

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO ..... OREGON

The open door in China gives the dowager empress a chill.

Messenger pigeons being used in war is quite a contrast to Noah's dove business.

It used to be the strong brain that told in college work. Now it is the husky right leg.

There are different ways of hauling people over the coals. One is when the dealers run up prices.

In Kansas they are making sausages of rabbits. However, hairs in sausage are not altogether a novelty.

Considering the marked falling off in marriages instead of wedding marches it looks like popularizing "The Flag of the Union."

Few women have yet attained to the degree of wisdom that inspires them to save up their rainy day skirts for a rainy day.

Scientists say that in future ages all people will be brunettes. We suppose this will be due to the passing of the white horse.

Another college student has died from the effects of hazing. When will students learn that brutality is a crime—except on the foot-ball field?

The "automobile face" is said to be worse than the "bicycle face." The wearer looks as if he had suddenly been aroused from a nightmareless sleep.

The Chicago man who speared a waiter through the lungs with an umbrella made a wrong use of the article. The umbrella was designed to shed water, not blood.

It will always be a puzzle to thinkers that if 800 shots are fired for every person killed in war, why there is such a big percentage of loss from accidental shooting in the hunting season.

It is reported that Great Britain wants to buy the Galapagos Islands. This must be a mistake. If Great Britain wanted them she would first try to get them by sending surveyors there.

Hetty Green says no way has ever been invented to prevent people from throwing away their money. It is generally understood, however, that no such invention would be of the slightest use to Hetty.

The Queen of Holland is reported to be engaged to Emperor William's oldest son, but it isn't likely that they will be married if the young lady finds out that such a union would be agreeable to her ministers.

The 10 per cent. a week syndicates offer a brilliant opportunity to get something for nothing, but, unfortunately for the credulous investor, the opportunity is afforded only to the men who run the syndicates.

Gov. Bradley of Alaska asks that the territory be granted statehood and an appropriation of \$110,000 for a penitentiary. With such improvements the Governor appears to believe that even in Alaska almost all the comforts of home may be obtained.

A New York woman arrested for keeping chickens in her rooms supposed they were no worse than the squawking parrots and barking dogs of the other rooms of an apartment-house. Why should there be so much difference of opinion as to pets?

Think of a promoter in the intelligent city of New York inducing people to give up their money by promising them 520 per cent. a year! Evidently, if you want to hoodwink people, you want to hoodwink them well. If he had only promised a return of 6 or 10 per cent. he would, in all probability, have secured few victims. There is an immense amount of attraction in a gold brick.

The head of a large corporation says that he is tired of having letters involving thousands of dollars delayed because his stenographer's feelings were hurt by a reproof for tardiness. The remark sheds light on the fact that many corporations are supplanting women by men employees. Too many women have yet to learn that business is business, not sentiment, and that places are held, if not always won, by business qualifications alone.

The humorist's assertion that talk is cheap, women half price, seems in the whirligig of time to have brought in its own revenge. At the recent International Council of Congregationalists, every speaker exceeded the time allotted him, thus encroaching upon the privileges of his successor. At a subsequent meeting of a State Feder-

ation of Women's Clubs, only a single speaker overstepped the limit of time, and the exception was a man!

The necessity for some change in foot-ball rules may be seen when it is noted that in proportion to men engaged in action there were more casualties reported last fall from the campaign on the gridiron than from the war being waged in the Philippine Islands. Twenty-two men engage in a foot-ball game and the contest wages for an hour and a half. The casualties in killed, wounded and disabled will average 20 per cent., which, we believe, is very much greater than have marked the fierce and bloody battles of the world's history. True, a man is not killed in every game, but the death list, nevertheless, is far too heavy. As for broken limbs and noses and ribs and collarbones, these are but incidents to the sport.

There are other Bill Anthonys. Brave men who have faced dangers in flood and field, but find the everyday struggle of life more menacing, more trying than facing shot and shell. And there are many men and women who have done nothing more heroic than to "keep up with the procession" until now, but who feel discouraged and are not sure of the future. To all such it may be said that, however safe and easy our posterity may find the path of life, in days to come when perhaps justice and order reign, the conditions to-day give a splendid opportunity for character-forming. For this cause we should deem ourselves fortunate that we live in an age of stress and strife. For this reason we should set ourselves steadfastly to our daily tasks, however hard. Mark Tapley, one of Dickens' cleverest creations, accepted every hardship and trial as an opportunity for gaining credit to himself for cheerfulness and helpfulness. That is the spirit in which we can succeed. This is the ideal which we can carry with us in daily life and conquer.

Our new Department of Agriculture, which, when first authorized by Congress, was regarded by many as likely to prove more costly and ornamental than useful or profitable, is gradually justifying its creation. While the experiments in agriculture carried on under its supervision may not have been of great practical value to the average American farmer, the information it collects and furnishes to the public in its monthly bulletins and annual reports is worth many times the cost of collection and publication. It is well known that we raise cotton, wheat, corn, oats, various fruits and meat products to supply the deficiencies of the rest of the world, but it is not so well-known that we import \$200,000,000 worth annually of the agricultural and forest products of other countries. The annual report of the Department of Agriculture for the present year presents this fact in clear and unmistakable figures, and the mere statement indicates that there is still a vast profitable and unoccupied field waiting for the American farmer. The bulk of these imported products, which include coffee, sugar, india rubber and a dozen varieties of fruit are chiefly grown in tropical countries. With our recent acquisitions in the West Indies, Philippines and the Sandwich Islands we are prepared to engage in the production of all these articles and the \$200,000,000 prize is certainly worth striving for. As a prerequisite to success in this line the American people should cultivate a little more pride and faith in American products. We are importing and using very inferior American wine, which is exported first to be furnished with a foreign label when we could get a much better article at home if we were willing to be known as consumers of home-made wines. There is little doubt that we can produce figs, dates, prunes and other fruits which we now largely import. Oranges of the best we already grow in Florida and California, and with our new West India acquisitions all our tropical fruits can easily be of the home grown varieties. And why should we not be able to supply our own wants in the shape of coffee and tea and the sugar to sweeten both within a very few years? The fault of the American farmer to date has been his inclination to confine himself to the cultivation of a few staple crops, with which he often overstocks the markets. There should be greater diversity in his farming, and the reports of the Department of Agriculture point out very definitely the field in which this diversity can be profitably exercised. American farmers cannot study these reports too carefully for their own prosperity.

**Slates and shortsightedness.**  
It is the opinion of a German oculist that the use of ordinary slates by school children tends to produce shortsightedness. As a substitute he recommends pen and ink or an artificial white slate, with black pencil. The latter have been introduced in some of the German schools.

**Try This Soup.**  
Fried wasp soup is considered a great delicacy in China. It is stated that it is quite an acquired taste.

## Prompted from the Gallery.

IN the "third floor back" of a dismal-looking lodging-house in a street near Waterloo bridge, a man was standing, singing. In a dilapidated armchair by the window, his audience—one wee, pretty lassie—was curled up, wrapped about with an overcoat, for it was the afternoon of Christmas Day, and there was no fire in the cheerless grate.

"Shall I light the lamp, daddy?" she asked, as he ceased to sing and began to execute a grotesque dance, still whistling the refrain of his song. "It has grown so dark that I can't see to give you your cues," and she held up some tattered manuscript as she spoke.

"No, Babsie; that will do for to-night. Don't try your eyes. Shall we have our usual chat in the dark, pet? There is no rehearsal to-night. Ugh how cold it is. Have we no coal or wood, dearie?" "No, dad; but it isn't very much colder without fire, because the silly smoke won't go up the chimney, somehow, so



IN A DILAPIDATED ARMCHAIR ONE WEE, PRETTY LASSIE WAS CURLED UP.

I have to keep the window open when we do have a fire."

"My poor little frozen baby," he said sadly, taking her in his arms. "We will find lodgings where the smoke does exit the proper way—after boxing night."

"Dad," she said, as she nestled close up to him in the armchair, "shall we have a Christmas pudding some day?"

"Shall I sing to you, Babsie?" he interrupted hastily. And, gently stroking her soft curls, he broke into a lively music hall ditty.

Babsie was soon fast asleep. He lifted her up and placed her on the bed.

"Heaven help her!" he murmured sadly, as he gazed upon the sweet white face. "If I had only been a laborer you would not have gone hungry on Christmas Day, my pet. I wonder how many poor mummies are waiting eagerly for Boxing night? I have looked for work without ceasing. I wonder if the noble army of bogus managers with whom I've been so closely acquainted of late are dining well to-night while she is starving. I'll spend every penny I earn this pantomime upon her comfort. Oh, if I can only make a hit, now my chance has come! Oh, my Babsie, my brave little Babsie!"

"Daddy, it's the glorious Boxing day at last!" cried Babsie, dancing round him in her excitement, as he was preparing to go to the theater.

"Everything wasn't quite smooth at dress rehearsal," he had explained to her; "so I shall be at the theater all day."

The latter part of this statement was not true; but he saw that there was barely food for one in the cupboard, and his pocket was quite empty.

As he ran down the stairs a little shoe came clattering after him, and a saucy, smiling face peeped over the balusters.

"That's for luck, dad," she called out. He noticed the little shoe had a hole right through the sole, and he sighed.

When he reached the theater he found only a few shivering nobodies assembled on the stage. They all waited for about two hours for the stars, who had never intended to appear, and then the stage manager dismissed them. Halliday met his manager as he turned out of the stage door with the intention of strolling about the streets until evening.

"Hallo!" said that individual, genially. "Hope all the plum pudding you had yesterday won't affect your top notes. I think your song will fetch 'em upstairs. There's money in it—"

Halliday uttered an exclamation, and, stooping down, picked up a quarter. "There, what did I tell you?" laughed the manager, as he slapped him on the back and went on his way.

Halliday hugged the little coin in his palm. It meant so very much. It meant a little Christmas for Babsie, and it had entirely changed his plans for the day. He hurried homeward with a lighter heart than he had carried for months, only stopping at a coster's barrow on his way to invest some of his treasure in rosy-cheeked apples.

He sprang lightly up the stairs to his home, calling "Babsie!" as he ran, so

anxious was he to see her astonishment and delight. But no answer came; no pattering of little feet. The dreary room was empty. He sat down chilled and uneasy, and the apples rolled unheeded to the floor.

But one hour—two hours—three hours passed, and still no Babsie. The fog was growing denser and denser. The anxious father paced up and down the little room. At every footfall on the stairs he rushed out and called her name.

The callboy at the Regal Theater was calling out "Overture and beginners" as he made his way along the passages when a man rushed past him and disappeared into one of the dressing-rooms. It was Nigel Halliday, white and trembling, and with huge beads of perspiration on his brow.

"He'll never be on!" said the performers in chorus. But he was at the side, dressed and made up, fully five minutes before his first entrance. The other performers were looking at him curiously, for his face was twitching and he spoke to no one. "Nervousness or drunkenness," they all agreed.

There was a ripple of laughter as he made his first entrance. It acted like an electric shock upon him. He knew what was expected of him, and he worked desperately. "He'll do," said the anxious manager, sagely, as he watched his grotesque exit and listened to the applause that followed it.

As soon as Halliday was off the stage after the fourth scene he caught the assistant manager by the arm.

"I'm not on until the palace scene," he said, eagerly. "How long is my wait?"

"Oh, about an hour to-night," was the reply.

Halliday rushed down the passage to his dressing room, removing his kingly robes as he ran.

"What the deuce are you doing?" cried one of the men, as he watched him struggling into his overcoat. "Are you drunk to-night, or what?"

"Don't stop me!" panted Halliday. "Hands off, I say! It's my long wait. I'll be back in time. My child is lost—missing since morning. I'm crazy with anxiety; she's my only one."

Through the streets he ran, threading in and out the traffic, heedless of the shouts of drivers. The fog had cleared away, and the night was starry.

"Babsie! Babsie!" he panted, as he tore along. "Babsie! Babsie!" as he vaulted up the dark staircase to his home. All was silent in the desolate room. He stood there one moment and threw up his hands in voiceless prayer, and then he hastened back to the theater.

Just before his entrance in the palace scene the doorkeeper made his way through the crowd and said something in a low tone to the stage manager. He saw them glance toward him, and in a moment he was beside them.

"In heaven's name, tell me, Grahame! Is it news for me? Don't lie; I know it is!"

"When you come off, Halliday—after your song. There's your music playing now. Go on, old man!"

"Tell me first," Halliday replied hoarsely, "and I give you my word I'll go on!"

"A little girl—run over—taken to



WAS BEING CLASPED IN HER FATHER'S ARMS.

Faith Hospital. Don't know who she belongs to. Died unconscious," Grahame replied hastily.

"Thank you," was all the wretched man said as he staggered past them onto the stage.

A child in the gallery laughed gleefully at his grotesque entrance. It sounded just like Babsie's laugh. Babsie now, perhaps, lying a little mangled corpse in the Faith Hospital. Why was he there, he asked himself, if his darling lay dead? What did he care for money now?

But Babsie had been so fond of his "drinking song." She had looked forward to hearing him sing it. He would sing it for her sake.

Then his voice began to falter—he

swayed slightly. "He's breaking down," was the terrified whisper. "Won't some one step in to fill the gap?"

And some one did. Right from the very back of the gallery it came—a child's voice that caught up the refrain just as the wretched singer was about to rush from the stage, and the astonished artists, looking up to the "gods," beheld the singer, a little girl, perched upon the shoulders of a stalwart coster. It was Babsie—Babsie alive and well.

By the time the little girl had got through the chorus and the gallery had shown their appreciation by applause and whistling, Halliday had regained his self-possession, and he sang the remainder of his ditty with such joyous vigor that he carried his audience along, and the infection of gaiety from all the smiling faces on the stage made itself felt all over the house.

"That kid in the gallery is an old music-hall dodge," said one petite to another.

"Yes, but this was jolly well worked. I thought the chap had really broken down," replied his friend.

Behind the scenes the "kid in the gallery" was being clasped in her father's arms amid a group of sympathetic people in motley attire.

Babsie's story was soon told. She had been offered a quarter by a neighbor to mind her babies while she went out. The temptation to see her "dad" perform had been too strong, and the little girl, with her precious coin in her hand, had patiently waited outside the gallery door for many hours. As she had not expected her father home all day she had not been in the least uneasy.

Then Manager Vaughan and Stage Manager Grahame claimed her attention, and the former slipped a brand-new dollar bill into her hand.

"It's what I owe you for that unrehearsed effect," he said, laughing. "Forget-Me-Not."

## FORTUNES IN TOYS.

Wealth Waiting for the Man Who Can Invent a Popular Puzzle.

The chief penny toy now most in demand is something of a mechanical kind, either in the shape of a working model or puzzle. The old kind of toy, with no movement, but which simply was made to be looked at, is of no use to-day. Of the most popular penny toys, during the last half century, more than one dealer gave me full particulars. About 1862 or so there was a tremendous run on penny watches with imitation gold chains! And the manager of a famous firm told me how curiously this came about. It was all due to a woman who stood near the Mansion house, it seems. This hawker colored a piece of thin board with black velvet, and, cutting out holes for the penny watches, placed the latter in them, with the "gold" chains twisted attractively round. Then she called out loudly: "A lovely watch and chain for a penny!" People began to buy rapidly, and time after time that day she replenished her stock and sold out again. Other hawkers learned of it, and within three days this penny watch had become quite a rage all over England. The toy firms were simply "mobb'd" for it by the hawkers. One firm alone sold over 5,000 gross in three months; and the maker, a Frenchman in Paris, had to put down new machinery and keep his factory going night and day for four months to supply the demand.

There is a fortune now waiting for the man who can invent a puzzle that will take the place which the "fifteen puzzle" once had, or the famous "pigs in clover." I was informed, on the very highest authority, that more than one regular street seller of toys could be pointed out to me who had often made over £20 a week; and that £10 weekly was by no means unusual for many of them to make during a good run of a popular article.—English Illustrated.

## An Old Timer.

A crowd of young men were seated in one of the steamboat offices in the city the other afternoon while an old steamboat veteran regaled them with stories about old times on the Mississippi and reminiscences of old-time citizens.

"Did you know old Bill Jones?" asked one of the men, after the captain had finished relating how he ran a gantlet of Indians with his boat 'way back in the forties.

"Member Bill Jones? Well, I guess I did," replied the captain. "Let's see he died just after the war. He was a good old fellow, too. I knew his father before he was married to Bill's mother."

One of the boys thought the old man was "doping," and, by way of tripping him up on his dates, asked: "Cap, how long have you been running on the river?"

"Who, me? Why, I started on the Mississippi when it was nothin' but a creek."—Memphis Scimitar.

## New French Pistol Saber.

A pistol saber is a new form of weapon now engaging the attention of the French war department. It has a firearm in the hilt, and when the sword meets with a resisting surface it recedes and the pistol is discharged. The sword weighs one-third more than the usual cavalry weapon, and when the pistol is not loaded the saber can be used in the ordinary way. Experiments show that the bullet will go through a breast plate.