

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

The only place where a tramp was ever known to be overworked is in the funny papers.

There is a dark future before us. A savant says all people will eventually become brunettes.

The Czar does not indulge in any alliance talk, but merely goes ahead and buys war material.

A German savant says that red noses are caused by wearing veils. Very few red nosed men in this town wear veils.

A combination of a live man and a live wire has a tendency to make one dead man. This does not sound right, but it is a fact.

A Western man pointed the finger of scorn at his wife, and she bit it off. He is not likely to scorn her to exceed seven times more.

There are various ways of keeping the wolf from the door. A man in one of the far Northwest States breeds them for the market.

If it's true \$83,000,000 has been given in 1890 to colleges, etc., in this country one of the things they should teach is the advantages of wealth.

When a Chicago waiter fell heir to a million dollars no mistake was made, for the average waiter has sufficient haughtiness to grace a fortune.

Stockings with pockets are among the latest fads, but it is altogether likely the ladies will continue to carry their loose change in their hands.

Curfew laws for the young sadly recall the fact to older minds that, while the days of youth are a fellow's best, it may be different with the nights.

Belgium wants to buy about half a million dollars' worth of improved killing machinery for her army, in order to participate in the advance of civilization.

A Pennsylvania man has patented a shirt with a changeable bosom. This will be a great boon for those gentlemen who object to changing their shirts.

A man who was arrested for burglary carried a diary in which was found evidence which will convict him. Poetic justice has not yet perished from the earth.

More and more the principle of trade organization seems to be spreading. After awhile as a kind of non-union man even the old bachelor may not be countenanced.

It is a pitiful acknowledgment of human irrelevance, but it is a fact that the very necessity of writing "1900" convinces some people that the new century has begun.

A physician has promulgated the theory that everybody ought to eat more or less sand in order to be healthy. It is a pretty well established fact that man is not provided with a gizzard, but perhaps the sand-cure doctor expects to get a rake-off from some of the sugar retailers.

A man who had committed a murder confessed to the police that he did it under an "irresistible impulse." There is a leading case on the subject. A judge once asked a jury to consider whether or not a culprit would have yielded to the "irresistible impulse" if a policeman had been present.

The failure of the anarchists to make any lasting impression in the United States is well illustrated by the departure from its shores of Emma Goldman. After spending ten years in a vain effort to establish the red flag as a factor in American life Miss Goldman has sailed for Europe. The retribution that followed the Haymarket murders took from the red flag in Chicago its terrors and the dragging of the redoubtable Johann Most from under a bed in New York made anarchism ridiculous there.

While the French have been enjoying many hearty laughs over the merry cartoons of English persons and affairs, Great Britain has been quietly mounting the largest gun in the world on Dover cliff. The new monster is forty-one feet long and weighs fifty tons. It is said that it will drop an 850-pound shell on the shores of France, twenty-five miles away. At the same time the British admiralty has authorized the construction of 450 long range naval guns at a total cost of \$22,500,000. The British may be a little slow in showing their appreciation of humor, but there are other matters in which they are not so slow.

A wise physician who has long observed the customs of Europeans and

Americans in this particular says that if a man cannot retire from his business or profession when 50 years old he had better not do it at all. After that age it is hard to readjust one's habits to a life of leisure. There is something pathetic in an American of 60 or 70 years, whose whole life has been spent in "bustling" in some sort or other, retired and trying to "enjoy himself." He simply can't do it—and generally dies in the vain experiment. A man like Russell Sage—now 83 years old—can no more retire from business, so long as he is able to transact it, than a man can let go of live electric wires.

There is always sympathy for the person who lights a fire with kerosene and for the man who loses his money in an investment scheme that pays 520 per cent. interest. Yet gross ignorance and cupidity can only be disciplined by cruel experience. The man who invested his money in the Franklin syndicate was either a fool who did not deserve worldly possessions, or a knave who hoped to feed upon the gullibility of the public in company with the rascal who planned the job. The law can keep human sharks at a distance, but it cannot keep their prey from going to them. In the worship of "something for nothing" is found all that is weak, selfish, envious and dishonest in human nature. Thus, while one part of humanity is prowling for a chance to get something for nothing, another is baiting its trap for the first. If the two destroy each other in the duel, the world is the gainer. A Franklin syndicate failure is not a calamity.

Without doubt the empty-headed, ineane and useless young "swell" is a type in this country. But fortunately the class he represents is very small. It would be a mistake to suppose that the inheritance of wealth and social position always or even usually involves such a blight upon intellect and energy and character. Familiar observation contradicts such assumption flatly. The present Governor of the State of New York was born to more money than he could need. Yet he is not only advocating but personally leading the "strenuous life" of industrious public service. Seth Low inherited millions enough to excuse him from all toil. Yet he is one of the hardest-working and most fruitfully working men in the land. He has given up half his fortune that education might be advanced. To the same end he sits late at night over self-imposed tasks and rises early in the morning to meet other duties. As the head of a great university he has enough to do to exhaust the energy of any one man. Yet when the welfare of this community is put at issue he is ready with pen and purse and person to assist his fellow-citizens in a struggle for good government. When the nation enters upon an effort for peace he gives his time, his abilities and his extraordinary energy to that service of mankind as a representative of American sentiment at The Hague. In the same way the late Prof. Marsh, born to more money than any reasonable man wants, spent it and himself lavishly in an endeavor to forward scientific learning. John Jacob Astor, inheritor of untold millions, was among the first to respond to the country's call to righteous war. He not only equipped and armed a battery at his own expense, but he dismissed his valet, abandoned all the luxuries that were his for the taking, and went to the front as a hardy soldier in a peculiarly perilous campaign. The Rough Riders had no rougher riders among them than the rich "society" young men who enlisted from New York. Young Cornelius Vanderbilt is learning the mechanical part of the railroad business and has already devised a valuable improvement in locomotives and a new pattern of freight car. The catalogue of illustrative examples might be indefinitely multiplied. Enough have been mentioned to show that in our country at least inherited wealth brings no blight to manhood when the inheritor of the millions happens also to inherit character and good sense. To such men money means opportunity.

Merely a Matter of Color.

The Rev. Fred M. Preble of Auburn tells a story of his college days at Colby, says the Lewiston (Me.) Journal. It relates to the colored janitor whose name we are not quite sure of, but think it was Sam. Sam was a jolly good fellow and the boys used to have considerable sport with him. Sometimes he would floor them with his repartee.

One day in spring Sam had been burning over the college campus in order to get rid of the old withered grass. A fresh freshman came along, and thinking to have some fun, shouted: "Say, there, Sam, you hadn't ought to burn that stuff!"

"Why?" inquired Sam.

"Because," replied the freshman. "It'll make that grass as black as you are."

"Well, massa," retorted Sam, "dat's all right. Yes, dat's all right. Never you fear; dat 'ere grass'll come up and be as green as you are!"

Modernized.

Jones—Well, I found a horseshoe.
Johnson—Huh! I found an automobile tire.—Kansas City Independent.



THE DAY OF HER DEBUT.

TO THE white-gloved ebony statue at the door this was only another of Stark's teas. Stark was the caterer. His punchbowl, his waiters, his salted almonds, and his bill went from house to house during the season. The man at the door wished Stark would get a new punchbowl. If it were not for the different faces that appeared behind it at every house life to him would be one long, unending party. From his post he could see the table in the dining-room, and he knew from the height of the candles that it was nearly 6. The men would be coming soon.

Matronly women in long fur wraps were waiting for their carriages, and girls in picture hats and trailing silks slipped through the throng into the drawing-room. A sweet-faced young girl in white chiffon, with her arms full of pink roses, stood before a mantel banked with flowers, at the left of a stately woman in lavender. It was the girl's first bow to society, and the woman by her side was still young enough to feel old when men stopped to make pretty speeches to her daughter. Mrs. Howe felt that having a debutante daughter was almost as bad as finding the first white hairs. The men were arriving now; the elder ones alone—the young fellows from the university re-enforced by one or two companions. Near the door was a great, broad-shouldered athlete, supported by a little blonde man with a confident air.

The big fellow kept saying: "Now, King, don't bolt and leave me alone. I'm getting more hands and feet every minute. I'll soon be like that chap we used to read about in Latin. Bri—something or other. Now you speak to Mrs. Howe first, won't you? This sort of thing isn't in my line."

"Well, here goes. Be careful. Don't kick that jardiniere, if it does happen to be in your line," said King.

The girl had noticed the two. She smiled reassuringly at the big fellow. Her mind went back to the day, a week before, when she had seen him last. He wasn't in black broadcloth then. Instead, his hair hung in long black strings over his eyes; there was a red streak across one cheek. She had seen him running over a field marked with white lines, while a yelling mob of men in canvas jackets tried to stop him. Then, after the game was over, men in silk hats and men in sweaters had lifted him high on their shoulders, and the whole air rang with cheers for his college.

Now he was bowing solemnly before Mrs. Howe. The next minute he forgot his hundred hands, and remembered only the one that held a little white-gloved palm in its strong clasp.

"Miss Dolly, Bob washed his face in honor of the event. Had his hair cut, too," King explained. Then he added: "Well, take care of yourself, old man," and hurried across the room to speak to a girl he knew.

Bob laughed uncomfortably and twisted his neck about as if he were unacquainted with his collar. "Dolly, my dear child," said Mrs. Howe, "you must be tired standing here so long. Mr. Fields, won't you take her out to the dining-room and get her a cup of coffee or something?"

Bob thanked her with a rapturous look, and the two disappeared on their way to the dining-room. There are one end of the table was a limp-looking girl with pale yellow hair and loose gloves on her thin arms. In front of her were a large samovar and an array of cups. She had been pouring chocolate and tea for the last ten years, and was growing old in the service. The silver candelabra at either end of the table proudly held up the half-burned pink candles with pink shades, and the cut-glass dishes of pink bonbons sparkled in their light. The waiters hurried here and there, bringing in plates of salad and ices. Pretty girls in dainty dresses served the guests standing about the room. When Dolly and Bob came in a girl in a much-beruffled pink silk rushed to them with a smile that showed all her dimples.

"Oh, Dolly, you're simply perfect. I wanted to talk to you when I came in, but there were so many people. My dear, your dress is a dream! And those roses! I was awfully late. I came right out here. I hope I've done some good. Why, Mr. Fields, I'm so glad you could come," she rattled on. "How is the sprained knee? We were all so proud of you last Thursday. Dolly, what do you suppose I heard this morning? I went up to see Alice Avery. You know she came home from New York last night. Well, she is engaged. She met the man at the springs

last summer. He lives in Atlanta, and his name is Vernon Pierce. Didn't you meet a Mr. Pierce from Atlanta over there at the springs?"

Dolly knew her face was hot and flushed. She hoped Bob wouldn't notice it. "Yes, I think so," she said, trying to smile.

The other girl went on:

"Alice confessed that he was a great flirt. She must be going to be married soon, or she would not announce her engagement. My dear, you look simply worn out. But you will get used to these teas and dances and things by the end of the winter," said the girl with the social experience of two seasons to her account. She smiled and glanced up at Bob, and showed all her dimples again.

The football player led Dolly to a little cushioned seat in an alcove. There was an orchestra behind a screen of palms. Now they were playing "La Paloma" with a mystical Mexican jingle. Dolly looked down at the great bunch of roses in her lap. They had come that morning—with Vernon Pierce's card. She was no longer there in the heated hall of her city home, with Bob, dear old stupid, tire-some Bob, by her side. It was moonlight, and she felt the air of a summer night on her face. They had been dancing and now they could hear the strains of "Forever and Forever." In the light from a window some one was standing before her. His voice was low and he was singing the words of a waltz. "Oh, bid me hope to call thee mine, forever and forever."

She could remember all that he said that night at Greenbriar, and she remembered that she had laughed at him. Yes, she had laughed, and now she was glad. Of course he said the same things to Alice the next week. Alice went up there to the springs just after Dolly came home.

The man at the door came over and gave a handful of letters to Dolly. "These came in the afternoon mail," he said.

"You can read those, Bob," she said as she tossed her companion a pile of small envelopes. She knew they were regrets and such things. There was one large letter, postmarked Atlanta, and directed in a strong, masculine hand. Bob was busy with the "regrets," so she opened it.

"Dear Miss Dolly," it ran, "I wanted to send this letter with the roses, but did not care to risk it to the carelessness of the florist. Of course, I am inconsolable in my disappointment in not getting up to your 'coming out.' But, if I may—it depends entirely upon your answer to this—I shall come up during the holidays. I don't know whether Miss Avery has announced the fact or not, but she is engaged to my cousin. By the way, we both have the same name. They will be married the last of December, and I am to be the best man—if you will let me come and say to you what I tried so hard to make you understand last summer—"

Bob reached up to straighten a candle in the sconce above them. He shook his head at the face reflected in the mirror and murmured, "Not in my line. Not in my line."

Dolly looked up into his face smiling, but he knew that the light in her eyes was not for him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Feminine Savagery.

European women have a craze for tattooing at the moment. They cause themselves to be decorated with dragons, serpents, griffins and such things, and call the figures tatoographs. The Queen of Greece is said to have had her ankles tattooed with some small figure, and a Parisian woman, hearing of this, went her one better and had a spider web tattooed on her shoulder. She claims to be delighted with the result, for she says when in full dress the "tatoograph" gives her an air of mystery, and attracts people to her shoulder if not to her side. It is not stated that the mouse has become a popular figure. A woman who could be guilty of such folly is not far removed from a savage, and it is safe to say that this fad will not be adopted by American women.

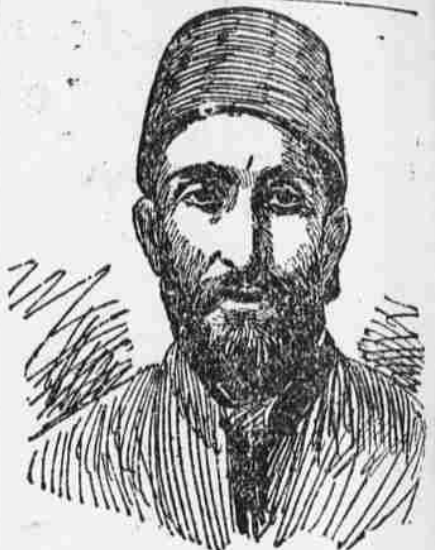
Macaulay's Memory.

Archdeacon Farrar in a recent reminiscence says that when a young man he heard Macaulay name every woman who had been executed in England. He was then asked if he could name all of the archbishops. "Oh, yes," he replied, "any schoolboy could do that." The Archdeacon says that Macaulay's memory made him the most wonderfully informed man that ever lived.

SULTAN'S DAILY LIFE.

Spends Six Days Out of Seven Considering Affairs of State.

The Sultan of Turkey rises at 6 o'clock every morning and devotes his days, in the seclusion of the Yildiz Palace and gardens, to personal attention to affairs of state. He is of slight fig-



ABDUL HAMID.

ure. A pale brown overcoat conceals any decorations he might be wearing, so that the attention of those who see him on the one day in seven when he presents himself to the view of the people is not diverted from his pale, wan and careworn face, half-covered by a thin brown beard, tinged with gray, and surmounted by a plain red fez. The Sultan has been the means of establishing 50,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls also—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

SCHOOL BOY GOOD BAROMETER.

Teacher Says by His Actions She Can Foretell Rainy Weather.

It looked like rain, and naturally he had on a pair of light shoes and carried no umbrella. The car stopped on the far side of Girard avenue, and a young lady got in, says the Philadelphia Inquirer. She bowed, and sat down beside The Saunterer, who recognized in her a school teacher friend.

"What do you think of this beastly weather?" queried he, disgruntled. "Is it going to rain, or isn't it?"

"I can't tell you to-day," answered the young lady, smiling an acceptance of whatever might come. "If it were a school day and you were willing to come to school with me, I could tell you in a very few minutes with absolute certainty. It'll sound funny to you, but it's true. I have noticed that you can always tell what the weather is going to be by the children. They're regular barometers. If there's going to be a storm they get restless, and I have the hardest kind of work to control them. Particularly the boys. The girls aren't so bad, but there seems to be some mysterious quality about approaching rain that always affects the former. I've got so now I don't blame them, because I don't believe they can help it. So you see," she concluded, as she got out at Chestnut street, "children have their uses, after all."

Castes in India.

A lady who has for many years been a missionary in India makes some very surprising statements about the castes. Castes, as most of the boys and girls know, are class distinctions which make barriers—as hard to pass as high walls—between one group of people and another. The people of a higher caste do not touch food that has been prepared by people of a lower caste. So you see some of the highest, the most aristocratic people have to be cooks. In the hospitals there have to be cooks belonging to the highest or Brahmin caste. At one time the lowest of the Hindus would decline food from the foreigners, even though they were starving. Now, however, the caste lines are less rigidly drawn, so that if you decline to put the food or alms down the beggar will relent and take it from you. It can be understood how two or three or a half dozen castes might be preserved, but this missionary lady said that there are forty castes among the barbers alone! And for a barber to marry a carpenter's daughter would be quite impossible! It can easily be seen how difficult it is for even truly Christian Hindus to come to the point of taking the sacrament of Holy Communion with all the church members.

Novel Scheme for Libraries.

Patrons of every public library realize the difficulty of obtaining the popular books of the day. It is impossible to meet the demand, even with a large increase in the number of copies purchased. A device, originating in the St. Louis library and being copied in some other city libraries, is to put such books on a special list and to charge a fee of 5 cents a week for them.

Old Egyptian Porcelain.

The question whether the ancient Egyptians made porcelain seems to have been settled at last. Specimens heretofore found were pronounced of Chinese origin by experts, but a fragment of a statuette recently found near Memphis is declared to be real Egyptian by Chateller.

We have noticed that after a guest goes home, the people at the house where she visited, do not complain of being lone.