

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

That was a big smash when the pottery trust broke.

Eighteen hundred and ninety-nine was a great year, but it couldn't end the century.

A man is not necessarily a dude because he wears rolled-up trousers. They may be fringed at the bottom.

A Chicago woman dreamed of burglars and awoke to find them in her room. In other words, it was "no dream."

Fashion has ordered womankind to again wear high-heeled shoes. This is not the sole offense of the fussy old dame, either.

James Whitcomb Riley says this world's greatest wonder is its Managing Editor. And the entire corps of reporters will agree with him.

It is the old story. The last year it advertised the St. Jacob's Oil concern made \$150,000. A young fellow got hold of it, quit advertising, and wrecked it in a year.

Judge Shiras, of Iowa, has decided that a married woman cannot be compelled to attend school. It is always cheerful to learn of common sense being used on the bench.

Captain Sigbee, who was on the Maine when she was blown up but escaped injury, and then went through the war with Spain without receiving a scratch, was knocked out by a Brooklyn trolley car. Yet people go right on thinking war is terrible.

A Berlin doctor has set the feminine world agog by declaring that to the wearing of veils is due a vast increase in the number of red noses. It is likely that this will have more effect on the fashion than all the inveighing of oculists which has been going on against it for years.

The average man will make out of a public office all the law allows or does not forbid. Abuses and irregularities and doubtful constructions of the law become established. "Everybody does it," becomes a common excuse for continuing questionable practices. Then investigation comes and—compromise!

It is said that when Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin Garland go to a hotel the gentleman never registers as "Hamlin Garland and wife," but as "Hamlin Garland and Zulmie Taft Garland." Hamlin is all right. He has the proper idea. There is no reason why any worthy woman should pass out of existence when she gets married. Still, why does he write his name first?

The Chicago Tribune's statistician is responsible for the cheering information that the lynching record in the United States for 1899 was the smallest since 1885. This is certainly good news, and probably unexpected to many people, for the increasing horror of these demonstrations among decent folk has undoubtedly been the cause of giving them greater conspicuousness in the press when they do happen.

The disfigurement of scenery with hideous advertisements is a great evil in this country, but is by no means peculiar to it. In England it has reached such magnitude that a large society has been formed, with a periodical publication as its organ, to combat it and to resist its further extension. The society is reported already to have done much good, especially by so arousing public sentiment as to make it evident that advertisers guilty of the offense will lose rather than gain patronage thereby. There is shrewd sense in that plan of campaign, commendable for application elsewhere. Advertisements are displayed solely for the sake of gain, and if it be known that those which have a character revolting to good taste will repel patronage and cause loss instead of gain, offensive methods of display will speedily be abandoned. The remedy of this evil, as of many others, lies within reach of the public.

What was formerly the rule has become so far the exception as to occasion special comment when it occurs—the retirement of a merchant while still in the vigorous period of his life, leaving his business to be carried on by the younger generation. In the mercantile life of the olden time this occurred as a matter of course. To be sure, what was then considered a fortune would now be scarcely a modest competence, but estimates of wealth are only relative. The merchant who was successful expected to "make his fortune" while he was young enough to enjoy it. The changes that have come about in business methods, the fiercer competition, the larger demands of life and the corresponding advance in the estimate of what constitutes wealth, have made this old-fashioned class of retired merchants much less

conspicuous than they formerly were in our American cities. Comparatively few men are able or willing to let go while there is opportunity to make more and it requires so large a fortune now to make a rich man that we are apt to wonder at any one who indicates that he thinks he has enough.

The commonest principles of justice and humanity must be lacking in the brain of a man who can sit in a judge's chair and say solemnly to a jury: "If a railroad company kills a child its parents should be satisfied with \$1 damages. Children are a source of expense to their parents and are of no pecuniary benefit." Yet this is the expressed opinion of a Supreme Court justice in New Jersey. Only \$1 for the life of every child killed under the wheels of a train or trolley car. The market value of an ordinary dog is five times as much. A pig is worth more. Scarcely less foolish than this opinion is that delivered by a justice of the Superior Court of Connecticut. He says: "Provided the railroad company killed the man painlessly, \$10 is sufficient damages for his relatives. The relatives must prove that the dead man suffered pain to get more. The fact that the body is mutilated does not prove it." Here is another gem of jurisprudence. A man put to death painlessly is worth \$10. A man who suffers some pain is probably worth \$100. On the other hand, and in accordance with the same rule, a man who is run over by a trolley car and dies shouting hallelujah and joyous praises for the company would have to pay for the privilege.

The question is asked, When will England reach the zenith of her greatness. There are some reasons for thinking that she has already reached it, and they have no reference to her success or failure in the Boer war. First, the English have ceased to be an agricultural people, and they must depend, even in war, upon food imported from over the sea. Second, as a manufacturing nation they have already begun to decay, as witness their final loss of the premiership in iron and steel production. It is morally certain that England will be left far behind in the industrial struggle of the twentieth century by the United States simply because the United States possess the greater natural resources, while in natural capacity the Americans are fully the equals of the English. Third, if England loses ground in agricultural and manufacturing and trade it will be inherently impossible for her to maintain first rank as a political power, because in her recurring wars her accumulated wealth will be gradually swallowed up. That she must engage in such wars seems clear because of the intense jealousy of her great rivals, and because her limited imperialism brings her in endless antagonism to those rivals in various parts of the earth.

There are two facts regarding consumption which, although long known and insisted upon by a few sanitarians and physicians, have only recently been generally admitted. It is upon these two facts—the contagiousness of the disease and its curability in the early stages—that the modern sanatorium treatment of tuberculosis has been founded. Consumption is not contagious in the same sense as smallpox, for if certain necessary precautions are taken a tuberculous subject is little more dangerous to the health of those about him than is a well person; but if these essentials are neglected the danger is very great and very real. Now among the very poor, especially those living in large cities, it is practically impossible to enforce the observance of these precautions, and consequently each consumptive is a center whence the disease may, and probably will, spread in countless directions. The transfer of such a patient to a sanatorium removes at once a source of peril to the community and at the same time gives the patient himself the best, and often his only, chance of recovery. The main elements of treatment in a sanatorium are an abundance of fresh and pure air, wholesome food, rest and exercise in the proper proportions, and above all absolute cleanliness and the prompt destruction of the bacillus-laden expectorated matters. Formerly sanatoria were accessible only to the well-to-do, and the poor, those who need this form of treatment the most, were barred. A movement has started recently, looking to the erection of institutions for the treatment of the poor at the expense of the State, and to Massachusetts, with its State hospital for consumptives at Rutland, belongs the honor of being the first of the United States to build such a sanatorium. When not only every State, but every large city as well, has similar institutions for the treatment and the sanitary education of the consumptive, we may hope to see the fatalities from this "great white plague" become as rare as those from whopping-cough or a cold in the head.

"I don't ask that your kin be distinguished," a man said to his wife. "All I ask is that they keep away."

Always tell the truth—and you'll probably pose as the defendant in a suit for damages.

THE GOOD IT WROUGHT.

66 MY darling, it is entirely out of the question."

Ernest Rodney parted the yellow, clustering curls from his young wife's brow as he spoke, and looked down at her heaven-blue eyes with a troubled light in his own.

"But, Ernest, why? She is a woman, this aunt of yours, with all a woman's tender and feminine influences," pleaded Lucy Rodney.

"She is an old maid, Lulu, with all an old maid's unaccountable whims and caprices. And I tell you she would never forgive me if she were to know of my marriage."

Lucy's brown eyes glittered through momentary tears.

"Ernest, I am sometimes tempted to wish that you had never seen me."

"Lucy! By darling! Are you so soon beginning to lose hope and courage?" he asked, almost reproachfully.

"Only for your sake, Ernest, I am happy, just as we are."

"Then, dearest, dismiss the one shadow from your heart. We will struggle along for the present, anyway—and when my aunt's property becomes ours—"

"Oh, Ernest! it seems so wrong thus to look forward to the death of one's fellow creatures!"

He smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"It is the way of the world, my love. And I have certainly nothing to expect from Aunt Esther during her lifetime. Now, little one, give me a kiss, and wish me Godspeed. If I succeed in selling my picture I will be back by noon. If not—why, then, I shall just try again."

And so the young artist parted from his pretty wife.

Lucy ran after him to the steps. "Ernest! Ernest! You'll be sure and not forget to order the little cradle! Baby came so near falling off the sofa last night!"

"I'll remember," said Ernest Rodney. He would have liked to spring into an omnibus instead of walking on that sultry June morning; he would have enjoyed a cigar—but he remembered Lucy's darning gown and mended gloves, and resolutely buttoned up his slender purse.

"No," he said to himself. "It is these indulgences that drain away a fellow's income; I must not give way to a single one—not until I am richer than at present."

While pretty Lucy sat down by the window, its seat filled in with roses and geraniums, to tuck her blue-eyed baby to sleep, and contrive how she could best turn her only black silk dress upside down and inside out, to make it seem like new again.

The clock in the warerooms of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, furniture dealers and upholsterers, had just struck 2, and Mr. Moulding entered with a brisk step.

"Boy," cried he, breathlessly, to an overgrown specimen of the genus homo, who was polishing a bedstead back, "where is this cradle to go?"

"Name of E. Rodney," the boy speedily made answer.

"Where?"

The boy scratched his head. "I—I forget, sir," he reluctantly replied. "But I know the name was Rodney."

"You're a blundering-headed dolt," Mr. Moulding barked impatiently out. "Do you expect an article is to stand here all day after being bought and paid for? Give me the directory quick."

He whirled the pages over with his finger and presently came to a meditative pause.

"Rodney, E.," he muttered between his teeth. "No.—General street. Take it around there at once, Martin. None of your loafing around, now."

And Martin, shouldering the cradle, started with promptitude.

Miss Esther Rodney sat at her worsted work by the front window when Martin tolled up the steps, his brow beaded with perspiration. Now, Miss Esther was a tall, thin old maid, with a brown face, angular jaws and irregular teeth.

"Bless my soul alive!" cried Miss Esther, dropping the worsted needle which was about to finish a dog's nose in gray and white zephyr, "what's that thing coming here for?" and she jerked up the window. "Boy! boy! there is some mistake!"

Martin stared.

"Name of E. Rodney, mem!" said he, glancing dubiously at the door-plate, which bore a similar legend.

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Rodney. "What on earth do you suppose I want with such an article as that? Who ordered it?"

"Your husband, mem, I s'pose," answered Martin, hopelessly.

"Never had such a thing in my life," retorted the spinster, sharply.

"It was a young gen'leman, mem, a tall party with brown whiskers," explained Martin, "name of E. Rodney."

A sudden light broke in upon Miss Rodney's bewildered brain.

"It's my nephew, Ernest," cried she. "As true as I live and breathe, it's my nephew Ernest. A cradle! Then he's been and gone and married that artist's daughter, after all. But I'll be at the bottom of the mystery, or I'll know the reason why."

"What be I a-goin' to do with the cradle?" vacantly demanded the unsuccessful embassy of Messrs. Newell & Moulding, after waiting in vain for some further advice.

"Take it to Jericho, for what I care," said Miss Esther sharply. "Only don't bring it here. We want no cradles in this house."

Jericho being manifestly out of the question, Martin took the cradle back to the warehouse, where Mr. Newell swore at him until he was out of breath.

And Miss Rodney, whisking on her bonnet and shawl, hurried round to the quarter of the city, where she knew her nephew had secured lodgings.

"Married! and never to tell me," said she to herself. "A cradle, and never to let me know. I wouldn't have believed it of Ernest. Some fine lady with folded hands and rings on her fingers, and a nurse to take care of her baby, I'll go bail. Poor Ernest; he never did have common sense about those things!"

It was a pretty, one-story cottage, just on the edge of the suburbs, on whose door Miss Rodney knocked—a cottage where, as her quick eye at once perceived, the window glass was faultlessly clear, and the muslin curtains daintily white. No one answered the sound and, pushing the door open, Miss Rodney entered.

In a little room, at the end of the hall, Mrs. Ernest Rodney stood, her sleeves rolled up, her pretty arms immersed in soapuds, while with one foot she gently agitated the bread tray on the floor (in which lay a blue-eyed baby, wide awake and smiling). Miss Esther stood still and gazed at the fair, cherry-cheeked little woman in her gingham dress and checked apron, her curls plined back and her energies devoted so earnestly to the task of washing Ernest's collars and wristbands.

"Not such a helpless fine lady as I thought," said Miss Esther. "A pretty baby, too, and the very image of poor, dear Ernest when he was a child."

Suddenly Mrs. Ernest, thrilled by the unconscious electricity with which one's presence, however unsuspected, will inspire another, turned around.

"Who are you?" she asked, with a slight start. "How came you here?"

"I am your husband's aunt, my dear," said Miss Esther, quite gently. "Will you come here and kiss me? Yes, yes, you are pretty—and you have a sweet, truthful look. I do not believe that it was through your fault that Ernest has kept me in ignorance of all this."

"Indeed—indeed, it was not," sobbed Lucy. "Oh, Aunt Esther, I have dreamed about seeing you so many times—but you never folded me in your arms like this. And you'll kiss the baby, won't you?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Aunt Esther.

And when Ernest came home, he found Lucy all smiles and radiance, and Aunt Esther tending baby as if she had served a life apprenticeship at the business.

"Aunt Esther!" he cried, starting back.

"Nephew Ernest!" she retorted.

"You have discovered my secret!" cried he.

"I have."

"And who told you?"

"The cradle," answered Aunt Esther, with a laugh, as she pointed down to that useful article of household furniture which, having at last blundered into the right place, stood at her feet.

"And oh, Ernest, she has forgiven us both, and she has promised to love me!" cried Lucy, "and we are all happy!"

"God bless the cradle, then—that is all I have to say," said Ernest, reverently.—New York Daily News.

The Czar at Home.

Alexander III., the late Czar of Russia, was said to be an autocrat even in the bosom of his family. Nicholas II., however, is the very reverse. He regards his consort as a good comrade and when in urgent cases ministers seek an audience late in the evening he is invariably to be found in her company, chatting and laughing without restraint. The Czar is generally occupied at his desk, while the Czarina busies herself with embroidery work. Immediately a minister enters she rises as if to retire, but more often than otherwise the Czar informs her that she is not one too many.

Longest Year on Record.

The year 47 B. C. was the longest on record. By order of Julius Caesar it contained 445 days. The additional days were put in to make the seasons conform as nearly as possible with the solar year.

ASKED TO TEACH THE QUEEN.

How a Young Jewess from America Lost an Interesting Opportunity.

"This is a brand-new stitch," said the young woman, holding up a dainty piece of embroidery, "and if you'll come some day when we can be all alone I'll teach you how to do it."

"That reminds me of a good story," said her companion. "You know that Queen Victoria is a crank on the subject of needlework and spends much time learning new things in embroidery and crochet work. Well, a few years ago she was spending some time at Wiesbaden, and she used to drive to the bazaar and look at the needlework, while people looked at her and wondered why she persisted in wearing the old, rusty bonnet. One day the young woman who usually waited on her showed her what you just showed to me—a brand-new stitch—and was asked to call the next day and teach her Majesty how to make it. She was to make a second call to finish the job several days later, but in the meantime was taken ill, and the proprietor of the establishment was beside herself and worried as to how and where she would get a substitute.

"On the day before the appointed time a young girl from a Western city in the United States came to the bazaar and saw and admired the piece of needlework, and told the saleswoman that it was the first she had seen since she had finished a similar piece.

"Then you know how to do the stitch?"

"Certainly," said the young woman. "Why?"

"Well, there was a whispered consultation, and then the girl was asked if she would act as substitute the next day and teach the Queen. You can imagine that she did not hesitate. She went to the hotel, and, radiant with joy and excitement, told her mother of her good fortune, and after she had received the congratulations of her friends, her mother shattered all her plans by reminding her that the next day was Saturday, and that, as a good Jewess, she could do no sewing on that day. And now the young woman tells the story of how near she came to teaching Queen Victoria a new stitch."—New York Tribune.

Pickpocket Pig-ott's Ruse.

"Jack" Piggott, the noted pickpocket, used to tell a funny story about the difficulty he had in picking the pocket of a fashionably dressed woman who was looking in at the window of Shreve's jewelry store. It illustrates the hardships that the light-fingered gentry are forced to endure in the pursuit of their profession.

It was a cold winter evening and the lady on whose purse Piggott had designs stood looking at the holiday finery so temptingly displayed. Piggott said that he tried all the arts known to his craft for the extraction of the wallet, but all in vain, until as a last resort he fished a toothpick from his pocket, and reaching around tickled the lady's ear. Instinctively she raised her hand to brush away the invading insect or whatever it might be, and in so doing let go of her pocketbook that she was carrying in the pocket of her coat. It was only for an instant, but it was long enough for the expert pickpocket to get in his work, and when she put her hand back her money was gone, and in the crowd around her she could not identify the pale-faced, fashionably dressed young man at her side as the person who had robbed her, and if she had accused him there would have been no proof against him, as the swag was at once passed to a pal who stood ready to receive it and run.

To the Point.

At a meeting of an autograph society, composed of young women, in Chicago, one particular celebrity who had remained obdurate to all requests for his signature was almost unanimously voted to be a "mean old thing." The one girl who had not concurred in the general condemnation asserted that the others did not know how to manage this particular lion. "I'll show you," she declared, and forthwith wrote and mailed to the celebrity a request composed of only two words. They were, "Autograph, please." At the next regular meeting the girl appeared triumphantly, waving a sheet of letter paper over her head. It was the reply of the celebrity. He seemed reproachful. All he wrote was: "You must be pressed for time," with his signature following.

Icy.

It was a letter in answer to the announcement of the engagement of a young man, and sent to the girl to whom he had previously been engaged. For some reason she was not exactly pleased at this attention on his part, and this is the letter she sent to him. It read:

"Dear Sir—I have received the letter containing the announcement of your engagement to Miss Blank. As I do not know her I cannot congratulate you, and as I do know you I cannot congratulate her." After that she signed her name, and with a feeling of great pleasure of a certain kind sent off the epistle.

If a young man does not begin to tire of society by the time he is twenty-five, it is a sign that he will never amount to much.