# OREGON CITY COURIER.

## VOL. II.

# OREGON CITY, CLACKAMAS COUNTY, OREGON, FRIDAY, JUNE 13, 1884.

## OREGON CITY COURIER. PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY LE MARIEU. - Editor and Proprieto

DON'T YOU TELL.

[Hiawatha Herald.] If you have a cherished secret, Don't you tail. Not your friand—for his tympsnum Is a bell, With its echoes, wide rebounding, Muitip.ied and far resounding; Don't you tell.

If yourself, you cannot keep it, Then, who can! Could you more expect of any Other man? Yet you put him if he tells it— If he gives away or sells it, Under han,

Sell your gems to any buyer In the mart; Of your wealth to feed the hungry Brave a port. Blessings on the open pocket, But your secret—keep it, lock it In your heart.

DOGS AND STARS.

some Incidents in the Life of Theatrical Stars and Their Canines,

[Philudelphia Times.] Madame Christine Nilsson's heroic rescue of a dog from the clutches of a parcel of boys caused a great deal of favorable comment among the mem-bers of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, of Philadelphia. and the recurrence has also revived in theatrical circles many touching stories about actresses and dogs, most of

when the Duff company first came here. It was one of the first things that Mr. Duff did—I mean it was one of the first misfortunes that happened to the com-

when the Duff company first came here, it was one of the first things that Mr. Duff did—I mean it was one of the first misfortunes that happened to the com-pany." "One of the saddest incidents that I ever beheld," said Mr. Gilmore, at the Grand Central theatre, "was when Miss Lyddy Denier's dog, a toy terrier, hardly larger than a mouse, leaped from its mistress arms as she was leav-ing this theatre, and was positively crushed to death by a passing coupe. Miss Denier was the leading lady of the Buffalo Bill combination, which I need hardly say was here before the Duff commany. I hardly like to ascense

### A PLEA FOR THE MULE. [Utica Herald.] Gen. Grant is estimated at \$200,000, Where the Mule Is Seen at His Best .... A Noble Animal.

Where the Mule Is Seen at His Best ...A Noble Animal. [Turf, Field and Farm.]
It is only among some of the Latin reces, as in Spain and Portugal and in the east, that the mule and his sire, the ass, are appreciated at their true value. With the nations of Germanic descent, and more particularly the Anglo-Saxon, a prejudice as deeply rooted as it is ill-founded, prevents that familiar, af-fectionate association with the ass and the nule which does somuch to develop the finest instincts, and humanize, as it were, the horge and the dog. With up horses are bred for pleasure as well as profit. There is some scatiment in the hing, and one rarely parts with a fine colt, at whatever price, without more or less regret.
Where the Mule Is Seen at His Best ....A Sobie Animal. [Turf, Field and Farm.]
Gen. Grant is estimated at \$200,000, Millard Fillmore and Abraham Lincoln each left \$50,000. Millard Fillmore ont circumstances when elected to the presidency. He held the office hardly a year and a half, and left a property wort \$50,000. Tyler was a bankrupt or less regret.
There was a time, howaver, a fow There was a time, howaver, a fow

Presidential Wealth.

colt, at whatever price, without more or less regret. There was a time, howaver, a few centuries since, when even in England the mule was the peer of his aristocratic half brother the horse; when clad in magnificent housings he proudly hore upon his back the abbots, the bishops and the princes of the all-powerful Romaa church, nor would this have been the case had he not been deemed by the luxnrious and self-indulgent prelates of that day as far superior to sunk in the general ruin occasioned by the war. James K. Polk had good opportunity to make money before his election, and he was an economist by nature. He left \$150,000. Martin Van Buren was the richest of all our presidents, his estate being estimated at \$800.-000. He made money as a law-ger and also as a politician, and his real-estate purchases became immensely profitable, but his money has been almoat entirely wasted by his heirs. Andrew Jackson was not a prelates of that day as far superior to the horse for the purposes of the sad-

the horse for the purposes of the sad-dle. Even as late as 1830 the mule was held to be an indispensable part of the appendage of the Bourbon dynasty of France, and whenever the court of Charles X moved from the palace of the Tuileries to Compiegne or Fontaine-bleau it was in coaches drawn at a gallop of ten miles an hour by superb teams of Spanish mules, and such mules! Near sixteen hands high, matched to a hair, glossy black in color, "mealy mouthed," with legs and eyes like antelopes, and showing in spirit, a ction and endurance the generous Barb blod of their maternal ancestry. But to see the mule at his best we should go to the sunny shores of the Mediterranean-to Spain and Portugal. hairs. Andrew Jackson was not a money-making man. He lived nine years after the expiration of his term of office, and left only a large landed estate of Crucity to Animais, of Philadelphia, and the recurrence has also revived in bleau it was in coaches drawn at a bleau it was in a coaches drawn at a bleau it was in a coaches drawn at a bleau it was in a coaches drawn at a bleau it was in a stock of the trials of the trials of the fourth-tike antelopes, and showing in spirit, action and endurance the generous Barb blood of their maternal ancestry. But to see the mule at his best we hould go to the sunny shores of the fue damages. Miss Jewett bore the shock with great fortitude. She took it as one of the trials of a star's life. When she was in a stock company her

shock with great fortitude. She took it as one of the trials of a star's life. When she was in a stock company her dogs never fell out of the window. Speaking of dogs, have you seen our prag?" "Miss Jewet's dog is just a little too previous," said Manager Rices at the Arch Streest opera house. "Miss Marie Conron lost her dog, a beautiful skye, when the Duff company first came here. It was one of the first things that Mr.

# A ROMAN CIRCUS

## Not Greatly Different from the Circa of To-Day.

Rome is site early; titizens and strangers, slaves and soldiars are all hurrying toward the great pleasure-ground of Rome, the Circus Maximus. With finites playing merrifly, with sway-ing standards and gleaning statues, with proad young cadets, with priests and guards with created helms, skilled performers, resilens horses and gilter-ing chariots, down the ared streat winds a long procession. It by the boy magistrate, Marcus of Rome, the favorite of the emperor. It passes into the great circus and files into the great circus and files into the great circus and files into the areas. Two hundred thou-sand people-think, boys, of a circus that holds 200,000 people-1-riss to their feet and welcome it with hearty mediate the young magistrite standing in the siggastim, or state box, fings the mappa, or white flag, into the ourse aringing about goes up, four glittering chariots, rich in their decorations of your planging horses, burst from their arched stalls and dash around the track. Green, blue, red, white--the colors of Around and around fley go. Now one and now another is shead. The people strain and cheer, and many a wager is ind as to the vietor. More a short pillar that stands at the pillar to sharply, grates against the meta, or short pillar that stands at the pillar to the inter, guarding the low control them, but all in vain; over goes the chariot, while the now madi checked by mounted attendants and led of to their stalls. "Blue! blue! "Green I green!" rise the varying shout, is the contending chariotis in a round. Now comes the seventh or final round. Now in the interval between the faces, come the a thieting ports; foot rating and wrestling, roped scing and high leaping, quoit-threwing, and ju-venile matches. One may runs a race with a fleet drives two hare backed horse twice around the track, leaping from back to back as the horses dash around. Can

The Ciethes-Pis Supply. [Indianapolis Journal.] The latest campaign lie is to the ef-fect that the American republic gets away with 3,000,000,000 clothes pin-enomally. New first without that sixty

NO. 4.

GLH.

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need hardly say was here before the Duff company. I hardly like to accuse Miss Conron's dog of plagiarism, but I think that skye is a triffe left, so to 

"All these people lorget, said Stage Director Frank H. Wade, at the Arch Street theatre, "that Miss Rose Eytings's bull-dog which appeared in 'Oliver Twist,' leaped from the light-ning express train while on its way to this city to New York, at the very be-ginning of the season-way back in September-and has never been seen September—and has never been seen since. Kate Claxton lost her diamonda a litt'e while ago. The bull-dog recognized the crisis and leaped." "But," said Mr. Zimmerman, "the original canine calamity befell a mem-ber of Mr. Abbey's company nearly bro years ago. Laws in the provide the saddle, for which the general public is not inclined to give them credit, and we are convinced from actual observa-tion that for light, quick draught over long distances, and continuous from

two years ago. I have just been given by M. Maurice Grau the real reason of Signor Campanini's absence from this country last year. Most people who witnessed his farewell performance at the New York Academy of Music nearly two years ago will remember that among the evidences of popular favor which followed his superb rendition of Manrico in 'Trovatore' was a small dog collar. The singer hid the breaking heart with which he accepted the gift under a smile. Its intended recipient was no more. On that very day the English pug in whose existence the first of living tenors was wrapped up, had broken his neck in striving to touch the high C of the final 'Addio,' which his master reaches with such ease in the tower scene. Signor Campanini vowed never to revisit the

Campanini vowed herer of his discussion scene of his anguish. Col. Mapleson was unable to cause him to change his determination, but he yielded to Mr. Abbey's arguments." Changes in the Name Ningara.

[Chicago Times.] The name Niagara has passed through many orthographical changes in the last 200 years. In 1687 it was written Onia-200 years. In 1087 it was written Onla-gorach. In 1686 Gov. Dongan appeared uncertain about it and spelled it Ohni-agero, Ouyagara, and Onyagro. The French in 1688 to 1709 wrote it Nia-French in 1688 to 1709 wrote it Nia-guro, Onyagare, Onyagra, and Oney-gra. Philip Livingston wrote in 1720 to 1730 Octjagra, Jagera, and Yagerah; and Schuyler and Livingston, commis-sioners of Indian affairs, wrote itin 720 Opicers of Latingston, In 1721 it sioners of Indian affairs, wrote it in 720 Onjayezae, Ochiagara, etc. In 1721 it was written Onjagora. Onjagara and, necidentally, probably, Niagara, as at present. Lieut. Lindsay wrote it Ni-agara in 1751. So did Capt. De Lancey (son of Gov. De Lancey), who was an officer in the English army that captured Fort Niagara from the French in 1759. These pioneers may, however, be excused in view of the fact--as will be attested by postmaters—that some letter-writers of to-day seem quite as un-decided about the orthography of this world-wide familiar name

# Tricks of Lobbyists at the Capital [Ben: Perley Poore.] One of the lobbyists has an attractive

daughter who goes into society and ex-tends civilities to the wives and daugh-ters of members, while he gives them lunches and good liquor. Another first-class lobbyist is renowned as a poker player, and never hesitates about losing a few hundred dollars when he desires to ingratiate himself with the

and forever to object to the mule on the score of his appearance; and whoever has seen the large, dark-eyed, brown, dirty, ragged, but beautiful children of Andalusia gamboling as fearlessly and with as much impunity under the heels of the mules with which they were of the mules with which they were thin little legs seemed buried in their brought up as do the children in the tents of the Arab among the mares, will be compelled to admit that with the same kind treatment the mule, too, will develop traits as near akin to hu-burst into a loud fit of laughter. Bona-burst into a loud fit of laughter. Bona-

manity as the dog and the horse. We are inclined to believe that well-"My sister, who was some years older than I, told him that since he wore a long distances, and continuous from day to day, and for saddle-gaits, mules

day to day, and for saddle-gaits, mules carefully bred are equal and per-haps superior to our average light-draught and saddle-horses. We remember a pair of mules, bred by one of the Shelby's, in Kentucky, that drew a carriage containing five heavy men forty miles over an ordinary read in five hours, without turning a road in five hours, without turning a hair or crack of the whip, and returned the next day with e jual case and in the

same time. In 1836 we saw on Red river, La., \$700 paid for a saddle mule that could pace at the rate of ten miles an hour for hours together. We have a friend in Rappahannock.

Va., Tom Hughes, a regular son of Anak in size, six feet five in his stockings, big in proportion and tipping the beam at over 200 pounds, who for sev-eral seasons rode in the first flight to hounds hunting a country that was nearly all mountain on a mule that never made a misstep or refused a leap over fence or wall.

Young Men of the South. [M. Quad's Selma Letter.] The destiny of the south is in the (M. Quad's Seima Letter.] The destiny of the south is in the hands of men under 45 years of sge. In looking about a southern town its young men are the first point to be considered. Within ten years they will push it to the front or abandon it. Here in Selma four-fifths of the business is in the hands of men under 45, and s great share of it in still younger hands. The boys who were 8, 10 and 12 years old when the war closed are now the business men of the south, and they are full of enterprise. Here in Selma they appear to be an earnest, industrious set, and are advancing towards pros-perity. You find them cheerful when the older men are gloomy; you find the made of paper. Everything in the path of the side was swept to the busines; you find them ready to encourage all legitimate enterprises when their fathern are content with what they have. **Cause for Reform.** (Phindelphia Call.) and carried in a box. **Delivers in a Dose.** 

## Cause for Reform.

[Philadelphia Call.] Mr. B. (to his new wife)—Do you object to the odor of tobacco, deur? Mrs. B. (who had been a widow)— [Phiadeipnia Record.] Never was there a worse swindle per-petrated on humanity than that which petrated on humanity than that which asserts that when a man wakes from his first sleep he ought to get up. If he wakes thoroughly refreshed after seven hours' sleep it is certainly 'ime to turn and stretch, and, after about fifteen minutes grace, to dress; but he who wakes at early morn, after a rest of four or five hours, will do well to turn over and go to sleep again. Oh, no, not at all! Mr. B.-Are you sure dear? Don't ay yes if a c gar is distasteful. Mrs. B. -Oh, I love it! Mr. B.-You do? Mrs. B.-Yes, it reminds me so much of my poor dear first husband. He always-Mr. B. stopped smoking.

ainly a very liberal estimate. Take a tainly a very liberal estimate. Take a family of ten persons—their allowance in the regular way would be 600 pins a year. It is a well known fact that there are certain classes of people, ag-gregating thousands, that have no use for clothes-pins. Take a bachelor. The only possible enployment he can devise for such a thing is to fasten his sus-penders to his trousers. But a dozen pins per year would be a very generous allowance for him. Then there are babies. Babies don't use clothes-pins excessively, and perparte could not relish a joke, and when he found himself the object of merri-

than I, told him that since he wore a sword he ought to be gallant to ladies, and, instead of being angry, should be happy that they joked with him. 'You are nothing but a child, a little school girl,' said Napoleon in a tone of con-tempt. Cecile, who was 12 or 13 years tempt. Cecile, who was is of a byta of age, was highly indignant at being called a child, and she hastily resented the affront by re-plying to Bonaparte, 'And you are nothing but a puss in boots.' This explying to Bonaparte, 'And you are nothing but a puss in boots.' This ex-cited a general laugh among all present except Napoleon, whose rags I will not

attempt to describe." He was then 16 years of ege, and his professor of his-tory had already written of him in his notes, "Corsican by nature and by character, he will go far if circum-stances favor him." Yet he could be vain of his uniform.

[Wa'll Street News.] A bull who had been roaming around the country for several years, tossing up every object he could get his horns under, one day met a bear and said: "See here streamer who could A Snewball Bomerang. [Nevala Letter.] [Nevaia Letter.] Two miners living on Alum creek went up to the mountain above their cabin last week to set some stakes. After their work was done one of them made a snowball and threw it at the "See here stranger, why can't you and I live on better terms!" made a snowball and threw it at the other, who returned the fire. One of the balls lodged on a slope more than a mile long directly above their cabin. The sun was sh n ng brightly and the anow was so't. For a second the ball rested where it fell, and then it began

Belleves in a Doze

All in the Family. [Texas Siftings.] ther was nothing "Vour fa

swallow the

"I know where you got that information," "I know where you got that information," "From whom did I get it?" "From your father." "How do you know that?" "Because your father was my father's hod-urier."

No Partnership

His First Subject. "What shall I write about?" asked a "What shall I white about I maked a young reporter of the managing editor. "Oh, write about the first thing that comes to hand," was the brief order. The scribe drew his pay that night for the scribe or who was the brief order. an article on "door kn

Indianapolis Herald: The truth is that in these days of eagerness for office too many men think to use mone z-bags as floaters. In time the bags collapse and the owners counder.

Twelve million clocks were manufactured

and the stirring sermon which followed, were all a study worthy of attention.

In the midst of the services a squad of soldiers filed in and ranged them-selves on each side of the doorway, so selves on each side of the doorway, so that none could escape. Instantly every man's hand sought his weapon, and women's faces paled with terror, but the services went calmly on without interruption. It proved that these minions of the law had come to arrest an aged rascal who had been per-sistently attempting to assassinate his own son. The young man, who is a Then there are babies. Babies don't use clothes-pins excessively, and per-haps on an average an ordinary baby doean't swallow more than six or seven in a twelve-month, and most of them are recovered by anxions mothers un-willing to encourage such expensive habits of diet. Business men use clothes-pins very sparngly, while the majority of preachers could not tell a clothes-pin from a meat akewer. We are then driven to the hired cirl, upon whom depends the responsibility of accountan aged rescar and here to assassinate his sistently attempting to assassinate his own son. The young man, who is a member of this church, is about to wed a Protestant girl, which so enraged his sire that he determined to destroy his sorn flesh and blood. The long, thin blade with which the old man meant to blade with which the old man meant to do the murderous deed flashed sharply for an instant in his trembling hands, a but he was quickly disarmed and led away.

Another Lincoln Story. [New York Times.]

authenticated, suitable for publication about this time, as the old almanaos used to h.ve it: Just after the publiused to h.ve it: Just after the publi-cation of Secretary Chase's exceedingly able treasury report in 1863, and when the secretary was known to have the presidential bee buzzing in his bonnet, a zealous friend of the president went to him (Lincoln) with a suggestion that Mr. Chase should be looked after; he was using his power as secretary of the treasury to further his own ambitious schemes. Lincoln laughed shrewdly, [Anabeim Gazette.] One ostrich egg for ten guests is the pattern at the California ostrich farm.

An illinois tarmer, thing a low actes of land and employing only one poor old horse, was plowing one day, while his son regarded the operation from the nearest fence. Suddenly the old, spirit-less horse pricked up his ears and started briskly onward in the furrow, "My dear sir," softly replied the bear, as h

Islaried briskly onward in the furrow, almost dragging the old man at the plow-tail around the land. The lad surveyed the unusual sight from the fence, the old man having hard work to keep up as the horse went flying around, and then he cried out: "Say, dad, why don't you brush off that gad-fly on old Dobbin's back?" As he flew past the old man replied: "I never saw Dobbin doing so well before. Let the gad-fly be." How Lincoln made the application any man cau tell. And if if. The white had the bluish tings seen in duck eggs, and the yolk was of the usual color. It tasted as it looked— like a duck egg—and had no flavor pecu-liar to itsalf. But it was immense! As it takes twenty eight hen eggs to equal in weight the ostrich egg which was cooked, it is evident that the host knew what he was about in coching only one what he was about in cooking only one. gad-ny be." How Lincoln made the application any man cau tell. And if there are any high officials so troubled with the presidential gad-fly that they are doing unusually well, it were a pity to disturb them now.

# Nerve and Coolness.

[Pittsburg Dispatch.] A Lancaster woman was bragging the other evening of her nerve and cool-ness. The next day as she was looking in a store window at a choice thing in Hamburgs, a strange dog incidentally poked his n se aga ast her bare hand, and she immed and valled so loud that and she jumped and yelled so loud that she shook off a pound and a half of ex-cellent back hair.

## High-Priced Books

[Exchange.] There are only two American books

which have a market value approximat-ing \$1,000; they are the "Bay Psalm Book," which has been sold as high as \$1,200, and El ot's Indian Bible-"Up-Biblum God," in the aboriginal tongue.

that city from Buffalo, where his parents reside still. He is a tall, alim young man, with an olive complexion and a big black cyebrow that runs straight across his fore-head. There is a strain of Indian blood in his and contracted with min to he had before he announced him in The Ledger. The publisher of The Pictorial was away from home when he heard the news, and at once telegraphed Mr. Cobb to make no permanent arrange head. There is a strain of Indian blood in his veins. Some years ago he married the lovely and accompliabed daughter of Mr. Frank B. Carpenter, the artist. He went abroad to work in London for the Associated Press, and distinguished himself by hunting Oakey Hall to his London hiding-place when that erratio individual ran away to England some years ago. Ives was then snapped up by The Her-ald, whose work he did in London for two or three years Cobb to make no permanent arrange-ments with anybody else until he re-turned. But the mischief had already been done, and Mr. Cobb was on the high road to fortune. Although Mr. Bonner only paid him \$200 for his first story, he has since paid him as high as \$10,000 for some of his work. Just before employing Sylvanus Cobb Mr. Bonner paid Fanny Fern, then at the height of her fame as the author of "Ruth Hall," \$1,000 for a ten-column store. For fourteen years afterward.

One Egg Enough

ald, whose work he did in London for two or three years. Finally Mr. Bennett ordered him to Paris, Dublin, San Francisco and New York in quick succession, countermanding each order just as Ives got under way. That was too much for the young man's Indian temper, and he sent in a hot letter of resignation, to which Bennett replied: "I have received your impudent communication, and its contents are quits antisfactory to me." Then Ives wrote back: "Glad to know you think me impudent. I have been told that all I needed to make a first-class Herald man was a complete shock of that article." On the whole, Chamberlain and Ives are the kind of young men who seem likely to make journal-ism hum in Paris. ers. "Indeed," said Mr. Bonner, "Fanny Fern never could have written anything dull, even if she had tried; neither can Henry Ward Beecher."

## Into Outer Darkness

[Eastern Exchange.] When the audience of a Boston thea tre was being dismissed during a rain-"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten," said Dwight Whiting, counting the guests he had invited to spend the day at the ostrich farm with storm a man in trying to open an um-brella in the lobby, lifted the point so that it aught a lady beneath the coil of her hair on the back of her head. To the horror of the gentleman he saw the lady's bonnet and her entire head of spend the day at the ostrich farm with him; "I guess one egg will be enough." t And having giving utterance to this expression, he wended his way to the paddock and soon brought to the house an ostrich egg. The triumph of the feast was the egg. For a whole hour it was boiled, and though there was then some misgiving as to its being cooked, the shell was broken, for ouri-osity could no longer be restrained, lady's bonnet and her entire head of hair mount upward on the point of his umbrella. There was agony and re-morse on both sides. Apologies were of no avail. The unhappy man darted forth into the stormy night. The lady did not wait to replace her head gear, but disappeared with it in her hand into the gloomy recesses of an attend-art back cooked, the shell was broken, for curi-osity could no longet be restrained, and a three-pound hard-boiled egg laid upon the plate. But aside from its size there was nothing peculiar about it. The white had the bluish tings seen ant hack.

What You Must Take to Washington.

What You Hunst Take to Washington. [Lady Correspondent.] The gentleman coming to Washington, un-tion of his stay here, must bring an evening dress suit (wallow tail and white or black particles of the supposed. The suit may be forgotten or purposely left at home, the gentleman not intending to visit, and then arrival be is embarrased that he cannot go or purposely left at home, the gentleman not intending to visit, and then arrival be is embarrased that he cannot go or The lady should bring a good plain for each and alcover. This, with long light for take and leves. This, with unag left is that may offer. Here the unexpected is the the proparty of the sub to be propared.

[Chicago Tribune.] Yves Guyot, the Paris journalist, tells how King Louis XVIII, when he returned from exile, asked Fouche if his movements had been watched by spies. Fouche admitted that the Due de Blacas had been so employed. "And how much did you give him?" asked Louis. "Two kundred thousand livres," was the reply. "Good," said the mon-arch, "I find he did not cheat me. We want halves."

went halves."

Rev. Joseph Cook declares that there are "not over five newspapers in the United States that a self-respecting American would recommend a foreign Christian Advocate: Neither wealth, nor intel igence, nor culture, nor society can purchase exemption from the great law of self-denial. visitor to read."

The Lot of the Physicias. [Bariington Press.] A leading physician tells the Idler a funny story in illustration of this point. A prominent citizen, meeting the disci-ple of Esculapius one day, began com-plaining that he was sick the night be-fore—dreadfally sick; "and I would have sent for you, doctor, only I hated to have my old mare go out on such a stormy night!" The afflicted citizen had a world of sympathy for his horse, but not a particle for his long-suffering physician, and the public in general is apt to take a similar view of the matter.

A French spy. [Chicago Triba

There was about in cooking only one. There was enough and to spare; and before leaving the table the party unanimously agreed that ostrich egg was good. The Lot of the Physician.

"My dear sir," softly replied the bear, as he brushed a fly off his nose, "did we enter into partnership there would be no profits. As it is, a toss is followed by a squeeze, and vice versa. Did we both attack the same victim at once w. should certainly quarrel and give him a chance to escape." "That's so--that's so," mused the buil, and he lifted Wabash a point and bellowed to the bear to look out for a tumble.

then driven to the hired girl, upon whom depends the responsibility of account-ing for 600 clothespina year. That she does not use then or fuel is plain enough, since not if ever saw a clothespin that weighed less than a pound and a half on account of the wa-ter it has assimilated, and by no possi-ble process could it be made to burn. Here is a new Lincoln story, properly The secret of this mystery-as great as the one concerning the d'sappearance of ordinary pins-is that the girl must

treasury to intriner his own some schemes. Lincoln laughed shrewdly, and brought out the inevitable story of which he was reminded. An Illinois farmer, tilling a few acres

"Why, let us travel together and whack up the profits. You don't seem to be such a bad fellow, and I know there's nothing mean