

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

There was a dress before there was a loom or a fashion-plate.

When it comes to modifying election results at times the back counties are anything but back numbers.

Do not jump at conclusions. When a man flatteringly says that you look like ready money he may mean 30 cents.

The editor of an Eastern paper has discovered that Dewey turned around is "Ye Wed." We fancy we see the editor turning Dewey around.

The trouble with that Chicago man who accumulated forty-two wives was his failure to interlard his marriages liberally with Chicago divorcees.

Evil wins now and then, not because it is stronger than good, but because good does not realize its own strength, and does not use it to the best advantage.

One New York railroad wants to abolish sleeping and dining car tips, but so far as the result is in the hands of the waiters and porters they may be expected to hold out to the end.

A California minister has denounced kissing games at church socials. This, however, is not given as the reason for the removal of the author of "The Man with the Hoe" from California to Brooklyn.

Isn't it about time that something were done to make it difficult to obtain carbolic acid? It can be had for the simple asking in almost any drug store, and thus an easy way of "shuffling off this mortal coil" is practically placed within reach of those who are weary of life. There would be fewer suicides if carbolic acid were difficult to obtain.

There are few more successful methods of duping people, in their desire for wealth, than for some impudiculous trickster to tell them he has a "sure thing" by means of which they can speedily get rich. They never stop to ask why he does not make himself rich, although the precept, "Physician, heal thyself!" is so old and hackneyed.

"We do not suppose," remarks a critic of fighting, "the majority of us have any overmastering desire for the fierce delights of personal combat." The black eyes and bloody noses of our youth remain as a vivid memory. Man, when he is grown, prefers the fighting at long range, which is one of the results of invention and the higher civilization. He can get all the fun out of it that is in it that way.

A recent expose of the brutal treatment of privates in the army of France by their officers gives new emphasis to the danger of arbitrary power. It is also reported that in Austria the custom of boxing the ears of soldiers and recruits has been so common and so violent that thousands of them have suffered such impairment of their hearing as partly to unfit them for service. The minister of war has recently issued a prohibitory order.

"One of the remarkable sights of the present day is that you don't see any bicycles," remarked a gentleman. "And still more remarkable," he continued, "is the way American people take up a fad and run it into the ground. Four years ago the bicycle was the craze; before that it was tennis; now it is golf, and the Lord only knows what'll be next. But from a clothes standpoint golf is the captain of 'em all. A man's golfing suit and his fixings make his bicycle rig-out look like thirty cents, as the saying is. And the women ain't far behind."

A census "family" means the number of people who are fed from the same pantry. A hotel, a boarding-school or a prison is a family in the eye of the census. Domestic servants are always counted as a part of the household with which they are living. This use of the term makes the average size of the family in a town which happens to have a great institution unusually large, but in the long run it works out about even, since actual families must be reduced in number by so much to supply the members of these inordinately large families.

Truth should be double edged, and cut both ways. Now there's the bird question. Possibly the time may come when women will not allow them to be killed for their adornment nor will men kill them for the pleasure of killing something, says Beacon. I have never been able to understand why it is not as well to preach against the enormity of shooting birds for fun as for shooting them to make women look prettier, but I notice that the emphasis is all placed on the latter. Probably the pigeon that is shot at in a shooting match does not enjoy it any more than the hummingbird which is killed outright for a woman's hat, yet for one

word that is said against the former instance there are hundreds said against the latter. I suppose it is easier for a man to preach for his sister's benefit than to practice for his own. But constant agitation may in time cure both evils and so educate man that he shall see no pleasure in killing helpless birds and animals without any purpose other than sport.

Dame Fashion, who is not only whimsical and eccentric but frequently very unwise, has made a departure in the matter of women's skirts that must be commended. By a recent irade, ukase or decree the good dame has ordered that the skirts shall lack a couple of inches of reaching the ground. This is most sensible. There never was any reason why a woman's skirt should be so long as to touch the ground any more than there is for man's coat tails touching the ground. A few skittish old maids may take a duck-fit when they imagine someone can see the toes of their shoes peeping out from under their draperies, but unless the foot is tantalizingly small and poignantly well formed little attention is ordinarily given to it.

Mr. Porter, the United States Ambassador to France, has reported to the State department that the grave of John Paul Jones has been discovered in Paris. If there is no mistake in the identification of the grave Congress should not hesitate to take prompt action for reburial in this country and the erection of a fitting monument to the memory of the great sea fighter, who was the first to make the Stars and Stripes respected on the seas. No naval hero has more worthily earned the gratitude of the American people than the lion-hearted sailor who fought the powerful Serapis and its consorts with that rotten old hulk, the Bonhomme Richard, which apparently was no better fitted for a fight than Kipling's old hulk of Bolivar Bay.

A Newark (N. J.) court has administered a new and most effective corrective for juvenile crime. Five boys were caught stealing fruit from freight cars and arraigned before a police justice. When proved guilty the justice sentenced them to twelve lashes with a policeman's belt. It is said the young culprits were perfectly satisfied with this method of punishment and agreed they would behave themselves in future, while other boys who have been in the habit of misbehaving have suddenly manifested a violent and uncontrollable desire to reform their habits. A thorough spanking by a vigorous policeman is a much more salutary form of punishment for a young boy than sending him to an institution where he will learn more deviltry and practice it when he is released. For extremely youthful persons bent upon going in the wrong direction there is nothing so certain to turn them into the right road as spanking. It is much more effective than incarceration or milk-sop remedies.

A Chicago dentist and inventor claims to have discovered a method by which the soft coal of the west can be successfully coked so that soft coal coke will be equal to hard coal coke for blasting and smelting purposes. In commenting upon this discovery the Ottumwa, Iowa, Courier remarks that if the discovery is practicable, the iron industry will witness a great change, and the production of pig-iron in the Western States where soft coal is plentiful will be vastly increased. Up to this time the great Eastern iron making centers have had an advantage over those of the West. Both have depended almost entirely upon the Lake Superior mines for their ores, but the Eastern iron furnaces are located so much nearer the great sources of the coke supply of the world that they have had a great advantage over the Western furnaces. If the Chicago man can do what he promises, however, the conditions will be just reversed and the West will have the advantage over the East. The bituminous coke can be made for from \$2 to \$2.50 per ton, while the anthracite coke costs \$5 to \$5.50. Pennsylvania is a great iron manufacturing State almost solely because of the fact that it is the great anthracite coal center, and when this new coking process is brought into use there is no reason why the West should not become a great iron manufacturing section. Last year the Western furnaces smelted but one-fifth of the iron ore taken from the great iron mines in the Lake Superior region, but now that they can produce their coke at home, instead of shipping it all the way from Pennsylvania, they may be expected to take a large share in all the industries to which iron ore gives rise.

A Gorgeous Bicycle.

A gorgeous bicycle has been sent from France to an Indian Rajah, the parts which on an ordinary machine are nickel-plated being made of gold. Even the spokes are cased with gold, while the gold-cased rims are studded alternately with turquoises and rubies. A scarlet cloth held down with jewels covers the saddle.

An epigram is a lot of words fitted together in such a peculiar manner that their lack of meaning is concealed by the brilliant effect produced.

The Moma Diamond.

OVER and over again John Marsden had been told that his nocturnal rambles would bring him into contact with unpleasant citizens. If he had contented himself with walking upon the main highway that ran past his suburban home, his midnight walk, which he said was absolutely necessary to his getting sleep when he went to bed, would have been safe enough. But there were byways in that neighborhood, some of them narrow, many of them with evil reputations, all of them very dark and entirely deserted by honest citizens at a quarter to 1 in the morning—which was John's favorite hour for a solitary stroll—and these queer byways were his favorite strolling paths. Again, if he had had nothing about him to tempt a footpad his friends would not have been so solicitous, but, for a man in which there was no suspicion of foppery, John Marsden carried a remarkable collection of valuable jewelry about his person. There was his watch, with a circle of brilliants and a remarkable enameled miniature set in the back, presented to him as a souvenir by a famous foreign actress whose life he had saved in a railroad wreck; there was also a wonderful old intaglio bloodstone, an heirloom, which he wore in a huge signet ring, and lastly, there was, as a general



A HAND FLEW STRAIGHT AT HIS THROAT

thing, the Moma diamond, which ought to have been kept in a museum or a safety vault, but which John Marsden persisted in wearing constantly as a cravat pin.

He said he wore the Moma diamond for luck, but no one who knew him believed that the man had even one superstition. It would have been worth the while of any footpad to engage professional assistance just to get possession of the Moma diamond, and hundreds of persons connected with that profession knew that Mr. Marsden always wore that stone in his cravat. It was a wonderful stone, not by any means as large as a pigeon's egg, or even a sparrow's, it is true, only about the size of the point of a man's index finger, in fact, but of a luster so dazzling and so peculiar that the jewelers and lapidaries of Amsterdam, who still remember it from the days before it crossed the Atlantic, say it is unmatched in all the world.

And at last the warnings of John Marsden's friends were justified. He was walking on a dark, autumn night along one of his favorite byways, with a row of blank, windowless brick walls on his right, and on his left a ditch and rail fence, when there was a sudden leap of something from the ditch, and a hand flew straight at his throat.

Instantly—as if he had been expecting to meet the attack just at that spot—John Marsden's left fist darted out and up, and there was a sound like the word "Chow," followed by another like the fall of a bale of hay on the earth. Then he leaned forward cautiously, and the next moment he was glad of his caution. The man leaped to his feet almost as soon, it seemed, as he had touched the ground, and then, instead of drawing knife or pistol, he went at John in the most approved pugilistic fashion.

Very likely, if the fight had been in a twelve-foot ring, by daylight, begun in regular form, the other man might have won the Moma diamond—supposing it to have been the prize. As it was the footpad had been taken by surprise, and, still worse, Marsden's very bony fist had fitted itself snugly into the delicate space between the triangle of the lower jaw and the Adam's apple. The mere fact that his antagonist had recovered himself so quickly after such a blow assured Marsden that he had no ordinary fighter to deal with. Still, that first blow placed the other man at a disadvantage, and the fistcuffs did not last long. In less than two minutes Marsden's assailant was back in the ditch from which he had sprung, only now he lay kicking convulsively and

coughing in a way that meant, as Marsden knew, internal hemorrhage.

Now, when you have been assaulted on a lonely road in the small hours, and the assault has been with the evident intention of stealing your valuables, you are generally inclined rather to go your way rejoicing, and leave well enough alone, if you have been as fortunate as to knock the intending thief silly. That is what most people would do. But Marsden was in many ways unlike most people. He sat on the edge of the roadside ditch, lifted the man's head, and fanned his face until, in the darkness, he could detect signs of recovery.

"Feeling better now?" he said. The only answer was a struggle to sit up, which ended in the beaten man sinking back exhausted. Then there was another pause, and Marsden began to be really alarmed. He had almost made up his mind to go and look for water when the patient suddenly made one more violent effort, succeeded in sitting up, and stared at him.

"Who are you?" were the first words that came, in a hoarse, half-strangled whisper. "You're not a policeman?" "Oh, no," said Marsden, "I'm not a policeman. Hope I haven't hurt you badly. Now, look here, young fellow, a man that can box like you isn't a common thief. That's sure. If you had been a common thief, you would have come at me with a pistol or something."

The prostrate man said nothing. "See here," Marsden went on. "I can easily hand you over to the police, you know. Oh, you needn't try to get up and run. I could give five yard's start and catch you in 100, as you are now. I'll let you go. I'll take you to my house and fix you up ship shape, if you'll do one thing. Tell me why you have turned highway robber just to get the Moma diamond?"

At that question the man seemed to start. Marsden waited a few seconds and then repeated, "Tell me about it." "Where did you get it?" was at first the only answer vouchsafed him, and that in a vehement, angry whisper. Then the man in the ditch went on: "You're right. I didn't want your watch. The diamond is mine."

"Aha!" said Marsden. "I thought so. I knew there was something wrong about that blessed diamond. Did you see me wearing it?"

"No."

"Did some one tell you I wore it as a scarf-pin?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can't go on talking in the condition you are in. Come to my house and let me give you a drink. It isn't far."

There must have been something very frank and convincingly honest in the ring of Marsden's voice, for the man actually did consent to go with him, even leaning on his arm for support on the way.

They entered the house together, stealthily, for everyone else was in bed, and the lights all out. Marsden struck a match and lighted his highwayman friend to his own den, where he soon found means to stimulate his powers.

"I am a stranger to you, you see," said the guest, recovering after a mouthful of diluted brandy.

It was not the face of a thief, certainly. It was rather the face of a well-bred, if not intellectual, man, but it was unshaven, and suggested that its owner had fallen upon hard luck. Otherwise, it was not at all an uncommon face.

"You have treated me fairly," he said, "so far, at least. Tell me where you got my diamond, and I'll tell you how I lost it."

"Your diamond—if it is yours," said Marsden, "was won by me at a game of cards. I staked \$1,000 in American money against it. The game was played in the smoking-room of an ocean steamer."

"Was it an elderly man you were playing with?"

"Yes. A Brazilian, I believe—wore the stone in a ring."

"The impudent scoundrel! Anything peculiar about his eyebrow?"

"One eyebrow had a cut across it that gave it a peculiar tilt."

"That's right—the left eyebrow. And the gentleman always spoke as if his mouth was full, didn't he?"

"He did. You have described him perfectly. He was a Brazilian."

"I beg your pardon. He was my maternal uncle, Charles August Froeham. My father borrowed money from him to buy shares in his confounded bogus enterprises, and gave him mortgages on everything we possessed. It was understood, when the mortgage was drawn on our household effects, that my mother's jewelry was not included. At my father's death the rogue put in a legal claim for the Moma diamond, because, he said, it was set in a ring which my father wore and not my mother's. The lawyer advised my mother to let it go, for fear of the expense and uncertainty of litigation. In that

way the scoundrel got possession of a jewel worth as much as three times all the money he had lent my father. When his stock-watering tricks were found out he had to leave England. That was five years ago."

"That was when I met him," said Marsden.

"And now at last I have been obliged to come to this country and try to earn a living as a car conductor. I can't complain of that; I was always an idle, good-for-nothing fellow."

"H'm," said Marsden. "And your uncle—I mean the Brazilian gentleman—said this stone was called the Moma diamond from the name of the negro who found it in Brazil. Was that correct?"

"Perfectly."

"Now, please give me your own address—and is your mother still living?"



"I AM A STRANGER TO YOU."

The would-be highwayman gave both. That night he slept in Marsden's house. A month later he sailed for England, a steage passenger, but rich, for the eccentric Marsden had made him a present of the Moma diamond.—Pittsburg Press.

A Witty Peasant.

A thunder-storm overtook the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria, when out shooting in 1873 with old Emperor William of Germany and Victor Emanuel. The three monarchs got separated from their party and lost their way. They were drenched to the skin, and, in search of shelter, hailed a peasant driving a covered cart drawn by oxen along the high road. The peasant took up the royal trio and drove on.

"And what may you be, for you are a stranger in these parts?" he asked after awhile of Emperor William.

"I am the Emperor of Germany," replied his Teutonic majesty.

"Ha, very good," said the peasant, and then addressed Victor Emmanuel, "And you my friend?"

"Why, I am the King of Italy," came the prompt reply.

"Ha, ha, very good indeed! And who are you?" addressing Francis Joseph.

"I am the Emperor of Austria," said the latter.

The peasant then scratched his head, and said with a knowing wink, "Very good, and who do you suppose I am?"

Their majesties replied they would like very much to know.

"Why I am His Holiness the Pope."

Big Ben's Tone.

Whatever complaints may be made against the tone of Big Ben, the famous London clock, and musicians say it is a terribly bad "E," at any rate, every one will acknowledge that the clock in the House of Commons tower is a wonderful timekeeper, not varying a second in time all the year through. The mechanism for setting in motion the massive hammer which brings out the tone of Big Ben's sixteen-ton bell is very interesting. The striking machinery is driven by weights of about a ton and a half, which hang on a shaft 174 feet deep; and it is so arranged that after the chimes are over the hammer falls on the big bell within one second of Greenwich mean time.

Timothy's Mistake.

Timothy Knockdown, the auctioneer, took his wife for a seaside trip to Margate.

On the second day of their visit Mr. K. evinced a strong desire to return home. "And pray for what reason, Timothy?" angrily inquired his better half.

"Simply because everybody knows my business down here. To-day, for instance, I have been confronted by at least forty grinning boatman who reminded me that it is "a nice day for a sale," so I sadly resigned the unhappy auctioneer.—Answers.

The Dewey Plant.

A blooming plant, with clusters of blood-red tassels depending from its glossy leaves, is to be seen not far from Broad and Chestnut streets. It is labeled "The Dewey Plant" in conspicuous letters. Six months ago the duplicate was seen in another part of town, with an inscription declaring it was "Admiral Dewey's favorite flower." The plant is a native of the Philippines islands.—Philadelphia Record.

Some people are willing to let a good excuse answer for good conduct.