

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO ..... OREGON

That piano trust will make music.

When the doctors fall out the bacilli give themselves over to cachinnation.

The newly formed starch trust expects to polish off all its rivals promptly.

The cat that is said to have fallen sixty feet unhurt may have only eight lives left.

In view of burglars entering all sorts of buildings, isn't it odd none of them get into the jails?

Often a man who has eight or nine sons thinks he has done all that is necessary to hand his name down to future generations.

Andrew Carnegie says poverty is a blessing. It is quite a while since Andrew tried it, however, and he may have forgotten.

After all, why should there not be combines among place-holders for their particular benefit? Is not public office a public trust?

The Czar believes that universal disarmament will come, but he is willing to admit that present complications may delay it a little.

In spite of the prevalence of newspapers and coroners' inquests people are still turning on the gas and trying to blow out electric lights.

As a rule of life it is well not to depend too much on simply being square or upright to escape being played upon. Look even at the pianos.

Ultimately the truth gets out about men. Some are not so bad as they are painted, while others are infinitely better than amateur photographers make them.

If the Nebraska school-teacher who whipped the entire class of boys single-handed does not become famous later in life so that this story may be told about him he will go against all precedent.

A valued exchange refers editorially to a man who had "to rise at 5 a. m. in the morning." Still, his case wasn't so bad. If he had been called upon to get up at 5 a. m. in the evening he might well have grumbled.

A Chicago man shot and killed himself the other day because he feared hydrophobia as a result of a dog bite. So-called cases of rabies among human beings are largely the result of imagination. Tens of thousands of people are bitten by dogs every year without serious effects.

Thousands of readers felt a personal sense of loss on reading of the death of R. D. Blackmore, the author of the exquisite romance, "Lorna Doone," one of the books which have held people of all ages and degrees by its powerful charm and which is reasonably sure of retaining its fame into the next generation.

A preacher has resigned because he wants the privilege of dancing when he feels like it, and, to use his own words, "of occasionally slapping a friend on the back and saying, 'Hello, there, Bill!'" That poor fellow's parents ought to have known from the beginning that nature never intended him for the ministry. He was born to drive a coal wagon.

Jay Gould died leaving his sons and daughters a fortune of \$70,000,000. One daughter married a titled foreigner, Count Boni de Castellane, of France, and there was a grand wedding. But the titled foreigner was a disappointment. Before the honeymoon was over he began to furnish sensations for the yellow newspapers of Paris and New York. The other daughter took a different view of life. She would not be a butterfly, but a bee. Following out her ideal she has made the name of Helen Gould the sweetest name in America. Every working girl in New York idolizes her and there is scarce an American soldier or sailor who would not die for her. Which of these two, think you, chose wisely?

About ten years ago a young widow with three children went to New York seeking employment. The eldest child, a boy of fifteen, had been before the mast, and his boyish boast of the different knots he could tie inspired an inventive woman to order of him a screen of tied rope. The effect was so odd and beautiful that a paying industry in ropework resulted. By the combined efforts of the family, one daughter has been enabled to study art in Paris, the other has lately graduated from Cornell, and the boy is a civil engineer of much promise in the government service. "My resources are what we ourselves can do," said Frederick the Great to his discouraged generals.

The dictum is no less applicable to each inquirer to-day.

There are a few people still convinced that the twentieth century has begun, and there are others who are halting between two opinions concerning the matter. Most of the accepted authorities of the world agree that the twentieth century will not begin until Jan. 1, 1901, and this will be the accepted decision the world over of this much discussed question. It is evident, or at least it seems that any one ought to consider it evident that the nineteenth century will end after 1,900 years have been completed, or at midnight of Dec. 31, 1900. This being the case, the first century will be ushered in at the first moment of time of Jan. 1, 1901. It is curious that such a simple problem should have proved so vexatious, but it illustrates how easily a quibble may be made to appear logical. Those who are convinced that this is the first year of the twentieth century will doubtless continue to hold that notion until public opinion has become so settled that to go opposite to it will result in ridicule. That will end the debate.

News that Great Britain may have to fall back upon a supply of dum-dum bullets for use in South Africa causes a shock to our conventional sentiments about what is called "civilized war," says the Chicago Journal. And yet if both combatants used the dum-dum bullet it might hasten the final result without being inconsistent with their general intentions toward each other. War is no longer waged naturally and honestly and on its merits. We have it refined and conventionalized in a ludicrous attempt to disguise its real character and minimize its necessary horrors. The immediate object of the soldier in battle is the swift death of the other fellow. The ultimate object of the government is to punish the enemy nation until it quits. Disguise it as we will, it is organized manslaughter. If we were natural and honest about it we should proceed toward that end by doing all the damage to the enemy we could in as many different ways as we could. But ambassadors and envoys have got together like seconds before a duel and agreed that we must be polite and make our mutual hate look pleasant while it is having its picture taken. So we dress up its horrors in attractive garments and agree to use weapons of relatively small efficiency and great tardiness of execution. We may kill the enemy, but we must kill him politely. We cannot shoot him with an exploding rifle ball because that kills him too rudely and shocks his nervous system too much—as if, when nations went to war, they were not like ravening beasts, drunk with the lust of blood. We cannot adopt any means at our disposal. We can kill a man with a jagged, sharp-edged piece of shell, but mustn't shoot with old nails and broken glass. It is permissible to sweep down whole companies at once with the fan fire of an automatic gun, but we mustn't dispose of our foes by introducing even the gentlest sedatives into his water supply. These things are ridiculously inconsistent with the purposes of war. It is like saying it is laudable to shoot a man through his lungs, but unfair to shoot him through the liver. It suggests the story about the fellow that proposed to his big antagonist in the duel that the latter should mark on his person the outline of a man of average size, and any shot that struck him outside the mark shouldn't count. Would it not be more consistent if a nation used against an invading enemy, for example, all the resources and ingenuity at its command?

### How to Cook Husbands.

A good many husbands are entirely spoiled by mismanagement in cooking, and so are not tender and good. Some women keep them too constantly in hot water; others freeze them, others roast them, others put them constantly in a pickle. It cannot be supposed that any husband will be good and tender managed in this way, but, as a class, husbands are really delicious when properly treated. In selecting your husband you should not be guided by the silvery appearance, as in buying mackerel; nor by the golden tint, as if you wanted salmon. Be sure and select him yourself, as tastes differ. Do not go to the market for him, as those brought to the door are always best. It is far better to have none than not to know how to cook them properly. It does not make so much difference what you cook him in as how you cook him. See that the linen in which he is wrapped is white and nicely mended, with the required number of strings and buttons. Don't keep him in the kettle by force; he will stay there himself if proper care is taken. If he sputters or fizzes do not be anxious. Some husbands do this; add a little sugar in the form of what confectioners call kisses, but no vinegar or pepper on any account. A little spice improves them, but it must be used with judgment. Do not try him with anything sharp to see if he is becoming tender. Stir him gently the while, lest he stay too long in the kettle and become flat and tasteless. If thus treated you will find him very digestible, agreeing nicely with you, and he will keep as long as you want.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

## ARE AN ODD PEOPLE.

### TZIGANES OF HUNGARY HAVE NO COUNTERPARTS.

Retain the Habits of Barbarians in Spite of Remonstrances—Raiment More Scant than Strict Decency Dictates—Their Reclamation Abandoned.

Among the many races which make up the population of that heterogeneous geographical expression termed the Austro-Hungarian empire certainly the most interesting are those curious people called Tziganes in Hungary, bohemians in France and gypsies in England and the United States. Hungary is the home of the Tziganes, in so far as they have any home. In all other European countries they were persecuted for centuries as being emissaries of the evil one and enemies of Christianity, but Hungary took pity on them and treated the wanderers like lost children. There are now about 150,000 of these Tziganes in Hungary.

One of the favorite abodes of these strange people is near the frontier of Croatia. It is there that the typical Tziganes may best be seen. Their "camps" are always set up at some distance from the nearest town or village; often in close proximity to some forest. The Tziganes huts—for they are nothing more—consist of a single room, unless the owner is extremely well to do, and are generally devoid of furniture. The Tziganes eat and sleep on the bare boards. At all times of the day there is a smoldering fire in the hut, over which hangs a sandstone pot, for the Tziganes have no fixed hour for his meals, but eats whenever he feels hungry. The ordinary bill of fare consists of potatoes, stews, milk and hard. On festive occasions such titbits are indulged in as hedgehogs, foxes and squirrels. Cats are considered by the Tziganes a princely diet and they train dogs to hunt hedgehogs and foxes.

Tziganes women, as a rule, go about half naked, the young girls wearing nothing but a small apron, excepting when they go to the neighboring town. The men wear but little clothing, and until the time of their marriage (between 12 and 15 years of age) they also go about almost naked. After marriage, however, they attire themselves in the gaudy Hungarian national costume, of which they are very proud. Cast-off garments of some Magyar nobleman they particularly prize, and when they are able to obtain a bright red coat their satisfaction is complete. The Tziganes have a horror of work or restraint of any kind. Even those who have a fixed residence like to roam about when they feel so inclined. So strong is this wandering instinct with them that they have no word in their language to signify "remain." Most of the trades they adopt are suitable for a nomadic life. They are either horse dealers, blacksmiths, sheep shearers or, and above all, beggars. It is quite impossible to take a country drive through some provinces of Hungary without coming across a band of Tziganes, some one of whom will surely follow a carriage for half an hour or more until he has received a coin. The Tziganes have given themselves the nickname of "poor men" and the habit of begging is so thoroughly rooted in them that even well-to-do members of their race, whom one occasionally meets in Buda-Pesth, driving pure-blooded horses and wearing costly jewels, cannot resist the temptation of asking for money.

Many unsuccessful attempts have been made to restrain the vagabond propensities of the Tziganes. Emperor Joseph II. once tried to compel them to have a fixed residence, and allotted them land, distributed agricultural implements among them and ordered them to cultivate their acres. But instead of taking up their residence in the comfortable homes they had been presented with the Tziganes turned the houses into stables for their horses and cows and set up tents near by for their own use. To prevent the corn given them for seed from sprouting they boiled it. But the Emperor was not discouraged. He abolished the Tziganes language, as he had already done away with the Magyar language; did away with the very name of Tziganes, and finally took their children from them to be educated by German and Hungarian farmers, who were to bring them up according to a strict code of discipline. But the little Tziganes grew up with all the instincts of their race, and at the first opportunity escaped and rejoined their parents.

A few years ago a Tziganes who had been adopted as a child in an Austrian family entered the army and rose to the rank of captain. One day, without any warning, he disappeared, and six months later he was found among a band of wandering Tziganes. Liszt, the great pianist, once tried to tame a young Tziganes. He took the boy to Paris, gave him teachers and tried to bring him up in a conventional manner, but the effort was useless and the young bohemian had to be sent back to his native land. There are a few exceptions which prove the rule, for in Transylvania some peasants are Tziganes and enjoy a well-deserved reputation for thrift and intelligence. Others in Transylvania have become wood car-

ers, masons and dentists.—Home Journal.

### TO FIGHT AGAINST THE BOER.

#### Lord Strathcona Will Equip a Force of Canadian Rough Riders.

The offer of Lord Strathcona, Canadian high commissioner in London, to equip at his own expense a corps of 400 mounted volunteers, for service with the English in their war against the Boers, has attracted considerable attention. This splendid offer has been accepted by the Dominion government and picked men will be recruited from the northwest and Manitoba. The estimated cost of the force even for a short campaign will be over \$500,000 and if the war lasts unusually long the figures may reach \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000. This act crowns many princely donations made by Lord Strathcona to various philanthropic and educational enterprises in the Dominion.



LORD STRATHCONA.

Sir Donald Smith, Lord Strathcona, was born in Scotland 78 years ago. He emigrated to Canada at an early age and reached this side of the Atlantic with but little money in his pocket. He was of an adventurous disposition, however, and plunged into the life of a pioneer in the undeveloped Canadian West. He grew up with the country and amassed a fortune. He has long been one of the wealthiest men in Canada and is President of the greatest concern in the Dominion, the Montreal Bank. He is also President of that great corporation, the Hudson Bay Company. As a director of the Canadian Pacific Railway and one of the largest stockholders of that railroad, he has been an important factor in developing the West. Sir Donald has been for nearly forty years connected with Canadian politics and has been during the greater part of that time one of the most prominent figures in Canadian national life, both as a shrewd, practical politician and a great financial power. As a patriotic Canadian and distinguished philanthropist Sir Donald stands without a peer in the Dominion.

### Prison Babies.

Very few people outside official circles know what a large number of babies are born every year in the infirmaries of prisons and penitentiaries, the little people always causing quite a flutter of attentiveness and excitement among female wardens and prisoners alike.

Of course there is a vast difference in prisoners, and sometimes the person least attentive to the prison baby is the mother herself; but, on the other hand, the general body of the women prisoners make the most pathetic efforts, by means of all manner of trifling scraps and odds and ends, to fabricate articles of wear and ornament for the out-of-place little stranger.

Quite three-fourths of the women volunteer to tend it, and it is often the case that the most refractory and difficult of the prisoners soften and greatly alter by being allowed to do little things for it; indeed, it acts throughout like a veritable ray of sunshine among the whole of the poor prisoners, who generally manage to get themselves into great good humor by suggesting as volubly as the prison rules will permit fantastic names for the child. Within a certain period of their birth these children are taken away from the mother and are tended elsewhere with the utmost care and humanity.

### Only Reward Asked.

One of our officers in the Philippines is very much disliked by his men. One evening as he was returning home he slipped into some deep water. A private in his regiment, however, happened to see him, and after some trouble succeeded in pulling him out. The officer was very profuse in his thanks, and asked his rescuer the best way he could repay him.

"The best you can reward me," said the soldier, "is to say nothing about it."

"Why, my dear fellow," said the astonished officer, "why do you wish me to say nothing about it?"

"Because, if the other fellows knew I'd pulled you out they'd chuck me in!"

Central America Pyramids Builders. Barring the Egyptians, the ancient Mayas of Yucatan seem to have been the greatest pyramid builders the world ever saw.

A man may mean well, but you are never quite certain of it.

## BLACK WALNUT.

### A Discarded American Timber Which Europeans Appreciate.

The great size often reached by the walnut tree, the richness of the dark-brown wood, the unique beauty of the grain sometimes found in burls, knots, feathers and in the curl of the roots, all conspire to make this the most choice and high-priced of all our native woods.

Twenty-five years ago walnut was extensively used in the manufacture of fine furniture and furnishings in this country, but manufacturers adroitly drew attention to the beauty of darkly-stained quartered oak, and the use of the rarer wood has greatly declined. But all this time the search for fine black walnut logs has gone on systematically, though quietly, the trade attracting little attention, though the volume of lumber handled has been large. Though found to some extent in the Atlantic States from Massachusetts southward, the great source of supply has been the central portion of the Mississippi Valley. The walnut is at home in the rich alluvial bottom lands of the Western streams and in the stony limestone soils of the hills and mountains, and in such localities the buyers have left few trees unsurveyed. Throughout Eastern Kansas, Missouri and Arkansas, as well as the States along the Ohio and its tributaries, may be seen a few logs at this little station, a car or two at that, with carefully hewn sides and painted ends, ready for the market.

If you ask where the market is you will find that the great bulk of this rare lumber goes to Europe.

While we have been led into an enthusiastic admiration for fine oak, stained according to the degree of antiquity it is supposed to represent, our European cousins have been paying fancy prices for the rich black walnut that we have allowed to go "out of fashion."—Berea Quarterly.

### W. R. MOODY.

#### Who Succeeds to the Noble Work of His Illustrious Father.

It is said to have been the wish of the late Evangelist Moody that his son, W. R. Moody, should succeed him in carrying on the work of maintaining the large schools at Northfield and of continuing the labors that he consid-



W. R. MOODY.

ered himself to have just begun. Young Mr. Moody is said to be a man of marked ability, but not the possessor of the powers and faculties that made his father famous. In taking up this work he must assume a wonderful task and the world will wish him success in this noble effort.

### Food for Brain Work.

It is all right for the man who labors all day in the open air to eat freely, but the man of sedentary habits, the brainworker, must adapt his way of living to his needs. He must be well nourished, for the brain is incapable of good work unless well supplied with pure blood, but such a man cannot possibly furnish vital force to digest three large meals daily. If he tries it nature will protest at every step. The chemical changes of digestion will be imperfectly performed. The stomach will neither secrete freely nor churn the food with cheerful alacrity; the pyloric orifice contracts and allows such chyme to pass with grudging reluctance; the intestinal lacteals are ashamed to absorb such miserable pabulum, which chokes, irritates and congests them, so the large meal remains in the digestive organs to ferment, putrefy and steep the individual in foul gases and depraved secretions.

But the system can furnish enough vital force to convert a small meal into pabulum of high standard, which will be absorbed without difficulty. Three such small meals are not enough to keep the individual properly nourished, however; four to six will be required. Each should consist of but one or at most two articles of food, the diet to be varied by changes at meals. The portion of food served must be small; the patient must stop as soon as the appetite is satisfied and gaseous distension is proof positive that the meals are still too large or too close together.—Sanitary Record.

### Wood Tar Prepared as of Old.

It is curious to notice that wood tar is prepared just as it was in the fourth century, B. C. A bank is chosen and a hole dug, into which the wood is placed, covered with turf. A fire is lighted underneath and the tar slowly drips into the barrels placed to receive it.