

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

CHAS. F. & ADA E. SOULE, Pubs.

TOLEDO OREGON

Now that we have wireless telegraphy steps should be taken to get messages without messenger boys.

Manila Bay seems the actual cause of the Dewey rejoicing, but really the Spanish navy is at the bottom of it.

An Ohio man is said to have invented an odorless onion. Such a discovery is calculated to take away the breath.

A certain woman has cowed a man who kicked her dog. Every dog has his day and this canine's was a hummer.

Helen Gould is opposed to polygamy. So far as the record goes she is not particularly enthusiastic in favor of monogamy.

None of Captain Kidd's pirate gold has been found in New Jersey, but the State has discovered there's millions in forming trusts.

Marked cards have been discovered in a swell gambling club in Berlin. This offense should be worse in the eyes of the law than lese majesty.

A curious thing about money in politics is a candidate with a barrel giving a check to his friends with the ulterior view of giving a check to his enemies.

Since there are exceptions to all rules Dewey's habit of arriving ahead of time is no justification for the general run of oversmart people being too previous.

There is one man among the seamen of the Olympia who had nothing to do on the memorable first of May—he had been detailed to carry water to the wounded.

An excuse for Canada's uncertainty as to where the real boundary lines run in Alaska may be due to its eyes not seeing well on account of the glitter of the gold near by.

Nobody especially minds that there's something bright in the prospects for Spain after all. It has yearly three thousand hours of sunshine as against America's twenty-one hundred.

The star Polaris is flying toward the earth at a speed of 288,824,000 miles a year. We advise Polaris to look up the records of the parachute artists and learn a lesson from their general experience.

A Texas woman has been suing a man because, as she claimed, he shook hands with her so hard that he broke her leg. An illustration of the way they shake hands in Texas might not be wholly devoid of interest.

The Buffalo Express thinks it is funny that Minnesota produces more frogs than any other state in the Union. Perhaps the Express doesn't know that Minnesota produces more lakes than any other state in the Union. The lakes may account for the frogs.

A political boss, recently deceased, served a term in prison. The period of his imprisonment was shortened for good behavior. If the good behavior had begun earlier, the term would have had no beginning. Respect for law which only develops behind prison bars is something of an afterthought. There are other political bosses whose behavior is not up to the grade of goodness which shortens incarceration.

For the first time in her annals, Porto Rico has enjoyed the excitement of a municipal election, and has experienced the unwonted legal procedure of a trial by jury. Eleven natives, with one Yankee to act as foreman, composed the jury, and the result of their deliberations is said to have been eminently satisfactory to every one except the culprit. The election, although promising as a first attempt, was marked by innocent, but somewhat embarrassing, innovations. The supervisors became hungry at noon-time, and adjourned for dinner, taking the ballot-boxes with them. This rendered the appointing of another election necessary to forestall possible complaints of illegality. These and other encouraging facts show that American ideas and methods are making headway in Porto Rico.

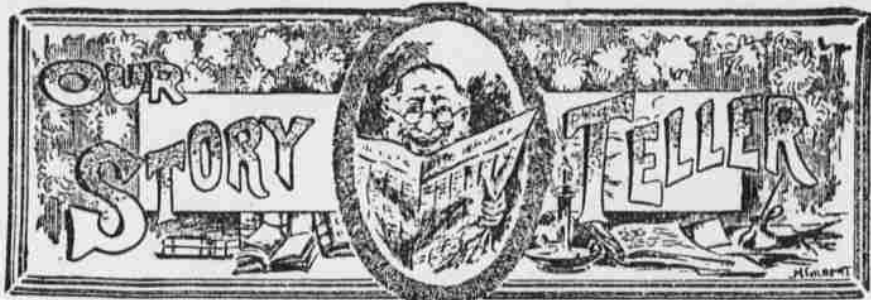
Those who are looking forward to employment as agents in the field for the decennial census bureau, will have their fears somewhat allayed by the announcement from Washington that after a consultation with the president, Superintendent Merriam has prepared a circular of instructions to the actual census takers which forbid the asking of questions leading into family secrets and likely to provoke fights. The president has ventured the opinion that it is unwise to put questions that are likely to humiliate the citizen. The question which aroused most indignation in the taking of the last census was as to whether a person had any acute or

chronic disease. This was generally regarded as stepping into the domain of privacy, and a soft answer was rarely received. In view of this the statistics on this point were generally regarded as worthless anyhow. Old maids will still have to state their ages, however.

In the fierce duel between armament and armor that began with the invention of ironclads armor has at present decidedly the advantage. The recent test held by Russian Government officials of the armor for the battleship which the Cramps are building for Russia is a signal victory for the new Krupp method of hardening ship plates. Five shots were fired at a five-inch plate from a five-inch gun, Midvale armor-piercing shells being used in each instance. Velocities varied from 2,057 to 2,096 feet a second. In no instance did the projectile penetrate more than half a plate, and generally only about two inches. In every case the shell was smashed to pieces without making a single crack in the plate. It is fair to suppose that relatively thicker plates will yield equally good results. This triumph of armor will have an immediate effect upon our naval plans, for the increase in the resisting power of armor will mean a lessening in the weight carried on the side of the ship, thus allowing a larger coal capacity and greater armament. Every experiment in naval armor in the past five years is against the building of slow battleships. The department is now talking of insuring a speed for our new battleships that only a few years ago was considered the maximum for the unarmored commerce destroyers. This tendency can only be checked by the discovery of some new explosive or form of armor-piercing shell.

The immemorial and almost universal opinion of all English-speaking people is that there is and can be only one justification for taking a human life, and that is self-defense. The State, by due process of law, can commit homicide, but the individual can do it only when his own life is in peril. This general proposition was denied in a recent address by a member of the Supreme Court of Connecticut, Judge Simeon E. Baldwin. The venerable jurist brought by his denial a hornet's nest about his ears, and in sheer self-defense, he has offered a second statement somewhat modifying his original declaration. He does not wish to be understood as advocating suicide, but he does think that there are cases in which a doctor should let nature take its course, all hope of recovery being inevitable; also that there are extreme cases in which one may with a good conscience relieve himself of the burden of existence. The first recorded suicide occurred when armor-bearer of the Hebrew King, Saul, disobeyed his royal master's orders to run him through with a sword. The king then used the weapon on himself. The only other notable suicide reported in the Bible was that of Judas, a thousand years later. The race from which our religion was derived has always held suicide to be downright murder. The detestation of all Christians for Judas rendered his example a more effectual safeguard against self-slaughter than any prohibition, legal or religious, could be. But the position of Judge Baldwin does not lack precedents. According to Strabo, it was an established custom of one famous Greek country, Ceas, to allow those who attained the age of sixty, or were infirm, to do as they pleased about living any longer. The Stoic philosophers rather encouraged the taking of one's own life when the fates seemed to be adverse. Many cases of suicide by eminent and honorable men could be cited from Greek and Roman history, especially the latter. The hara-kiri of Japan dates back fully 650 years. The Roman law treated self-murder as a venial offense, but the English law treated it as a great crime, and an accessory to it was punished as a criminal. In 1882 the State of New York included suicide in its list of felonies, and not long afterward a man who tried suicide was sentenced to one year in the penitentiary. But public sentiment did not sustain the law in that State or call for its extension to other States. The feeling toward one who takes his own life, or seeks to do so, is pity rather than censure, and legislatures cannot alter this sentiment. Nor is there any reason to suppose that legislation has an appreciable effect in preventing suicides. The man or woman who has reached such a state of despair as to seek relief in the grave is not in a mood to heed the penalties of the law. The only really potent restraint is the fear of punishment beyond the grave. No doubt many a Hamlet has been restrained from ending his life by the fear that death would not end all. In proportion as immortality is a vivid and confident expectation, is the hand of self-destruction stayed, no matter how irksome the burden of existence.

**Vapor from Smokeless Powder.**  
What is called smokeless powder really throws off a shadowy vapor. This vapor is perceptible only when viewed through a disk of violet glass inserted in an ordinary field-glass. Colonel Sweet of the army medical museum, Washington, made this discovery.



## CONCERNING PROPOSALS.

"It's jolly hard lines," Bailey Junior said, flinging himself down in Jack's armchair. "What's hard lines?" I asked, thinking at the same time that although he had been Jack's best man when we were married he need not be quite so familiar with Jack's own particular armchair. I never like to see any one at home in Jack's chair, because, if I am left a widow, I mean to keep it sacred to Jack's memory.

"A fellow isn't allowed to see Baby Jones alone for five minutes." "Why do you want to see her alone?" I said, for the fifth Jones girl, in my mind, was still a child. Perhaps this was due to the fact that she is called "Baby," but Jack says it's because she's not allowed to have her 17th birthday until the two eldest girls are "off." Mamma Jones may be right; more than four girls out at one time is a great responsibility.

Bailey Junior, who had retained the suffix "Junior" ever since he went to school with his eldest brother, looked at me in surprise. "Why do I want to see her alone?" he replied; "because I want to propose, of course; a fellow can't propose with an audience."

"You propose?" I echoed. "Propose to Baby Jones?"

"And pray why shouldn't I?" he asked. "Anything the matter with me?" He pulled down his coat and stuck out his brown riding boots on my new hearth rug. Bailey Junior prided himself on his bootmaker. "I can afford to keep a wife; Jack's married."

"O, but Jack's quite different," I said. "Any one can see in a moment that Jack's different. Besides, you'll never get the chance," I continued, remembering Mamma Jones' theory.

"Why the deuce not?" "Because the four others have to go off first, and they must go in proper order. Jack says so."

"What's Jack got to do with it?" "O, nothing," I answered; "but Jack's so clever; he always sees through things."

"Why have the others got to go 'off' first?" Bailey Junior asked. "Baby's marriage hasn't anything to do with the others."

"Oh, yes, it has; you don't understand."

"No, I don't; and I'm hanged if any one else does. Why can't they begin marrying from the other end?"

"Because if the county knows that Baby's old enough to marry, that would make the others just too old, don't you see? It's a point of honor with the Baby to remain under 17 till the eldest girl's off."

"Phew!" said Bailey Junior, "now I see; that's why she's so closely guarded and why the eldest girl is always thrown in my way; but I won't have her. I will tell you. No Mamma Jones in the world will make me marry the eldest; none of your serving for Rachel business for me."

"That's right," I said, "but you'll have to wait for Baby until some other fellow does want the others."

"O, Lord!" he exclaimed, in a tone of voice which was scarcely complimentary to the eldest Miss Jones; "and I sail for India this day week."

"I'm awfully sorry," I said; "but that's the principle and code of honor in the Jones family. You can't pick out the best and leave Mamma Jones saddled for life with the plain ones."

Bailey Junior was silent, and I tried my best to think of some plan to help him out of his difficulty. It was of no use to suggest asking Baby Jones to spend the day with me and letting Bailey Junior meet her here, for the Jones girls never went about singly; they hadn't enough friends to go all round, so that if you asked one to tea two always came. They were such a devoted family.

"Dear little girl," he said, "sacrificed to her elder sisters. She'll be thirty before she gets her hair up at that rate. I wonder what her age really is?"

"She's probably got mixed herself," I said; "but isn't it up yet? It will be getting quite worn out."

"It's in a sort of maidenly plait," Bailey Junior said, reflectively, "awfully becoming, don't you know, but—"

"But it's time she wore quite long dresses, and put it right up, isn't it? A big girl old enough to be married in short skirts. Jack thinks it horrid."

"I think they're lovely," Bailey Junior answered, "so arched and slender; just think of the eldest girls."

"O, no one does," I said; "she was put into long skirts before she left the nursery, and she was never allowed to play lawn tennis."

Bailey Junior's furlough was up, and

he went back to India without having proposed to Baby Jones. I met her six weeks later, and she told me she had had a letter from him asking her to marry him. She seemed much astonished that he should want to marry her and not her eldest sister. The Joneses are not an imaginative family, and such an unconventional proceeding had not suggested itself to the youngest of the family.

"Poor old Bailey!" I said. "He sat for an hour and a half talking to Bella,"—that is the eldest girl's name—"the day he went to say good-by, hoping that you would come in; he was determined to propose to you before he sailed."

Baby Jones opened her eyes wide. "Did he really? But he ought to have known that mamma said he was to marry Bella. I was sent out to do some shopping, and the others staid in their rooms and said they were out. I wonder why he didn't propose to Bella?"

"Because he was in love with you," I said. "Don't you like him, Baby?" "O, yes," she said slowly; "he's nicely sunburned, and" (with a little sigh) "I do like his boots. But it's Bella's turn first."

She took Bailey Junior's letter and opened it.

"I must ask mamma," she said, "for the poor fellow seems quite anxious, and he's in such a hurry. He wants me to wire back yes or no. He needn't be so impatient when it's only me he wants."

"Baby," I said coaxingly, "don't ask your mother un'til you have sent the wire. Mothers don't always understand these things."

Then I turned and left her reading the letter slowly to herself.

"Bella will be awfully cross," I heard her murmur; "perhaps he has an elder brother who wouldn't mind marrying Bella."

By the same post next evening I received two letters. The one was from Bailey Junior, asking me to plead his cause with Baby Jones. It was an ardent, romantic letter, showing a vast imagination and a limited understanding of the character of his future wife, and the other was from Baby Jones. It was not so romantic, but, Jack says, it is full of common sense, and characteristic of the Jones family. It ran thus: "Wired back yes. But it cost me thirty shillings!"—Westminster Budget.

### His Occupation.

A rather good story is told at the expense of the Rev. W. W. Moir, rector of St. Eustace Church. It is Mr. Moir's custom to take the offertory every Sunday to some one of the hotels and receive a check therefor. The hotels are glad of the small change, and it is more convenient to send a check to the secretary than a quantity of small change. Mr. Moir was counting out the silver and bills at one of the large hotels while the clerk was making out the check. He observed a small boy watching him with evident curiosity. "Well, my boy, what is it?" asked the reverend gentleman in his usual kindly way. "Oh, nothing, sir," said the boy, and glancing again at the pile of silver and nickels on the counter, "only, are you the gentleman what runs the slot machine downstairs?"—The Adirondack.

### Lord Wolsley's Rise.

No other living British soldier has gained promotion more rapidly than Lord Wolsley. The following are his various steps, with dates: Ensign, 1852; Captain, 1855; Major, 1858; Lieutenant-Colonel, 1859; Colonel, 1865; Deputy Quartermaster-General, 1867; Assistant Adjutant-General, 1871; Major-General, 1873; Quartermaster-General, 1880; Adjutant-General, 1882; General, 1883. He received £25,000 for his services in Ashanti, and £20,000 for his conduct of the Egyptian Campaign. He was the youngest captain in the army, having reached that rank after only three years' service.

### Conan Doyle.

Conan Doyle is a methodical worker and a hard worker. He pastes up over his mantel-shelf a list of the things he intends to do in the coming six months, and he sticks to his task until it is done. He must be a great disappointment to his old teacher. When he had finished school, the teacher called the boy before him, and said, solemnly: "Doyle, I have known you now for seven years, and I know you thoroughly. I am going to say something that you will remember in after-life. Doyle, you will never come to any good!"

Don't let a fool annoy you; laugh at him.

## A KLONDIKE BABE.

This Tiny Infant Managed to Live When Strong Men Died.

A tiny infant managed to live without a mother's care in the Klondike country where sturdy, stout-hearted men go and



men go and Just before dying from typhoid fever, Mrs. Jeannette Endgren, of Dawson City, gave birth to a little daughter, so tiny and frail that her body thought could possibly live. Mae Eldorado, little one was called because of her advent into this world of tears in the land of gold. A few days after the baby's birth the mother died.

A small dog sledge bore to their resting place the remains of the wife. During the services, Dr. Mosler stepped forth and gave the devoted woman in her coffin the tender promise that one woman can make another. "I will be a mother to your motherless little baby girl," sobbed Dr. Mosler, placing on the cold brow the Wisconsin bride her gentle hand.

The terrible winter dragged along slowly and the doctor expressed his little hope for the poor little child had weighed only three pounds at birth and its life hung constantly by a thread. But the baby grew and soon became the pride of the town. "How Mae?" the simple-hearted miners went to ask as they trudged by the little house on their way to and from work. Daily the question was asked and daily the answer given "that would live, please God."

When the summer came little Mae's father and foster-mother thought wise to send the little one to its grandparents in Wisconsin, to escape the rigors of another winter in the frozen north. Mrs. John MacDonald, wife of one of the wealthiest miners of the Klondike, offered herself as Baby Mae's escort, and early in July the journey was begun.

All Dawson was on hand to bid the child farewell. Gold dust and nuggets were showered as parting gifts, and a handsome sum was realized and presented to the Klondike babe. Dawson wanted to show its appreciation of the little one's pluck, and that was the only way the miners had of doing it. Baby Mae was carried by an Indian packer across the Wheto pass and over the mountain to Skaguay. Warmly clad in flannels the baby was as snug as a bug in a rug, nestling against the Indian's back. When Seattle was reached Mrs. MacDonald turned the baby over to Mrs. J. S. Bresse, a sister of Mrs. Endgren, who was to conduct the infant to her grandparents' home. It is there now, receiving the best of care, and thriving, in spite of its checkered career, at the age of 6 months. Naturally, the little one is the pride of the good folks of Madison, as it was of the miners at Dawson.

Mae Bennett, the baby's mother, was the daughter of a prominent Grand Army man of Madison. Her sweet-heart was Jesse Endgren, a student of the State university. They were married in February, 1898, and on the same evening left for Dawson City.

## MEXICO'S VICE PRESIDENT.

He Shook Hands with McKinley and Laurier in Chicago.

That was a notable gathering in Chicago when President McKinley, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the premier of Canada, and Don Ignacio Marsical, Vice Pres-



DON IGNACIO MARSICAL

ident of Mexico, met in one room and shook hands. Don Ignacio is one of the brilliant men of the Mexican Republic. In addition to being Vice President he is Secretary of Foreign Affairs and is regarded as a possible successor to Diaz. He made a favorable impression during his visit in Chicago, where he attended the fall festival and postoffice corner stone laying.

## Antiquity of the Top.

Probably the oldest toy in the world is the top. It has been used all over the world for thousands of years, and in some savage tribes is used in the performance of religious rites.

Before every failure there are plenty of signs to give the people warning, if they will read them.