

A BUSINESS LESSON.

"Behind again with your accounts this month, eh, Peters?"

Mr. James Helly spoke kindly to his book-keeper. They were closeted together after business hours in a handsome office in Detroit, talking over the month's business.

"Yes, sir. It's impossible to get on much longer without help. I work early and late, but the business grows. You'll have to give me one of the boys, as I asked you last month. It will save hiring an assistant book-keeper. I can train the boy to fill the place. Both Mills and Porter are wide-awake, honest boys, and both are pretty well up in figures and the business. But Mills needs the promotion; he's poor; Porter's family is well-to-do."

The book-keeper was poor himself, and was prejudiced in favor of his class. Mr. Helly laughed.

"Tut, tut, Peters! That isn't business. Business knows no partialities. Which is the better boy for the place? That's the only question."

"Well, sir, there isn't much choice. Mills is the carefullest boy I ever knew to obey orders exactly, and to do all his work, and more, too. He's slow, but good at figures, and he'll make a solid and safe business man some day. But Porter has a born business head; he's sharp as a needle, with no end of tact, quick to catch a customer, pleasing and popular and ambitious. He'll be a clipper some day—for himself, anyway."

"I'm! Well, you shall have one of them. I'll keep an eye on them for a few days, and let you know my choice."

If the book-keeper was prejudiced in favor of Mills because he was poor, Mr. Helly was unconsciously prejudiced in favor of Porter because Porter's family were well-to-do, and had some business influence. Mr. Helly liked the lad's alertness, his genteel manners, neat dress and general popularity. Porter inherited success; Mills was of a slower, sturdier, long-struggling family.

But Mr. Helly was a conscientious master; he meant to give each of the boys an equal chance. For a week he watched them closely, his prejudice in favor of Porter increasing. The boy was unusually bright and "taking." Mills was painstaking and thorough, but plain as poverty in his apparel and manners, more safe than sharp, and more useful than prepossessing.

On Saturday afternoon Peters gave Porter half a dozen papers and parcels to deliver. As the lad was going out Mr. Helly stopped him, saying:

"By the way, Porter, here's a note you may deliver any time today. You need not report at the office until Tuesday morning. Monday will be a legal holiday. Good time to you, my boy!"

"Thank you, sir. I hope you'll enjoy the holiday yourself, sir."

The note handed him by Mr. Helly, Porter noticed, did not look like a business matter. It was not enclosed in an office envelope, but in a small, plain white envelope. It might be a private social message; perhaps an invitation to dinner.

As the bright-faced, confident, well-dressed lad went briskly out, Mr. Helly thought, "I shall have to give him the promotion. He'll be a credit to the office. Yet I don't know. Mills does need it, as Peters says. I wish he was as bright, pleasing and well-dressed as Porter. He certainly tries harder to do his level best; but it doesn't come as easy to him by nature."

Half an hour later Peters sent out Mills with parcels and papers. As he was about to start, Mr. Helly stopped him and gave him a duplicate of the note taken by Porter, but addressed to a different name, with the same directions to deliver it, and that he need not report again until Tuesday morning, also wishing him a happy holiday. Mills responded:

"Thank you, sir. If there should be anything to report about any of these, I'll come back and let Mr. Peters know." He evidently thought more of the business than he did of the holiday.

"I don't think there'll be any need of your taking that trouble," said Mr. Helly. "Make your deliveries, and then go and enjoy your holiday."

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir."

After delivering his papers and parcels, Saxon Porter went to the hotel to which the note he bore was directed, and inquired for Mr. Martin Gillespie.

"Mr. Gillespie's gone away this afternoon," said the clerk.

"Where to?"

"I don't know, but I heard him speak of spending the holiday with his sister, Mrs. Barton Brown, in Toledo."

After some further inquiries, Porter took the trouble to go back to the office and report to Mr. Peters. Peters examined the note. It looked outwardly as though it might be a social invitation of some sort. Mr. Helly's apparently careless directions about its delivery strengthened this supposition.

However, to make sure, Peters telephoned to Helly's house, and got a reply that Mr. Helly had gone out. He would be informed as soon as he returned that his note to Mr. Gillespie was not delivered, that gentleman having gone out of town. So Porter went off, impatient at the delay and the trouble he had been put to. Peters also presently went home.

Mills found, at another hotel, the gentleman to whom his note was directed. Delivering it, he waited to see if the gentleman wished to make any answer. Mr. Thorn read the note, said, "All right," and then asked,

ed, as Mills was turning to go:

"Did Gillespie get notice?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Gillespie went to Toledo this afternoon. If he didn't get notice—of course Mr. Helly attended to that. All right."

Mills stood and thought half a minute, in his slow way. Then he asked:

"Please, Mr. Thorn, is this a business matter?"

"Business? Well, I should say so!"

"Then can you give me Mr. Gillespie's address? Mr. Helly may wish to know it."

"Can't. He's gone to his sister's, Mrs. Barton Brown. I don't know her street and number."

Mills went back to the office. Peters had gone, and the janitor was locking up. He went in and found the note to Gillespie lying upon Mr. Helly's desk. So he hurried to Mr. Helly's house; found that Mr. Helly had gone to the opera; went to the opera; had no money to go in; scribbled a note, and by some urging, got an usher to hunt up Mr. Helly among the audience, and deliver it.

"Mr. Helly! Your note to Mr. Martin Gillespie could not be delivered. Mr. Gillespie has gone to Toledo to spend the holiday with his sister, Mrs. Barton Brown. I looked up her address in a Toledo directory. It is 711 Maumee Ave. Mr. Thorn got his note. He said, 'All right.' He asked if Mr. Gillespie was notified, and seemed to think it important business. I am waiting at the door, if you have any orders."

GORDON MILLS.

This note brought Mr. Helly out, looking worried. He questioned Mills closely; and, finding that the note brought in by the usher contained all that the boy could report, he said:

"You've done me a good turn, Mills. If you had not brought me this news I might have been in a bad fix. Now, I shall have to telephone to Gillespie, and I may be engaged all the evening. I wish you to take care of Mrs. Helly and my daughter. Here is my ticket. Tell them not to worry if I am out late, and explain how I'm called away on business. You'll enjoy the opera—it's a good one."

Mills flushed at the idea of attending the opera, in a reserved seat, in such distinguished company.

"Thank you, sir," he began eagerly, then he hesitated; "but—"

"Well, sir? Don't you care for the opera? Or perhaps Mrs. Helly and my daughter are not to your taste?" Mr. Helly checked.

"Oh, yes, sir. I should so like to go in! But I haven't been home. Mother expected me more'n an hour ago; she'll worry. Then I'm not dressed fit to join Mrs. Helly, you see. I'm in my office suit; it's the best I've got, but 'tisn't fit for opera with your family. Besides—"

He hesitated again.

"Never mind your clothes. Mrs. Helly and Mary will welcome you, not a suit of clothes. I'll send a messenger-boy with a note to your mother. Is that all?"

"No, sir; only—"

"Well? I'm in a hurry."

"If you'll lend me a quarter, sir; and if Mrs. Helly can wait five minutes. You know we were very busy to-day, so I didn't go to lunch at noon, and with this errand, I haven't had any supper, and I'm just faint."

"What! No dinner! No supper! Here, take this dollar and run across the street to that restaurant. Take your time to eat a good, hot meal. You'll have plenty of time, the curtain won't rise for ten minutes yet. And tell Mrs. Helly to have John drive you home, if she doesn't think of it herself. Nothing to eat all day! Now look here, boy; don't you ever let me catch you again going without your regular meals, even to look after business—no unless it is something extraordinary. Great Scott! What was Peters thinking of, to allow such a thing? There, run along, and enjoy yourself."

Never did a boy enjoy an opera more. Mrs. Helly and her daughter received him with gentle courtesy, just as if he were their chosen escort. Mrs. Helly herself thought to order John to drive him home, and John performed that duty with all the decorum due to an honored guest of the family. The next morning Gordon gave his mother a rapturous account of his evening's pleasure.

On Monday both the boys enjoyed their holiday greatly, though differently. Porter went on a steamboat excursion in the afternoon with a company of young people of good society, and had a good time. Mills, whose mother needed all his earnings for necessities, could not afford such an expense; but he took part in an exciting baseball match between his club and another.

It happened that, about noon, the boys met at the office, where they went to view a procession from the office windows, the janitor admitting them. When they were going out a gentleman stopped them, and inquired of Porter:

"Aren't you Helly's boy?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know where he is?"

"No, sir. Office closed to-day. Do you wish to see him?"

"I hoped to catch him here."

"Anything important, sir, worth hunting him up?"

"Don't know; dare say it'll do as well to-morrow. I just meant to give him a friendly pointer; but it's likely he knows more about it than I do. In case he doesn't, though—"

He took from his pocket a card, bearing upon its face the words: "Ass. Deming, Real Estate," and wrote upon its back with a pencil:

"F. P. got a second option from G. & T. this morning, covering yours. He means to snap it if you haven't closed at sharp noon to-morrow."

"Give that to Helly before nine o'clock to-morrow morning," he said, and then strode away.

Porter put his card in his pocket and started off. Mills stopped him.

"If I were you," he said, "I'd find Mr. Helly right off. If that G. & T. means Gillespie & Thorn, he may want to know it at once."

"Nobody can do any business to-day. You heard what Mr. Deming said—nine o'clock to-morrow morning will be time enough. I'll see that Mr. Helly has it as soon as he comes to the office, about eight o'clock. He doesn't like us to disturb him when it isn't really necessary."

He hurried away. Mills looked after him thoughtfully till he was out of sight. Then he went his way, frequently pausing to think it over. By and by his slow cogitation settled in definite resolve.

"Likely Mr. Deming and Saxon are right," he thought. "Nobody does business to-day. But Mr. Helly may wish to know it right off. I'll hunt him up."

So he spent an hour or more of his precious holiday chasing Mr. Helly over the city, until he found him. Then he did not say anything to implicate Porter; he merely reported.

"Mr. Ass. Deming was at the office about noon to see you, Mr. Helly. He said he wanted to give you a friendly pointer; that F. P. got a second option, covering yours, from G. & T., this morning, and he means to snap it at noon sharp, to-morrow, if you haven't closed. He wanted you to know by nine o'clock in the morning. But I thought you might want to know it at once, not knowing what it means, so I hunted you up."

Mr. Helly started and looked annoyed. Mills thought he was displeased at being disturbed with business during his holiday. So he began to apologize:

"Perhaps I oughtn't to have bothered you; but I thought, if it is important, you ought to know; and if it isn't, you are the one to judge. If I've annoyed you, I'm real sorry, sir."

Mr. Helly still looked vexed and even angry. But he put his hand kindly on Mills' shoulder and said: "It's not you I am vexed with. You've done right—just right. Thank you for taking so much trouble on your holiday. Now go and enjoy yourself while you can."

He strode hastily away, with a troubled face, and Mills hurried off to join his baseball club.

Mr. Helly did not enjoy his holiday, and he spoiled it for several others. He prevented his lawyer from going out of town. He called two or three bank officers out from their dinner-tables, or from other social pleasures, and compelled them to spend an hour or two upon urgent business. He hunted up Thorn, and kept him reluctantly busy all the afternoon. And he had not gone to bed in twenty years more tired, or more triumphant, than he did that night.

The next morning the bank with which he dealt would have the largest credit to his account he had ever managed; this to meet the check that he would give to Gillespie & Thorn. What made his triumph greatest was that he had got ahead of F. P., the big millionaire speculator. F. P. would now have to buy of James Helly, and pay him a good profit!

Tuesday morning Mr. Helly was at his office punctually. He received Porter's report and Deming's note as matters of small importance, greatly to Porter's relief, for Porter had had doubts whether Mills' advice had not been good. Then he sent for Mills and Peters.

"Hereafter, Peters, Mills will act as your assistant. His salary will be increased one-half. I shall need another boy in his place. If either of you know of a good one, bring him to me. Never mind thanks, Mills. Continue to be as faithful as you have been, and you'll get on."

He dismissed Mills, and spent a long time explaining to Peters a memorandum. When this was done he remarked, thoughtfully:

"I shall expect you to push Mills along. I'm under larger obligations to him than he knows of. He'll do as credit."—L. J. Bates, in The Youth's Companion.

The Discovery Saved His Life.

Mr. G. Calloutte, druggist, Beaverville, Ill., says: "To Dr. King's New Discovery I owe my life. Was taken with a gripe and tried all the physicians for miles about, but of no avail and was given up and told I could not live. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in my store I sent for a bottle and began its use and from the first dose began to get better, and after using three bottles was up and about again. It is worth its weight in gold. We won't keep store or house without it." Get a free trial at Hillsboro Pharmacy.

We wish to state to our patrons that One Minute Cough Cure is a safe and reliable remedy for children troubled with croup, colds, hoarseness and lung troubles. It is pleasant to take and cures quickly. W. E. Brock.

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LINCOLN AT FORTRESS MONROE.

One of the most interesting men is Colonel Le Grand B. Cannon, an honor to West Point and a distinguished officer during the late war. He wears his eighty years with vigor, grace and dignity and makes old age an envy rather than a regret.

Seated in his study in New York city or in beautiful Burlington, Vt., Colonel Cannon tells such stories of the war as make younger generations ashamed at not having lived in those stirring times and helped to make such wondrous history. Colonel Cannon acted as aid de camp to Gen. Wool during his occupation of Fortress Monroe, and to his glory be it said, was the first to suggest and utilize negroes as fighters. Nobody believed that he could handle a gun and face the until Colonel Cannon proved their now unquestioned bravery.

"Ah, what a man was Lincoln," exclaimed the genial colonel with tears in his eyes and voice a few days ago. "I have known just 100 men in my life to whom I bow down: Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln. Intellectually, Webster was a giant; Lincoln was a giant all over. He was an enigma, and, at first, I did not understand his stories and his jokes. I could not make them harmonize with the gravity of the situation and the awful responsibilities of the commander-in-chief; but when I saw his great human heart, I loved him as I have loved no man. To me he is the greatest character this country has ever produced. The jokes were a foil."

"Colonel Cannon, Lincoln's face, as painted by William M. Hunt—who must have appreciated the soul within that gaunt, angular body—is the saddest I ever gazed upon."

"I think you are right. What times those were at Fortress Monroe. I remember in May, 1862, Lincoln and Stanton came from Washington, and were quartered in the fort. I gave up my room to the president, and slept outside on a cot. He was very fond of reading and one day said: 'I suppose you've no such thing as a Shakespeare. It would be as difficult to find here as a bible.'"

"On the contrary, Mr. President," I replied, "you can have both." General Wool was a great lover of Shakespeare. At night after work was over, Wool would bring out his Shakespeare and spout like a stage-struck schoolboy. So I quickly placed before Lincoln the coveted treasure, whereupon he said, "you've been working hard all day. Sit down and rest." Of course I obeyed orders. I was surprised at the intelligence with which Lincoln read aloud some of his favorite passages. First, he turned to "Macbeth"; then to "King Lear"; lastly to Queen Constance's appeal to King John on the death of her son. Visibly moved by this appeal, Lincoln exclaimed, "Cannon! Did you ever feel that you were near a dear friend who had passed away and yet realized that this feeling was nothing but a dream? Was this not a remarkable question?"

"Yes, Mr. President, I have," was my answer. "That is my feeling toward my boy Willie," murmured the big hearted man, who laid his tired head upon his arm upon the table in front of him and sobbed like a child. When the spasm of weeping ceased, Lincoln rose, saying, "let us go and sit on the ramparts." I followed him, and not another word did he utter about the little boy so recently taken from him, nor did he ever again refer to this child. But having shown me his heart once, Lincoln seemed to trust me, and often afterward asked me to sit with him on the ramparts, when he did the talking."

"What an experience, colonel, and what a privilege! Were you present at the capture of Norfolk?"

"Not exactly, but what memories that event revives! General Wool made up his mind that he would take Norfolk. We had had nothing but defeat so far, and Wool thought it was time for victory on our side. 'But Norfolk is well defended on all sides,' I argued. 'The enemy is sixteen thousand strong, while we are only mustered an attacking force of ten thousand.'"

"That makes no difference," replied Wool.

"Why not?"

"Because I know the man in command. He's been under me and he's sure to run. Moreover, he knows that I never wet my feet."

"Suppose you get beaten?"

"It's not a supposable case."

"Firm in his opinion, General Wool told Lincoln to remain at Fortress Monroe and he would make him a present of Norfolk. I was excessively disturbed by Wool's determination, as he made no preparation for defeat. Defeat meant destruction. 'What's the matter with you?' asked Lincoln and Stanton when we three were alone. 'You look ill.'"

"I vowed I wasn't. 'Then something's wrong. What is it?' Finally, they wormed out of me my fears, I admitting that the expression of them was an act of insubordination."

"What's to be done?"

"Nothing but to relieve General Wool of his command."

"Lincoln did not dare to do this, and all of us endured an agony of mind no tongue can tell nor pen describe. Off went Wool at night with his forces, and all the next day we heard nothing. I was left in charge of the fortress and watched for signs of news from the ramparts—nothing but occasional smoke. When night grew apace I persuaded Lincoln and Stanton to go to bed, and kept up the vigil with such patience as I could muster. By and by there were sounds from the water. A boat appeared. Nearer and nearer it came, until I recognized one of our gunboats. 'The news!' I cried. 'Norfolk is taken!' and there stood Wool and his staff, alive and rejoicing in a momentous victory, won with not more than six lives lost on both sides! Wool was right. This opposing general had run!"

"The news spread like wildfire. Lincoln had evidently not slept a wink. There he stood in six feet of night shirt and nothing else—almost the first to greet Wool and thank God that the tide had turned at last. We assembled in the president's room, and, sitting on Lincoln's bed, General Wool told the story of the capture."

"Where was Stanton, colonel?"

"Where was he? Asleep. I rushed to his room and shook him awake. Men of his physique generally sleep soundly. When fairly aroused, Stanton rolled out of bed and tried to get into his drawers. In his excitement he couldn't tell one end from the other; putting them on wrong he hurried to the president's room where, embracing Wool, he walked round like mad. It was the funniest spectacle I ever beheld. The contrast between Wool in full uniform and Stanton 'mid nodings on' so to speak was irresistibly ludicrous. Lincoln laughed until he cried. So did we all. Finally, the president said: 'This is a picture for those artists who are wanting to paint episodes of the war on the walls of the capitol. How will it do to give Leutze an order to paint the capture of Norfolk selecting the meeting of General Wool and Secretary Stanton at the auspicious moment?'"

"Just to show you what sort of a man Stanton was! After this wild ebullition, he turned to Lincoln and urged him to brook no delay in issuing a proclamation on rebel soil. Then and there, still in the same topsy-turvy attire, clothed principally in a smile, Stanton sat down and dictated orders to be signed by the president and issued the following day. It was glorious."

"With the morning came our departure for Norfolk—Lincoln, Stanton, Wool and his staff, and all. After a while Lincoln was missed. I found him curled up in a corner reading the bible!"

A GOLD MINING ROOM.

It has passed into a truism that no man is wise enough to foresee all the results of any given piece of legislation. The Sherman silver act of 1890, for example, was carefully drafted so as to furnish a market for the total amount of silver produced each year in the United States, less what would be consumed in the arts.

The total of annual purchases authorized was 50,000,000 ounces, that being the average yearly output less what was used in the arts. But the act had a result entirely unforeseen—it stimulated silver mining, and largely increased the amount mined, thus lowering the market price.

Its repeal is bringing about another result quite as unexpected to those who advocated it. There has been a heavy increase in the amount of gold mined. Professor Emmons, of the United States geological survey, has made a thorough examination of the American gold fields, and in a report soon to be published he will give facts that will be astonishing to those who have been arguing that there is not gold enough in the world for the needs of commerce. In Colorado, as in other mining states, men have turned their energies from silver to gold. In the Leadville district alone, the gold output has increased from \$500,000 in 1893 to \$2,000,000 in 1894.

It is Professor Emmons's view that there is yet an enormous amount of gold in the aggregate, in this country, and that the present revival in mining the yellow metal will both be very profitable and will appreciably increase the world's volume of gold coinage. And this revival is not confined to this country. Australia and South Africa are both experiencing it, and the result is indicated by the fact that the world's output for last year was about \$175,000,000, which is an increase of 20 per cent over the previous year. The increase for the present year will be fully as large, at least, and probably larger. The populist cry of a gold scarcity has resulted in a largely increased production—the only good thing that that agitation has accomplished.—Toledo Blade.

The new tariff legislation scores to its favor the exclusion, from Germany, of American beet, dried fruit and cotton seed oil, thus curtailing our foreign trade to that extent. And yet you will hear men square themselves up for a political desertation and lead off with the assurance that the tariff business is an old chestnut not worth the cracking. But Germany seems inclined to crack in upon the subject to some purpose.

A gentleman of this county who has excellent judgment remarked to us the other day that he knew of no pill, so good for constipation, dyspepsia and liver complaint as Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers. W. E. Brock.

Promptness is a commendable virtue. That's why we offer you One Minute Cough Cure. It is prompt in relief and prompt in curing. That is what it is made for. W. E. Brock.

It is not a miracle. It won't cure everything, but it will cure piles. That's what Dr. Witt's Little Early Risers do, because it has done it to hundreds of cases. W. E. Brock.

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SHERIFF'S SALE ON EXECUTION.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION, issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Washington County, upon a transcript filed therein from the Justice Court, of East Clatsop County, of said county and state, wherein S. J. Day was plaintiff and Thomas Cortin was defendant, for the sum of \$12.25 and interest thereon from the 7th day of December, 1894, and the further sum of \$5.70, and for the costs and expenses of this writ. Now, therefore, by virtue and in obedience to the commands of said writ of execution, I did, for and in behalf of said writ, on the 7th day of January, 1895, levy upon the following described real property, to-wit: Lying, being and situate in Washington County, Oregon, and upon particularly described in said writ, to-wit: The W. & S. E. 1/4 of Section 34, T. 2 S. R. 1 W., and the S. 1/4 of the N. E. 1/4 of Section 35, T. 2 S. R. 1 W., containing 20.1 acres, more or less, and I will, in pursuance of said levy, on Monday, the 14th day of February, 1895, at the south door of the Court House in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., sell by public auction, for cash, the hereinbefore described real property, or sufficient thereof to satisfy the debt, interest and costs, together with the costs of sale. Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 10th day of January, 1895.

H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT by virtue of an execution and order of sale, duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, in favor of Joseph Pickett, plaintiff, against Geo. W. Gibson, Rosette Gibson and G. E. Zimmerman, defendants, for the sum of \$20.15, costs, and for the further sum of \$125. U. S. gold coin, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, from the 18th day of February, 1895, at the north door of the Court House, in Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon, at the hour of 10 o'clock a. m., I will, in pursuance of said writ, sell by public auction, for cash, the hereinbefore described real property, to-wit: Situate in Washington County, Oregon, and described as follows to-wit: All of the northeast quarter of Sec. 32 in T. 2 N. R. 2 W. of the Will Mer. to satisfy the hereinbefore named sum, and for the costs and expenses of said sale. Said property will be sold subject to redemption as per statute of Oregon.

Witness my hand this 18th day of Decem. ber, 1894.

H. P. FORD,
Sheriff of Washington County, Oregon.

FARM FOR RENT.

B. P. CORNELIUS and J. J. MORGAN, assignees, have for cash rent the s. w. 1/4 of the T. R. Cornelius donation farm, containing about 245 acres—175 or 200 acres in first-class order for grain. For terms and particulars call on

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The idea of being able to invent something strikes most people as being very distant; this delusion the Company wishes to dispel. It is the simple and easy of small inventions that make the greatest amount of money, and the complex ones are seldom profitable. Almost everyone, at some time or another, conceives an idea, which, if patented, would probably be worth a fortune. But the inventor usually such ideas are simply dismissed without thought. The simple inventions like the one which would enable a person to stand up and down without breaking the passenger's back, the screw pan, the collar button, the not lock, the bottle stopper, the snow shovel, are things that almost everyone sees some way of improving upon, and it is these kind of inventions that bring the greatest returns to the author.

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