

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO OREGON

There's always one more kopje to climb and one more Tugela to cross.

It is so much easier to decry every effort of reform than it is to enforce reform.

The mosquito is now charged with carrying the germs of malaria. Let no guilty mosquito escape.

A New York woman was sent to jail accused of being a witch. Possibly she was just bewitching.

Propriety of speech as well as common sense justifies a man measuring his words, but not by the hatful.

Truth is said to lie in a well. This is what makes it so unpleasant when we suddenly and unexpectedly tumble to it.

A woman at Braunschweig, Germany, killed her husband, their two children and herself. It was all in the family.

If Mr. Wu Ting Fang is not more careful he will wake up some morning and find himself referred to as the C—y D—w of the Orient.

Subscriber: No, it is definitely decided that we are not yet in the twentieth century. A New York man has been arrested under the witchcraft law of 1700.

A German scholar has written a long vindication of Lucrètia Borgia. It is a trifle late to do the woman much good, but it will not be pulled to pieces by any of the expert witnesses in the case.

There was born in Kentucky the other day a boy with three hips. Think of what a lively customer he will be when he becomes large enough to have pockets in his trousers and embark in the feud business.

There is a woman at Wilkesbarre, Pa., who has entered suits against three different men for divorce. She is probably proceeding upon the theory that with ordinary luck she ought to pull one or two out of the bunch, anyway.

The best news which has come from Cuba in many a day is a statement by Prof. Frye, who went there to establish a system of education for the island. In six months 1,878 free primary schools on the American plan have been opened. The daily attendance is now 100,000. Cuba libre may still be a long way off, but this is certainly the road which leads to it.

The Prince of Wales declares that the slums of London are a disgrace to civilization. But he believes that the public conscience has been awakened and the demand for cleansing these districts will shortly result in the government introducing a large scheme for reform, which is now in preparation, and which he hopes will solve the subject of housing the workers, than which there is no question of greater social importance.

"Will there be any more English Carlyles and Ruskins, or American Emersons?" The Chicago Tribune thinks not. But neither will there be another Chinese Confucius, or a Greek Plato, or a Roman Seneca. It does not follow that the world will lack leaders, teachers, prophets and sages, merely because duplicates are not forthcoming. Besides, whatever light comes to mankind with the advent of wise men shines on undimmed after they vanish. And they live on in spirit and attend us as brightening ideals.

There is an ominous and too little recognized fact in regard to the man in the moon. Strictly and slanglessly speaking, he is no longer in it. He has been supplanted—the old story—by a woman, and moon-gazers now grow rapturous over a fair profile of great and classical beauty. It seems to require special qualifications to see the lady and some scoffers believe that you must first have one in your eye. But be that as it may, there remains for masculine minds the depressingly significant fact that one more man has had to abdicate in favor of a woman.

Sedateness is not expected of college students, but there is still a portion of the community that believes a return to common sense would help the young gentlemen mightily. There is nothing in college curricula or surroundings to make the average youth part completely with his wits, but as soon as a collection of husky students acquire the gregarious habit they seem to enjoy being considered addle-pated irresponsibles. At least, that is the only interpretation that can be placed on some of their hazing performances. College faculties and governors have been too lenient in allowing the liberty of the students to generate into the grossest license.

There is no particular objection to students making nuisances of themselves, but the hazing license has resulted in physical wrecks and lifelong disabilities. It should be stamped out where milder methods fail.

The activity of the authorities in New York in the prosecution of the men who circulated false reports affecting injuriously the market value of the stock of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company last fall affords ground for no little speculation on the part of those who are interested in the dissection of morals and casuistry of the kind that concerns itself with shades of right and wrong. It opens an interesting and curious field of thought. For instance, how much lying about the condition of a big company would be required to cause indictments by a grand jury and the criminal prosecution of the circulators of false statements, provided the objects were the "booming" of a stock instead of its depreciation? When will some district attorney procure the arrest and trial of officers of a great corporation who say that it is sound and prosperous when they know that it is in a rotten condition and a most precarious situation? What is the exact moral difference between lying to injure property and lying to injure the persons who are induced to buy it? Obviously, if "bull" reports which had no foundation in truth were indictable under the criminal statutes of New York, the police of that city would have their hands full during the big "boom" of 1908 and 1909. They could scarcely have kept track of the lies told about any one of half a dozen conspicuous properties. The labors of Hercules would have been a small affair by comparison with the task of protecting buyers of stocks from their own credulity and the false statements made by men in positions of trust and authority in the management of great corporations. It must be that in the official view "bull" lying is far more wicked than "bull" lying. It is one thing to injure the owners of stocks actively dealt in in the New York market and quite another to entrap outsiders by inducing them to buy "securities" which do not secure the money they invest. It is the typical Wall street view. But is it logic or morals?

A comparative untouched phase of the question of forest destruction is brought out in a book called "North American Forests and Forestry," by Ernest Bruncken, a prominent Western forester. The author incidentally discusses the part which our forests have had in shaping American character and our national history. This phase of the matter is interesting both as a historical study and as a suggestion of the moral as well as economic loss which must come with the denudation of our forest areas. All thinking Americans know that the forests are an important factor in our commercial life, and Mr. Bruncken makes an impressive statement of the way in which the lumber industry permeates all the nation's activities. But the part played by the vast primeval forests in creating American character is not so generally realized. From the earliest colonial times the forests have had a moral and political effect in shaping our history. In the seventeenth century England was dependent upon Norway and the Baltic provinces for its timber for ships. This was in various ways disadvantageous for England, so the American colonists were encouraged with bounties to cut ship timbers, masts, and other lumber for European export. This trade, however, was found to be unprofitable on account of the long ocean voyage, so the American lumbermen began to develop a profitable market in the West Indies. This was straightway interdicted by the short-sighted British government, and the bitter and violent opposition of the colonists against this tyrannical policy ceased only with the end of British dominion. From that time to the present the forests of America have exercised a most important influence upon the nation, especially in creating the self-reliance which is the chief trait of the American character. The trappers, hunters, explorers and backwoods settlers who went forth alone into the dense forests received a schooling such as nothing else could give. As the forest closed behind the settler he knew his future and that of his family must henceforth depend upon himself, his ax, his rifle, and the few simple utensils he had brought with him. It was a school that did not teach the graces, but it made men past masters in courage, pertinacity and resourcefulness. It bred a new, simple and forceful type of man. Out of the midst of that backwoods life came Abraham Lincoln, the greatest example of American statesmanship the nation has produced. In him was embodied all the inherent greatness of his early wilderness surroundings, with scarcely a trace of its coarser characteristics. As Mr. Bruncken says, mere remembrance of what the forests have given us in the past should be enough to inspire a wish to preserve them as long as possible, to stop wanton waste by forest fires, and even to repair our losses by planting new forests, as they do in Europe.

Every old man looks as if he wished his wife thought as much of him as of the grand children.

THE MIRACLE DAYS.

Good folks, the days o' miracles ain't past an' gone away;
The weather man predicted snow, an' here's the snow to-day!
They know the path the sun an' moon air travelin'—so they do—
They've tracked the stars of heaven an' caught the comets, too!

They know jest how the ol' world rolls—they've got it down by heart;
They know the cyclone's comin' fore it ever makes a start!
They know the awful distance from here up to the sun;
They've counted all the worlds above, an' named 'em—every one!

Ain't nuthin' hidden from 'em—they know the all-in-all!
When obstacles air risin' they batter down the wall
An' stand in all the glory an' beauty o' the light,
A-givin' out this verdict—that there shall be no night!

An' I r-a-l-y wouldn't wonder at the pace we're bein' led,
Ef they shook the world like thunder by the raisin' o' the dead!
Fer, step by step they're goin' upon the upward way,
Till a feller's glad he's livin' in a world like this to-day!
—Atlanta Constitution.

SIX YEARS LOST.

WHAT would we live on, Max?" laughed Sydney Vernon, glancing down at her elegant morning dress, with the pretty slipper just peeping from beneath its hem. "It's all very well to eschew the practicalities of life, but they are somewhat necessary for all that, and I have never seen any great evidences of economy on your part; and I am quite sure you have not on mine."

Max Bayard tugged impatiently at his mustache as the girl, whom a moment before he had asked to be his wife, thus answered him.

"I have never had an incentive to economy," Max said in answer. "I have enough to live on and feed my horses, though my tailor's bill does



"FRIENDS? NEVER!" HE EXCLAIMED, trouble me now and then, I confess; but, Sydney, I will change all that, dear. I can't, perhaps, give you all the luxuries to which you are accustomed, but you shan't lack for comforts, that I promise you."

"We should be miserable—Max—miserable, both you and I!" the girl answered, bitterly. "We have not either of us been reared in a school of poverty. I would cry for cake while you could only give me bread, and you for ale while I could give you only kisses. Come, be sensible, and let us be good friends."

"Friends? Never!" he exclaimed. "I am starving, and you throw me a stone. Look into my eyes, Sydney, straight and true, and say you do not love me, and I will go away, and trouble you no more."

The long lashes drooped low on her cheek.

"I cannot quite say that," she answered, "but I will say more. I promised last night to become Mr. Clayton's wife within six months."

Max Bayard's handsome face grew white to the very lips—a look of deadly anger, mingled with something like loathing, crept into it. Sydney shrank from it, as from a blow.

"Don't, Max—don't!" she cried. "I could not help it—I am very sorry."

"You could not help it—you are very sorry?" he repeated very slowly. "Could not help what? Toying with me for your amusement—playing fast and loose with your victim, or selling yourself to the highest bidder? Which? You are very sorry—for whom? For the man you led step by step to the brink of the flower-strewn precipice, only to smile as he plunged to the chasm below, or for him who wins the prize in the lottery—the prize for which he has paid the price of all his fortune? Pardon me, Miss Vernon, but he, I think, is more deserving of your sorrow than the man whom you hurl to the lowest depths of the abyss."

With these words, he turned and left her.

Six years had passed—six years, fraught indeed with change.

When Grandpa Winds the Clock.

On Saturday nights at half past nine
When the clock's about ran down
My grandpa rheumatically leaves his chair.
And a smile chases off his frown—
He doffs his coat and throws it aside
Glances round at the family flock
And slowly says as he scratches his head
"Guess it's time to be winding the clock."
I tell you now it's a sight to see
For every one else as well as for me
When grandpa winds the clock.



He says that none but grandpapas
Can wind up an eight-day clock.
And if any one else should attempt the trick
The thing would be given a shock.
So he slowly yawns and mounts a stool
And stares at the old clock's face
Then blows out the dust from the hole in the key
With no little show of grace.
I only just wish that you could see
The dust flying out from the hole in the key
When grandpa winds the clock.

Then grandpa grins and the winding begins
And the folks all try to smile
As with teeth grating clicks he winds up the weights
For at least a nautical mile.
The cat humps its back, the baby cries out,
The dog howls at every creak;
But in time it is over—there's a sigh of relief—
It can't happen again for a week.
The clicks and creaks are over at last
Though it seems at first they'll never get past
When grandpa winds the clock.

CLARENCE A. HUGHES

—Chicago Chronicle.

"If she had been but true to herself and me!" Max Bayard had thought, when, but a few months after the event which had driven him from his native land to find forgetfulness in travel, a letter had been put into his hand, which had followed him from port to port, announcing that he had fallen heir to a fortune which might have challenged Mr. Clayton's in its magnitude.

A year afterward he married. His wife was very young and very lovely; but there were depths in his nature that her hand never stirred, and even as she lay with her head pillowed on his breast another haunted face would come between, and 'mid the caressing murmur of her words, would sound the echo of the "might have been."

But he loved her very dearly, and mourned her very truly, when, one short year after their marriage, he laid her away in her grave and took up the burden of life again, with the added responsibility of the tiny infant daughter she had left him. . . .

"Wanted—A lady to superintend the education of a little girl. Apply between the hours of 4 and 6 at—"

It was in answer to this advertisement that, six years after that memorable afternoon upon the beach, a lady stood waiting in the elegant drawing room of the house to which she had been directed.

Her veil was down and the room was half in shadow from the heavy curtains which draped the window, but for all that she started perceptively when a step crossed the hall and a gentleman, his hair slightly tinged with gray, entered.

She had sunk back on the sofa, and her frame quivered with emotion.

"You have come, madam, in answer to my advertisement?" he asked, cautiously.

"No, no!" she answered. "There are reasons why it will now be impossible for me to accept the situation offered."

That voice! Had it not too long haunted him to be thus easily forgotten? Would he not know it even though it sounded above his very grave?

"Sydney! you here?" he exclaimed. "Ah, Mrs. Clayton—pardon me, for the moment I forgot."

Then she threw back her veil. Six years had made little change. It was the same beautiful face, but grown very pale, and the lovely mouth quivered as she spoke.

"Believe me, I would not have intruded myself upon you had I dreamed it was you who had inserted the advertisement. I had not even heard of your marriage."

"My wife is dead," he answered. "But stay," as she rose to go. "Tell me how it happens that you are in necessity. Is Mr. Clayton dead?"

She shuddered.

"You mistake," she said. "I did not marry Mr. Clayton. I am Sydney Vernon still."

"You did not marry him?"

"No. It is a woman's privilege, you know, to change her mind. But my aunt was very angry, and at her death she left me nothing. Your advertisement attracted me. I thought I might learn to love a little girl."

"Sydney, why did you not marry Mr. Clayton?"

Had he really spoken, or was it her own thought which formed the question? No, he was awake now, his eyes resting upon her.

"You have no right to ask me," she said, imperiously. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"No right, perhaps—that I admit, but answer me, all the same. For the sake

of all these starving years, let me know the truth."

"Because I did not love him," she answered, then—"because I found myself weaker than I knew."

"Oh, Sydney! if we had known—if we had known! My darling, was there another reason? Was it because you loved me?"

"Because I shall love you while life lasts."

A month later there was a quiet wedding.

TO BREAK A QUEER WILL.

Decedent Swore He Would Make \$200,000, but Died Too Soon.

"The richest workingman in New Jersey" was what all his acquaintances called George Beesley, who died a few days ago at his home in Paterson, N. J., but hardly any one imagined that he was worth \$175,000. Such was the case, however, and now there is every prospect that lawyers, his pet abomination, will get a share of the estate. Should such an untoward result ensue it will be all due to Beesley's extraordinary will, which the heirs have decided on trying to break. A number of years ago, when Beesley was a blacksmith in the Rogers Locomotive Works, he swore that before he died he should be worth \$200,000. About a year ago his health began to fail and as yet his fortune was not more than \$175,000. Ere long he realized that he was not destined to carry out the provisions of his oath, but he did what he regarded as the next best thing. He tied his money up by will, restricting his children to the merest pittance until the estate should be worth \$200,000, as he had originally planned. Much of his investment had been in gilt-edged but low-interest stocks, and the heirs have come to the conclusion that the law will give them speedy access to comfort which without its help would be long postponed. Hence the attempt to break the remarkable will. An unusual feature of the contest is that the two girl heirs object to their father's discrimination against their brother and insist that he shall have a share of the estate equal to theirs.

Beesley, who was at once a miser and a money lender in his late years, seemed to think of nothing but adding dollar to dollar and determined that, as he had lived without luxuries, his children should follow in his steps. In Beesley's home the food was of the simplest. Oil for the lamps was measured out each week and groceries were weighed according to a schedule. If the measured supply did not last so much the worse for those who had been too prodigal. Matches the old man regarded as an extravagance. He whitened splints with his jackknife when he had time and these were lighted from a lamp or the kitchen stove. He shaved notes for men who worked with him and this laid the foundation of his fortune. Wise investments in real estate and a sudden rise in railroad stocks, a large block of which he had acquired as collateral forfeited, made him independent. Then he invested most of his wealth in safe securities and waited for the realization which his death prevented.

London Fashion Pays High Rent.

In the fashionable thoroughfares of London a good house rents for \$50,000 a year.

It is easy enough to be economical when you have plenty with which to economize.

A woman likes to be told she looks fresh, but a man doesn't.