

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

Cracking jokes should be gone about in such a way as not to deteriorate into making bad breaks.

Arkansas leads in one thing. They fine women \$50 for wearing stuffed birds on their hats.

Very likely that Parisian girl who killed herself on a bed of roses did not sleep on one during life.

Considering the part it is playing in it it would not be surprising if China was considerably cut up over this trouble.

Viewed in the light of antiquity, whatever the future history of the Chinese may be they have a long tale behind them.

That the Klondike region is for the most part frozen the year round is only so much more evidence of the wealth there is in ice.

In Portugal married women retain their maiden names. If that were the custom here the divorce courts would cause less confusion.

One letter makes all the difference in the world. Mr. Aldrich, the poet, wrote the line, "A potent medicine for gods and men," and the proofreader let it go "A patent medicine," etc.

A Pennsylvania woman has left \$10,000 for the benefit of a horse and a dog. One good thing about leaving money in this way is that the beneficiaries are not likely to get drunk or quarrel over the division of it.

A Kansas Judge was called up at 2 o'clock a few mornings ago to marry a loving couple who couldn't wait any longer. It is probable that the girl's pa was not farther behind than the first bend down the road.

The postmaster general has amended the postal regulations so as to permit the sender of a registered letter to recall it after it has been dispatched. This will be a great convenience to women who want to add another postscript.

The fact that the biggest bean patch in the world is at Pasadena, Cal., is of course of great interest to Bostonians. Last year 15,000 acres there were devoted to beans, and 1,000 carloads were produced. It is said that 138 distinct varieties of beans are grown in Ventura county.

Twenty-one wagons passed through the city of Wabash, Ind., not long ago, in solemn procession. They were loaded with the last marketable black walnut logs in the county. The ceremony would have been equally appropriate in any other county of the great central States. The walnut, which half a century ago was the most plentiful and majestic tree of the region, is to-day practically extinct. A stronger argument for protective forestry laws would be hard to find.

It was thought not so long ago that the summer vacation, whether long or short, was a luxury in which only the wealthy few could afford to indulge. But now there are few employers who do not give their employees a summer holiday. They have learned that they, not less than the recipients of their generous consideration, profit by the concession. Their employees return to their work refreshed, brightened and invigorated, capable, willing, anxious even, to discharge their duties with increased energy and heartiness. They are all the better workers for their recreation and enjoyment.

There are no great unclaimed estates in England, despite mistaken or fraudulent assertions to the contrary. The State Department warns the American public against possible swindling effected by the promoters of schemes based on imaginary assets. A London firm of solicitors was asked by the United States embassy to examine certain claims. In one thousand cases thus sifted no valid claim was discovered. Furthermore, there are no large deposits in the Bank of England awaiting claimants. The familiar theory that people like to be imposed upon is made more probable by the history of the pursuit of supposed estates in comparison with which a "Castle in Spain" is substantially itself.

The Massachusetts Sunday law permits the retail sale of drugs and medicines. A defendant accused under the law of selling two cigars pleaded that he sold tobacco as a drug. The court rules that the sale was illegal, that tobacco is not a drug. It is contended now that the defendant should have claimed that he sold the cigars as medicine and that he would have got off scot free. Whether cigars be drug or medicine, it is generally admitted that the cigarette is simply poison and

that its sale Sunday or any other day ought to be under that classification. Conductors or reformatories and truant schools agree that a delinquent youth, no matter how perverse, is within the scope of correction provided he has not acquired the cigarette habit. The poison that it implants in the tissues is said to be ineradicable. Adulteration of cigars complicates the question of their classification. But the cigarette is classified. It is deadly.

Prof. Chrisman raised a storm of protest at the mothers' congress in Des Moines by asserting that men never love. Doubtless the way in which his audience replied to and repudiated his assertion was tinged with a considerable amount of personal feeling, for most of the women present had a good right to believe that they were or had been loved by man, but it was the natural rebuke that thinking men and women would give to such an opinion, which was objectionable not only in itself but in the place where it was uttered. The assertion that men do not love is not new. It is a part of the doctrine of the strictly materialistic school. Prof. Chrisman seems to have deviated from the usual track of the proponents of the theory that love is merely a manifestation of certain nerve forces acting upon the brain, in that he claimed that women loved, although men did not. He was thus inconsistent from the so-called scientific point of view, and either ignorant or mendacious from the standpoint of ordinary humanity. If he spoke merely from his own experience he was unscientific in generalizing from a limited knowledge of his subject; if he professed to speak as an expert who claimed to have carefully investigated what is called love he must have had peculiar specimens of mankind under examination. It is probable that few persons can define exactly what they mean by love, yet most people feel that they know it when they see it—also when they feel it. Life is full of disproof of this professor's assertion. He must be a singularly blind observer if he has not seen hundreds of cases of man's unselfish devotion. Perhaps the speaker correctly defined his own theory of man's love, but if so most likely he now regrets that he exposed his incapacity to comprehend and feel the spiritual love with which other men are familiar.

The Supreme Court has decided that, technically at least, Admiral Dewey did not overcome a superior force when he fought and won the battle of Manila Bay. The decision holds that land batteries, mines, torpedoes and other agencies not operated directly from Montejó's ships do not count. The effect of the decision is to reduce the prize money awarded to the men in Dewey's squadron from \$400,000 to \$200,000. The admiral's personal share is cut down from \$20,000 to one-half that amount. Few people will be so ungracious as to rejoice at the reduction of the amount to be paid to the men who crushed the Spanish power in the Philippines, but there will be fewer still who will not be glad that prize money in any form or in any amount is now a thing of the past—Congress having repealed all statutes giving bounty to officers and sailors of the navy for the destruction of an enemy's vessels. Prize money was a survival of mediaeval military tradition—a modernized form of "loot." In comparatively recent times, indeed, the soldier was encouraged to find his recompense in plunder rather than in his stated pay. Armies were recruited by inducements of pillage and on the sea privateering placed naval warfare on a purely sordid basis. Thus it came about that the men of the regular navy were so laced by prize money to place them on even footing with the privateersmen. The institution survived in the navy long after "looting" in the army was an offense punishable by death. It is well that in this country—and, if recollection serves, in most other civilized nations—prize money is no longer to be awarded. It made fighting a mercenary business and, while mercenaries sometimes fight well, no such inducement is needed to inspire the sailors of the republic with determination to maintain the prestige of the American navy and the honor of the American flag. Hereafter in the navy as in the army victory will be uncolored by any ulterior thought of financial reward. It is thus that American seamen should fight.

### Extinct Giants of Guam.

Were there giants in the old days in our latest possessions, Guam? The present races are Melanesian and Malay, with occasional Negritos. But these men could never have built the massive forts that dot the isles—forts as massive as those of Yucatan. The walls range in height from 8 feet to 40 feet. In one wall a cornerstone 10 feet by 2½ by 6 was found twenty feet above the ground. How did the natives, who have left no trace of skill beyond a stone axe or two and an iron spearhead, rear those mighty walls?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Every one must do just so much weeping; those who are spanked oftenest when young, have least cause for crying when grown up.

## THE ASHANTEES AND THEIR KING.

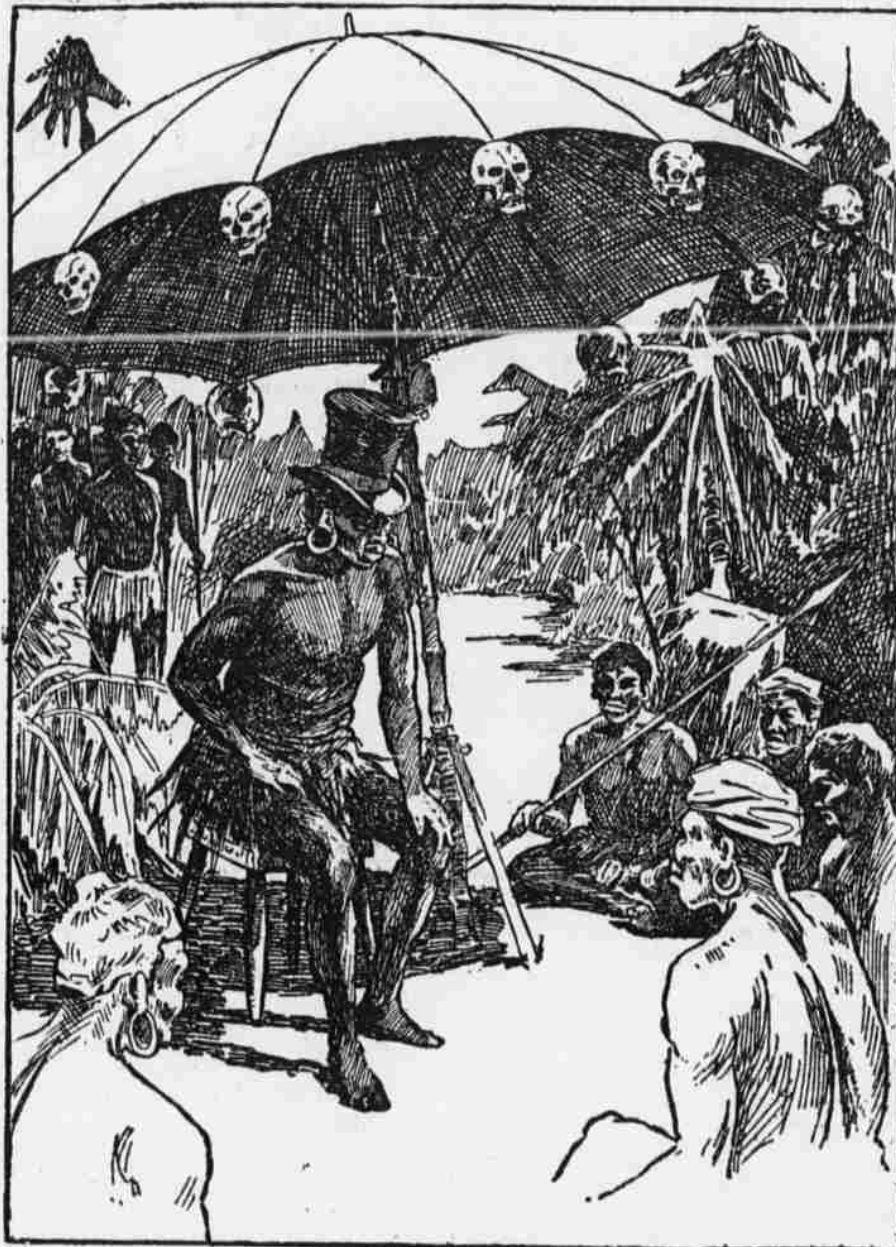
Against These Superstitious Africans England Has Been Waging War for Twenty-six Years.

WHILE interest has been centered in England's war in South Africa and page after page of war history has been made and published only occasional scraps have come to us of the trouble England is engaged in with Ashantee land, where for twenty-six years Great Britain has been engaged in war.

The King of Ashantee, who is Great Britain's implacable foe, is the most extraordinary monarch in the world. He is picturesque, powerful and a merciless despot. Twenty-six years ago England sent out an expedition at a cost of \$4,000,000 to bring the King of Ashantee to terms, and since then it has cost \$34,000,000 more.

tee in the seventies. There was fighting again in 1895, and again in 1896. Now there are indications of more trouble. Still the King of Ashantee goes on with his barbarous practices, killing whenever he pleases and ruling with absolute power. His subjects love him because he is of their royal blood, and fear him because of his cruelty. But they will allow no other country to interfere with their affairs, if they can help it.

When, in 1874, England sent an expedition against King Koffee, the predecessor of King Prempeh, Sir Garnet Wolseley was at the head of it. He burned the King's capital, Coomassie, and forced him to agree to certain con-



THE ROYAL COURT OF THE KING OF ASHANTEE.

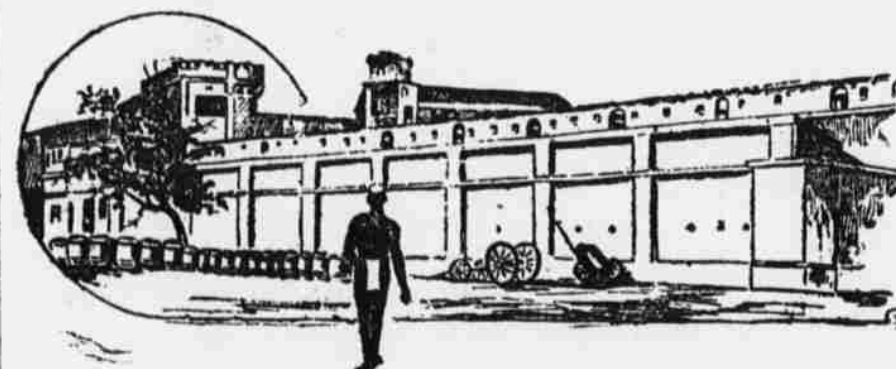
This King lives in the interior of Africa, several hundred miles from the Gold Coast, on the western shore. He wears a girdle of dried grass around his loins, and a "plug" hat. Where he got this hat nobody knows, but it is his only crown. He has no throne, but instead he has a stool of solid gold, which four slaves carry around for him wherever he goes. Upon this he sits and gives his orders. They are all verbal, but often they mean either life or death.

The King's name is Prempeh, and he is the absolute monarch of more than 3,000,000 savages. His emblem of au-

ditions, among others that he would abolish the practice of human sacrifices, but these arguments neither Koffee nor Prempeh has carried out. The consequence has been frequent trouble ever since Great Britain has undertaken the task of civilizing these black-skinned and untutored savages.

The fact that the country of Ashantee is exceedingly rich in gold, and that France controls the neighboring country of Dahomey, may have something to do with England's solicitude for the people of Ashantee and their comic opera King.

There is probably no other savage



BRITISH FORT IN THE CITY OF COOMASSIE.

thority is a giant umbrella. The spokes are of embossed gold, and on the end of each spoke is a human skull. This emblem has descended to him through a long line of ancestry.

King Prempeh has exactly 3,333 wives. Why this number should have been decided upon he does not know. Like several other things they came to him by inheritance. He takes them for granted.

The kingdom of Ashantee is rich in gold, and Prempeh is many times a millionaire. He wears earrings of solid gold. All of his personal adornments are of gold. He owns the only house in his kingdom. It is a rude structure of stone. His Royal Highness sleeps on the floor.

King Prempeh is a bloodthirsty ruler, and is in the habit of making human sacrifices. This is one of the practices which England desires him to stop, for whenever his gods are displeased he seeks to propitiate them by having a few hundred of his subjects beheaded. It was to put a stop to this that England made war on the King of Ashan-

tee who are capable of putting up such a stiff fight as are the people of Ashantee, for they are born warriors and love their country with a savage kind of patriotism. Besides, they would not dare refuse to fight. Refusal would mean not only disgrace, but instant death. The power of this picturesque monarch is unquestioned. Should the Czar of all the Russias even think of doing what King Prempeh does and thinks nothing of doing, there would be a vacancy at the Winter Palace. The Sultan of Turkey is a novice in tyranny as compared with the black King of Ashantee. If his breakfast does not happen to agree with him, the cook is liable to lose her head, literally. If one of his subjects should even happen to look at one of his wives, the said subject would be conducted by a subordinate to some shady grove or to the rear of the woodshed—and he would never return. Should any of his warriors refuse to fight—well, there is no telling where the gore-shedding proclivities of the monarch with the plug hat would sto!

Whenever a King of Ashantee dies a guard of 2,000 of his subjects are slaughtered to conduct him to the other world. It is said that as many as 10,000 people have been slain on such occasions.

Every time there is a national festival there are human sacrifices. In fact, blood letting seems to be one of the principal occupations of royalty in Ashantee.

Back of the town of Coomassie there is a place called by travelers the Grove of Skulls, where the bones of victims are thrown. Here is what Henry Stanley said of it when, in 1874, as a war correspondent, he accompanied the expedition of Sir Garnet Wolseley: "As we drew near the foul smells . . . became suffocating. It was almost impossible to stop longer than to take a general view of this great Golgotha. We saw thirty or forty decapitated bodies and countless skulls, which lay piled in heaps and scattered over a wide extent. The stoutest heart and most stoical mind might have been appalled."

Several officers of the expedition, although it remained in Coomassie only two days, visited this Grove of Skulls, and subsequently described it as surpassing in horror anything to be seen in the world.

The King of Ashantee is opposed to progress. He does not want any roads in his domain. When the English cut their way inland from the gold coast they left a fine road behind them. With several pistols pointed at his head, the King agreed to keep this road in repair and not allow it to be overgrown, but he knew that the rainy season was at hand and that the English would have to hurry back to the coast. The road was never touched.

The system of human sacrifices practiced in Ashantee is founded on a wild idea of filial duty, for it is believed that the rank of dead relatives in the next world will be measured by the number of descendants sent after them from this. There are two periods, called "The Great Adai" and "The Little Adai," succeeding each other at intervals of eighteen and twenty-four days after the death of some member of the royal house, at which human victims are immolated to a monstrous extent.

On the Great Adai the King visits the graves of the royal dead at Bantama, where their skeletons, held together by links of gold, sit in grim mockery of state.

### Secured Her Hired Man.

"We ministers have many strange experiences in performing the marriage ceremony," said the Rev. W. F. Sheridan, of Pontiac, Mich., in the Pittsburg Dispatch. "One of the most curious in my experience occurred not long ago. A large and heavy woman, accompanied by a comparatively small and meek-looking man, had come in and asked to be married. Everything was regular and the ceremony was performed. After it was over the bride explained her position.

"You see, Mr. Sheridan," she said, "farm hands are mighty hard to get in this part of the country and they are even harder to keep. You get a good hired man and get him well broke in to work around the farm and the first thing you know he quits the job and goes off to town or somewhere else. Last spring I had a first-class hand, about as good as I ever expect to get, but just when the season got right busy he up and quit me.

"I just made up my mind that I wasn't going to be left in the same fix this summer, so here we are."

"The bridegroom in the case simply stood and smiled meekly. He had nothing at all to say."

### His Beginning.

Years ago there was a cold night in the latter part of December at Brattleboro, Vt. There had been many freezing nights there before, but on this one something happened.

A young man, Larkin G. Mead, attracted by the beauty of the great white stillness, went out-of-doors, and slowly, yet with much delight, modeled a figure which, in his mind, stood for the Recording Angel writing down the events of the year just dead. All night the statue grew, and the sculptor threw on water at intervals, to freeze it into hardness. He was alone and happy.

The next morning the neighbors awoke to find the snow angel, pen in hand, recording their history upon a snowy scroll.

Local history says that this bit of work decided the future of the young man who did it. He resolved to become a sculptor, and went abroad to study. Well known as his work afterward became, perhaps he took no such pleasure in it as in that little bit of modeling under the cold Vermont sky.

### How Bacon Deciphered It.

"What's in a name?" growled Hon. William Shakespeare, as he and Colonel Francis Bacon were discussing things one evening in the Dew Drop Inn.

"Several volumes," replied Bacon, in a present tone which indicated that he had visions of Ignatius Donnelly.—Baltimore American.

A good boy may not become a handsome man, but a handsome benet always becomes a good woman.