

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO OREGON

Talking of football it is on the grid-iron that many a goose is cooked.

Nearly every man who has a fad wants to see it made a study in the public schools.

De Wolf Hopper has accomplished another advertisement of the matrimonial nature.

A Chicago man shot his wife in order to keep her from going away from home. How glorious it must be to be loved like that!

That mule stampede at Ladysmith proved the unwisdom of taking him from his born vocation. He can't stampede canalboats.

When there can be a trade combine in peanuts it unquestionably looks as if the trusts were disposed to have a circus with the people.

It certainly would seem strange if Uncle Sam took any of John Chinaman's possession. Time was when he's given him his last shirt.

Having money to burn in a party contest and boys having barrels to burn election night are related. But the latter are apt to make more light of it.

A woman in Texas has taken her life because her husband smelled of beer. What she would have done if he had used brilliantine on his whiskers must remain a mystery.

A girl laughed five hours over a joke and it took two doctors to persuade her to stop. Editors as a rule have a great number of such jokes sent them, but they are always afraid to print them.

The 311,715 emigrants who came here last year brought \$5,500,000 into the country. Yet this expresses but a small fraction of what the honest and faithful element among them is worth to the country.

Some arithmeticians have figured out that young Vanderbilt paid about \$43,000,000 for his wife. A high price, but there are some men who will assert that they know of some wives worth more than that.

With a wife, a house and lot, a piano, a sword, a watch, a pet lion, a title and a fat salary already provided, and a big pot of prize money in sight, Admiral Dewey is naturally pretty well satisfied with the way the world is using him.

As dieting is now considered one of the most efficacious aids in modern medical practice, German doctors are learning how to cook. This is good news. The time may come when we can send for the doctor in case the hired girl refuses to operate.

L. Kayatayama, the Imperial architect of Japan, has recently placed an order in Pittsburg for 3,000 tons of structural iron to be used in building a palace for the crown prince at Tokyo. Although covering a large area, this building will be only three stories in height, and will be constructed with particular reference to withstanding earthquakes. This architect has been here for some time, studying our building methods, and especially their adaptation to Japan's needs.

What we inherit from England is chiefly language, literature and certain political aspirations. These are worthy bequests, but they do not, nevertheless, entitle England to be called the mother country any more than the possession of French language and literature entitles Hayti to call the lineage of France. The truth is that the pure Anglo-Saxon strain among us is nearly extinct and has been replaced by a better one. It is time for our statesmen to recognize and, on fitting occasion, to proclaim the fact and put an end to the after-dinner humility which makes out that Americans are something else and worse.

"Will the coming woman marry? She will not unless the coming man studies grammar, so that he can make the cultured woman understand a proposal of marriage."—Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis, in a sermon at Plymouth church. Does Dr. Hillis know of a woman rejecting a man for no other reason except that the proposal was contradictory to the science which treats of the principles of language? Does Dr. Hillis know a man who made a proposal of marriage repeating word for word the language that he had prepared with painful exactness and was accepted? If he does he is in possession of information of which the world in general is not. The woman who would reject a man because he erred in the construction of his sentence in asking her to marry deserves to be an old maid all the days of her life. The man who could deliver a well prepared proposal would sacrifice sincerity to artificiality, unless he had extraordinary self-

control, and the sincere man makes a far better husband than the artificial one. And the woman who could not understand a proposal of marriage, grammatical or otherwise, should be unfeignedly pitied for her dullness of comprehension.

There are some who believe that in the matter of dressmaking women are still in the dark ages, though their recently expressed deference to the man tailor shows that they are emerging into the light. Woman now demands that her ways and manners shall be subject to the same standards as those applied to man, but on the question of clothes she must still suffer a little by the comparison. For a man does not go into retirement and deny himself to his kind while the tailor is at his house. He does not pore over pattern books, and on the subject of "findings" he is blissfully ignorant. One can hardly fancy a man going about choosing the lining for his coat, the buttons for his vest and all the innumerable elements that go to cover the human form divine. Of course, women have the object of beauty as well as utility in their minds, and in their zeal for the former they will give soul and strength in the search for becomingness. This is well, but it is encouraging to note that it is now possible for a woman to be well dressed without devoting her days to the task. In former times it was almost impossible to buy women's garments ready made, and it was necessary for a woman either to make them herself or employ dressmakers more or less skilled. But now she is no longer under the tyranny of the thimble. She can buy her clothes ready made, and when she dons these she is not to be distinguished from the wearer of the made-to-order gowns, while she feels far superior to her who wears the home-made dresse.

The servant girl problem has become distracting by the diminution of supply and the exorbitant wages demanded. Young women who formerly were engaged in domestic service are now largely going into shops because of higher wages, though they do not consider the offset of longer hours, increased expenses, and physical wear and tear. A partial solution of the problem in the East is suggested by the appearance of men chambermaids and men of all work, who are not only quite as handy as chambermaids but do their work even better, quicker, and more reliably, thus justifying the famous opinion which Bartle Massey delivered to Mrs. Poyser as to the relative ability of man and woman. To what extent men can be relied upon to take the places of women in domestic service is an unknown quantity, but in the meantime the United British Women's Emigration Association has hit upon a plan for supplying competent help in housework in the colonies which seems susceptible of wider adoption. It is the system of "companion helps." A circular has recently been issued by the association in which the system is explained. "Companion helps" are educated women who have fitted themselves to undertake situations by actual domestic experience in cooking and housework. In Canada the demand for intelligence on the part of applicants is still more extended. They must have learned cooking, baking, washing, milking, dairy work, bee-keeping, poultry-raising, and cutting and making simple dresses. These conditions, however, apply to those who are going out to the colonies. But, on the other hand, these "companion helps" have advantages and privileges which no domestic servant is allowed to have. The circular asserts that a "companion help" is engaged where no servant is kept, and where the mistress undertakes some part of the work in the same way in which a married woman and her sister might divide the household duties. "Companion helps" share in the family life, and many women have been only too glad to avail themselves of the opportunity to become companions rather than servants and to have a life with the family. The salaries are not large, varying from \$120 to \$245 a year, but the privileges are such as no servant can have. Some such system as this was the vogue in New England half a century ago, when American girls went into service and became sharers in the family life. It may be impossible to revive it, because American girls now look down upon domestic service and prefer the slavery of the shops, but it might be adopted to a certain extent, for there are many competent women who would rejoice to have a home of this kind and become identified with a family, even as a helper. There does not seem to be any sufficient reason why this system should be confined to colonies. Failing this, however, or some other method of recruiting female servants, the day of the man servant would seem to be near at hand. In some parts of the East he is already coming to the front.

Spasm of Decency in Paris.

The French Society for the Suppression of Vice is going to try to prevent indecent exhibitions among the attractions at the Paris exposition, which have of late years been allowed so much license on such occasions on the plea that they illustrate the customs and amusements of other countries.

How Jerry Beat the Hunters.

IN the eastern part of New Hampshire, well down in the southern half of the State, there is a long, low range of hills, the highest of which is known as Blue hill, or Croydon mountain. This peak is nearly 3,000 feet in height, towering in friendly rivalry to its neighbor, the historic Kearsarge, not thirty miles away.

Nearly the whole of the mountain is included in the famous Corbin park, a tract of 28,000 acres inclosed as a game preserve by the late Austin Corbin, and probably one of the largest in the United States.

A large portion is heavily wooded, and, until within a few years, was the haunt of animals as wild and savage as any that now roam in the wilderness. As late as 1867 a wolf was shot on this mountain, and bears have been seen there even since that date.

In the fall of the opening year of the century the people of all the towns around Croydon mountain joined in a great hunt for a bear whose destructiveness had caused them a great deal of trouble. Scarcely a farmer in the whole section but had experienced a loss in his sheepfold, pigpen or barnyard, and it was determined to hunt Bruin to the bitter end. The bear was believed to be an unusually large and ferocious animal, hence the feeling against him was aggravated quite as much by fear as by the desire to punish him.

The party organized at the foot of the mountain, and formed a great circle of men, boys and dogs. The signal horn was sounded for starting and continued around the whole circle, which signal was to be repeated every half hour until all arrived at the top of the mountain.

All through that clear October day the sound of horns and the barking of



BRUIN CRAWLED NEARER AND NEARER.

dogs startled the echoes of the wooded hills. People in the valleys heard the repeated signaling, but their listening ears could distinguish nothing to indicate the success of the hunters.

High up on the eastern slope of the mountain was the Andrews homestead, which comprised an ordinary sixty-acre lot, with the farm buildings erected by Mr. Andrews. The settler had died a year or two previously, and the work devolved upon Jerry, a boy of 15, sturdy and freckle-faced, and somewhat large for his years. Jerry had not gone out with the hunters, the sowing of a piece of rye compelling him to remain at home.

The pioneer boy was destined, however, to meet with an adventure much more exciting than any that befell the hunters.

Jerry finished sowing his rye late in the afternoon, and as the sun was still an hour or two high he went across lots to visit several traps he had set for mink in the upper pasture. He examined his traps, finding an imprisoned mink in one, and started homeward just as the dusk was beginning to creep down the mountain.

He directed his steps through the lower pasture, wherein was inclosed the farm stock, they having been shut off from ranging the higher pasture since the depredations of Bruin had become so alarming.

He could hear the familiar tink-a-ling of the cow bell as he hurried in search of the cattle in the thickening gloom. He found them grouped in a bunch, tossing their horns and acting in a strange manner. Jerry's first thought was of the presence of a bear, and he hurriedly looked over the herd to see if any were missing. To his dismay he could not find a favorite yearling.

Jerry was no coward, but he had no weapon with him, nor anything that would answer for one except the heavy hoe which he had used to dig around the stumps in the rye field. With this in hand, he started off in search of the huffer.

He tried to think that perhaps the creature had wandered away by herself, and this idea was strengthened when he found some tracks which he thought were hers near a piece of marshy ground that bordered the woods. The tracks led directly into the forest, and the pioneer lad, thinking only of discovering the missing yearling, plunged into the undergrowth.

It was so dark that he could not see objects distinctly, and the darkness was rapidly increasing; but Jerry hurried on over rocks and logs and through briars and brakes. Suddenly he paused, but only for a moment. There, not ten feet from him, by the side of a fallen tree, was a dark object that he took to be the wandering heifer. Impatient at the steps she had caused him, the boy rushed forward and struck the reclining animal a sharp blow upon the ribs with the hoe.

Instantly there was a low, surly growl, and there rose up to confront the lad, not the missing heifer, but the tall, menacing form of a huge black bear whose jaws were all besmeared with blood.

To say that Jerry was startled would be putting it mildly. He was scared he could feel his hair stiffen under his ragged fur cap, and his legs trembled beneath him. But he had the pluck of a Yankee boy, and he was indignant at the loss of his favorite yearling. Stepping back a pace or two, he leveled his heavy hoe full at the black, blood-stained muzzle, and struck with all his might. But the bear warded it as dexterously as a boxer might, and the next moment Jerry felt his weapon snatched from his grasp.

The pioneer lad now thought discretion the better part of valor, and making out a low bough before him he seized hold of it and swung himself up into the tree. He hoped the bear would not follow him, but he was disappointed. With a sort of a snort and a growl the enraged beast crawled to the trunk and began slowly to climb the tree.

As it happened, the tree was an immense oak, and Jerry hurriedly clambered to the topmost branch, where clinging to the fork of a limb, he awaited the approach of his enemy.

The bear worked his way up among the branches with the skill of a sailor in the shrouds. He seemed determined in his advances, and Jerry began to edge off as far as he dared, for the limit to which he was clinging began to bend under his weight. Bruin crawled nearer and nearer.

Jerry scarcely dared to breathe. He had a huge jackknife in his pocket that the village blacksmith at "the corners" had made for him that very season, for use in skinning minks and muskrats. The boy drew this, and, opening the long, keen blade, prepared to defend himself as best he could. He was all grit and had not a thought of surrender in his mind.

Now the bear was very near him; he could feel the brute's warm, sickening breath in his face. Supporting himself with one hand, he struck forward a strong, quick blow with his right. He aimed directly for the eyes, but instead the sharp blade cut a deep, ugly gash in the great black snout.

That portion of a brute's anatomy is always more or less sensitive, and Bruin's was peculiarly so. The suddenness of the attack disconcerted him, and, sniffling fiercely, the great beast drew back. In changing its position the bear chanced to throw its weight upon a decayed limb. It snapped like a pipestem, and the next instant the heavy carcass descended through the branches and struck the ground below with a deafening thud.

Waiting a few moments to see if the bear stirred, and hearing nothing but a slight groan, Jerry carefully descended the tree. His first act was to secure his hoe. Then he approached the bear, and finding that the animal could not stir, having apparently broken its back by the fall, the boy belabored the narrow, cruel head till it was a mass of bruised and bleeding flesh.

The plucky boy had hardly struck his last blow when a dog barked close at hand, and a few moments afterward half a dozen men walked up to the spot. They were a party of the hunters returning from the hunt, and several of them Jerry knew.

"Well, my lad, you have beat us all," said one of the men, his nearest neighbor below, after he had heard the boy's story. "We have hunted all day for this fellow and couldn't find hair not claw of the brute. You deserve a farm, Jerry, for I imagine our barnyards and pigpens will be safe enough now."

They found the mangled carcass of the young heifer a few rods away, but Bruin's skin and the bounty paid by the State more than compensated Jerry for the loss. For many a year afterward he was the hero of that region, and old men now living can remember having him pointed out to them as the boy who beat the hunters.—Chicago Record.

Vast Coal Deposits in India.

India has immense coal deposits, from which the output in 1896 was 3,537,820 tons. In the Bengal district alone the Ranigurg and Barakar collieries are estimated to contain 14,000,000 tons; the Karampara collieries, 8,800,000 tons; the Bokara collieries, 1,500,000 tons, and the Djherria collieries, 4,500,000 tons.

Friends have a way of abusing each other.

IN THE OCEAN'S DEPTHS.

Something About the Temperature and Pressure of the Water.

The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about a ton to the square inch in every thousand fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2,500 fathoms the pressure is 30 times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it in spite of its efforts, still higher in its course; in fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families generally inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After 1,000 fathoms these organs are still further enlarged or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether, and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence of deep-sea animals.

We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded on occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails, and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illuminated by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model ships with rows of shining port holes.—Nineteenth Century.

Why He Departed.

Burke once rushed out of the House of Commons in a rage, because as he rose to speak, he'd a bundle of papers, a member jumped up, saying, "Mr. Speaker, I hope the honorable gentleman does not intend to read all those papers and to bore us with a speech in the bargain."

"A lion put to flight by the braying of an ass," whispered the witty George Selwyn.

This old anecdote is "capped" by one told in Sir M. Grant Duff's "Diary" of a London engineer.

The engineer, though not easily wretched, admitted that he was once put to flight by a dealer in marine stores. He had gone to examine, from the man's back yard, a house which he was thinking of purchasing on behalf of a railway company. While standing there, he saw a huge mastiff making at him open-mouthed.

"Oh! you're in no danger, sir," said the dealer, "he's very particular about what he eats." The engineer instantly left the yard.

Italian Mountains to Be Decorated.

Italy's mountains are in a fair way of being decorated, should one of the ideas now entertained of commemorating the "holy year" of 1900 be carried out. It is the intention of a special committee just formed to erect nineteen statues, one for each century since the birth of Christ, on high mountain peaks in different parts of the peninsula. The statues will all be colossal figures of the Redeemer, in gilded cast iron, to be illuminated at night.

Bookworms Defied.

Modern books, however rapidly they may deteriorate from other causes, are protected from bookworms by the chemicals used in paper-making. Such, at least, is the conclusion of Dr. Garnett, who, after forty-eight years of service as keeper of printed books at the British museum, is able to say that he has seen only one bookworm, and that was imported from Crete.