

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO OREGON

Those Chinese Boxers differ from our own sluggers in one important respect: They do not wear short hair.

The crater of Vesuvius is said to have fallen in. This sad occurrence puts that lively volcano in something of a hole.

A Pennsylvania barber was rendered dumb the other day by a bolt of lightning. Now let him prepare to work overtime.

Paderewski is praising the exquisite musical fervor of the Americans. He has nearly \$200,000 of recently acquired American money to back him up in this praise.

A Sunday golf player has saved the lives of two men whose boat capsized. The exact bearing of this incident upon the Sunday golf question has not yet been determined.

A man who had been planning and promising the formation of a company with fifteen million dollars' capital was arrested the other day on the charge of having stolen one hundred and seventy dollars. Not often does the comedy of speculation present a finer example of reductio ad absurdum.

A fine example of man's triumphs over adverse natural conditions is to be seen in the Sahara. That region has long been identified with utter sterility and barrenness. Yet through the simple expedient of irrigation by artesian wells, more than twelve million acres of it has already been made abundantly fertile.

The right of petition is not a "glittering generality" when it expresses itself on paper a mile long. Residents of Australian gold-fields to the number of twenty-eight thousand have signed a petition to the queen, praying to be delivered from certain grievances. Merit in such a case cannot be measured with a yardstick, but the dimensions of the document will be sure to count.

The Paris exposition is remarkable in many ways, but most of all as an exhibition of the greatness of Chicago. The world never realized the full extent of the triumph achieved by the Columbian World's Fair until it had a new Parisian effort to compare it with. The nineteenth century will close with Chicago still holding the prize for the greatest, the most imposing, the most interesting and the most artistic world's fair that mankind has ever known.

Bishop Potter pays a high tribute to the character and qualities of the rank and file of our army in Manila. He says, in effect, that no one who has seen our soldiers in the Philippines, and has noted their splendid physique, their attention to duty, and the high average of intelligence existing among them, can fail to have an increased pride in our army, and a profound faith in their capability to do whatever is required of them. He saw our soldiers in many places, under all varieties of circumstances, during his stay in Manila, but not one among them who reflected discredit upon himself or his country.

The Indian name Sioux, as it appears in such town names as Sioux Falls, Sioux City and Sioux Rapids, is usually pronounced "Soo"; but sometimes, in the East, chiefly, that simple pronunciation is not known. A committeeman not long ago visited a school in New England, where he heard the pupils say "Si-ox," with complete assurance. At a favorable opportunity he quietly spoke to the teacher of the error, saying: "You know it is 'Soo,'" whereupon she asked the attention of the school, and solemnly announced: "You have all been pronouncing the word wrong. It is not Si-ox, but Soo-ox." The committeeman lacked the courage to pursue the subject further.

Mrs. Burton Harrison says that "home life in our busy day and generation is passing out of vogue." Every woman has her fad or mission, which takes her away from home. She looks upon home life as a trivial round, which is expected to maintain itself unaided. How is this tendency to be overcome, for that it is an unwholesome tendency there can be no doubt? Even wives and mothers who have been faithful to the home and have made it a center of loving usefulness are apt to bewail their lot as less blessed than that of women who have practically cut themselves loose from home ties. They are to be found comparing their work with that of their husbands, belittling themselves and what they have done. The years seem to them wasted, because, instead of learning new accomplishments, attending clubs, or earning money, they have "done nothing" but maintain the home and bring up in health, strength and beauty a number of men and women. The work of the man is necessary to the family welfare. But the work of the woman, when well done, is of equal importance.

And, as a matter of fact, the life work engaged in by many men is frivolity itself when compared with the tremendous task of caring day and night for human beings, which is the work that women often decry as "a trivial round."

A statement prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture, showing the wheat crop of the world for the last five years, contains much that is of peculiar interest to Americans. First of all, it is worth noting that wheat is something the demand for which keeps always abreast of the supply. Year after year the world's crop increases, yet gains in population, improvements in transportation and the growth of commerce enable consumption to keep pace. Last year's crop of almost two and three-quarters billion bushels will be no more than sufficient for use and necessary reserves during this year. The continent of Europe produces more than one-half the world's crop of wheat, and North America only about one-quarter; yet Europe is a constant buyer and North America a constant seller. The one consumes almost the entire world's surplus, the other is the world's great surplus exporter. The contribution of the United States to last year's crop was twenty and eight-tenths per cent., a larger share than that of any other country, Russia, with nearly 18 per cent., being its nearest rival. The report brings out most interestingly the commercial significance of variations in the crop. In 1897 for instance, Europe produced an unusually small proportion of the world's supply, while the United States produced an uncommonly large proportion. This was greatly to our advantage, for the European demand advanced world price, and we were able to sell our great surplus at profitable figures. In 1898 and 1899, however, these conditions were reversed. Europe's percentage of the world's crop increased, while ours decreased. The result has been persistently low prices for wheat, in spite of a decided advance in the price of other agricultural products. An increase in the crop in South America and Australasia, most of which goes to Europe, and the abundance of the European rye crop, have also helped to keep the price down. Ordinarily more than 75 per cent. of the wheat crop of the world is produced in seven countries of the Northern Hemisphere: The United States, Russia, France, India, Austria-Hungary, Germany and Italy; but of these countries two only, the United States and Russia, produce a quantity greatly in excess of their own demands.

In the North American Review Justin McCarthy indulges in some interesting speculation as to the fate of the "disappearing authors" and the reasons for their decline into oblivion. The fame of some authors comes and goes with something of the effect of a revolving light, but the writers whom Mr. McCarthy has in mind are those who, having once enjoyed a wide and apparently deserved popularity, are slowly and steadily passing out of human memory. Charles Kingsley, for instance, seems every year to get less and less of the attention of the average reader. With him Mr. McCarthy classes Anthony Trollope and even Charles Reade, whose "Cloister and the Hearth," it is said, no publisher would attempt to circulate in cheap form. Charles Lever also appears to be among the disappearing, while who nowadays ever thinks about the "Hajji Baba" novels of Morier or the stories of Mrs. Marsh, an author exceedingly popular when Mr. McCarthy was a young man? It is true that a somewhat similar process has gone on in the case of Fielding and Jane Austen, but if these authors are less widely read they still hold a classical eminence and are mentioned with reverence and avowed appreciation by those who never read a line of their works. But the others seem neither to be read nor to be able to keep their places in their respective niches of fame. Mr. McCarthy finds no satisfactory reason for these facts, for in many cases the disappearing authors were men who possessed literary art and whose work appealed to cultured minds. Mr. McCarthy cites Mrs. Marsh's "The Admiral's Daughter" as an instance, yet even those who have lively memories of "The Children of the Abbey" have forgotten Mrs. Marsh's story. The reason for this curious weeding-out process is apparently not to be discovered by any process of analysis. All that we can say is that in literature there is an element which involves enduring interest and that some books have this element while others do not. It does not matter what is the time of the story or what its theme, or even whether it is unfolded artfully. One book formerly popular is absolutely forgotten, another of moderate fame assumes a permanent and respectable place in literature. Yet it seems more than probable that this selective process carried on by time follows a law which rests fundamentally on a recognition of great and lasting merit. Somehow a book becomes more or less necessary to the enlightenment or happiness of mankind, and mankind treasures it. It takes no seat to perceive that twenty-five years from to-day dozens of books which are now hailed as "books of the year" will be absolutely forgotten.

BRIGHT LIGHT SHED ON EGGS.

How the Experts Determine and Then Classify Their Quality.

"Egg candling is a difficult trade. In the closest attention is required with sharp eyes, for several grades are made, and the difference between one grade and another in looks at least is not observable except to the expert who is intent on his work."

This is the statement of Lincoln Martin, foreman of egg candlers in a big Chicago commission house. He is credited with having a thorough knowledge of this trade, as indeed he should have, as he has worked at it steadily for twenty-five years, and has been with his present employers for ten years. Under him are twelve other candlers hired by the day, at \$2.50 a day, and besides a number of flyers, men who work when and where they can get a job. They get less money than do the regulars. A swift regular will inspect 600 or 700 eggs daily, or from fifty to sixty cases, and receive his \$2.50, whereas the flyer is paid but from \$1.20 to \$1.50 for the same amount of work. All the



EGG CANDLERS AT WORK.

regulars are undoubted experts, or all should be so. There are in Chicago over 300 candlers of both descriptions, but the greatest number are regulars.

The candler sits on a high stool in front of either an electric or a gas light, which is two-thirds inclosed in dark metal, for the best effect. The light is thrown out as from a policeman's lantern. On one side of the candler, within easy reach, is a case full of eggs, and on the other side of him are empty cases. He deftly picks up two eggs at a time, and, presto! change! between the thumb and forefinger of each hand is now an egg held near the light—it is not still the twentieth part of a second, but constantly turning round and round, sideways and end over end, for a few seconds. Every bit of the oval surface has been seen and the exact state of the contents of the shell is ascertained. It is softly laid in a case marked high grade, or in one marked second, third or fourth grade, according to its quality.

A perfect, fresh egg answers for itself in a yellow glow, the shell is full, the yolk in the middle place and the white nearly transparent. Each of the lower grades is marked by one of several variously induced defects. One egg that otherwise looks all right is shrunken at the small end. There is an air chamber where, before the egg was too old, was clear "meat." Let this go into the second grade. In another is a slight streak of red, as of blood, and though it is sound and sweet it has had too much warmth, and in a short time will begin to decay. Let this go into the third grade. In still another the yolk is seen to be breaking up and mingling with the white substance, but no black spot has yet appeared in it—it is not bad, but soon will be bad, if it be not quickly used—and so let it go into the third grade. An incompetent or careless inspector may mistake as to the quality of one or another of these eggs, but an expert never will. The "black spot" egg detects itself, so to speak, but the "white rot" egg sometimes goes undetected in inattentive hands. This is an egg the white of which is all rotten. It is not shrunken, and to the inexperienced looks perfectly sound, but the candler gets no light through its density. It is very bad. When all of the meat of an egg is rotten it is all black.

Cracked eggs and eggs that are very small are discarded entirely for the present, but when the inspection is over for the day these are put in a receptacle marked "bakers'" and are sold at a low price.

The country from which eggs come to the Chicago market includes a large part of the South and the entire old Northwest. Indeed the new Northwest makes some contributions, for eggs from Oregon and Washington have been received here. In the winter the current receipts of new eggs are from Texas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Arkansas and Oklahoma. In the summer these States ship their surplus eggs to New Orleans. The Chicago supplies, in the spring and summer, come from Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas, Missouri, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the two Dakotas.

In minute parts of this great extent of country the collection of eggs is made, in large measure, by local merchants. Goods are exchanged for them.

What the local merchants do not get hucksters who make a business of gathering in farm produce pay money for.

ONE MAN AND THREE DOGS.

Aided by a Gun They Hold a Wealthy Corporation at Bay.

There is an old recluse living on a little island on the flats of New Jersey, at the mouth of Newton creek, who would not give up the little shanty which he delights to call his home for perhaps any amount of money that could be offered him. Nay, when an attempt is made to take his little property from him by force, as one is now being made, this eccentric old man is willing to defend his title to the estate, if necessary, at the cost of his life. In his determination to hold onto the little insignificant estate he is being ably aided by three dogs and his trusty gun. Against the old man in the miniature war which is in progress are arrayed the minions of the law representing a great ship-building corporation with a capital of \$50,000,000.

Adolph James Hutchinson, the hermit, does not really own the little plot of ground, although it has been his home for upward of twenty years. It is in the center of the tract upon which the corporation proposes to erect its great ship-building plant. On the other hand, it is the old hermit's home. He has no title other than a squatter's claim, but he is prepared to defend his rights with his life. He stands at the door of his little hut when approached by strangers and demands that they shall stay at a distance of fifty yards on the penalty of a shot from his gun. His three dogs stand ready to follow up the attack if the shot fails, so that he makes a rather formidable front. Eventually the old man must surrender to the corporation, but just how interesting he will make it for his opponents before he vacates the premises remains to be seen.

During the seventy years that have passed over old Hutchinson's grizzled head he has seen stirring scenes enough to nerve him to meet the difficulties of his present position with equanimity. He shipped on a merchantman before the mast when but a young man, and became engaged in trading in the East Indies. Encounters with Malay pirates, adventures with the head-hunters of Borneo and three experiences in shipwrecks developed a contempt for dangers. Five years' honorable service on an English man-of-war did not lessen his daring, and five years' campaigning during the civil war in this country hardened him to suffering. His mode of life since then has strengthened the effects of this early training, so that when he says he will greet any hostile visitor with a bullet it is well to respect his word. This is the way the marshals feel. It is for this reason that no attempt has yet been made to force his doorway. The course that will likely commend itself to them will be to wait until he starts to the main land for pro-



JERSEY'S WARLIKE SQUATTER.

visions, as he must do at stated intervals, and when he is gone slip quietly toward his hut, taking chances on killing his dogs that he leaves behind on guard.

When he first went to Camden twenty years ago he was despondent and disappointed. He wanted to get away from human companionship. He went down to the marshes, and finding the little island secluded and little visited he determined to make his place of abode there. He built of the rough driftwood that the waters of the Delaware swept in to him the hut in which he lives, and which he is determined not to give up, be the cost what it may.

Equine Losses in War.

In all protracted wars the loss in horses from disease is terribly heavy. In Napoleon's campaign across the Niemen, out of 60,000 horses no fewer than 45,000 succumbed in six months. At the siege of Plevna the Russians lost over 30 per cent. of their draught animals, and in the Egyptian war of 1882 half the English horses were disabled, of which 600 died from sickness and only 60 on the field of battle.—Pearson's Magazine.

If opportunity knocks at every door, in most cases it is with as timid a knock as if there were a corpse in the house.

DIES IN A FOREIGN LAND.

Stephen Crane, Novelist and War Correspondent, No More.

Stephen Crane, the American novelist and war correspondent, died at Baden-Weiler, Germany. Like many writers of fiction his fame was made in a single work, and although a prolific writer he will be generally remembered as the author of "The Red Badge of Courage," a story of the experiences of a



STEPHEN CRANE.

recruit in the civil war. His picture of a battle was so vivid in this work that critics who did not know the author declared that it must have been drawn by a war veteran. On the strength of the story Crane was sent to the Graeco-Turkish war in 1897 as correspondent for the Westminster Gazette of London. During the Spanish-American war he was in Cuba as correspondent for the New York papers. It is the generally expressed opinion that Mr. Crane was not as strong in his descriptions of actual war scenes as he was in the imaginary scenes of the novel that brought him fame. While acting as war correspondent he was noted for his reckless bravery, often being exposed on the firing lines. While in Cuba he contracted the fever which eventually caused his death.

Stephen Crane was born in Newark, N. J., in 1871, and was the son of a Methodist clergyman. At the age of 16 he began to write for the newspapers, and after completing his education in Lafayette College and Syracuse University he became a reporter and sketch writer. His remains will be taken to England and thence, perhaps, to this country for interment, but it is not yet decided whether he will be buried in England or the land of his birth. Before going to London, nearly two years ago, his home was in Hartwood, Sullivan County, N. Y. His wife, whom he married at the close of the Greek war and whom he met in the east, survives.

Rufus Choate's Bad Writing.

George Ticknor, the historian of Spanish literature, was once called as a witness in a case in which Mr. Choate was engaged, and, being seated by the eminent counselor, was attracted by the notes which he had made of the evidence; after eyeing them with interest, he remarked that the writing reminded him of two autograph letters in his possession—one of Manuel the Great of Portugal (dated 1512) and the other of Gonsalvo de Cordova, the great captain, written a few years earlier. (Anyone who has glanced over these remarkable specimens of chirography will marvel that it was possible to make out a syllable of such illegible scrawls.)

"These letters," Mr. Ticknor assured Mr. Choate, "were written 350 years ago, and they strongly resemble your notes of the present trial." Choate instantly replied: "Remarkable men, no doubt; they seem to have been much in advance of their time."—Caroline Ticknor in Truth.

Qu-er Lawuit.

An Adrian County (Missouri) court has been wrestling with a peculiar lawsuit, in which rats cut the principal figure. A farmer named Sturgeon hired one Walker to kill the rats on his place, agreeing to pay 1 cent apiece for the tails of 1,000 of the victims. When 750 tails had been presented for tally, Walker asked \$7.50 as pay for his services. Here the trouble began, for the farmer refused to pay for any number less than 1,000. He also claimed that Walker tried to palm off mouse tails on him as tails of young rats. The hired man secured a favorable verdict in the lower courts, but Sturgeon will continue his legal fight to escape payment.

The Pope's American Snuff.

Pope Leo XIII. is still addicted to the habit of taking snuff. It is not generally known that snuff used by the head of the Roman Catholic Church is made especially for his use in America. This particular kind is the highest-priced made anywhere in the world, and before being packed is flavored with the costly attar of roses.

Dangers of Generalization.

"The soil," said the political economist, "is what supports us."
"Well, I don't know," said the sea captain, thoughtfully. "The ocean supports me about eleven months in the year."—Somerville Journal.

Unless a man is sincere he can never be a hero in his own estimation.