

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO..... OREGON

Paradoxical, but true. Usury produces both wealth and penury.

No one has suggested holding Colonel Ingersoll responsible for the prevalence of political suicide.

The wedding of Mr. Vanderbilt and Miss Virginia Fair is another illustration of the tendency of capital to coalesce.

By the time the various powers get all they want China will be a grand succession of open doorways without the doors.

It seems only fair that when a man is "half dead with fright" he should be able to collect \$500 on a \$1,000 life insurance policy.

Blushing is now said to be a disease. Apparently the youth of the present generation have been pretty freely vaccinated for it.

An Englishman is inventing a flying machine with which to cross the Atlantic. But if he really wants to see us he would better come by boat.

The total length of the world's cables is now 170,000 miles. With a wire from San Francisco to Maunaloa via Honolulu the circuit will be complete.

The public may expect to see another of those pure reading matter, top-of-column prospectuses from Nikola Tesla on wireless telegraphy any fine morning.

The loss of a \$300,000 home is almost as serious a matter for a Vanderbilt as the thoughtless acceptance of a Canadian quarter is for the majority of his countrymen.

A woman gave her fiancé a gold-mounted whisky cup and a laundry bag, and still he proved faithless. Such base ingratitude is past belief. She must have sent him cigars.

Another good old superstition shattered. A woman has been poisoned by the scratch of a rabbit, and is willing to admit that there are some things luckier than the left hind foot of the picturesque rodent.

It is a curious fact that it's only the men who have ill-treated their wives who think that they have the right to murder them. Within the last few weeks the news columns have had numerous instances of this sort of thing.

A 5-year-old boy in Philadelphia fell from a third-story window and escaped injury by lighting on the head of a man wearing a high hat. The usefulness of the high hat may now be regarded as demonstrated, even though its beauty may be questioned.

First impressions go a long way toward shaping one's success or failure in life. The impression made upon business firms by the quality of printing upon the stationery used by an applicant for credit or for some other favor often determines the fate of the application. Neatly printed stationery is the only sort that any business man can afford to use.

That old song "Comrades" will have a new significance in the light of the fact that its words were sung by the gallant American soldiers who were wounded in the advance of MacArthur's division as they were carried back to the hospital. "Comrades" indeed they were, pressing onward in the face of a deadly fire and under a tropical sun more deadly than rebel bullets! And proud indeed must Americans be of the men who sang "Comrades" at such a time.

Arkansas legislators have passed a game law that will subject to a fine a woman who wears a stuffed bird on her hat. If these kinds of attacks on our cherished institutions are to continue it will soon be declared a misdemeanor for a fashionably attired woman to wear live bugs as ornaments, even when suspended by a chain and allowed moderate liberty. Our Audubon society friends are laying up trouble for themselves. It is only a step to the declaration of a ban on ostrich plumes and other staples of feminine headgear, and woe betide the iconoclast who attempts this final blow at the prerogatives of the fair sex.

The harder one tries to approach a high ideal, the more it seems to recede from him. But the virtue is in the striving, not in having attained. "Not the fruit of experience, but experience itself is the end," wrote Walter Pater. That diligent student who worked at logic and mathematics for more than forty years, the author of "Alice in Wonderland," once wrote: "I hope that in the next world all knowledge will not be given to me suddenly, but that I shall gradually grow wiser, for

the acquiring of knowledge is to me the real pleasure." And a wiser man than Lewis Carroll wrote: "Not as though I had already attained, either were already perfect; but I follow after—I press toward the mark."

A new product known as "devitrified glass"—broken glass brought to a desired molecular condition by a special process of heating—has made its appearance in France, according to the report of the United States consul at Lyons. It possesses all the properties of glass except its transparency, and it can be made to assume any form, from paving blocks to the most artistic designs, and to resemble any variety of stone used as constructive material. In the form of variegated blocks, it has been tried in paving one of the main thoroughfares of Lyons. The test has been satisfactory. The glass is more durable than stone, is as cheap, and is less liable to gather and retain dirt. Architects are already suggesting its use as material for house-building, and thus the ancient saw which inculcates the injudiciousness of stone-throwing by people who live in glass houses may, ere long, find a basis in substantial fact, in place of what has heretofore been a purely rhetorical admonition.

What may not be the result of the practical application of wireless telegraphy? In answering that question the dreamer will have an opportunity to let his imagination run riot. When wires are no longer needed how much will the cost of establishing and maintaining a telegraph system be lessened? What effect will it have on the postoffice department? How many letters that now go by mail will then go by telegraph, especially in the business world? And what effect, if any, will it have on the long-distance telephone? These are all pertinent questions now, for the experiments made by Guglielmo Marconi between England and France have demonstrated that the commercial use of wireless telegraphy is something that we may confidently expect at an early date. To Marconi belongs the credit of developing and applying the principle discovered by Nikola Tesla and explained by him in a pamphlet issued eight or nine years ago. The scientific world was inclined to scoff then, but Marconi saw the pamphlet, became interested in the subject and worked out the details, with the result that he has sent messages across the English channel, a distance of thirty-two miles. If this can be done it follows that the Atlantic Ocean will soon prove no barrier, and then the expensive cables may be abandoned. In a commercial way the possibilities of this discovery are certainly almost limitless.

That we are upon the eve of the development of a mighty mechanical force for the manufacture of power greater than either steam or electricity, seems evident. This new force is liquid air. Chas. E. Tripler, of New York, has demonstrated in a series of experiments the practicability of the application of this new force to the development of power. Mr. Tripler takes 800 gallons of ordinary air, and by compression and cold reduces it to one gallon of a liquid that looks like glycerine. It retains its form at a temperature of 312 degrees below zero. On the same principle that water becomes steam on the application of heat, and under a greater degree of heat superheated steam, so liquid air as it warms expands into vapor and then into air. By controlling this expansion a new motive for the use of transportation companies on sea and land, for factories, furnaces and for every other purpose for which steam and electricity are now used is developed. The expansive force of this new power is equal to 2,000 pounds to the square inch, and without an exhaust pipe the pressure is so great there is now no material of sufficient strength to restrain it. Unlike water, however, it needs the application of no artificial heat, but on account of its intense cold contact with the atmosphere causes it to boil and evaporate like water on a hot plate. While this may seem much like lifting one's self over a fence by one's boot straps, or perpetual motion, at the same time Mr. Tripler has demonstrated that this new power will reproduce itself without the application of any outside agency. The first gallon or two is made by the use of coal or any other ordinary fuel, just as ice is made in a factory, but thereafter he is able to reproduce ten gallons of the fluid by the expenditure of two. A railway locomotive or steamship will therefore create its own power from the atmosphere as it passes along, and the factory engineer will simply turn the key on an air pipe, start his machine and manufacture this power as he needs it with no other cost than the wear of the machinery.

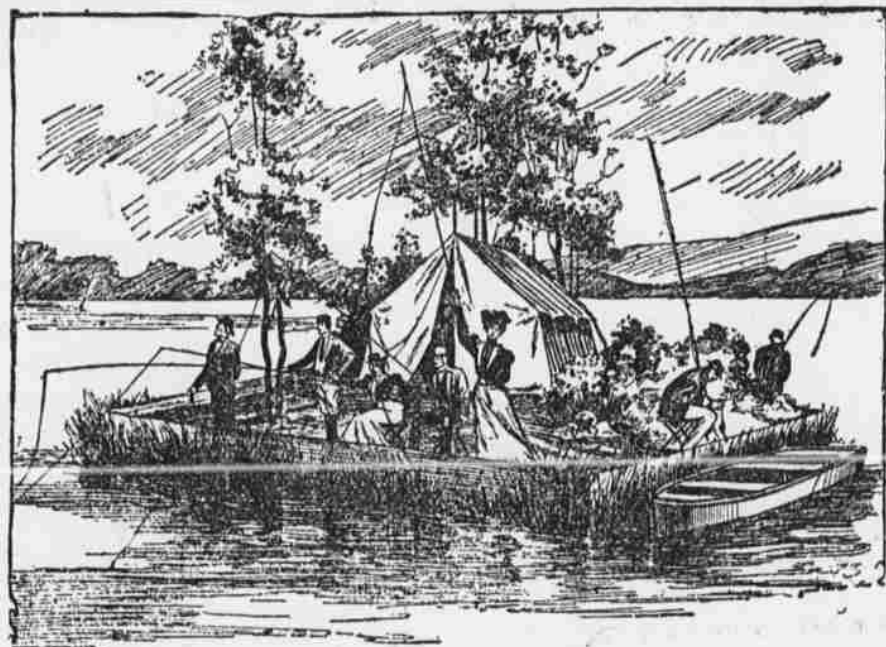
Phonographs as Royal Messengers. Queen Victoria recently sent a message to King Menelik, of Abyssinia, on the cylinder of a phonograph. The novelty of the proceeding so pleased the Negus that he ordered a salute fired by his artillery in honor of the occasion.

By the time a girl has reached 18, her mother has learned every wedding cake recipe in her cook book by heart.

HAVE A FLOATING ISLAND.

Michigan Inventor Will Build One While You Wait.

Frank W. Flanders, of Sturgis, Mich., has invented a floating island—not the kind that mother used to make—but a real live island, that can be towed from place to place to suit the convenience of its proprietor. He has built one such now, and has it anchored in a little lake near his home, where he can spend day after day upon it, either for the purpose of work or recreation. He proposes to make islands to order when letters patent are issued at Washington for his invention, so if you are a millionaire you can have an archipelago of your own, if you choose,



THE FLOATING ISLAND.

where you may summer or winter free from the vulgar gaze, but still in reach of any water resort in the world.

Indeed, this island is a most accommodating spot. It is constructed so that its platforms are high and dry above water, where no wave can splash. It has no rocking motion and is perfectly stable. Though it floats upon air-tight casks, there is no danger of their puncturing. It can be towed upon any water and rolled upon any land. In short, it is possible to use it for any purpose conceivable where a stable and safe float is demanded.

The island that Mr. Flanders has built as an experimental model is twelve feet by sixteen in size. On it nineteen persons have been supported without taxing its capacity. One man with a rowboat can move it about readily, while two persons can roll it high and dry on the beach. It bears the weight of one tree and a large number of bushes and shrubs, while a good-

show window of one of the principal stores in the city. For the service he was to receive \$10. While he slept the city tax collector filed the necessary legal claim for the \$10, and the sleeper awoke to find his poll tax for the past three years paid.

An Amiable Wife's Way.

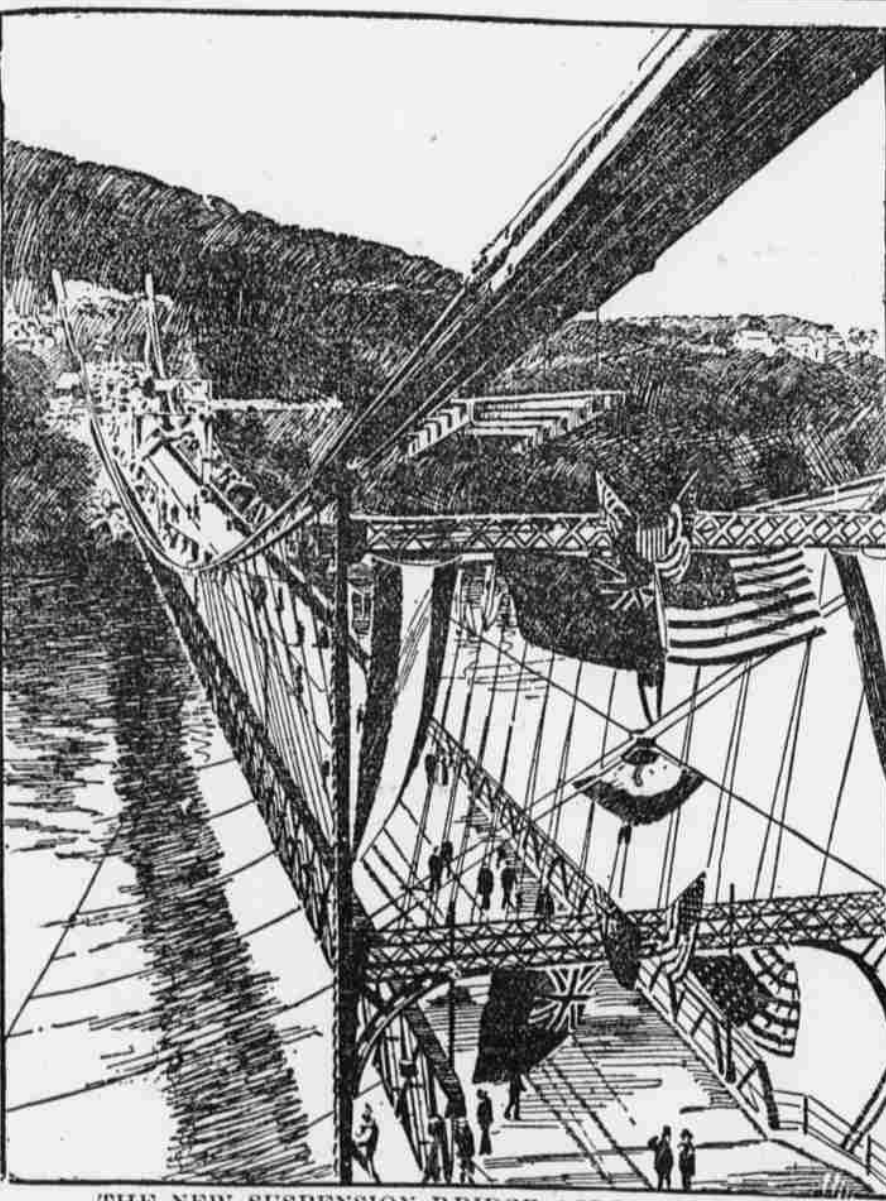
"I have an infallible rule for the management of a husband," says an amiable married woman. "If he comes home at night very tired I keep everything quiet for him and have very little to say until after the soup course at dinner. By the time that course is over the soup has, as it always will do, warmed the very cockles of a tired man's heart, and he is in a good mood

for anything and everything that may follow."—New York Times.

NIAGARA SUSPENSION BRIDGE

Only One of Its Kind, Steel Arches Being in Vogue.

Another tie has been forged between the Dominion of Canada and the United States in the shape of a new suspension bridge erected between the famous Queenstown Heights and the Lewiston mountain. This bridge is the only structure of the kind now spanning the gorge, as all the old suspension bridges have been supplanted by steel arches. This bridge is destined to be a link in a belt line electric traction service about the beautiful Niagara gorge. It has a cable span of 1,040 feet, and a suspended span of 800 feet. It is sixty-five feet above the water, and therefore hangs suspended midway between the cliff-tops and the water's edge. It has a width of twenty-



THE NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE ACROSS NIAGARA.

sized tent erected on it affords protection from the weather for six persons at night.

Of course you will not be limited as to verdure. You can have any number of plants you desire, if you wish to buy an island, or can place any other such restriction upon your order. In short, you will be absolute monarch of all you survey.

A Complicated Timepiece.

An East India man has built a house clock which weighs nearly two tons and has hundreds of moving figures, music boxes, chimes and other complicated machinery. The man spent seven years in constructing the time piece.

Sharp Tax Collector.

A young man of Ellsworth, Me., allowed himself to be mesmerized by a traveling hypnotist recently, and lay for twenty-four hours asleep in the

ty-five feet, and through the center runs a single track for electric cars. There are 800 tons of metal in the bridge, and the cables weigh 200 tons more. These cables once formed a part of the old suspension bridge that stood close to the Falls, having been cut in two for this new bridge. When so cut, however, they do not fill out the entire cable span, and for this reason a short distance at each end is filled out with eye-bars.

Will It Always Be This Way?

When three or four girls are discussing their new gowns each girl except the one who is talking appears bored and wearied to death. But as soon as one gets the floor she's as lively as a cricket and won't stop chattering until the next girl shrieks louder and drowns her out.

Curiosity has a peculiar way of getting the better of discretion.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Teacher—What's the feminine of "noblemen?" Bright pupil—Heiress!—Puck. "Yes," he said, "when I was young I was eagerly sought after." "What reward was offered?" asked the sweet young girl.

She—This is too much! I won't bear it any longer! To-morrow I shall return to my mother! He—My dear—is that a threat—or a promise?

"Uncle, what bred of chickens is the best?" "Well, sah, de white ones is de mo' easiest found, and de dahk ones is de easiest hid arter yo' gets 'em."—Indianapolis Journal.

First cook (reading)—Wanted, to go to Connecticut, a first-class cook. Good wages. Second cook—Niver on yer life. Sure, isn't that where they make alarm clocks?—Jewelers' Weekly.

"I hear that you assisted at the post-mortem examination of your old enemy," said Gaswell to a surgeon of his acquaintance. "Yes; I cut him dead."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mrs. Hornbeak—What is this game of golf that's in the papers so much, anyhow? Farmer Hornbeak—Wal, so far as I kin make out, it's nothin' but a kind of solitaire croquet.—Puck.

"Have you given Mr. Winelight any encouragement?" asked the impatient mother. "No, mamma," replied the confident daughter; "so far I haven't found it necessary."—Brooklyn Life.

Mrs. Dash—How dreadful about your uncle drowning himself in your bath tub! Mrs. Cash—Yes; wasn't it hard? It scared the cook so that we had to move into another house immediately.

Mrs. Naborly—Is your aunt on your mother's or father's side, Johnny? Johnny—Oh, sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. Depends on who's getting the best of it.—Brooklyn Life.

Angy New—Yes, I quarreled with the leading man, and, as all the others in the company sided with him, I resigned. Sue Brette—But didn't anyone take your part? Angy New—Only my understudy.—Town Topics.

"Mr. Gizzley seems to be a very deep thinker," remarked the impressionable young woman. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "he can't talk five minutes without getting away beyond his depth."—Washington Star.

"What! A man with a nose the color of yours expects me to believe that he has lived on water for three months?" said the lady at the door. "Yes'm," said the tramp; "you see, I'm a sailor just ashore."—Yonkers Statesman.

Cripple Creek is great on etiquette. A man out there met a little girl with whose family he is very intimate, and said: "Hello, Edith! How are you?" The little miss drew herself up and replied: "I've very well, but I ain't no telephone."—Hotel Reporter.

"Who lives in that little shanty across the street?" "That is where Meterkin, the celebrated poet, lives." "Ah! And who lives in yonder mansion on the hill?" "That is the home of a fellow who once wrote some fool verses of a popular song."—Cleveland Leader.

Miss Smart—Oh, yes; we had a lovely time at the ball, Dr.—Dr.—Dr.—oh, dear, I always forget your last name. Dr. Smythe (patronizingly modest)—Oh, never mind! Just call me simple "doctor." Miss Smart (quickly)—All right, simple doctor. (Total collapse of Smythe.)—Judge.

He—What sort of a footstool was that you gave your husband? She—What are you talking about? I didn't give him any footstool. I gave him a beautiful hand-worked cover for the mantelpiece. He—Oh, that was it. I know he told me it was something he could put his feet on.—Yonkers Statesman.

"This here last war," remarked the old lady, "has been a blessin' to my fam'ly; John's drawin' of a big pension fer one ear an' three fingers; the ole man's writin' a war history; Moll's engaged to a sergeant; an' Jennie's gwine to marry a feller that come within an ace of bein' a ginrul!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Deacon Hardacre—And so you seen that ere spectacle show that they're all talkin' about, did you? Elder Nipper—Yep. Deacon Hardacre—How did you come to do it, Lige? Elder Nipper—Well, Rube Hamby, he said it wasn't fit for a decent person to look at, and I wanted to find out whether he knewed or not. I've always had my suspicions of Rube.—Cleveland Leader.

"There is a cat sits every night on our back fence," he explained to the lawyer, "and he yowls, and yowls, and yowls. Now, I don't want to get into any trouble with my neighbor, but I would like to know if I am not justified in putting a stop to it." "Certainly," replied the lawyer. "I am well within my rights if I shoot the cat, then?" he inquired, gleefully. "Um, well, I would hardly say that," answered the lawyer; "the cat does not belong to you, as I understand it?" "No." "And the fence does?" "Yes." "Well, then, I think I may safely say that you have a perfect right to tear down the fence."—Chicago Post.