a numbea of bricks, one above the other, just enough to enable him to stand on tiptoe. When this position, from weariness, becomes unendurable, his only relief was to hang by his neck. The design is to make a man suffer as much as possible, but not to kill him too quickly. Usually after a criminal has been standing thus for a day or so, one of the bricks is removed, then another, until he hangs by the neck altogether. It is said that a strong man ordinarily will endure this torture several days before life becomes extinct.

On the present occasion death was hastened more quickly. The man was put into the cage Sunday afternoon, I believe, about one o'clock. I heard of it Monday morning and went over to Amoy about two o'clock in the afternoon to see him. He had then been dead some time. The guard said he had died just before daylight; that he was conscious of having committed great crimes, and had hastened his own death by kicking the bricks from under his feet. But the people said privately that the guard wished to get rid of their charge that they might be prepared to keep New Year's day (the Chinese New Year was near at hand), and therefore had taken the bricks from under his feet during the night. This probably was the fact.

A few years ago you could set up and talk philosophy with a girl all night; but now if you stay after one or two o'clock in the morning the old people begin to pound on the floor upstairs for you to go. We don't mind it ourselves, but we can't help feeling for the girls.

Gail Hamilton advises girls to pick out husbands as a shrewd boy chooses his apples. She tells them to take to good-looking, plump, lively fellows, or none.

The San Antonia *Herald* disapproves of closing the saloons at night; it's so convenient, it says, to know where to go to look for a policeman.

A Middle Age Romance.

During the recent visit of Queen Victoria to Coburg, Germany, her attention was called to a venerable tower, covered with ivy, a striking symbol of time's changes and life's contradictions. Here, during forty years, Ulrich von Lichtenstein, the lover of the unhappy Anna of Saxony, wife of Duke Johann Casimir, lingered in prison. Let me briefly outline this sad history, which is not alone of local interest. This lady was a daughter of the Elector of Saxony and was marreid to the Duke Casimir in 1586. Brought up amid the gayeties of her father's court, she developed a peculiarly lively temperament, and was ill fitted for the quiet, lonely life which fell to her lot after marriage. The Duke, a passionate lover of the chase, appears to have neglected his young wife, and she presently fell into the snare laid for her by one Scotus, a brilliant and wily adventurer, who had wormed himself into the confidence of the Duke, and secured also the reputation of being a great magician and alchemist. His machinations against the young Duchess were directed toward the result of getting possession of her jewels and bringing her into a guilty relation with Von Lichtenstein, a gallant officer of the Duke's household. Scotus succeeded in his devilish intrigue all too well. The beautiful Princess become totally under his influence, falling a victim to his slight-of-hand arts, and following his injunctions even so far as to make overtures of love to Von Lichtenstein. Scotus fled with his booty, and the relations between the Duchess and the courtier did not long remain a secret. Both confessed their guilt, and they were both imprisoned. The matter was laid before the Consistory, and Duke Casimir obtained a divorce. After leading a life of penitence for nineteen years, during all which time the misguided Duchess was kept in close captieity, she closed her unfortunate life at the Coburg fortress in 1913. Even a sterner fate befell Von Lichtenstein. He was condemned to perpetual and solitary confinement. His sentence was fully carried out in the old tower before the city, and his dreadful punishment of forty years ended with his life in 1633. The place of his long incarceration is incorporated with an elegant dwelling-house, and the walls of the round tower now resound with the joyful music and noisy pastimes of happy youth, instead of the groans and sighs and complaints of the languishing captive.

Capital to the Acre.

It is obvious to all who give the subject any consideration that in order to make a farm profitable it must be run to its full capacity. To do this requires a definite amount of capital to the acre just as much as the space within the factory wall needs to be occupied with the most approved machinery. Capital on Western farms is found to be the most productive, as a general rule, when invested in stock. Exceptional cases are common where surrounding circumstances show that grain raising is the most profitable. In some localities butter making has been found to pay the best. In these it would justify the farmer to either sell off a portion to his land to increase his working capital or hire capital and keep more cows. In other localities, remote from market, a flock of merino sheep may prove a better investment than cash invested in a large area of land. At all events, whether the farmer's capital be in land or stock, he should make full use of it. As a rule, stock farmers are better adapted to the constant employment of help every day in the year than are grain farms. To make farming successful, either on grain or stock farms or on both combined, the plans for conducting them should be so well arranged that no one about the place—either employer or the hired laborers—should at any time be without something to do that will be profitable during the entire year. The speculative tendendency should be checked; the holding of large areas of land with a view of making a large profit to its increased value in the future. This is too common. Taxes and interest on borrowed money are more than a match for constant labor. Better to sell a portion of the land to raise money to properly stock the remainder. All land that is not used is an incubus on the farmer's prosperity, and some kind of a return, either in the form of grain, stock or other products, should be exacted from each acre of land owned. To make the farm pay, sufficient capital to the acre must be used to work the farm up to its full capacity of productiveness.—*Rural World.*

DUTIES OF A MOTHER.—She should be firm, gentle, kind, always ready to attend to her child. She should never laugh at him—at what he does that is cunning—never allow him to think of his looks, except to be neat and clean in all his habits. She should teach him to obey a look—to respect those older than himself; she should never make a command without seeing that it is preformed in the right manner. Never speak of the child's faults| or foibles, or repeat his remarks before him. It is a sure way to spoil a child. Never reprove a child when excited, nor let your tone of voice be raised when correcting. Strive to inspire love not dread—respect, not fear. Remember you are training and educating a soul for eternity. Teach your children to wait upon themselves, to put away a thing when done with it. But do not forget that you were once a child.—*California Farmer.*

Subscribe for your county paper.

Potatoes as Food for Stock.

Potatoes in many localities distant from market are this season so abundant and cheap that they can only be used to advantage for feeding out to stock. It is true that certain agricultural writers have of late endeavored to show that this valuable tuber was of little or no value for such purposes, but it is very probable that the gentlemen who advance these theories are not practical agriculturists. The value of the potato as food for man and many of our domestic animals is too well known to be discarded at this late day in consequence of anything which may be written by theoretical chemists or agriculturists.

But while the potato has been a bone of contention among agriculturists for many years, its practical and specific value as food for stock has never been disproved when put to the test. The celebrated veterinarian, William Youatt, in speaking of the value of the various kinds of roots as food for stock, says of the potato: "Among the various vegetable productions that have been appropriated to the stall-feeding of cattle, none have occasioned greater discussion than potatoes. They furnish an excellent supply, particularly when cut and steamed, they appear adequate to the fattening of neat cattle in combination with comparatively small portions of other food." In the eleventh volume of the British "Annals of Agriculture," we find some statements of Mr. Campbell, of Charlton, Eng., which bear directly upon this question. He observes that 100 bushels of potatoes and 700 pounds of hay are generally sufficient to fatten any animal that thrives tolerably well. They should at first be given in small quantities and gradually increased to one or two bushels per day; dry food being always intermixed, and the proportion of hay being uniformly regulated by the effect which the potatoes produce on the bowels. The hay should always be cut in order that it may be more readily mixed with the potatoes.

To Clean a Rusty Plow.

Take a quart of water and pour slowly into it half a pint of sulphuric acid. The mixture will become quite warm from chemical action, and this is the reason why the acid should be poured slowly into the water, rather than the water into the acid, and let it remain on the iron till it evaporates. Then wash it again. The object is to give the acid time to dissolve the rust. Then wash with water and you will perceive where the worst spots are. Apply some more acid, and rub on those spots with a brick. The acid and the scouring will remove most of the rust. Then wash the mould board thoroughly with water to remove all the acid, and rub it dry. Brush it over with petroleum, or other oil, and let it be till Spring. When you go to plowing, take a bottle of water to the field with you and apply it every bout to any spot of rust that may remain. The acid and the scouring of the earth will soon make it perfectly bright and smooth. If all iron work be washed off with petroleum as soon as we put our tools, implements, and machines aside for the Winter, it will keep them from rusting, and save a great deal of trouble and annoyance, to say nothing of depreciation and loss.—*Rural World.*

A Magnificent Hunt.

The hunting which the Prince of Wales enjoyed in Nepanl, India, during his recent visit to that country, as described in the London *Times*, is calculated to make the mouth of the ordinary sportsman, who never bags anything bigger than a shipe or a duck, water. The hunt was on the 22d of February, and on the evening of the 21st the preparations commenced for the next day's sport. No less than eight hundred elephants were moored about the jungles where the tigers were ensconced, and a line of grass huts was constructed, in which 1,800 natives were stationed to keep up fires through the night, so that the tigers could not break through. The next morning the mighty circle of elephants, with their long retinue of horses camels' and natives, commenced the march of doom to the tigers. The correspondent thus describes the animated scene: In ten minutes or a quarter of an hour we came on the rendezvous of the howdah and Suddee or pad elephants, and which seemed to form a dark brown wall across the glade in front. The sportsmen dismounted and handed the horses to the Syces, the howdah elephants knelt down for the shooters; then there was a great clamor of voices as the line was formed by many hundred of elephants, so closely packed that a walking-stick could scarcely beep thrust between them at times, and that in places the line was two and three deep. The voice of command, the yells of the jemadars; the blow of the hirens on the elephants' heads, the shouts of mahouts, the crashing of branches above and of saplings below, made the forest ring. At times a halt was called, and there was a comparative lull. Soon the tigers came bounding from their lairs and the savage roars added to the din. No sooner would one come bounding through the forest than the hunters would take aim and lay him low. For three hours the animated scene continued, and then his Royal Highness retired, after having shot four tigers.

A Kansas court refused to take a red nose as evidence that a prisoner was fond of whisky, but explained: "Outside of law a red nose knocks the temperance question higher than a kite."

"Shoost Vait!"

The other day, says the Chicago *Tribune*, a simple-minded German called on a grocer to pay a bill, giving him a $10 note. The grocer examined it closely and said:

"Hullo, where did you get this note?"

"Vot is de reasons mid does note?" replied the honest Teuton; "don't she vas good, hein?"

"Good!" answered the grocer, "why, you're a lucky man—that note is worth $10 50."

"Ish dot so? Why for?"

"You see the signature over here, don't you!"

"Does tings like a corkscrew mit de worms? Yah."

"Well, that's Spinner's signature."

"Vell."

"Well, Mr. New is now Treasurer of the United States."

"You don't tole me so;" "vell."

"Well, and notes signed by Spinner are getting scarce, and people pay five per cent, more for them than for the new issue."

"By Shimminy, ish dot so?"

"Yes; lemme see your bills; why, every one of them is a Spinner! Man alive, your fortune is made."

In pursuance of the grocer's advice, Mr. Schneider called at the sub-treasury, Saturday afternoon, to get the premium on his bills. What success he had it is impossible to state, but he was seen later in the evening lurking round the street by which the grocer must go home, and on being accosted by an acquaintance, the following conversation took place:

"Der peeble von Sharmany fights well, hein?"

"Oh, yes; the Germans are unquestionable a military nation of the first class."

"Some big fights, hein? Liepsic?"

"Yes."

"Und Sadowa?"

"Yes."

"Und Koniggratz?"

"Certainly."

"Und Worth, und Mars-la-Tour, und Gravelotte und Sedan?"

"Of course."

"Dose was all big battles, und der Deutch licked?"

"Yes."

"Vell, you joost vaits till dot grocery store shuts himself up, und you saw a Deutch victory vot makes you forgot dem little ones."

Business Law.

1. Ignorance of law excuses no one.
2. It is a fraud to conceal a fraud.
3. The law compels no one to do impossibilities.
4. An agreement without consideration is void.
5. Signatures made with a lead pencil are good in law.
6. A receipt for money paid is not legally conclusive.
7. The acts of one partner binds all the others.
8. Contracts made on Sunday cannot be enforced.
9. A contract made with a minor is void.
10. A contract made with a lunatic is void.
11. A contract for advertising in a Sunday newspaper is invalid.
12. Agents are responsible to their principals for their errors.
13. Each individual in a partnership is responsible for the whole amount of the debts of the firm.
14. A minor cannot make a legal obligation.
15. Notes bear interest only when so stated.
16. It is not legally necessary to say on a note "for value received."
17. A note drawn on Sunday is void.
18. A note obtained by fraud, or from a person in a state of intoxication, cannot be collected by law.
19. If a note be lost or stolen, it does not release the maker. He must pay it.

STAKED AND LOST.—The Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says: A wealthy bachelor, who breakfasts every morning in one of the most fashionable restaurants of the Boulevard des Italiens, is, or was, very attentively waited on by waiter whose palm he generally crossed, and never with the viler metal. Of course the wealthy bachelor always had the same seat, a seat by a window looking on the ever animated boulevard, hot plates, dishes served promptly, but not too fast; in fine Benedict had an excellent servant. But, during the last week, Benedict has been unable to get this excellent servant; another one hangs around him and tries his best to supply all his wants; still the new face is not the old face, and what annoys Benedict most is that he occasionally catches glimpses of his old servant, who gives him most sorrowful glances. Benedict has examined the matter, and has discovered that his old servant is addicted to gambling. One evening, having lost all his money, he staked his best customer—Benedict—and lost him.

PEOPLE WHO ADVERTISE.—The Boston *Post* says: People who advertise are smarter than those who don't, better looking, too, nine to ten. This is natural if not logical. Advertising is an indication of intelligence and looks. At all events the world believes in those who advertise, and it plants its dollars in their pockets. Such are live people, and in these live days nobody wants anything to do with any but your live men and women. Our advice to everybody—except in matrimony—is to advertise. It is sure to return largely, increase your reputation as a business man, make hosts of friends, and add to the number of shrewd and sensible people in the world, of which there has never yet been an overstock.

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