

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO OREGON

The world is happiest when the thermometer has plenty room at the top.

Quite a number of Chinese names begin with Li, and it seems so appropriate.

The man whose shout is loud can vote no oftener than he that merely thinks.

The luxuriant weed by the wayside and on the vacant lot works twenty-six hours daily.

The Sultan has just bought a lot more Krupp guns with the \$100,000 he owes Uncle Sam.

Reports that the present season's rubber supply is short will have no effect on the usual neck output.

In the opinion of the multitude a strong argument cannot come from the mouth of a man with a weak voice.

"Nothing is prettier than a black hat," says a fashion journal. How about the young lady underneath it?

If the nose really is the index of the brain, as some scientific sharp declares, some people's brains must be a fiery red.

Why criticize the Chinese at home for being so conservative when even in this country they continue to hang on to the old lines.

The man with the bullet-proof cloth is neglecting an opportunity in not displaying his samples to the crowned heads without delay.

The New York doctor who says that high collars have a tendency to cause tonsillitis ought to be grateful to the foolish folks who wear them.

The King of Servia places his throne in jeopardy by marrying the girl of his choice, but perhaps he does not care, as it is not much of a throne, anyway.

It was a Frenchman, it seems, who attempted to kill the Shah of Persia. He allowed the Shah to escape, and there is where the proverbial French politeness came in.

Simultaneously with the appearance of the man in the shirt waist came the recent outbreaks of anarchistic violence. Can this be something more than a mere coincidence?

"Lobster" as a term of derision and contempt is said to be of most ancient origin, archaic delving having shown that the people of Boston called the red-clad British soldiers "lobsters" as far back as 1770. This discovery having been duly authenticated, the name of "lobster" assumes a wholly different significance—changes, in fact, its whole style and character. The Anglo-maniac should now feel proud to be dubbed "a lobster," while an Irishman should feel far more deeply insulted over the crustaceous title than in former days.

Happy is the man who forms, early in life (or if not early, then late) the habit of taking all the light and warmth and cheer he can get with a fine glow of appreciation, looking, meanwhile, somewhat sidewise at those opposite experiences he can not escape. Let him squint a little, or look the other way. He will be a happier man, as well as more popular, than the self-appointed devil's advocate who sedulously notes the mugginess of the weather, the feebleness of his pulse, or the fact that he is "tired" (which, God help us, we all are—until we get rested).

We wish we could draw a lesson from the downfall of W. C. Cuthbert, who was sentenced recently from Chicago to the penitentiary, but the moral eludes us. He didn't drink. He didn't gamble. He didn't frequent the race tracks. He didn't associate with disreputable women. He didn't use drugs. What he did do, and this was his only bad habit, was to forge checks and notes. For which small dissipation he was sent to Joliet. But perhaps there is a moral in this story, after all. Perhaps crime is not caused by bad habits and bad associations, but by a criminal tendency, and that one of the manifestations of a criminal tendency may be bad habits and bad associations. Physicians of the soul, as well as physicians of the body, have frequently mistaken cause for effect.

A vigorous crusade against profanity has been instituted in Washington, D. C. In the interest of morality and good taste let us wish a prosperous career to the movement. "Cuss words" are convenient to those whose vocabulary is meager and whose stock of ideas is depleted. But the man of mature mind and dignity of character does not need profanity to help him over a crisis. Aside from the question of morals, profanity is to be condemned as vulgar. Fervor of thought is reflected in purity

of speech. No man who has as much respect for himself as he ought to have will disparage himself by using language which does not express the best that is in him. "Let your communications be yea, yea, nay, nay." More than this is of evil origin. This is the same as to say: Say what you mean, neither more nor less. If your meaning is pure and manly your words will correspond.

As a target for political talk and a factor to be dealt with in campaign tactics the young man just passing his eventful majority, and ready to be gathered into the fold of one or the other party, has become more and more important. The advantages of "young blood" are frequently emphasized in the arena of vote-getting. Young men are given the reins of party management, and sometimes, when their elders are reluctant to yield, enter a vigorous struggle for supremacy. This is a signal of the advent of a new era. The people and their public servants are progressing to a stage where the ideas and standards of a quarter of a century ago no longer dominate. It is doubtful, however, if numerous accessions of young men to State and national legislative bodies is altogether a hopeful sign. Young men have served with distinction as legislators at different periods during the last century, there being no more conspicuous example than that of Henry Clay, who became Speaker of the House when he was one of its most youthful members. Young men must come to the front, and old and tried leaders must give way with the mutations of politics, but it is the almost universal verdict that politics as a business is not profitable. This is true, most of all, for the later generation of voters. There is a phase of the question, however, which is proper cause for congratulation. Progress in political methods and in the selection of candidates which stimulates men to an interest in popular government, to attend the primaries, turn out on election day, and assist in keeping down abhorrent influences, is good. The agitation regarding the attitude of young men in the campaign, as far as it quickens zeal to that end, is altogether to be commended. We have enough ward heelers and professional politicians of immature years.

The Jester case presented difficulties for the philosopher which the common sense of a jury has removed. Thirty years ago Alexander Jester was indicted for the murder of Gilbert W. Gates. He escaped from jail and was not found until a few years ago. A new indictment was prepared against him, and he was prosecuted by the State, with the assistance of lawyers hired by wealthy relatives of the murdered man. But the Jester accused of the murder of Gates in 1871 and the Jester tried for the murder in 1900 were two different men. The first Jester was comparatively young, hot-headed, and passionate; the Jester brought back for trial was an old man, bent with years and worries. If he ever was a homicide the murderous instinct had long perished in his bosom. But the law was plain. There is no statute of limitations for murder. Jester, the septuagenarian, must stand trial for the offense of the other Jester, and if the jury found him guilty must hang. Fortunately, juries are human, though the law is stony. The evidence against the prisoner was strong, but in the eyes of the jurors it did not appear as evidence against this white-haired old man, but against another person whom the inexorable years had slain. They refused to put a noose around the neck of Alexander Jester in 1900 for the crime perpetrated by the Alexander Jester who had been his predecessor in that withered frame. In short, they modified the law to meet the requirements of good sense. No public benefit could be conferred by the punishment of this poor, dead volcano. Since the purpose of the law in decreeing death for murder is not to kill the murderer, but to make an example, they acquitted the prisoner, holding that neither the human race in general nor that part of it residing in the State of Missouri would be benefited by the spectacle of a man of 70 swinging in air for the crime which another man had committed. We think they were right about it.

Superstition About Photographs.
The Formosan aborigines regard photography with strong superstition. Toward the close of September last the heir of the chieftain of a certain tribe and several other young men visited the Toseikaku pacification and reclamation office, and in the course of their stay they offered themselves to be photographed. Eately several of those young men appeared at the same office and requested that their portraits should be returned to them, for they heard to their surprise from the elders of the tribe that persons who are photographed are in a similar condition as if their souls had been abstracted, and hence they would be sure to suffer serious injury. The only way to provide against this calamity lay in burning all the photographs. The people earnestly tried to undeceive the young men, but without effect, and were therefore obliged to give them their photographs.

The savage worships a demi-god; civilized man worships a demi-John.



Particles of gold have been made so fine as to require weeks to fall through a short distance, although their weight would be fifteen thousand times that of the air.

One of the bulletins of the Department of Agriculture mentions a simple Australian remedy for cockroaches. It consists in feeding the insects upon a mixture of flour and plaster of paris which, it is said, they greedily devour. The plaster of paris "sets" after they have swallowed it, and that is the end of them.

The photographing of condensed air waves that attend the flight of shot or shell will be remembered. In a similar effect, Prof. Wood has photographed waves of sound, showing the alternate condensations and rarefactions of air. An electric flash, estimated at a millionth of a second, illuminates the source of the sound in this experiment.

The substance called radium emits radiations resembling the X-rays without the application of work or energy from external sources, and without appreciable loss of weight. This seems to be inconsistent with the law of the conservation of energy, but the mystery is explained by the calculations of Monsieur Becquerel, which show that a loss of weight so infinitesimal that in a thousand million years it would amount to no more than a milligram would suffice to account for the observed effects. According to this explanation the emanations from radium consist of material particles. But how infinitely minute must those particles be!

Winking is a common phenomenon whose purpose is not yet clear. It varies greatly in frequency in different persons at different times, and one theory is that it serves to give the eye momentary rest, becoming more frequent as the eye grows tired, while another view is that it serves to moisten the eyeball. Its duration, which is too slight with distinct vision, has been a subject of investigation by Herr S. Garden. By a photograph method he has shown that the entire wink lasts about four-tenths of a second, the downward movement taking only about seven to nine hundredths, while the upward movement of the lid averages seventeen hundredths, and the eye is shut about fifteen hundredths of a second.

The capture of a fourth specimen of the "takabe," or flightless rail of New Zealand, is regarded as one of the most important events of recent years in ornithology. The capture was effected nearly two years ago, but detailed accounts of the bird have only just reached England. The takabe (Notornis hochstetteri) is about equal in size to a goose, but its wings are very small, and unlike all of its relatives in other lands, it cannot fly. Its breast is of a rich blue color, and its powerful beak is described as "a large equilateral triangle of hard pink horn," apparently an excellent weapon. The first specimen of the bird was caught in 1849, the second in 1851 and the third in 1879. The new specimen is said to be the finest of all, and \$1,500 have been offered for it.

"JIM" COUNTED FIVE CARDS.
Three-Fingered Stranger Won the Pot in a Dodge City Poker Game.

"Have I ever been west of Chicago?" said the man who had just been listening to some hair-raising stories of Western life. "Why, yes, I took a flying trip across the country once, and that reminds me of a little incident that happened to a friend who traveled with me on that occasion. My friend, whose name was Jim Harding, was something of a sport and a pretty plucky chap, but he knew when the odds were against him and was not looking for unnecessary trouble. However, when our train was laid up in Dodge City, Kan., because of a railroad wreck there, Jim decided to see a little of the town. He was not long in scrapping acquaintance with some fellows who were fond of poker.

"Jim and his new acquaintances found a quiet place, where they opened up a game. Luck seemed to be against Jim from the start. Two pair, nines high, made the best hand he held, and the other fellows didn't do a thing but get full houses and flushes all the time. Jim watched them narrowly for indications of crooked work, but he couldn't see a thing out of the way excepting the fact that the other fellows, especially one of them, got the cards. The lucky man was minus a finger, and by and by Jim noticed through the space left by the missing finger, that the man, who was his vis-a-vis at the table, kept a card out when the pack was shuffled. Thus his hand contained six cards instead of the customary five. Jim decided to say nothing until there was a big pot at stake. Then he thought he would close in on the three-fingered gentleman and claim the pot by virtue of his opponent's holding a foul hand. His opportunity was not long in arriving. The three-fingered man evidently thought he had a sure thing and everybody dropped out of the game excepting him and Jim. The two

men kept raising each other's bets, and finally there was over \$500 in the pot.

"I call you," said Jim, coolly, reaching for the chips. "I've got only a pair of deuces, but I guess they're good, as you hold an extra card."

"The three-fingered man spread his six cards out on the table with one hand, while with the other he drew forth a big gun which he placed beside the cards, keeping his finger on the trigger.

"Do you see more than five cards there?" he inquired calmly. "Just count them and see if you're not mistaken."

"Jim counted them. 'One, two, three, four, five,' he said. 'Yes, there are five cards, sure enough.'

"You're sure there ain't six," persisted the Kansan. "Count them again, so's there won't be any mistake."

"Jim gasped faintly, looked at the gun and then at the six cards spread out before him. 'One, two, three, four, five,' he repeated. 'You're right, partner, I see only five. The pot's yours.'

"Jim didn't play poker any more in Dodge City."

CRADLES THAT ARE EXPENSIVE.

A Child Born to Wealth May Lie in One Costing \$500 or Upward.

The woman that rules the world to-day through the medium of the cradle has a pretty expensive undertaking on her hands, for cradles do cost so much money—that is, some cradles do. This year's baby is a financial monarch, indeed. He can cuddle down in a beautiful downy nest built on a foundation of rare woods carved in exquisite design and inlaid with precious stones. He can dig his pink toes into rich silks that cost any number of dollars a yard, and wipe his pudgy nose on linens that are equally expensive. And by the time he has done all this and wriggled his fingers through any quantities of soft laces, he will have instituted himself sole owner of a cradle that cost his indulgent parents \$500 and upward.

A cradle of this description is certainly a thing of beauty and ought to be a joy forever. The effect of such a creation upon the primitive man who swung his progeny in a bed of boughs or a wooden box set on rockers is difficult to contemplate. Even kings and queens of past ages would stand in awe of it. In old illumined manuscripts there are illustrations of cradles wherein princes of royal blood have lain down to rest, and some of these beds of aristocratic infants are still preserved for the edification of later generations. But the 1900 baby could turn with disdain from every one of these cradles and seek his own modern couch with pride and thanksgiving.

These really expensive cradles are not kept in stock by furniture dealers. They are made to order by expert cabinet-makers, and the fashionings are selected from the choicest importations.

"The excessive cost of some cradles," said a furniture dealer, "lies largely in the amount of labor expended on the carving, which is most elaborate. In no article of furniture that we turn out is more delicate workmanship required than in a cradle. Often the work alone on one of these little beds costs \$200 to \$300. Then, when you have quadrupled this one item with the value of the material and bedding you have a cradle whose elegance ought to make any baby feel on good terms with the whole world."

"But what about the cheap cradles?" asked the visitor. "There certainly must be cheap ones. Every baby who is squirming through this end of the century cannot afford to snore in a \$500 couch."

"Oh, yes," assented the dealer, "they come cheap, lots of 'em, but we don't handle them. The lowest-priced cradles we carry cost \$25. But you can get one for \$1. Compared with these fancy affairs a dollar cradle looks about like 20 cents, but no doubt the poor baby rests just as comfortably as the more fortunate youngster."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Plot Enough for a Bank.

An ex-sea captain now living in Sydney, N. S. W., was many years ago in charge of a ship carrying some convicts. The convicts mutinied, murdered the crew and ordered the captain to navigate them to the islands, and, being a prudent man, he did so. When satisfied as to their course the convicts deliberated, decided that he had behaved himself well, and put him ashore on the first large island they came to. He was a musician and took his violin with him. A threatening crowd of savages greeted his arrival, but the marooned captain played to them till they thought him a god, brought him unlimited pigs and yams, and bowed in adoration. Finally he married the chief's daughter, succeeded him, and ruled the island for years, till a ship called in and he sailed away.

Railroads Needed in Brazil.

The facilities for inland transportation are so limited in Brazil that the inhabitants of the ports find it cheaper to import grain from North America than from their own farms.

Very few people live to be 30 without acquiring a physical complaint that hampers them till their lights go out forever. The man of 40 who is strong all over, has a rare experience.

There is always great admiration for a man who understands his business.

RACKS THE JOINTS MIGHTILY.

Inflammatory Rheumatism Is a Complaint No One Need Covet.

The name rheumatism is applied to a great variety of affections accompanied with pain in the joints or muscles, some of them more of a gouty or uric acid nature, others probably of infectious origin, and others still the expression of some disease of the nervous structures.

Acute articular or inflammatory rheumatism is a disease characterized by pain and swelling in one or more of the joints, usually the larger bones, such as the knee, together with fever of more or less intensity. It is a disease of temperate climates, especially in cold and damp regions, being very seldom seen in the tropics. It occurs in this country chiefly in late winter and early spring, although it may occur, particularly on the seacoast, at any time of the year. In England it is said to be most frequent in the autumn.

It attacks persons between the ages of 15 and 40 more commonly than those who are older or younger.

Physicians are not yet agreed as to its nature, although many now incline to regard it as a germ disease. It begins gradually, with slight aching in the limbs, sore throat and a general feeling of depression. The appetite falls, the tongue is heavily coated, often there is complaint of headache, and of chilly sensations and the sufferer is generally "out of sorts." There is feverishness, and as this increases, pain and swelling appear in one or more of the large joints. The joints attacked are hot, red and exquisitely painful and have every appearance of being severely inflamed.

All these symptoms may disappear in a single night from one joint and appear at the same time in another; and so the disease may go on, attacking one joint after another, those first affected recovering much of their tone and function. One of the characteristic symptoms is profuse perspiration; the skin is not red and dry, as in most fevers, but cool, moist and sometimes actually dripping with sweat.

The disease may come to an end in a week or ten days, or it may go on attacking joint after joint and when all have suffered it may begin over again and so go on indefinitely. As long as the rheumatism is confined to the joints there is little danger, although occasionally death results from excessive fever; but there is always danger that it may attack the lining membrane of the heart and cripple the organ permanently. Rarely it attacks the membrane of the brain, causing violent delirium or death.—Youth's Companion.

Racing Camels.

Of all animals the camel would seem to be the least likely to distinguish itself at a race, yet camel races are held regularly in the south of Algeria, where valuable prizes are offered for the encouragement of the breed of racers; and as much interest is taken in their preparation and performances as in that of race horses at Latonia. The racing camels are the result of very careful breeding through many generations, and in size, temper and appearance they are so different from the ordinary beast of burden that they might almost be considered a different race of animals. Perhaps the most conspicuous characteristic of the ordinary camel is its extreme slowness. Nothing on earth will ever induce it to hurry. Twenty-five dollars will buy a very fair specimen, but for a mehar, or racing camel, five or ten times that sum is paid. The racer, however, can be depended on for nine or ten miles an hour, kept up for sixteen or seventeen hours almost without a stop. The pace in a camel race is generally fast and furious at the beginning, when all the animals are together and seem to realize that a contest is in progress.

An African Giantess.

Abomah, a superb specimen of the African negress, who enjoys the distinction of being the tallest woman living, is black as ebony, and endowed with great physical strength, combined with a symmetrically molded figure, is now on her way to Liverpool. She was formerly one of the attendants and body guard of the barbaric King of Dahomey, whose Amazonian warriors have been famous alike for their prowess and cruelty. Trained for her bloodthirsty calling from early childhood, she was inured to hardship and pain. Her stature increasing out of proportion to her years, she became a particular favorite of the monarch, and led his army. This extraordinary woman stands over eight feet in height, and can easily support the weight of a man on her outstretched hand. The dusky beauty, having recently evinced a strong desire to travel, and particularly to visit England, will no doubt soon pay a visit to some of our principal cities.—London Tit-Bits.

Modern Way of Mending Socks.

Stockings and socks can be easily repaired by means of toe and heel caps which are being made for the purpose and are adapted to fit over the worn parts and be sewed in position.

Thank your lucky stars if, when you are abused, there is one present who remarks (even if it is under his breath) that he has heard of people who are worse than you are.