## TWO 'POSSUM STORIES.

"I've seen 'possums play some mighty cute tricks in my day. You take one that's got his eye teeth well cut 'n he'll fool the slickest dog that ever gnawed a bone."

Ben Penhollow said the other evening from the top of a sugar barrel in Horace Griffin' store, and when Ben starts in to talk about 'possums everybody else sits still and listens, for he has hunted the sly little animal for fifty years or more and knows more about it and its ways than any other man in Mercer county.

"In the winter of '82," continued Ben shifting his pipe and hanging one leg over the other, "I had a dog that could smell a 'possun a mile off, an' when he went after one there warn't no gettin' away from him. The dog's name was Bob. Bob was ez smart ez dogs air generally put up, an' 'twus a mighty shame how he come to git killed. But that ain't nuther here nor there. I wus goin ter tell you how Bob, ez smart ez he wus, got his come uppence once when he was tryin' to corner a 'possum.

"'Twas purty early in the fall. I'd been over to Jim Leeches to a corn huskin'. Jim in them days lived over in what was called Little Brook Valley, an' to make a short trip I allus cut across lots.

"'Twus long about midnight an' gittin' kinder frosty. The moon was shinin' almost ez bright ez day an' Bob, who was along, wus nosin' round the lots, like he alwus was, lookin' for trouble.

"I was walkin' along purty brisk, thinkin' over the huskin' and the people that was there, when my attention wus attracted by a peculiar noise from over the wall in the next lot.

"I stopped and listened an' I heered it agin. It sounded sumpthin' like a bark an' sumpthin' like a dog yelpin', an' yet it didn't seem to be clear enough fer either. I whistled t' Bob, but he didn't come, an' I finally concluded that 'twus him I was hearin', an' suspicious that sumpthin, had happened to 'im I started toward the sound.

"When I got up t' the wall I leaned on it an' looked around. About twenty-five feet from me laid a big chestnut log that hed been left there years before when Sam Illets run his saw mill in Ephriam Holcomb's medder. The heart o' the log had rotted. At one end there wus a big hole, an, at the other 'twus about big enough fer a good sized cat 't crawl through.

"'Twusn't the log that interested me as much as 'twus the 'ossum that was dancin' around the big hole in the end of it. He was cavortin' around in the moonlight ez playful ez a kitten. I'd watched 'im about a half a minit I guess when he suddenly jumped up an' dove for the hole in the end of the log. Then there was a yelp an' I knew that Bob wus in the log an' coundn't git out. I seen the whul thing in a minit. You see that air 'possum hed got Bob all worked up foolin' around the log an' then made straight fer the log, with the dog after 'im. Into the log he went at one end and out at the other. Bob couldn't git out the small end an' there wasn't room enough fer 'im ter turn around in the log. All he could do was to back, out. The 'possum knowed that, and gittin' around to the big end, when the hindquarters of the dog showed up, it gave them a couple o' sharp nips, an' that was what made Bob howl an' kep' 'im inside the log. He wus purty plucky but he didn't have the nerve t' back out agin the 'possum's teeth.

"I didn't want the dog ter git all bit up, so I just jumped over the wall an' started fer the 'possum, calkerlatin' ter kill it with my cane, but the critter run around an' shot inter the small end o' the log like a rat inter a hole, an' about the time the 'possum went inter one end Bob comes out o' the other without waitin' fer orders.

"The animal wus in the log, but 'twasn't exactly plain ter me how I wus goin' ter get 'im out. The dog wus watching one end an' I had my eye on the other. I wus afraid that ef I went to the wall ter git a stun ter stop up the hole at the small end the critter would sneak out and get away. I tried ter get Bob to go inside an' drive the 'possum up ter the small end, where I could git at 'im with the cane, but you couldn't a got the dog inside o, that air log agin with a yolk of oxen an' a chain.

"I thought an' thought, an' finally sat down on the log ter think, all the time keeping my eye on the hole. I was bound ter have the 'possum. I didn't perpose ter give 'im up. After I'd thought about an hour it come to me all of a suddint that I could stuff my coat inter the small hole till I could run to the wall an' get a stone.

"I hauled off my coat an' shoved it inter the hole. It didn't fit very tight, but I concluded that 'twould answer the purpose till I could get back. But it didn't. When I got back the coat was gone. That air pesky 'possum hed pulled it inter the log an' I could just touch it with my cane. That made me madder 'n ever, an' I swore I'd have the critter ef it took me all night.

"Ez cold ez it wus, I pulled off my boots and britches an' stuffed them inter the hole. They fitted tight. Then I run fer the wall, makin' a mighty interestin' figure in the moonlight, I reckon, without enny coat, britches or boots on. I got the stun and wus back t' the log in a jiffy. The boots and britches wus there, an' I got 'em on ez quick ez I could, then I put the stun over the hole, got some more an' stopped up tother end o' the log and went home ter get an ax, an' a gun, calkerlatin' ter get the 'possum or know the reason why.

"I didn't go back till daylight, an' I worked like the old Harry fer two hours choppin' that log an' trying ter get the 'possum out of it. But I didn't see nuthin' of the animal. Finally I got suspicious an' getting a pole rolled the log over, an' jest ez I hed begun to expect, there wus a hole inter which the 'possum had disappeared. The lower side of the log had rotted through, and right under it wus a burrow. I put water in the hole and tried smokin' the 'possum out, but I don't reckon I wus enny madder'n Bob was."

Penholler refilled his pipe, took a fresh light and said: "I've heerd a good many folks say that a 'possum can't fight. That he's a peaceful animal with nothing in 'im but tricks and deviltry, but I know better, fer I see that same dog Bob get one of the thunderinest lickens a dog ever got, and 'twus give 'im by a 'possum.

"One afternoon the dog an' myself was huntin' 'round Gibson's crick, seein' what we could find. We wus up to within 100 yards or so of Ely's fish house when up jumped a 'possum from behind a humock an' started fer the fish house.

"I reckon the critter had a hole where he could crawl inter the buildin' somewheres, but Bob didn't give 'im a chance ter git to it. He wus arter him like a thousand of bricks, 'an seein' that he'd have to fight or get killed, runnin', the 'possum backed up agin the fish house and sort o' invited the dog to come on.

"Bob wan't slow to do it, nuther. He made a dive at the 'possum, an' got raked across the eyes an' a nip in the neck that astonished him, an' he came back a few steps to think it over. I had never seen a 'possum fight, an' thinking this would be a fuss-class chance to do so, I stood still and watched it.

"Bob got his spunk ter goin' purty soon an' sailed inter the 'possum agin' but when he landed the 'possum wasn't there. He got out of the way quickern' lightnin' and give the dog a nip in the fore leg that made him howl.

"I knowed there was goin' ter be some fun fer I could see that Bob wus getting madder every minit, an' knowin, that he wusn't to be sneezed at fer his fighting qualities and havin' the idee that 'possums couldn't fight much ennyhow, I wus sure that the dog would get the best of the scirmmage.

"Bob licked the spot where the 'possum bit 'im and then sailed inter 'im agin. Talk about quick moving critters, that air 'possum worked ez if he wuz on springs an' somehow he dodged the dog an' kept clear o' him in spite of all he could do, and every time Bob would git near enough, the 'possum would rake his claws through his hair or else take a bite of him.

"The dog got so excited an' mad bimeby that 'e begun to froth at the mouth and squeal like a crazy 'possum. All of a suddent I seen the 'possum jumped up in the air an' he come down square on Bob's back, his long tail curled around the dog's neck, an' he couldn't shake 'im off mor'n he could git rid of a flea. He laid down and rolled over an' rubbed himself against the building, but the 'possum hung on like grim death all the time keepin' his tail hooked around the dog's neck.

"I wus beginnin' ter think 'twas about time to take a hand in the trouble, when Bob lit out fer the crick, an' in two shakes of a lamb's tail he was in the water, with the 'possum on his back. The 'possum knowed his business, an' purty soon slid off the dog an' struck out fer the oppersite side o' the crick. Bob come ashore an' with his tail between his legs started fer home on a gallop.

"The 'possum swum over to the other side o' the creek, crawled out o' the water, brushed up his hair a little an' takin' a quick look at me on t' other side, went inter the bushes I tell folks who say that a 'possum can't fight that they don't know what they are talking about.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

## NOW KISS ME.

A funny incident occurred in a neighboring city, says an exchange, a few days since, and one too good to be lost. One of our celebrated composers has writen a pretty song entitled, "Kiss Me." A very pretty, blushing maid, having heard of the song, and thinking she would get it, with some others, stepped into a music store to make a purchase. One of the clerks, a modest young man, stepped up to wait on her. The young lady threw back her veil, saying:

"I want 'Rock me to sleep.'"

The clerk got the song and put it before her.

Now, said the young lady, "I want 'The Wandering Refugee.'"

Yes, ma'am, said the clerk, bowing and in a few minutes he produced the "Refuge."

"Now, 'Kiss Me,'" said the young lady, of course meaning the song above mentioned.

The poor clerk's eyes popped fire almost, as he looked at the young lady in utter astonishment, for he was not aware that a song by that name had been published.

"Wh—what did you say, Miss?"

"Kiss Me," said she.

"I can't do it; I never kissed a young lady in my life," said the clerk.

And about that time a veil dropped, a young lady left in a hurry, clerk felt sick, and dealer lost sale of his music.

## LEAN MEAT DIET FOR DYSPEPTICS.

The truth seems to be that a person subsisting upon a lean meat diet, while he may manifest a greater amount of strength than upon more natural dietary, and may be unconscious of any abnormal condition, is like a person in a powder magazine —he is in constant danger of vital catastrophe, says Medical Progress, The poison destroying functions of his liver and the poison eliminating capacity of his kidneys are taxed to their utmost to keep the proportion of ptomaines and leucomaines in the tissues down to a point which permits of the performance of the vital functions. The margin of safety, which nature has wisely made very large in order to provide for emergencies, is reduced to the narrowest possible limit, so that anything which temporarily interferes with the functions of the liver or the kidneys, or which imposes additional work upon them, may be sufficient to obliterate the safety margin and produce an attack of grave or fatal disease. Invasion of the body by ptomaine producinn microbes, such as the typhoid bacillus, the bacillus of diphtheria, the pneumococcus of Friedlander, the shocks resulting from accident, and even the depression of a severe cold may be sufficient to consume the meager emergency capital, and the result is acute inflammation of the kidneys, or death under chloroform, or from shock following an operation under anæthesia.

## LINCOLN'S NEW YORK SPEECH.

"When Mr. Lincoln was invited by a number of New York republicans to come to address us in February, 1860, it was not with any idea that he would be nominated for the presidency," said Congressman Richard C. McCormick, of the First New York District. "We asked him because of the prominence he had attained in his debates with Stephen A. Douglas but we were entirely loyal to Mr. Seward, who was our choice for the presidency. I was quite a youngster at that time, but ardent in politics, and was appointed to the head of the committee to receive the distinguished visitor. I took him to the Astor house and I well remember the impression his gaunt figure and informal manner had upon me.

"He carried nothing but an ordinary valise and informed me, as soon as we reached the hotel, that he was anxious to get in his valise to get therefrom a suit of newly made broadcloth, that he had brought from Springfield. I shall never forget the look of that suit when it was taken out and hung upon a chair. It must have had 5000 wrinkles in it; but Mr. Lincoln remarked that they would disappear after awhile, and seemed to lose all further interest in his raiment.

"I asked him if he had any choice of a place for his address and whom he wished to preside at the meeting. He said that Cooper Union would be a good place, and suggested that William Culled Bryant editor of the 'Evening Post,' should preside. He appeared extremely desirous to have Mr. Bryant, aud asked me if I thought the latter's consent could be gained. I was employed on the Post at the time, but felt by no means sure that Mr. Bryant would consent to act as chairman of the meeting. Mr. Lincoln had never met the poet editor, but had a warm letter of introduction to him from his brother, John H. Bryant, of Springfield. Well, a meeting was arranged between the two men, and Mr. Bryant agreed to preside. I never saw such a contrast but they appeared mutually pleased, and parted like friends of long standing.

"His speech at Cooper Union the next night is historic. I had the manuscript, but left it in the office of the New York 'Tribune' and don't know whatever became of it; it would be priceless now. But that speech was a great factor in bringing Eastern support to Lincoln in the nominating convention, and added to his growing national fame. His own opinion of its effect at the time was that it might result in his being named for the vice presidency."

## LADIES' HOME JOURNAL FOR 1897

An even excellence makes the good things which The Ladies' Home Jornal promises unusually strong and interesting. The list is long and sturdy. One series of papers alone would sell the magazine: that is the three White House articles which ex-President Harrison is to write. No man has ever done what General Harrison will do in these articles: show us what "A Day With the President at His Desk" means in one article; in another tell of "The Social Life of the President," and in a third article describe "Upstairs Life in the White House." Each of these articles will be profusely illustrated. Another series equally fascinating is the one called "Great Personal Events," in which some of the great enthusiasms which have occurred in America will be revived. those wonderful times when Louis Kossuth rode up Broadway: when the young Prince of Wales was here: when Jenny Lind sang in Castle Garden; when Henry Ward Beecher electified his congregation by selling slaves in his pulpit; when Grant went round the world; when Henry Clay bide farewell to the senate; when John Wesley preached in Georgia, of which so few know. All these memorable events and others will be vividly recalled, told more graphically than ever before, and illustrated with pictures that have accupied twelve artists for over a year. A third series is unique and valuable from the fact that it will give women scores of ideas for their homes. It will reveal what there is "Inside of a Hundred American Homes," and carefully reproduce pictures of one hundred completely-furdished rooms in homes in this country—from Main to California—where taste has gone farther than money. Two new department writers have also been exclusively engaged by the Journal: Mrs. S. T. Rorer, who will hereafter have entire charge of the domestic department and give a series of cooking lessons, and Dwight L. Moody, the famous evangelist, who is to put the result of his life study of the Bible in a department entitled "Mr. Moody's Bible Class."

## WHAT SHOCKS ORTHODOXY.

The "life creed" proposed by Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) as a common ethical creed in addition to the existing denominational confessions of faith is being indorsed by prominent ministers and educators. It reads as follows:

I believe in the fatherhood of God. I believe in the words of Jesus. I believe in a clean heart. I believe in the service of love. I believe in the unworldly life. I believe in the beautitudes. I promise to trust God and follow Christ; to forgive my enemies, and to seek after the righteousness of God.

Really this is not so bad as one might suppose who has read only criticisms of it.

## NO FIELD FOR A DOCTOR.

One of the best-known stories in connection with the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson's advocacy of temperance tells how he had been on a visit to one of the three or four small towns in England which have no public house. Although there were 4000 people there, the doctor was nearly starving. One day a young medical man came to Sir Benjamin, for advice as to taking the practice, and Sir Benjamin placing his hands on the young doctor's shoulders, said: Take my advice, and don't. Those wretched teetotalers not only shirk accidents, but, when wounded, heal so fast that there is neather pleasure nor profit after the first dressing.

## WHISKEY IN CONGRESS.

One of the national disgraces has been, indeed is, a bar in the capitol where spirituos liquors are sold by the drink. At the assembling of congress this winter a bill prohibiting the sale of liquors in the national capitol was introduced. This was quickly passed by the house. The event was noticed by the blind chaplain next morning at prayers when he introduced this paragraph in the morning petition:

"We thank the, Oh Lord that this house is no longer responsible for the liquor traffic within the halls of the national capitol. Grant, we pray Thee, that the bill passed here yesterday will go through the regular channels and speedily become a law never again to be repealed in the history of our nation."

At the conclusion of the prayer half a dozen members apluded vigorously. Speaker Reed promptly suppressed the outburst.

Bryan carried the ex-Confederate states, the silver states and the Populist states. He carried but one other state, Missouri, and as Missouri was never in the confederacy, has no silver mines and no populist record, it will have to be clasified as Damphool-at-Large.

### Modern application.

"Badger, did you enjoy the play—Richar III. ?"

"Yes; that fellow had a hump that ought to make him president of any bicycle club on earth."

The threat of a war between the United States and Spain in addition to the one already existing between Spain and Cuba is a grim commentary upon the recent boasted "victory for peace" in the Venezuela matter.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross. Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy Mrs. E. B. Worden. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

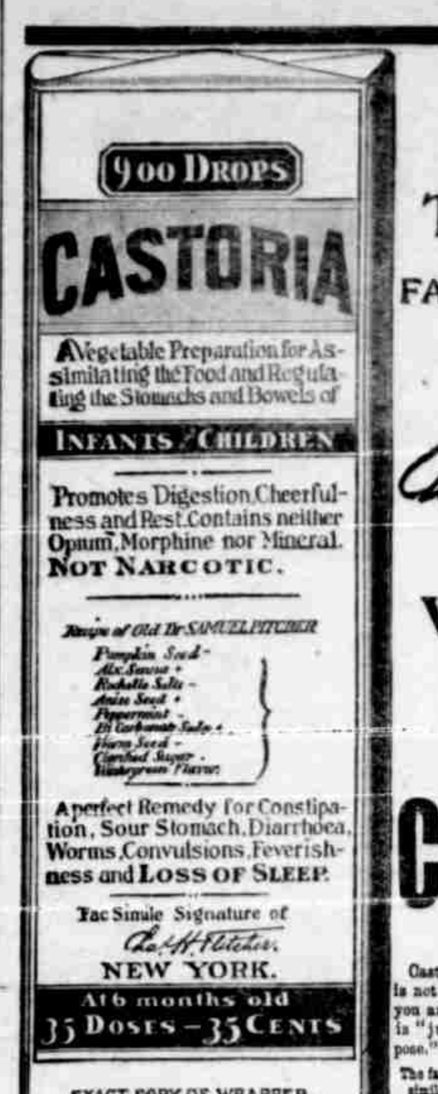
Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price, 50c. Nasal injector free. For sale by the Delta Drug Store.

### Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill, in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Pana could do nothing for her. It seemed to develop into hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Hillsboro Pharmacy.

### The True Remedy.

W. M. Repine, editor Tiskilwa, Ill., "Chief," says: "We won't keep house without Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds. Experimented with many others, but never got the true remedy until we used Dr. King's New Discovery. No other remedy can take its place in our home, as in it we have a certain and sure cure for coughs, colds, whooping cough, etc." It is idle to experiment with other remedies, even if they are urged on you as just as good as Dr. King's New Discovery. They are not as good, because this remedy has a record of cures, and besides is guaranteed. It never fails to satisfy. Trial bottles free at Hillsboro Pharmacy.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### Administrator's Notice.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS BEEN BY the County Court of Washington County, Oregon, appointed administrator of the estate of Emma L. Beach, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them to me at the law office of S. B. Huston with proper vouchers within six months from this date. J. H. DILBURGER,
Administrator of the estate of Emma L. Beach, deceased. 28-29.
Dated at Hillsboro, Or., this Nov. 9, 1896.

### Notice to Stockholders.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN TO the stockholders of the Washington County Speed and Driving Association, that the Board of Directors has levied Assessment No. 3 on the capital stock thereof, the same being twenty (20) per cent of the face value. Stockholders are requested to call on the secretary and pay their assessments at once.
GEO. R. BAGLEY, Secretary. E. J. LYONS, President. 25-29
Hillsboro, Oregon, Sept. 14, 1896.

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| 1:45 P M | Lv | Portland | Ar | 8:25 A M |
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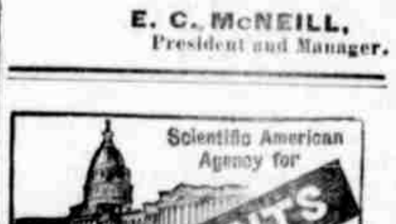


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