

HIS 300 ANXIOUS WIVES.

Should the Ameer of Afghanistan Die They Would All Be Shot.

There is a certain village in the Midlands where the illness of the ameer of Afghanistan has been followed with painful anxiety. The reason is to be found in the following curious, but, I believe, perfectly authentic story: Some years ago an enterprising young tailor left the village in question and went abroad to seek his fortune. He eventually found his way to Kabul. Here great luck awaited him. He obtained the patronage of royalty and became the peer of Afghanistan. He had left a sweetheart behind in England, and as soon as he found himself on the road to fortune he sent for the damsel to join him. She came, but here fortune deserted the tailor. His intended bride in her turn obtained the patronage of royalty, with the result that she eventually became one of the 300 wives of Abdurrahman.

This, however, is only the first act of the tragedy. It is understood that, by the laws of Afghanistan, when the ameer dies, the whole of his 300 wives must be shot. The laws of the Afghans are as immutable as those of their ancient neighbors, the Medes and Persians, and the whole of the little Midland village where the ameer's English wife was born and where her parents are still living has been during the past week or two in a high state of excitement over the possible fate of the young lady. Fortunately the ameer seems better now, and it is to be hoped, if only for the sake of his wives, whatever their nationality, that the improvement may continue. In the meantime cannot diplomacy do anything for the young woman? At his time of life, and with a gouty habit to boot, I should have thought Abdurrahman might have been induced to get along with 299 of them. If, however, he must have a round number in the family circle, perhaps an exchange might be negotiated.—London Truth.

A SLICK HOTEL BEAT.

As a Schemer He Could Give the Clerk Points and Not Half Try.

The fellow had no baggage when he registered first at the Markham House Saturday, but had a very glib tongue and told such a plausible story that he was permitted to register and given a room. He was well dressed and a very pleasant spoken fellow, and his bill for extras soon assumed startling proportions. The hotel people became alarmed, and after he had been there several days a party stopping there told them he was a beat. The clerk fixed up a scheme, and that evening he got into the fellow's room on some pretext after he had retired, and calmly gathering up the fellow's coat, vest and pants told him they could be redeemed at the office for the amount of his bill.

The fellow's nerve did not desert him even in this extremity. He borrowed a mackintosh coat from the clerk which reached to his heels, which he put on over his underclothing, in order to go after some money, and walked to the Kimball House, where he boldly registered and was shown to a room, leaving word that when his baggage arrived it was to be kept until he got up in the morning.

At about 8 o'clock on Sunday morning he came jumping down stairs, making a great noise of a tale of robbery, in which he had lost his clothes and \$85 in cash. The hotel management, without stopping to investigate the fellow, got him a new suit of clothes and paid him \$85 rather than have such notoriety attached to the house. The fellow then walked back to the Markham house, paid his bill, obtained his clothes and jumped out of town.—Chattanooga Times.

The Mystery of Ambergis.

Ambergis is an odoriferous, fatty substance often found floating upon the surface of the ocean or upon shore, where it has been cast by the waves. It is known to be a morbid secretion of whales, but whether it is found in their bodies irrespective of species or age or whether in the stomach or intestines is not certainly known. The best authorities are of the opinion that it is formed only in the intestinal canal of the sperm whale (Physeter macrocephalus).

Lumps of this curious substance range in weight from one-half ounce to 100 pounds and upward, the largest lump known to history weighing 183 pounds, and was sold by a petty oriental monarch to the Dutch East India company over 100 years ago. The season's take of ambergis by American whalers seldom averages 100 pounds for the whole fleet. In 1893 it was only 87 pounds, and in 1889 but 75. These figures will not seem so small when it is known that the 72 pounds taken in the year last mentioned had a market value of \$23,200.—St. Louis Republic.

Boston's Latest Fad.

A fad in the shape of "fairy stones" has come to light in Boston. The stone seems to be a bit of petrified earth, with what looks like a cross marked upon it, and is said to come from St. Patrick, in Virginia, where there is a mountain full of them, supposed to have been planted there by the fairies as far back as the days of the crucifixion. Believers in such things or folks who love to pick up fads are having those fairy stones mounted as pins, watch charms, etc.—Boston Letter.

Cautious Investors.

Toronto is to have a \$1,000,000 hotel—that is, if the Ontario government will give a site and the city will guarantee the interest on the greater part of the anticipated cost of the building. Toronto capitalists are evidently running to caution in hotel investments.—Montreal Gazette.

Chicago's Enormous Four Hundred.

A "society directory" just published indicates that there are 30,000 people in Chicago's Four Hundred. This could happen only in Chicago.—Chicago Record.

"BLAINE, A TRAGEDY."

A Drama For the Stage, Which Will Not Be Enacted in New York.

An American playwright has been for some time engaged in the composition of a drama of contemporary life in which the chief character is to be a famous American statesman, now deceased. The title which he has chosen for it is "Blaine, a Tragedy." It certainly looks like bad taste to dramatize, at least in this generation, the career of the American hero named, but the author maintains that he can do it inoffensively and in such a way as to dignify his subject, as the life of Mr. Blaine was full of dramatic material, and as there were scenes in it which would be especially desirable for a drama of the kind. He says that Shakespeare made use of personages who lived not long before his time, and even of some who were his contemporaries, and he gives the names of other playwrights who have used their acquaintances in their stage compositions. When reminded that even the greatest and most picturesque Americans of past times, from the days of Washington to those of Lincoln, had never been used successfully for dramatic material, as Shakespeare used the kings of England, he replied that this was a thing which would surely yet be done in this country, as it has been done in other lands, and that, in any event, it is his purpose to begin the undertaking.

"Is there any manager in New York," we asked, "who would bring out your tragedy?"

"I do not know, but there is a manager in Chicago who will bring it out if it suits him."

"Do you not fear that there would be a storm of popular reprobation if you should make your chief character resemble the original?"

"If there be anything of the kind, or if the work fail to prove attractive, it will be withdrawn after the first or second performance. But there are in my subject such striking elements for a first class stage drama and for a winning one that I shall not think of its failure until after it has failed."

"Would not the relatives of the deceased statesman object to the work and get out an injunction against its performance?"

"If such an objection shall be raised by any one entitled to speak with authority, or after that one has been present at a performance of it, it will be discontinued. The man of my title role has been a subject for painters, sculptors and other artists, and there is no good reason why he should not be made a subject for dramatic artists."

After the playwright had expressed the views here reported, The Sun reporter asked a theatrical manager as to the prospects of a drama of the kind spoken of. He answered that he did not believe a single respectable manager in New York or anywhere else would bring it out, and that, if brought out in any American city, it would be a flat failure. He believed that the execution of the playwright's project would not be tolerated by the theater going community.—New York Sun.

SENTIMENTAL FLAPDOODLE.

An American Family, Including a Dog, Make a Sensation in Paris.

An American family in Paris, according to Le Temps, has excited some notice in that sensation loving capital by its conduct over the death of a dog. The animal was a great pet in the family, and on his falling ill all the experts in dog maladies were at once summoned. As he persistently grew worse, he was taken to an establishment for the care of dogs, a sort of private hospital, and orders given that every attention and effort should be made to save him. Members of the family called two and three times a day to inquire for Kwik, as the dog was called; but, despite all care, Kwik died, and there was nothing left for the sorrowing family to do but bury him. An undertaker was summoned and poor Kwik made ready for the grave. An oak casket, fitted into a second one of lead, was prepared and a grave made in the private plot of a friend of Kwik's master at Vaucresson. All official red tape was duly complied with, and on the day of the interment the funeral cortege comprised three carriages.

The ceremony ended, the undertaker's bill of \$90 was duly presented. This Kwik's mourners found so very moderate that the sum of \$40 was added to be divided among the gravediggers.—New York Times.

A Pathetic Tragedy.

At the performance of the pantomime "Dick Whittington" at a London theater on Wednesday evening the leading

a few lines, ending with, "His road to fortune he'll pave o'er my corse," when she fell in a faint, was carried out and died in her dressing room a few minutes later. Her husband, Harry Evans, who played the clown as King Rat, had to appear during the rest of the performance as if nothing had happened. What makes the pathetic tragedy more than of local interest is the fact that the doctors testified at the inquest that the woman's death was undoubtedly caused by tight lacing. The pressure was so great that her heart stopped beating.—London Correspondent.

He Hears With His Fingers.

James, the 10-year-old son of John Hartman, a farmer south of this city, had spinal meningitis one year ago and was left practically deaf. Several months ago he happened to place his hand on his mother's throat while she was talking and found he could understand everything she said. He experimented with others and found that the sense of touch in his case would make up for the deficiency in hearing. He cultivated it and now is able to hold conversation by placing his hand upon the throat of those he is talking with. He places the ball of the fingers upon the larynx and understands perfectly.—Anderson (Ind.) Dispatch.

RULES FOR SKATERS.

Captain Johnson Gives Timely Advice to the Venturesome.

Captain C. W. Johnson of the tug D. L. Libbey and a resident of Winneconne, has, from a thorough knowledge of the difficulties and dangers which beset the skater, when he goes through the ice, compiled a list of precautionary measures, which he does not expect to be followed explicitly, but which he is in hopes will be heeded by the venturesome.

His timely warning contains excellent advice to all skaters, and the suggestions are as follows:

First.—When you go skating take a ball of strong cord, to one end of which attach a heavy fish stake, so that if any one goes through the ice you can stand far enough away from the hole and yet render them assistance by throwing the weighted end of the line to them.

Second.—If you go through the ice where there is a strong current, try and keep at the up river end of the hole. Rest your arm on the edge of the ice if possible, but do not attempt to climb out alone, for you will lose the strength which you will need when assistance arrives. If a person remains perfectly quiet, the cold water does not circulate through his clothes and his body remains warm. Use every effort to keep away from the down river end of the hole, for the current will sweep you under the ice in a twinkling.

Third.—If no help is near, rest one arm on the ice, raise the foot carefully and one skate can be removed very easily. Take off the other skate in the same manner, and then with these to aid you your safety is assured.

Fourth.—If you hear any one call for help, do not hasten to the spot unless you have a pole, bush or something that will be of assistance to them.

Fifth.—Best of all, keep off the ice under which there is a strong current. Captain Johnson has saved 13 persons from watery graves during his lifetime.—Oshkosh Northwestern.

THE CURRENT FRENCH CRAZE.

Extreme Legislation Promised as the Result of the Spy Mania.

The succession of fanatical crazes in which the French people have been indulging in the past two years has placed upon the statute books some of the most monstrous laws that ever disgraced a monarchy, not to say a democracy. The present spy mania promises to add some amazing legislation of this description. The law against espionage laid before the chamber by the minister of war, now awaiting enactment, is of this character. The pretended purpose of the bill is to enable the penalty of death against traitors, such as Captain Dreyfus, to be inflicted, but it contains a number of insidious clauses which would enable a government not troubled with scruples of conscience to get rid of its enemies by trumping up spurious charges of disclosing state secrets.

For instance, it proposes to inflict five years' imprisonment and 10,000 francs' fine on any unqualified person who shall, even without intent of espionage, have procured, got hold of or published any plans, documents or information concerning the national defense or the external safety of the state. This proposal is strongly denounced by the opposition newspapers, and even the ministerial Debats admits that it is going a little too far. It is hardly surprising that some of the London newspapers are declaring that the only safety for foreigners is to stay away from France.—Paris Letter.

PULLMAN'S NARROW ESCAPE.

Cholly Tells Us the Baron Came Pretty Near Pulling the Duke's Nose.

Baron Otto von Fritsch, a very clever and agreeable German nobleman, is in town on a visit and tells a good story of how he was offered \$1,000 to pull George Pullman's nose in Chicago the other day.

It seems that the baron was the duke's agent at the Chicago exhibition and had charge of the Pullman exhibit in the Transportation building.

He found Pullman a hard taskmaster, and being rather hot tempered himself he finally quarreled with his employer and told him to go to the deuce.

A Chicago newspaper heard of the quarrel and sent a representative to the baron offering him \$1,000 in cash if he would pull George Pullman's nose in public.

The baron longed to accept the offer and would have done so had his accounts with the millionaire been settled.

He restrained his desires, settled his accounts and then offered to do the job for half the original sum, but the paper was then bent on another sensation, and

I wonder if the duke knows how very near his nasal organ came to getting a "dommed bad twist"—Cholly Kueckerbocker in New York Recorder.

"My Awful Dad."

Kate Field writes from England: "Apropos of Albert memorials, the newly erected statue in Hyde park is the most hideous thing the human eye ever beheld. The figure is seated, enveloped in a great robe. As the bronze is gilded, it is impossible to view the shining mass when the sun falls upon it. From the back the statue looks like a huge gilded pill and is familiarly called 'Albert the Gilt.' They say that when the Prince of Wales first beheld it he threw up his hands, exclaiming, 'My awful dad!' thus pertinently applying the title of Charles Matthews' last comedy. The Edinburgh memorial far outshines—metaphorically, I mean—the Hyde park monstrosity."

Married at Ninety-two.

Edna Kingsley is 92 years old. He was married at the North Adams Methodist parsonage Thursday, Dec. 14, by the Rev. Dr. George W. Brown, to Mrs. Julia Howes, who is 70 years old. Mr. and Mrs. Kingsley are now enjoying their honeymoon at their home at 60 Holden street.—Boston Globe.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, December 18, 1894.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on February 9, 1895, viz: Anzeline Johnson, H. E. No. 11,261, for the southeast 1/4 of southwest 1/4, west 1/4 of southeast 1/4, southwest 1/4 of northeast 1/4, section 7, township 12 south, range 10 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. A. Upton, W. Debon, J. O'Connor and H. Phillips, all of Waldport, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon, December 18, 1894.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE FOLLOWING named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on February 9th, 1895, viz: J. C. Barnes, H. E. No. 11,234, for the Lots 11, 12, 13, 14, section 7, and southeast 1/4 of northeast 1/4, section 7, township 13 south, range 10 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. A. Upton, W. Debon, J. O'Connor and H. Phillips, all of Waldport, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

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