

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

About the most dangerous place in a time of war is to be on the board of strategy.

The greatest poet in Italy is a fat man. He must have an income from some other source.

A man is suing for divorce because his wife smokes cigars. What relief would he ask if she smoked a pipe?

Dr. Talmage preached a mighty good religion when he advocated the practice of cheerfulness as a regular daily habit.

Ladies who take off their hats in the theater at the same time show that their consideration for others is on straight.

A French judge has declared that a man must be mad who writes poetry. However that may be, the editor he sends it to generally is.

Many a man is not half as much affected by a salesgirl's yelling "Cash!" as by the quieter, almost voiceless methods used in the household.

There is a young man in London so careful that in calling on his girl he always knocks, for fear if he came with a ring she might consider it a proposal.

The Interior Department has taken steps to preserve Wind Cave, South Dakota, as a national park; possibly as a home for ex-members of the Senate.

While two Ohio boys were hunting for a skunk the other day they found a bag of gold worth more than \$2,000. The dispatch doesn't say whether they got the skunk or not.

A Pittsburg woman waited for twenty years for a man. It often requires time and patience and great mental anxiety, but the dear creatures will have us, just the same.

Four million bushels of peanuts are used annually in this country. In behalf of the peanut it can be said that no successful adulteration of it has ever yet been sprung upon the public.

American butter is rapidly crowding German butter from the English market. If England could only be induced to take some genuine American corn-cakes and "pone" to go with our butter, her gastronomic happiness would be complete.

The close of the century finds many restrictions placed by international agreement upon the barbarous tendencies of war. War is still with us, but its horrors are greatly mitigated by agreements that protect noncombatants and secure humane treatment to the wounded and prisoners. A survey of the century is, upon the whole, encouraging. Much remains to be done, but much also has been accomplished.

Those people who have been laboring under the hallucination that large numbers of Canadians were only waiting a favorable opportunity to shake off the British "yoke" will doubtless change their views when they learn that every employe of the Canadian Pacific, numbering about thirty thousand, subscribes half a day's pay to the patriotic fund for the assistance of Canadian soldiers in South Africa and their families.

For the past thirteen years the government has been erecting coast fortifications according to a general plan, devised by officers of the army, which will cost in the aggregate about one hundred and twenty-five million dollars—the work to be spread over a series of years. Although the plan in its essential features was adopted, the work has not been carried on with the intended rapidity. The Spanish war found the coast cities poorly fortified. Such fortifications as existed were inadequately provided with old-fashioned ammunition. The smoke from the powder would have defined the position of the batteries to an enemy. The idea that the coast must bristle with guns is offensive to most Americans. The country has been defended in the past by its isolation, its non-interference traditions, and its ships. Even now the completion of the coast defenses is retarded by the opposition of navy men, who advise that the money intended for such defenses be spent for ships rather than for forts. The experience of the Spanish war certainly justifies a good opinion of the defensive value of modern shore batteries, since while our good ships were unable to harm seriously even very old and poorly equipped coast defenses, they easily made away with the enemy's ships. Nor can it be longer assumed that the policy of keeping out of the quarrels of Europe secures the American coasts perpetually from attack. Our "line of battle" is now extended over the whole world. Common prudence and ordinary Yankee

foresight admonish that the system of defenses be completed at an early date.

Julia Ward Howe's remonstrance against society's addiction to slang reveals the old question as to how much or little of that spice of speech is permitted to mature tongues. On the face of it, slang, like scarlet fever, seems to be a phase of youth, and to have it when one is old is to become the object of a pity that is mingled with ridicule. It is the youthful linguistic rebellion against law and conservatism, a kind of Bohemia for the tongue in which that member loves to revel. Among a small group of boys, searching the other day for a suitable place in a park in which to play ball, one urchin announced with enthusiasm: "Here's a peachy place to play." If the boy had been describing the episode in an essay intended for the decorous eyes of a teacher he would have written: "At last we discovered a most appropriate place in which to play our game." But "peachy" was the out-of-door boy word, and it had a sort of tang to it that suggested youthful fervor. But this kind of fruit is denied to maturity, and it is to be hoped that New-Yorkers do not thus describe their social playgrounds, though they seem to be permitting themselves license of all kinds of late. One drawback to slang is that its meaning is evanescent. You may know what it is to be a "chump" this year, but in a few months the word may have lost its significance. Another objection to the use of slang is that it tends to impoverish language. A few words seem to convey many ideas. Nice shades of meaning are lost. Discrimination and taste are diminished. The youth's vocabulary does not grow. On the whole, it is well to regard slang as a spice of speech to be used seldom.

Yankee ingenuity is proverbial, and is a trait of which New-Englanders may fairly be proud. Nevertheless, there is one field of invention in which they do not shine—the invention of proper names. This was often practiced in New England in old times. It has now become a distressingly popular habit in the West. Of course, it is easy to understand how a proud parent may think no name in all history, tradition or romance quite good enough for her own particular baby; but that baby, when she grows up—it is almost invariably a she—will seldom thank her parents for their effort to distinguish her with something novel and original. Yet greatly daring parents, quite recently the records show, have afflicted innocent infants with the names of Venustine and Oriette; Ravilla, Syrenola and Zulea; Zinda, Luciline and Hyanthie; Doricianna and Avelaura! The poor babies! And they will not even have the satisfaction of commemorating great events, which may some day partially reconcile to their fate these young ladies, the Misses Deweytte-Olympia Jones, Phillippina-Victoria-Dewey Brown and Deweyline Manila Robinson! Indeed, the first two of this trio being of the colored race, whose taste in names is usually a little flound, may perhaps wear their honors as proudly as they were bestowed; but it would not be a rash prophet who should venture to predict that little Deweyline Manila, by the time she has been plagued through the primary school, and called after in the grammar school, and laughed at through the high school, will, once she is fairly entered upon her teens, fall back on her initials and face a cold, hard world as plain Miss D. M. Robinson.

For reasons not altogether apparent from an American point of view, considerable interest has recently been manifested in Congress in the Panama route for the inter-oceanic canal. It is easy enough to understand that the former promoters of the ill-fated enterprise which wrecked the reputation of nearly every one connected with it would be glad to have the United States take the big Panama ditch off their hands, but there are reasons in abundance why this government should persevere in the Nicaragua scheme in preference. Senator Morgan, perhaps the best-informed man on this particular subject in the United States Senate, is in favor of going ahead with the Nicaragua canal without waiting for the report of the commission now considering and looking into the Panama route. Among other reasons the Alabama Senator offers for preferring the more northern route is one that ought to have great weight. In his report on the strategic relations of the canal Senator Morgan puts the case very clearly and briefly in these words: "If after we had constructed a canal at Panama these republics (Costa Rica and Nicaragua), backed by the other Central American States, or by other countries, should open a ship canal over this route, they would cut our line of communication on both sides of the isthmus with a shorter line to our coasts, and, in the military sense, would interpose between us and our base of operations. That such a condition would be embarrassing is the mildest form in which to speak of a situation that would be intolerable and perilous in the highest degree. If there are to be two canals across the isthmus in coming time, one of them must be a canal under American control, and it is indispensable to our safety that it should be located on the Nicaragua route."

THE FAULT OF THE AGE.

The fault of the age is a mad endeavor To leap to heights that were made to climb; By a burst of strength, or a thought most clever, We plan to forestall and outwit time.

We scorn to wait for the thing worth having; We want high noon at the day's dim dawn; We find no pleasure in toiling and saving. As our forefathers did in the old times gone.

We force our roses, before their season, To bloom and blossom for us to wear; And then we wonder and ask the reason Why perfect buds are so few and rare.

We crave the gain, but despise the getting; We want wealth—not as reward, but dower; And the strength that is wasted in useless fretting Would fell a forest or build a tower. —New York Journal.

My Brown Merino.

DO YOU think it will look fit to be seen, after it is turned?" I asked, holding up to the light my old brown merino.

George Terry looked at it rather dubiously, while I anxiously waited her decision.

"H'm—I don't know, Rose. I wish you would take my black alpaca. The merino will be good enough for me at home."

"Indeed, I'll do no such thing!" I exclaimed indignantly. "Have all the pleasure of going away and take your dresses in the bargain, leaving you to stay home and wear my old clothes! I can't be quite that selfish, George."

George laughed melodiously. She always had such a pleasant, rippling laugh—it sounded warm and sunny, just like her own sweet temper.

"Now, that's what I call 'straining at a gnat,'" said George, with her ripe, red lips trying to pout, but quivering with smiles instead. "But here comes mamma. She shall settle that point."

Poor, dear mamma turned her head, first to one impetuous daughter, then to the other, sighing gently all the while. But to my great glee the decision was in my favor.

"I wish you could have another new dress, dear Rose," said mamma, in her kindest tones; "but I don't see how we can manage it."

All this dispute may seem very trivial to the unconcerned, but to us, the interested parties, it was of great importance. I was going on a journey—going to leave my home and travel alone for the first time in my life. We—that is, mamma, George and I—lived on grandfather's farm, in New Hampshire.

Mamma had a friend named Mrs. Wharton, who had been living in Boston for many years, and she had written to mamma begging that one of us might pay her a long visit. Great was the debating as to which should accept the invitation.

George insisted that it was my prerogative, as I was Mrs. Wharton's namesake. I rather think our new minister had something to do in making George so persistently refuse to go; for good and kind as George was, she had never been quite so active until young Mr. Partridge beamed upon us, with his bright black eyes. However, it won't do to tell her secrets without special permission.

Mamma had given me a new gray gown for Sundays and visitings; I had also a white one for evenings, in case I should go to any parties. These, with my two morning wrappers, were considered a very good outfit.

George had generously insisted on my taking her new black alpaca, her one best dress, and leave my brown merino—my last winter's garment—for her to wear on Sundays. But George was the soul of generosity, and would beggar herself to do anyone a kindness.

After much twisting and turning and discussions as to trimmings my wardrobe was considered finished and presentable, and I embarked on my journey. The ride was one of long delight, for my passionate love of traveling had hitherto been very little gratified.

As I stood in the railroad station at my journey's end, looking helplessly about me, a tall gentleman, with a handsome brown mustache, approached, and bowing with easy and polished grace, said in an inquiring tone:

"Miss Rose, I presume?"

I bowed in response, inwardly wondering if polite society required gentlemen to address ladies at first acquaintance by their Christian names.

"My aunt, Mrs. Wharton, has been unexpectedly called away from home for a few hours, and has given me the honor and pleasure of escorting you to her house," he remarked.

My second reply was another bow. Again I was wondering who this nephew was. The gentleman looked at me curiously. Evidently he was beginning to think me dumb, so I found voice to say:

"How is Mrs. Wharton?"

"Very well, indeed, I thank you, and looking eagerly for your arrival."

After we were seated in the carriage, which was far handsomer than my

country experience had thought possible, the gentleman proceeded in his efforts for my entertainment.

"Do you wonder how I knew you, Miss Rose?" he asked.

"Very much," I replied—not, however, without qualms of conscience, as I had really not given it a thought.

"I recognized you by your dress," he triumphantly responded.

I looked down at my bright merino, the subject at home of so much disputing, and felt an inward terror. Was the man a medium, a clairvoyant? Had he in spirit heard my conversation with George?

"My dress?" I gasped.

"Yes, your dress. My aunt informed me that your traveling suit was brown."

"Oh!" I faintly ejaculated, inwardly thinking how very strange in mamma to write to Mrs. Wharton concerning the dress, and feeling considerably vexed about it—so much so that the gentleman, judging from my flushed cheeks that the subject was unpleasant, pursued it no further, to my great relief.

Presently the carriage stopped before a large and handsome dwelling, and although I knew that Mrs. Wharton was in possession of a very comfortable income, I was not prepared for the elegance I encountered.

My poor brown merino looked sadly out of place beside the rich crimson furniture and splendid mirrors, and had not Mrs. Wharton's nephews made strenuous efforts for my entertainment, I should have subsided into that most forlorn and dreary feeling—homesickness.

"My aunt begged that we should dine at the usual hour," said the gentleman, after I had divested myself of my wraps, "as she was afraid she would not be able to return before 8 or 9 o'clock; the friend she has gone to see is very ill—in fact, dying—and Aunt Lizzie will probably stay until all is over."

"Aunt Lizzie?" I thought; "has she discarded the name of Rose?"

I remembered, however, that her initials were R. E. W.

The dinner was charming; my appetite was good. I never had dyspepsia in my life, and I ate the luxurious food, so daintily prepared, with an enjoyment that must have been quite amusing to my companion.

About an hour after we had sat down, while we were leisurely partaking of our dessert and discussing the rights of women, the butler handed a note to my vis-a-vis. After asking me to excuse him he opened and read.

The look of surprise and consternation in his face was simply appalling.

"Has anything happened to your aunt?" I timidly inquired, feeling uncomfortable under the scrutinizing gaze of his dark-gray eyes.

"No, no—that is, nothing of importance—but I do not think she will be back to-night. But, Miss Rose—your name is Miss Rose, is it not?"

I put down the orange I was peeling and looked the amazement I felt.

"My name is Miss Rose Terry," I replied, with as much dignity as I could assume.

"Yes—certainly—I beg your pardon—but, Miss Rose—Miss Terry, I mean—you will make yourself comfortable for the night—until my aunt returns, I should say."

His confusion seemed very strange, after his late self-possession, but attributing it all to the contents of the note—alas, I did not then dream of the information it conveyed—I endeavored to make the best of it, and told him not to be uneasy, as I had no doubt but that Mrs. Wharton would return early in the morning.

Books and music formed the principal subjects of conversation during the few hours I passed with Mrs. Wharton's nephew, and so pleasant and agreeable did he prove that I began to like him very much, and quite forgot my embarrassment at remaining so long alone with a stranger.

At breakfast next morning we chatted away like old friends, but when the meal was over my companion asked me to walk into the library for a few moments.

I complied with his request, made rather gravely, feeling a sensation pass through me that something was going to happen.

"Please be seated, Miss Terry," he began. "I regret that I am obliged to explain a very strange mistake—and I beg your pardon for keeping you in ignorance through last evening, but, believe me, I did so only because I wished you to have a pleasant and comfortable rest after your long journey."

I could say nothing to this preparatory speech, for my heart was throbbing at such a furious rate I dared not trust my voice.

"My aunt," he continued, "expected a lady friend, named Miss Annie Rose, to arrive yesterday, and being called from home unexpectedly, she commissioned me to be her escort from the railroad station to the house. She spoke of Miss Rose's traveling dress being brown, and hence my mistake in accosting you. The note I received last evening apprised me of my error, for in it Aunt Lizzie informed me that Miss Rose, learning of the illness of Mrs. Talmage, had arrived by an earlier train and gone directly to the house of Mrs. Talmage, so that she might see her friend once more while alive. If you will accept my apologies for caus-

ing you this inconvenience and delay in your plans I will be truly grateful for your forbearance and will do all in my power to rectify my mistake as speedily as possible."

What could I say? He was so sincerely sorry I could not find fault with him. With hot cheeks I explained my part in the misunderstanding.

"My friend is Mrs. Rose Wharton. She lives on Charles street. If you will—"

"I will deliver you safely into her hands, Miss Terry," he interrupted, "and will immediately order the carriage. But first I must thank you for your goodness in so readily granting pardon for my inadvertence."

When we arrived at Mrs. Rose Wharton's door he turned to me, and, taking my hand, said:

"Miss Terry, you have shown me great mercy. Will you add to your favors one more kindness, and grant me permission to call this evening and renew the acquaintance which, although commenced under such untoward circumstances, has yet afforded me much happiness?"

The look which accompanied these words was so beseeching that my heart yielded and I murmured an almost inaudible "Yes," which favor he acknowledged by a slight pressure of my hand.

Mrs. Wharton and I had a hearty laugh over my adventure, and when by-called that evening she was completely charmed with both his manner and appearance.

The acquaintance, commenced so strangely, progressed rapidly, and before my visit was half over I had good reason to hug my old brown merino with a grateful heart for being the unconscious means of bringing me so much happiness.

I afterward had the pleasure of seeing Miss Annie Rose's brown suit. Need I say it was as far superior to mine as a brand new three-dollar-a-yard material could be to a seventy-five-cent merino which was in its second season?

"Never mind," said my lover, as I pointed out the difference, "you shall have as many ruffles and flounces as you like hereafter, but this brown dress is simply perfect, for it contains Rose."

Vortex Motion in Atmosphere.

Vortex motion in the atmosphere, though seldom obtrusively patent in England, must certainly be reckoned with, and all ascending currents, from whatever cause, appear of this nature, says the National Review. Dust whirls in spring, and twisting columns of dry leaves or hay in summer and autumn are evidences of the existence of such upward currents. But the aeronaut can detect them on a larger scale and penetrating sometimes far aloft. This is only what might be expected from statistics relating to such phenomena where they occur in greater earnest in other parts of the globe.

It is classical history how dust showers have arisen in the west coast of Africa and descended again on vessels far out on the Atlantic; how Scotland has been visited by a storm of pumice debris which was supposed to have had its origin in Vesuvius; how showers of fish or of frogs have descended from the sky, having been swept into lofty regions entangled in the bosom of a whirlwind sufficient to bear them whither it listed. The dust of Krakatau, committed to the lofty winds by the force of its own eruption in 1883, traveled over the globe in outward courses almost without limit before settling to earth weeks or months or possibly years afterward.

The Age of Iron. The census, taken at the dawn of the twentieth century, marks the greatest epoch in our national life, says the North American Review. The age of iron has come to a climax with a force almost dynamic.

The world has witnessed the golden age of Augustus, the silver age of Elizabeth, the era of great wars and of wonderful progress in the arts and sciences; but as the nineteenth century culminates, behold! the age of iron and steam and electricity, telegraphs, sewing machines, telephones, automobiles; an age which is devoted to material development, to the accumulation of wealth and to the upbuilding of vast enterprises, and which heralds the advent of the uncrowned king of commerce, the consolidation of great corporate interests. High-water mark in our commercial and industrial life has been attained, and to that fact the vast enumeration to be taken in 1900 will add its testimony. The work of the twentieth century will mark the industrial growth of the nation and be another mile-post in its marvelous history.

Ostrich Eggs in an Incubator.

For several years attempts have been made at Omaha and Los Angeles to hatch the egg of the ostrich artificially, but so far these attempts have been unsuccessful, the difficulty being the application of moisture. Now, however, an ostrich farm in Florida can boast of the first incubator-hatched ostrich in the United States. The incubator required forty-one days of careful watching; the thermometer was kept at 110 degrees and the moisture was applied at intervals.

No first-class housekeeper has less than a dozen ways of using up bread crusts.