

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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If a house divided against itself will fall, what is likely to happen to a country divided by others?

The Sultan of Turkey is buying Krupp guns, perhaps to be used in standing off bill collectors.

In view of various things just now, the resemblance between the American eagle and the dove of peace is less than ever.

Perhaps it has been decreed that China shall pay in blood for the accumulated misery its firecrackers have wrought upon mankind.

If any other nation has any sort of a grievance against anybody, now is the time to make known the fact. A war or two more doesn't matter.

A man the other day compelled a woman to become his wife by threatening to chop her head off with an ax if she refused his offer. There is one household at east in which the "woman's rights" question is not likely to be a subject for discussion.

Maxim, the gunmaker, says that the world is on the verge of a war greater than any which has happened in the past. The deep sorrow of Mr. Maxim, should such a struggle come, and the heartbroken sobs with which he would fill large orders for his cannon, can be easily imagined.

Youth and age seem to be on even terms in politics. Mr. Morgan of Alabama and Mr. Gear of Iowa have been re-elected to the Senate, although both of them have passed their three-score years and ten by half a decade. Mr. Beveridge of Indiana, on the other hand, is hardly more than half the age of either of them, and yet he is not the youngest man in the upper house.

The Ways and Means Committee of the House of Representatives has been authorized to sit during the recess of Congress, with a view to preparing a bill to reduce the taxes which were imposed or increased at the outbreak of the Spanish war. This committee, according to present plans, will assemble in Washington about ten days before Congress meets in December. Much of the time of Congress is saved by committee work during recess.

If village improvement societies are organized to make a town more beautiful, why not public progress boards, to make it more busy? Such a society has just been organized in Castine, Me., and its present purpose is to induce some ship-building firm to locate its plant in that pretty town, which is a great deal more likely to get its wish than it would be if it sat down and waited to be discovered. Many a decaying place would be prosperous to-day if it had sent its advantages to market instead of expecting some capitalist to come after them with his own wagon.

A timely warning is sounded against any wholesale rush of fortune-seekers to South Africa. The ending of the war and the absorption of the Boer states into the British empire will doubtless stimulate migration to those regions, and will also increase the opportunities of profitable settlement there. But it will not be prudent for any one to go thither without some capital, or at least sufficient resources to maintain him for some time in independence of anything he may or may not do there. It is an expensive country to live in, and the gold mines and other sources of profit can be worked only at considerable expense. It is a country in which capital will find profitable investment, but not one in which the penniless adventurer is likely to pick up a fortune.

The neuron is a nerve cell. Neither Pythagoras nor Plato knew that man had neurons. These philosophers had no microscopes. When the neurons were discovered they were immediately studied with fervor. A scientist of repute put forth the theory that each neuron had an independent life. When a man went to sleep it was because his neurons contracted and failed to touch one another. Hence, the communication with his brain was broken. When the neurons got rested they stretched themselves once more. They touched and formed a continuous line in the nerve. The brain was again placed in connection with the outer world and its owner woke up. The brain being also made up of neurons, this theory pictured man as a conglomeration of minute but independent beings. He was a colony of tiny creatures. They ruled him. His consciousness was simply the aggregate of theirs. He had no real personal existence. But science delights in reversing its own findings. A microscopist, by staining the neurons, has made them more visible under the glass. It is found that they are not independent. Their protoplasm or

cell substance intermingles. They are not separate entities. Their reign is ended. The neuron theory is untenable. This is a triumph for the foes of materialism. It replaces man on his pedestal as an individual. He is not a mere colony of separate cells.

Probably there are many worried Americans who would find it galling to their interest to adopt a few of the suggestions made by Daniel Gregory Mason in an article which he contributes to Scribner's Magazine. Mr. Mason, commenting on the numerous maladies that modern man is heir to, points out that men and women generally have fallen into a bad habit of "physical self-consciousness." On the one hand there are the hypochondriacal sufferers who cannot read a medical dictionary without having all the symptoms therein described. On the other side there are the faddists who in taking up some physical-culture scheme or rest cure or restricted diet keep their maladies perpetually in mind by the very earnestness with which they endeavor to evade or destroy them. In short, neither the hypochondriacs nor the conscientious worriers who watch their daily symptoms under the beneficent influences of some health-getting program are pursuing the right way to be healthy and happy in this world. Manifestly Mr. Mason's advice that men turn to a natural "tendency to health" might be carried too far. A man who really has a broken leg or an inflamed stomach needs to devote enough "physical self-consciousness" to his case to telephone for a doctor. But in general, and for a vast number of the ill, imaginary and real, which humanity bears, it is a question if the sufferer might not do much better just to trust to "the tendency to health," not trying merely to forget his troubles—whereby he would only the more keenly realize them—but getting up a lively interest in something else.

It is long since this country has had to face the shock of a disaster so appalling in the loss of life and so destructive of property as the great fire at the Hoboken docks of the North German Lloyd Steamship Company. Hundreds of lives lost by fire or water, the hospitals crowded with other hundreds of injured, great docks and three big Atlantic steamers burned to the water's edge and many millions of dollars' worth of property destroyed by the flames make a catalogue of horror grievous to record. In its gressomely spectacular quality the disaster is without a parallel. On the west bank of the North river, just opposite the most crowded part of lower New York, the great fire burned the lives out of helpless men and women by the score in full view of thousands of spectators who were powerless to aid them. Always there seems a peculiar irony in the destruction of a ship and the loss of life of its crew and passengers by fire. The first thought is that the very proximity of a limitless supply of water ought to act in some way as a saving element, and yet even here, where every means of protection was at hand, with all the fireboats of New York at prompt command and the supposedly perfect appliances for fighting fire on the docks and the steamers themselves, where fire drills are practiced with regularity, the flames had their own way virtually unchecked. With scores of ferries, tugboats and other harbor craft hovering about the burning docks, little could be done to save life. Three steamers—the Main, the Saale and the Bremen—were burned. The splendid new Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse, second of all steamers on the Atlantic, narrowly escaped destruction, suffering considerable damage. Great docks and warehouses, valuable cargoes and freight in storage or ready for shipment, went up in flames. Lighters and barges by the dozen were destroyed and are hardly enumerated, so hidden is that smaller loss in the greater. The North German Lloyd Steamship Company has endured a blow which might disable a weaker corporation. Yet all these things are overshadowed by the tales of suffering and death. The Main, burning at the pier and smothering imprisoned men who were helpless even to fight for life, seventeen of them saved after hours of torture in the lowest coal bunker, where they baked as in a furnace; the Saale, drifting down with the current to be beached on Communipaw flats, where the tide rose and poured through the lower port-hole, drowning the helpless men and women who had their faces turned toward the sky and liberty, so close to the men who sought to rescue them that they could be given water to drink, yet penned in by the stubborn steel plates that formed the side of the ship; the Bremen, towed up the river and left a hulk so hot that no one could examine it to see how many bodies it would yield, and the host of men and women driven from the vessels by the flames who found a refuge and death in the stream—these are but a part of the horrors. There is one bright spot in the painful story. We are told of instances of courage among the dying and of persistent effort to save life. Always brave men appear in such dreadful scenes to call attention more emphatically to the sad waste of valuable lives in a hopeless situation.

## An Actor's Stratagem.

MY whole career is blighted; I shall never be given a position of trust again," Geoffrey Hurst cried despairingly. And Stephen Grant looking into the troubled face before him, thought what a boy Geoff was, in spite of his five-and-twenty years. Geoffrey Hurst was junior secretary to the Queen's favorite ambassador at Florence, and a favorite with all about him. At the public school where they had been together Geoffrey had been Stephen's rag, and the healthful influence that the elder had over the younger was never wholly shaken off. So that Geoffrey Hurst, the budding diplomatist, listened to Stephen's opinion with as much respect as he had done in the old days, when as a small boy he had blacked his boots and cooked his breakfast.

As the two men sat together in the actor's bachelor quarters (for Stephen was an actor of some promise) they presented a striking contrast. Geoffrey's frock-coat fitted his tall figure to perfection, while Stephen's well-worn velvet jacket had a truly Bohemian air that was in keeping with the careless ease of his surroundings. After a while Stephen offered a cigar case to his friend, but Geoffrey shook his head; he had not the heart to smoke. "A cigar helps me to think," Stephen said, as he carefully cut the end of a Havana and applied a light; then, between the puffs of smoke, he said slowly: "When did you first know that this mission would be given you?"

"The day before yesterday the chief sent for me," Geoffrey answered. "He said he had some important documents to send to the foreign office, and had determined to intrust them to me. He spoke very kindly of the way I had served him, and also of the respect he entertained for my father, altogether making me feel that choosing me as his emissary was a signal mark of distinction. How little I dreamed of the pitiable result that was to follow!"

"When did you first encounter Hammond?" Stephen questioned. "When I went on board the steamer at Calais. I had not set eyes upon him since the time we were both staying at that house in Yorkshire and I exposed him for his cheating at cards. I quite thought then he would owe me an eternal grudge for it."

Stephen frowned. "I had forgotten the episode," he said, "and that, added to what we both knew of him in the old days, renders it the more incomprehensible that you should have given him your confidence."

"That is true enough," Geoffrey said, sadly. "But I should not have been so easily duped had the passage across the Channel been a good one. You know what a confoundedly bad sailor I am, and the sea was fearfully choppy. I was completely knocked over, and Hammond appeared most considerate, advising me to lie down, and when I had done so, bringing me brandy, and then I went to sleep."

"Well?" Stephen said, interrogatively. "Well, when I awoke I went on deck, and found we were close upon Dover harbor. I felt shattered; my head was swimming. Hammond paid little heed to me, and, as soon as the boat touched the pier, hurried off without waiting for me to accompany him. It was then that I realized that my letter-case was gone."

"There were not many papers, then? You had no dispatch box?" "No; merely a few letters inclosed in a small leather case. When I first discovered my loss I was stunned; then it flashed upon me that I was George Hammond's victim—that he had taken the papers from me while I slept. The train was still waiting when I reached the platform, and I caught sight of him at one of the carriage windows. I don't know what I said in my excitement as I demanded my pocketbook. He laughed, assuring me he knew nothing of it. I caught at the door of the carriage and would have torn it open, but he leaped from the window and pushed me, so that I staggered back, and I heard him say to the people about that I was drunk! Then I was roughly handled by the porters, and the train steamed out of the station."

"When you came to your senses you made your way here?" Stephen said. "Yes; my first thought was to come to you. I knew you would help me if you could." "Heavens knows I would, dear boy; but the question is, what can be done?" "Something must be done, Stephen, or I shall go mad. My honor, my future, and— heaven help me!—my whole life's happiness are at stake!" Stephen watched him critically. "I expected that," he said. "So your ambition has led you to great heights, and you have dared to set your heart upon an ambassador's daughter?" For a moment a very tender expression filled Geoffrey's eyes, then he said bitterly: "You are right; my ambition overleaped itself. I have been living in a

fool's paradise, and, heaven knows, the awakening is hard."

"The best thing might be to put the matter into the hands of the police," Stephen suggested, calmly.

"I cannot bring myself to it," Geoffrey said. "It would be making public what I have promised should be sacred."

Stephen knocked the ash off his cigar as he said thoughtfully:

"I wonder if Hammond would destroy the papers? They would be dangerous things to keep."

"I don't fancy he would—at least, not yet; he would naturally hope to make capital out of them."

Stephen nodded assent; then he added:

"You know Hammond has married a widow with a bit of money, who has a house somewhere in the suburbs?"

"Would he go to his home?" Geoff asked doubtfully.

"Very probably," Stephen answered. Then he took out his watch. "I must be at a rehearsal in half an hour," he said.

"But what can be done, Stephen? Can you think of nothing?"

"A plan that would serve us is not to be thought of on the instant," Stephen said; "but I will do my best."

It was midnight, and in a small house in St. John's Wood the lights were all extinguished, except those in the special sanctum of the master of the establishment. The other inmates of the house were all wrapped in slumber, while George Hammond sat brooding. On the table before him lay a leather letter-case. The question he was debating was whether or not the papers should be destroyed.

It had struck 1 o'clock when he was roused from his reverie by a loud knocking at the front door. He started up, and was about to thrust the letter-case into his pocket, but, changing his mind, placed it again on the table before he hurried downstairs.

Hammond was anxious that the household should not be roused. It would not mend matters to have his wife coming down inquiring what was amiss. So he unlocked the door, and drew back the bolts cautiously; then, leaving the chain still up, opened the door a few inches, demanding who was there.

The unmistakable gleam of a bull's-eye came into the dark hall, as a voice answered:

"A constable. Are you the owner of the house?"

Hammond replied that he was, and asked what the policeman wanted.

"I have reason to believe that an attempt is being made to enter your premises," he said. "A man has been watching at the back for the last hour. Have you much plate?"

"We have some plate, certainly, but I don't think any one could get at it. My people are all asleep, so I hope there will be no disturbance."

"Let me in, and I will look at the fastenings," the constable returned.

The chain was undone, and, saying he was glad the women folk were a-bed, as they always took alarm at the sight of a policeman, he told Hammond only to close the door, as he should be off again directly. Then, throwing the light of his lantern before him, kitchen, scullery, pantry, all were visited, places into which Hammond had never before made his way. The policeman's keen eye scanned each lock and window, but all were securely fastened. As they emerged once more into the hall, the policeman asked:

"Which is the room at the back of the house, where the lights are burning?"

"My private sitting room," Hammond said impatiently. "It is impossible anyone could reach it from the outside. It must be thirty or forty feet from the ground."

"Few things are impossible to a determined mind," the constable answered, as he made his way noiselessly upstairs, Hammond following.

The policeman entered the brightly lighted room, and gave a quick glance round. Then he turned out the gas, leaving the room in darkness, save for the occasional gleam of his bull's-eye. He asked Hammond to draw up the blind and open the window. Then the two men peered into the garden beneath.

"As you say, it is impossible for anyone to get in this way," the constable said; "and having ascertained that, I must be off."

He quitted the room, leaving Hammond alone in the dark.

He was still fumbling for the matches, when the front door closed with a bang.

Geoffrey Hurst woke from a dreamless sleep to the remembrance of a calamity that had befallen him. He lay on the sofa in his friend's room, and in an armchair, wrapped in a cloak, Stephen sat smoking. It was some seconds before Geoffrey became aware of the other's presence; then he started

up, crying out eagerly for news. For answer, Stephen pointed to the table, and there, in the lamplight, Geoffrey saw the precious letter case that had caused him so many hours of anguish. For a moment he could not speak; then he caught his friend's hand in his, as he whispered:

"Heaven bless you, Stephen! You have saved me from dishonor!"

"See that the letters are intact," was all Stephen said; but there was an unusual brightness in his eyes, which showed that he, too, was deeply moved.

Geoffrey examined the contents of the case, and found nothing missing—the papers were not even soiled.

"How on earth did you manage it, Stephen?" Geoffrey asked eagerly.

Stephen's eyes twinkled.

"Ah, dear boy," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction, "I went in character"—and, opening a bag that lay at his feet, he drew forth a policeman's helmet and lantern. Then, flinging aside his cloak, he showed the dark-blue coat and bright buttons of the orthodox constable.

Stephen laughed.

"It was a sudden idea that came to me," he said; and told exactly what had taken place.

Geoffrey was enthusiastic. In conclusion, Stephen said:

"I must tell you the one comic episode in the little drama. When I left the house, I was convinced Hammond would follow me, so I concealed myself among the shrubs of a neighboring garden. He soon came tearing into the street, as I expected, but I was not prepared for the sequel. The policeman on the beat—whom I had watched to a safe distance before beginning my operations—had just turned the corner of the square. Hammond made for him, and a lively tussle ensued. The policeman evidently considered that he had been wantonly assaulted, and gave as good as he got. So that I left the scene of action with the satisfaction that if George Hammond were not punished quite as he deserved, he would at least spend one night in the local lock-up."—Penny Pictorial Magazine.

## PRIDE AND POVERTY.

The Woman Had a Good Reason for Not Paying the Nickel.

"The truth of the old proverb which tells us that 'pride and poverty are born companions' was never so forcibly impressed upon my mind as it was one day last week when I was riding in a Broadway, New York, cable car," said a commercial traveler to the writer. "A lady entered the car accompanied by a little girl. The conductor came around for the fare and the lady handed him a nickel. 'Fare for the child, if you please,' remarked the conductor. The lady was intently observing some object out of the opposite window and paid no attention to what the conductor said. After a few minutes' waiting the conductor again renewed his request for the child's fare. Again there was no attention paid to his talk. Finally in a louder and somewhat impatient tone a peremptory demand was made for the fare. This apparently brought the lady to a realization of the situation, and with an air of offended dignity she replied: 'I suppose I know the rules of this company, and there is no fare required of a child of this size.' The conductor was politely explaining the rules that he worked under when he was snapped up short in his explanation by the lady, who kindly affirmed that she had been traveling on the cars for months with the same child and had never paid any fare, nor had she ever been insulted before by being asked for it. 'More than that, I shall not pay it now,' she said, as she compressed her lips and settled back in her seat with an air of determination which bespoke her intention of staying there until the cable wore out. By this time a dozen or more people in the car were interested in the situation, and were anxious to see the outcome of it.

"I am sorry," said the conductor, 'but the rules of this company must be enforced.'

"With that he reached for the belt rope.

"What are you going to do?" excitedly asked the lady.

"I am going to put that child off," came the reply.

"What, right here in this crowded street?" she shouted.

"Well, I am not going to run the car into anybody's store for your accommodation," coolly replied the conductor.

"Seeing that further struggle was useless, the lady's tone softened, and, with the blindest smile on her face, but all the while a tear sparkling in her eye, she said: 'I would pay you in a minute, conductor, if I had the change with me. But the fact is I spent all my money up town except that one nickel.'

"Well, if you had said that at first, my dear madam, all this trouble would have been avoided. I would have loaned you the amount of the fare willingly."

"The truth is," said the woman, in an undertone, "I was too proud to admit that I didn't have a dime."—Washington Star.

It is always easier for any woman to please a man than the one who is married to him.

Do not stone the baby when you rock the cradle.