

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

That play, "From House to House," must be a moving drama.

Chicago has a sixteen-pound baby. This youngster has a weigh of his own.

A man may get out of paying his wedding fee, but the divorce lawyer cannot be put off.

The world is now able to secure a very fair idea as to just what caused the brevity of the Jameson raid.

If the drama of to-day really "holds the mirror up to nature," what a shocking thing nature must sometimes be!

Do not judge another too hastily. A man's sudden getting on his ear may be due to somebody's having put a flea in it.

There is a coffin trust, and now a baby carriage trust has been formed. The octopus seems to pursue us from the cradle to the grave.

More investigation that investigates and more publicity that publishes would greatly add to the moral growth of the United States.

No matter how well-to-do in a worldly way he may be, any man who allows another to pay his poll-tax for him is the poorest kind of citizen.

A man died in the dentist's chair the other day while having thirteen teeth pulled. Here is more good working material for superstitious people.

There were 219 cases of sunstroke in Buenos Ayres in one day recently, 134 of them being fatal. That must be a poor town for people who are in the coal business.

Another groom has vanished on his wedding day. There is nothing that a man fears so much on such an occasion as stage fright, and they are all more or less subject to it.

There is a great to-do whether society leader, suffragist or club is of any use to the community. It doesn't matter much so long as the great mass of every-day womankind is.

Max O'Rell says Americans are not all beautiful, but they are all intelligent-looking. Of course he doesn't count those young men who wear monocles and suck the ends of their sticks as being Americans.

A New York woman recently wore \$400,000 worth of jewels at the opera. Unfortunately, however, her box was so situated that less than half of the people in the theater could see her as easily as the stage.

The world awaits with breathless interest the "finish" of the subject of the Kaiser who put into the hands of the school children of the empire a text book wherein it is clearly explained that the twentieth century begins Jan. 1, 1901.

A New York man who was jilted by his girl, who chose another for her husband, lost no time in taking the young woman's mother for his wife. His dual position of step-father and father-in-law will give him unprecedented facilities for horrible revenge.

A microbe so small that, as we are told, two hundred and fifty millions of them would be required to cover a square inch of surface, is declared to be the primary cause of the plague. It is not one of nature's marvels that what is almost infinitesimally minute may cause terror more wide-spread and prostrating than the alarm created by earthquake convulsions?

Pure food is coming to be one of the most important questions before the public. The adulteration of food is so general and the adulterations are so frequently injurious to health, and sometimes dangerously poisonous, that it has become necessary to provide more stringent national and State legislation and to impose more severe penalties than are now provided.

The cheering report is made that in the large cities of the United States the number of cases of blindness occurring in young children is steadily diminishing. This is due partly to increasing knowledge on the part of the medical profession, partly to the advance of sanitation in home and school, and partly to increased and more humane knowledge among the people generally. In other words, it is a result of the advance of civilization.

The University of Chicago has reconsidered its recent determination to adopt a system of reformed spelling and will adhere to the method now in vogue. This is wise. Now, if the university will encourage the study of spelling in primary and grammar schools, even to the extent, perhaps, of

making a fad of it, the rising generation will probably have no trouble with its "double l's," its "ie's" and its silent letters. The English language is worth spending a good deal of time on, and if the student comes out of school with a good working knowledge of it spelling included, he can get along in this world.

A public-spirited woman of Kansas City has become convinced that the only satisfactory solution of the "servant-girl problem" must come through education and a systematic training for domestic service. To put her theory to the test, she is trying to establish a college for servant-girls, with an endowment of two hundred thousand dollars. Her plan contemplates courses in the cooking of meats, vegetables, bread and pastry; in laundry work, dish washing, chamber work, table service, the care of the sick and other domestic duties, for the mastery of which diplomas will be granted upon graduation. That the institution may be largely self-supporting, it will place its products on sale. Persons whose "help" has deserted them at an inopportune time may order meals from the college and private families may have their washing done there. The plan has already been tried elsewhere with some promise of success. The dignity of domestic service may, perhaps, be established, as that of nursing has been, and a more intelligent, competent and self-respecting class of young women may thus be attracted to housework. But there are also dangers to be considered. If the "lady of the house" has not taken domestic "electives" in her own college education, how will she feel about offering suggestions to the valedictorian of the class in pie culture, or giving orders to one who has taken honors for advanced work in baked apples? Will she dare to maintain her personal preferences against the august authority of the muffin professor or the chair of comparative dish-washing? And if she does, will the suggestion be received in an amiable and chastened spirit, with no defiant glance at the framed diploma hanging over the sink? The problem of domestic service is much more than a mere matter of education, important though that is a foundation. Art in omelettes and emulsion in beans will be useless without cordial good-will and co-operation between mistress and maid. The new college, if it is to attain a real success, will need a well-equipped chair of applied Christianity.

One fact impressively demonstrated in the process of the South African war is that the entire character of warfare as a spectacle has undergone a radical change within recent years. Battles have lost much in picturesqueness and glamour. Even so recently as in the Franco-Prussian conflict of 1870 and in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877 battles were still heroic subjects for the painter. With some modifications, they were quite as romantic and inspiring as those of the earliest recorded wars, when armies advanced clad in steel armor and men fought hand to hand. A battle in the Franco-Prussian war was a tremendous spectacle of serried masses of close-ranked men, brilliant uniforms, tossing plumes and banners and officers leading with sabers in the air and directing dashing charges. The day for this kind of warfare has passed, and the whole aspect of war, as a dramatic exhibition, has changed. The engagements in South Africa bear no resemblance to those of past history. The scene is unrelieved by a single dash of color. The soldiers and officers alike wear a costume of a dun shade, which blends easily into almost any background. Not even a shoulder-strap is worn, and flags have been discarded. Troops are almost never played into action, and no heroic drummer boys lead the line of advance. Officers and men alike carry rifles, and there is no saber-waving. The thrilling spectacle of a frontal assault, the advancing force marching rhythmically shoulder to shoulder, is entirely out of the question. In fact, war has been robbed of most of its martial glory. It is a matter of business—of manual labor in making trenches, of keeping the laborers fed, of having a good hospital service and of taking as few risks as possible. The man who stands up to be shot at may be heroic, but he doesn't help win battles; he isn't fighting on modern lines. The modern soldier has absolutely no chance at the kind of fighting which consists in overcoming opposition by exercising his own strength. A disinterested bullet from a wholly impartial and unprejudiced soldier a mile away may drop him while he is wetting his lips with his canteen. His business is to take the fewest possible risks, to work his rifle with mechanical precision and put up with any hardships incidental to the job. The modern soldier, in fact, is no longer a sculptor's model; he is an earnest laboring man, and during working hours he looks the part.

Siamese Fear of Even Numbers.
The Siamese have so strong a superstition against even numbers that they will have none of them. The number of rooms in a house, of windows or doors in a room, even of rungs on a ladder, must always be odd.

It is but natural that a breach-of-promise case should be heard in a courthouse.



THE CHILIAN'S OATH.

THE city of Valparaiso is one of the most important upon the Pacific coast. Take them altogether, the people of Chili show the most enterprise and seem best adapted for republican government of any in South America. Yet the common people are of a dark, revengeful nature, and few foreigners find favor in their eyes. But with the dark-eyed maidens of Chili it is different, and Yankee sailors always like to run into "Valperaiser" for a cruise on shore, and a happy time they have generally.

Ned Wilton landed from the brig Vesper, which had sprung a topmast and stove in her quarter in a storm in the South Pacific. It was a two weeks' job to refit, and, as Ned was a man to be trusted, the "Old Man" gave him a free run on shore. Ned wasn't much of a man to drink, and most of his time was spent in rambling about on the beautiful mountain slopes, getting acquainted with the dark-eyed beauties of the city and country, and enjoying himself generally. One day while exploring the country ten miles to the north and east of the city he was attracted by the sound of voices loud in dispute, and then came a woman's cry for help. Dashing through the bushes Ned came out in a little open space, where he saw a beautiful girl, whom he had met at a fandango in Valparaiso, struggling in the grasp of a dark-looking Chilian, who, if he was not a villain, ought to have had a quarrel with his face.

"See here, my man," said Ned, "you'd better drop it, or you may chance to get yourself into trouble."
"That advice might be as well applied to yourself, senior," replied the man, with a dark, savage frown. "If you will take my advice, given in the most friendly spirit, you will take yourself off and attend to any business of your own which you may chance to have on hand. No man ever interfered with Manuel Godena who did not repent it."
"I'll have to leave it to the young lady," said Ned, quietly. "If she says that I am in the way, I'll walk off, as you say, but not before."

"No, no!" cried the girl. "Do not leave me alone with this man."
"That's all right," said Ned. "You see that the senora claims my help. Mr. Manuel Godena, and I'll have to trouble you to get up and travel."
The man drew a knife and made a dash at him. Ned knocked it out of his hand and then there gave him such a thrashing as he had never received in his life. Then, stripping him of his weapons, he kicked him industriously down the slope, for it "riled" him to have a man draw a knife.

The Chilian at last took to his heels and when once out of reach of Ned's number eight boot, turned and shook his hand at him in a menacing manner.
"Hear me, Americano," he hissed. "I vow to the saints not to take rest or sleep until I have revenge on you!"
Ned answered by a contemptuous laugh, and, whirling on his heel, went back to the lady, who was trembling with fear.

"Let me escort you safely from this place," he said. "You are hardly safe here."
"Thanks, senior. That man is my cousin, and this morning he undertook to escort me to the house of my uncle, who has a cattle ranch over yonder. But when we reached this place he seized me and swore that he would carry me to the haunt of the bandit, Rossa, and there keep me until I promised to marry him."

"He is a land pirate," said Ned, "and deserves keel-hauling if ever a man did."
"I do not understand that, senior," said the girl, with a merry smile. "But I shall be your debtor forever if you will go with me to my uncle's house."
"I am quite at your service," said Ned, gallantly; "but I don't know the way you wish to go."
"This way, senior."

She struck into a forest path, after a glance at the manly face of the Yankee sailor. That glance was enough, for it showed her that she was absolutely safe with him, no matter where she might choose to go. An hour's ride brought them to an opening and on the slope of the tablado before them they saw a fine ranch, surrounded by buildings and corrals for cattle.

"This is the place, Senior Americano," she said. "Will you not come to the house and let my uncle thank you?"
"I don't want any thanks for an act which no man could have refused to perform; but I will go in. Will you give me your name? Mine is Edward Wilton, and I am second mate of the brig Vesper."

member you, senior. I danced with you at the fandango, in Valparaiso, last week."

They entered the house, and were met by Senor Mendez, the uncle of Isola. He heard her story, and thanked the young American warmly for the part he had performed. But Ned stopped him.

"It annoys me to be thanked for so slight a service," said Ned. "Please do not say anything more about it."

"I will try and thank you in some other way, senior," said the ranchero, warmly. "Now, you must make a stay with me, if your business will allow it, and I will try to make it pleasant for you."

"I have a week of liberty off shore," said Ned, "and then I must be off. I accept your invitation with pleasure, senior."

Three or four days passed pleasantly, the ranchero doing his best to invent new pleasures for the young American. Isola was a pleasant companion, and Ned was very sorry when the time drew near for him to leave. The last day of his stay the two rode out among the foothills, and it was plain to see that they were very deeply in love. As they halted for a moment in a breezy canyon, a dozen horsemen suddenly surrounded them. Ned made a gallant fight, and shot one of his assailants, and mortally wounded another, before he was overpowered. In the leader of these mountain bandits he recognized Manuel Godena.

"I told you that I would not rest until I had revenge, accursed Americano," he hissed. "Now, Isola—"

But the girl, giving her horse the rein, broke suddenly through the ranks of the men who surrounded her, for they had not taken the trouble to secure her, and set off at a mad gallop, closely pursued by four or five of the banditti. But there was not a man in Chili who could ride with Isola Mendez, and, as they passed out of sight, all could see that she was gaining rapidly, and was likely to escape. A cry of rage burst from the lips of Godena.

"Now, ten thousand curses on the girl," he cried. "I meant that she should witness my punishment of her Yankee lover; but at least we have him secure. Place him against the rock there, with his hands and feet bound. Make him fast, so that he cannot fall down."

The men obeyed, and Godena dismounted with a pistol in his hand. Ned, held in his place by his bonds, looked him boldly in the face. Advancing a pace, the miscreant aimed at him, changing his aim from time to time to distress the prisoner. But Ned did not give the slightest sign of fear. At last the pistol exploded, and the ball tore through the fleshy part of his shoulder.

"One!" said Godena, producing another pistol. "I am going to hit you on the other side."
Again he fired, and the other shoulder was torn by the ball.

"You black-hearted hound!" cried Ned, "if you think to wring a single cry from me you are mistaken. Go on, savage, complete your bloody work."

Godena, with the grin of a fiend, took two other pistols from the hands of one of the men. Again he fired, intending to pierce the arm of the young sailor, but this time he missed.

"Poor practice," said Ned. "Try again, my dear fellow."
The fourth pistol cracked, and Ned gave a start and shiver, for his left arm had been pierced. Godena was very angry, for in spite of the torture, he had not been able to wring a groan from the gallant young man. Reloading his pistols carefully, he stepped close to the prisoner, and again and again touched him with the muzzles of the cocked pistols over the heart, upon the forehead, in every vital part, but he did not flinch.

"Why don't you end it, cowardly dog?" cried Ned.
"I will end it," replied Godena, stepping back a single pace. "Thus Manuel Godena avenges himself."

He raised the pistol in his right hand to a level with the heart of the prisoner and was about to pull the trigger when a rine cracked on the mountain side above them and Manuel Godena, shot through the heart, fell upon his face, dead. At the same time a score of stockmen and rancheros chased down the canyon, and the bandits turned in flight, pursued by the herd riders, led by Senor Mendez. Then Ned fainted from loss of blood, and when he came back to life his bonds had been removed, and he lay upon the green sod, his head pillowed upon the knee of Isola Mendez.

"Do not move," she said, softly. "Yate ano!" (I love you.)

Ned Wilton recovered from his wounds, but not soon enough to sail in the Vesper. Instead, he never left Chili, and is now a rich ranchero, and the name of his wife was once Isola Mendez.—New York News.

FOR FOOD PRESERVATION.

Great Strides from Sun-Dried Fruits to Airtight Cases.

In early times the only methods of saving perishable pabulum for any considerable length of time was by drying it in the sun or at a fire, or by smoking or salting it. The Indians "jerked" their venison. They dried the flesh of buffaloes, reduced it to powder, mixed it with meal and then baked it for keeping. The Peruvians gave us the word "jerked" (in this meaning) from their word "charqui," which signifies prepared dried meat. The buccaneers derived their name from a peculiar method of curing beef, which was termed "buchanning." There was a regular trade between the native coast tribes of America and those of the interior who dedicated oysters, clams and other shell-fish. Savages and barbarians of all countries have had similar customs, and some still maintain them. The general fashion in our rural regions of drying apples, peaches and other fruits is familiar, as well as the smoking of bacon and hams, the pickling of meats and the salting and smoking of fish. A method of preserving vegetables that has long been extensively used in America is by boiling them a proper time and transferring them to cans or bottles and sealing immediately.

But the method of sealing cooked provisions in air-tight metallic cases, which is now so largely in vogue, is of comparatively recent invention. In 1810 Augustus de Heine took out a patent in Great Britain for preserving food in tin and other metal cases by simply exhausting the air by means of an air pump, but it was unsuccessful. It was followed by a number of other efforts by various persons, all of which were more or less failures, until Werthenner's patents, which were three in number, from 1839 to 1841. By his plan the provisions of whatever kind are put into metal cases and closely packed and the interstices filled with water or other appropriate liquid, such as gravy in the case of flesh food. The lids are then soldered on very securely. Two small perforations are made in each lid and the cases set in a water bath in which muriate of lime is dissolved. Then heat is applied until the whole boils and the air is expelled through the small openings in the lids of the cases. When this is complete the small holes are quickly soldered up.—Self Culture.

HOW KAFFIRS FIGHT.

They Settle Disputes in a Somewhat Picturesque but Effectual Way.

"One of the most expressive words I have run across," said A. D. Lockett, a mining man of Rossland, B. C., "is 'pelleo,' of the Zulu tongue, which is in general use in South Africa. It is literally translated into English as 'done for.' The first time I ever heard it firmly impressed it on my mind. The Kaffirs are awful scrappers and there is almost sure to be a fight when rival parties run across each other. Christmas day, and in fact, all holidays, are generally marked by rows, and for that reason are known there as 'fight days.' The two races which most bitterly hate each other are the Bechuanas and the Shamgongs.

"The way the Kaffirs fight is to form in long lines, which gradually approach each other. Then suddenly a man will dart out of one of the lines and rushing up almost to within striking distance of the other will jump up and down with derisive expression of face and gesture, all the while pouring a stream of vituperation upon the enemy, and will finally retire to his own ranks. This maneuver will be promptly repeated by the party attacked, and so it will go on until both sides are lashed into an ungovernable frenzy, and then they will go at it hammer and tongs until one or the other gives way, when the victors, howling 'Futsak! Futsak!' (get out! get out quick!) will chase them as long as there is a possibility of inflicting damage. As the Kaffirs do not indulge in ornamental things, but go in for the most businesslike kind of fighting, weapons are kept out of their hands when possible.

"One day shortly after my arrival in Johannesburg I was driving across the veldt when I came across some Kaffirs fighting. As I drew near one side broke and made a run for it, the other side pursuing at top speed. Not more than fifty yards from my buggy one of the fugitives stubbed his toe and fell, whereupon his pursuer, who had in some way secured possession of an assegai, promptly drove that weapon through the body of his prostrate enemy and deep in the ground beneath. I ran to them and sharply asked the survivor what he was about. Looking at me with eyes in which the battle light was beginning to die out he slowly shook his head and shrugging his shoulders, he pointed at the body. 'Ah! boss, pelleo, pelleo.' And you can wager he told the truth, for that Kaffir never even quivered after the assegai struck him. I asked in Johannesburg what the word meant as soon as I got back."—New York Tribune.