LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

The bathtub trust is not supposed to fear water.

Barbed wife as a battle appliance has found its way into Natal. Those like it best who are not stuck on it.

About the most innocent of ways to pull the wool over childhood's eyes is to use the yarn of the stocking.

A Western woman's wanting $50,000 for a broken heart does not in the least contradict the sex's innate liking for a fine figure.

Talking of cold weather as against other forms of garment, the man just wrapped up in himself is generally a cold individual.

An Eastern man is said to be building an ark. This will remind people of the fact that there has never yet been a trust in that article.

Evidently the only way some people can have any confidence in the remunerative character of a business is to have a trust in it.

Popular sentiment is overwhelmingly opposed to the anti-expansion sentiment that would cut down the nineteenth century to ninety-nine years.

Maybe the new cult of "gentlemen burglars" is due to a knowledge that good manners are necessary to those who would enter the best houses.

The wooden Indian has been vindicated at last—he stopped a runaway horse in New York the other day. There's a theme for a new Hans Andersen.

Newspaper men see the dawn of the millennium. An Eastern railway has adopted the policy of telling the newspapers the whole truth in case of an accident.

A man wants $10,000 damages because a telegram was not delivered which caused his loss of the girl of his choice. Ten years from now he may feel differently about it.

A man who had injured his hand was in such a hurry to apply salve to the wound that he picked up a can of dynamite by mistake, and, finding that the top would not come off readily, he hit it with a hammer. Why will people keep on going all to pieces over little things?

It seems ludicrous now to believe that Admiral Cervera was actually ordered to come over here and bombard the principal Atlantic ports. Yet if we had been really sure of it then those Boston and Newport panics would not have been so strange—for the strength of the Spaniards was at that time an unknown quantity.

Newspaper statements concerning the will of Rosa Bonheur recall the fact that the principal legatee was, until the last year of the great artist's life, an entire stranger to her. Miss Anna Klumpke, a young portrait painter of promise, greatly desired to paint Rosa Bonheur, and wrote, asking that privilege. Receiving a favorable reply, she at once started from Boston to Fontainebleau, in France, and entered upon her work. The two women found themselves in such close sympathy that Mlle. Bonheur asked her visitor to make her home with her, and at her death last year devised almost her entire estate—chateau, park, library, paintings and priceless manuscripts—to this young American. The story is a romance in real life. It underscores the poet's query: "Who can answer where any road leads?"

When a resourceful novelist like Mrs. Amelia E. Barr gives up the servant girl problem and abandons her country home on the Hudson to live in a New York hotel the outlook is dark for plain people who do not pretend to write novels or solve problems. Mrs. Barr says she has really been driven out of her home by her inability to solve this great enigma of the time. Her flight to a city hotel, combined with her belief that the household work of the future will be done by men, suggests the probability that before the end of another century everybody may be living in city flats and apartments and dining on the hotel plan. The housemaid apparently holds it in her power to abolish the private home life of the nation. It is high time for the geniuses and reformers to apply all their powers to solving the problem of how to make young women prefer kitchen work in the country to factory work in the city. At present the attractions are mostly on the side of the factory.

What we really want nowadays is a philanthropist who will invent some indoor amusement for people whose noses get red in cold weather. Those people who have artistic temperaments cannot revel only in an entourage of grace and beauty are especially concerned in this affair. We appeal directly to Adolphus—young or old as the case may be—and the elderly Adolphus is, perhaps, the more exacting; we appeal to Adolphus, we say, for sympathy. It doesn't so much matter about men. Who cares whether the nose of Jones or Smith or Robinson is red? Nobody expects them to be beautiful. Nobody is shocked if they be otherwise. But when we encounter Clarissa or Celestine, whom last evening we saw across a flowery dinner table pale, haughty, with tip-tilted nose and scarlet lips—the incarnation of aristocratic calm—when we encounter her in the square or on "the" boulevard and see her with crumpled cheeks and flushed proboscis what a sorrow perches on our souls! Why, the generation simply yawns for a philanthropist.

Just a short while ago we, meaning the American people, were informed that the primary cause of our longevity and general good health was the fact that we ate hearty breakfasts and prepared ourselves for the day's labors with a good meal. It was shown and proved beyond dispute that the human machinery needed a goodly supply of fuel to run the engine during the day and that the best time to lay in this supply was at breakfast. Thereupon the American people began to eat heartily of toast, griddle cakes, cereals, etc. That is, those who read the article and were struck by its force did those things they were told were essential for the preservation of their health, strength and life. Now comes another "authority" and says that the American breakfast is too heavy and that the first hearty meal of the day should not be eaten until noon. This later "authority" "proves" his case just as positively as the other, and there will be men and women who will heed the advice and starve themselves half a day under the belief that they are doing themselves a favor. All of which recalls to mind that if the American people did everything that they were told to do and did not do the things that they were told not to do, always by medical "authorities," every minute would be used to do something contradictory to that which had been done the preceding minute.

There is a significance in the fact that the new treaty between Mexico and China is written in English instead of, as customary, in French. It is in line with the recent instances in which English has been substituted for French as the language of diplomacy in international conferences, but has still deeper significance than that. French was formerly the universal language of diplomacy, and all conferences between the powers were conducted in it, as a matter of course, but English has become so more the language of the world than the French that it is superseding the latter even in that most conservative usage. English is also the language of commerce to a much greater extent than French, as English and American commerce far outrank any that is carried on under any other form of speech. Lastly, the most important, an English-speaking nation, the United States, is not only the nearest neighbor to both Mexico and China, but is rapidly becoming the most important one with which they have to deal; while second to it in some respects, first in others, is England. Both nations, therefore, having far more occasion to use the English than any other foreign tongue, they are bound to become more familiar with it than with any other, and it is so nearly a common language between them that it is very wise for the diplomats to use it for the purpose of a common understanding. They will avoid complications better in this way than by adopting French or any other tongue.

For more than 5,000 years men have been trying to discover "the elixir of life." The earliest searcher, so far as authoritative history shows, was Hermes Trismagestrus, born 4800 B. C. Coming down to the Christian era, there was Zosemus, who lived 400 A. D. to 450; Ghebe Rhazes, 880 to 930; Ovicenno, 980 to 1037; Artephino, 1075 to 1130; Roger Bacon, 1214 to 1294; Albert Magnus, 1340 to 1384; Ponce de Leon, 1460 to 1521; Paracelsus, 1743 to 1895; Cagliostro, 1843 to 1894; Brown-Sequard, 1818 to 1894. They and others, like the rest of their generations, are all dead. It is noticeable that most of them died early, not living three score years and ten. It is needless to say that they failed to discover "the elixir." Perhaps it is well that some of them did not, considering what they were. The latest candidate for disappointment is Prof. Metchnikoff, a distinguished scientist in the Pasteur institute, Paris, who claims to have discovered a series of lymphs that will arrest decay and rejuvenate the human body. He discards the accepted theory of senile atrophy, and holds that "certain cells which have been believed to be destroyed by age are simply dormant. Not only can they be revived, but multiplied," with his wonderful lymphs. In a certain measure corroboration of this claim are the experiments of a physician who announces that he can successfully treat paralysis and cites cases. But both are now only experimenting, and the probability is that, like some predecessors, they will make their discoveries just in time to die.

TREASURES IN BANKS.

SOMETIMES LIE UNCLAIMED FOR MANY YEARS.

Queer Finds in Boxes Left for Safe Keeping—How Interest, Under English Law, Accumulates on Unclaimed Deposits—Advertising for Owners.

As is well known, banks act as custodians of boxes deposited with them for safe keeping. They make no charge for doing so, their object being to undertake no responsibility and incur no risk, as the acceptance of payment would imply. Naturally it happens that boxes stowed away by the banks in this manner come to be lost sight of by their owners. Those who left them for safe keeping die without passing on the secret of their existence to their heirs. Who is to know that such possessions could be claimed? It has been suggested that these boxes should be occasionally overhauled and their contents made public.

An advertisement was issued in 1881 by order of the court of chancery, Ireland, with a view to discover the owners of the following among other valuables deposited in a Dublin bank: "(1) Box containing a number of silver articles, coins, medals and seals, and having on it a crest and the name 'E. S. Cooper;' (2) box containing a number of silver articles, of which several are crested with a coat of arms, supposed to be those of Viscount Netterville; (3) box containing thirty-nine articles of plate, some of them bearing a coronet; (4) box containing diamonds and articles of jewelry, lodged by Dr. Andrew Blake and George Jennings on Dec. 22, 1796." There were some curious inquiries and tales about the chests found in their vaults, which were eventually handed over to the court of chancery.

In the vaults of the Bank of Ireland are some chests of plate which were deposited with the bank before it moved into its present building—that is, before the year 1800—the owners of which are unknown. Some years ago the confidential staff of the Bank of England discovered in the vaults a chest which, on being moved, literally fell to pieces from age. It contained a magnificent and very valuable toilet service of solid silver. No clue to the owner's identity could be found either on the box or on any of the pieces of plate, which were simply engraved with a cipher and a coronet.

However, among the numerous other things found in the box were a gold casket of the period of Charles II. and a packet of old love letters written during the time of the restoration. These afforded some clue to the original depositor, and, the directors having caused search to be made in the bank's books, the representative of the old owner was discovered and the plate and love letters handed over accordingly. The sale of the plate brought in a sum which was most welcome to the poverty-stricken descendants of a once great family. So far as known, there are no unclaimed boxes in the keeping of the Scotch banks.

Unclaimed deposits occasionally crop up when from time to time calls are made on banks to pay them. Instances of this become public in sufficient number to indicate that there is something in the demand for publicity of these dormant balances. A few years ago a Glasgow man died, and among his possessions was an old desk. This fell to one of his heirs, and not so long since a woman connected with the family was struck with the similarity of this article to one she had herself, and she expressed a curiosity as to whether it had, like her desk, a secret drawer.

Examination was made, and, sure enough, a drawer was found, and in it two deposit receipts for sums aggregating something over $1,500. These deposits were dated away back between thirty and forty years, and one of them was on the City of Glasgow Bank.

They were, of course, duly presented, and both were paid with interest. In an old box with books belonging to a provincial library there was found a bank book which must have lain there for about thirty years. The amount deposited was only about $18, but so long had the money remained that the interest on that sum amounted to about $40.50, making a total of about $59—not a despicable sum in these degenerate days.—Chambers' Journal.

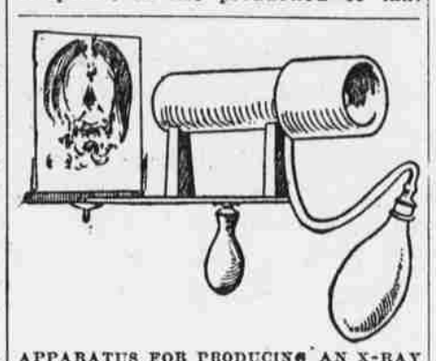
AN X-RAY DELUSION.

Apparatus Apparently Photographs the Interior of the Body.

Gustave Michaud, D. Sc., describes in the Scientific American a most ingenious scientific toy which is productive of endless amusement, yielding results which are simply astonishing for spectators who have not been told the secret of its construction. It apparently reproduces instantaneously and neatly the interior of the human body, giving to every organ its natural color. The whole operation is performed under the eyes of the bewildered sitter, who watches the X-rays in what seems to be the act of drawing and painting before his eyes his vital organs.

The apparatus looks like the objective tube of a camera, with the plate on which the image is to be produced in full sight of everyone. The apparatus is placed opposite the person whose viscera are to be photographed, and to heighten the effect a lamp may be solemnly placed behind the sitter. The operator invites everyone to look at the white sheet of paper, and presses the rubber bulg of the shutter. A colored image appears instantaneously on the paper. The lungs are a bright red color, the heart is darker, the veins are blue, the stomach and intestines are of a greenish tint; other parts of the body paint themselves in black on the white paper. This sudden apparition generally startles the sitter; but a few remarks on the healthy looks of his lungs will place him at his ease. The photograph is taken out of the apparatus and passed among the spectators.

Two distinct parts of the apparatus co-operate in the production of that

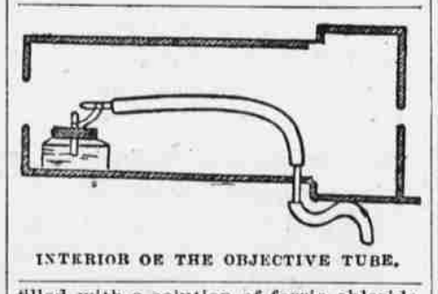


APPARATUS FOR PRODUCING AN X-RAY ILLUSION.

X-ray trick; namely, the sheet of paper and the objective tube.

Before the experiment, the sheet of paper is treated as follows: It is pinned over any anatomical drawing showing the position of the principal thoracic and abdominal organs. If the sheet of paper is not too thick, the drawing can be seen through it. The space occupied by the lungs is then painted with a diluted solution of sulfocyanide of potassium. A more concentrated solution of the same salt is used to fill the space outlined by the heart and principal arteries. A few big veins are painted with a solution of ferrocyanide of potassium. A more diluted solution of the same salt is used for the stomach and a few intestinal folds. The rest of the body is uniformly painted with a concentrated solution of tannin. The whole operation need not take more than five minutes. When the paper is dry, the drawing is absolutely invisible, for all the above named solutions are colorless. The sheet of paper is now ready for use in the apparatus.

The objective tube does not contain any lens, but merely a small atomizer



INTERIOR OF THE OBJECTIVE TUBE.

filled with a solution of ferric chloride. When pressed the rubber bulb sends air, not as every spectator believes, into a pneumatic shutter, but into the atomizer. As a result a fine and invisible spray of the perchloride of iron solution reaches for a moment the sheet of paper. What follows is easily understood by every student of chemistry.

The reactions between ferric salts on one side, sulfocyanide of potassium, ferrocyanide of potassium, and tannin on the other side, are among the most sensitive of analytical tests, owing to the extraordinary intensity of the red, blue and black colors which originate in these reactions. Hence the instantaneous production of the colored picture.

MRS. WILLIAM BELL LOWE.

Atlanta Woman Who Will Be Prominent at the Paris Show.

Mrs. William Bell Lowe, of Atlanta, will be honorary president for America of the Women's Board of the Paris exposition. Mrs. Lowe has been prominently identified with the woman's club movement and is now president of the General Federation. Mrs. Lowe, before her marriage, was one of the most beautiful girls in Southern society. She is wealthy and has long been noted for her philanthropic work. She has a handsome home in the aristocratic quarter of Atlanta.

MRS. WM. BELL LOWE.

California's Redwood Forests.

An Eastern syndicate is being organized to buy up all of California's famous redwood forests.

SLAVS THREATE

Dark Shadow of a Ra ing Rapidly i

Europe has less overrun by the M Slavonic race. this race is than that of a At present t most part to pire now though the in the ex the extre Slavs, p rare in h sia we h large Eur future of certainly Austria ha Slav kingdo often in B man is face ne is so in Gall and Carniola, while t surrounded by an ever-in population in the land of hi the Balkan peninsula it is a case o whether Slav or Greek shall inherit the lands made desolate by the Turk, and few who have studied the question in the light of recent history can doubt that it will be the Slav.

It is not necessary to quote that hackneyed saying of Napoleon—"Cossack or republican"—it is more to the point to say that, whatever the future political forms of Europe may be, her actual population will be largely if not predominately Slavonic, and that this fact may mean a different Europe from that known in history. For where, from the point of view of numbers, is the counter-balancing element to the Slav to be found? France is stationary and very nearly so are Spain and Portugal.

Germany is full, and can only maintain herself in comfort by reason of the American outlet for her surplus. Austria is actually a ground for Slav, as against German increase. Italy, like Germany, sends her surplus over the Atlantic. The great future of English-speaking people is not in Europe, but in America and the Southern seas. The Norse people are hemmed in by barren lands and are probably increasing faster in the Northwest of the United States than at home. Now, if we set against these facts the actual growth of Russia herself, the increase of Slavs in Central Europe, and the probable future of the Slavs in the Balkan peninsula, we cannot fail to see that, within a measurable period, the Slavonic element in European society will preponderate in the balance.

What effect will this radical reconstruction of Europe exert on mankind? It will be a long time before we shall realize that if we want to find the great seats of the historic peoples of Europe we shall have to look beyond Europe, to Teutonic North America, to Latin South America, to Teutonic Australasia. Yet this will, so far as one can see, certainly be the case within another century, assuming the present general drift of things to continue.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Boer as a Family Man.

As a family man, the Boer's reputation would justify him in becoming a candidate for the Denmow Flitch. Surly and suspicious in manner, heavy and uncouth in his ways, shy and reserved among strangers, you may win him to a gruff cordiality, if you are a husband and father, and care to listen to the details of his domestic life. But although the Boer certainly cherishes with deep affection his wife and children, says a Ladysmith correspondent of the London Standard, he treats them according to oriental, rather than European ideas. The women always stand until the men are seated, and are not served until the wants of their lords and masters are satisfied. I am describing the customs of the farmer who lives on the veldt, and has no acquaintance with western manners. Such a man is little removed from a state of barbarism, and his surroundings are often as squalid as those of the Kaffir. Despite this patriarchial rule, the vrouw has great influence over her man, and is credited with having on more than one occasion screwed up his courage to the fighting point. The Boer vrouw is not a beauty, notwithstanding the care with which she preserves her complexion from the effects of the sun. Her ambition, like that of the fishwives at Scheveningen, is to become as fat as an ox, though, unlike the Dutch wife, she is not an example of scrupulous cleanliness. The Boer is not hospitable. He resents the presence of strangers and, being too lazy to cultivate more than is necessary for the immediate wants of his family, he has nothing to spare for uninvited guests.

An African Snake Story.

An exciting incident marked the trial trip on the new Congo Railway from Matadi to Stanley Pool, says the Westminster Gazette. When nearing the latter place a huge python was observed on the line. The reptile appeared fully alive to the discomfort cut to pieces, and "made tra all possible speed; but, as tered a narrow cutting, self at close quarters a the engine driver, who pul may. One of the officials dis- hereupon alighted and by a well-timed blow put the intruder hors de combat.