

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Russell Sage says he does not regard it as a disgrace to die rich. We suspected that he held some such view.

A woman got so stirred up while reading one of Marie Corelli's novels that she killed her husband. It doesn't take much to throw some people off their balance.

Nicola Tesla declares that there is no limit to the distance messages may be sent by wireless telegraph. Why doesn't he stop declaring long enough to send a few?

And now a scientist has discovered that the earth is pear-shaped. It is singular that none of the people who are perpetually scrambling over it ever noticed that fact before.

Two men died from eating an oyster stew which contained oysters. This goes to show that persons who want to eat absolutely safe oyster stews should patronize "church socials."

A woman in a neighboring State has advertised herself as a candidate for the attentions of the fool-killer, and in the time-worn way of shooting a man with a revolver that she did not know was loaded.

No less an authority than Justice Brewer tells the Yale students that the jury system as conducted in the United States is little better than a relic of barbarism. It is not hard to believe him.

A Western woman pleads in defense of murdering her husband that she had been reading Marie Corelli's novel, "Thelma." It may come to a point where husbands whose wives read Marie's eccentric spoutings will have to wear armor day and night.

Events in China seem to prove that the civilized soldier when fighting against barbarians rapidly sinks to the level of his opponents. "Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar" is the old saying. Amended it might read: "Scratch a civilized white man and you will find a primitive troglodyte, a cave dweller of the stone age."

Much attention is being attracted by a decision of Judge Fursman, of the New York Supreme Court, excluding expert testimony as to handwriting. There has been a great deal of dissatisfaction throughout the country with so-called expert testimony of all sorts. Important cases have shown such extraordinary conflicts of testimony by physicians, handwriting experts and others that the value of such testimony is gravely doubted, and it is more than probable that the lead made by Judge Fursman may be followed by other courts until expert testimony will be largely restricted, if not entirely abolished.

As defenders of property against the attacks of would-be burglars woman is making a record for herself in these days that is not to be despised. Formerly the impression prevailed that the thief who was shrewd enough to select a house for his operations from which the male members of the family were absent was pretty well assured of an easy job. A number of recent events go to disprove this theory. The other day in Chicago the young cashier of a restaurant pointed an old rusty revolver at the head of a highwayman who sought to snatch the money drawer, and the thief incontinently fled. In New York Mrs. Louise Pryor was robbed of her diamonds and money after being knocked down with a bludgeon. But the plucky woman neither faltered nor remained helpless from fright. At an opportune moment she kicked the burglar on the shins, throwing him to the ground. Seizing his fallen weapon, she promptly chased him into the arms of a policeman. The moral of this new courage on the part of women is one that should be taken to heart by the adventurous highwayman, to the end that defenseless women shall no longer be considered an easy mark for his operations.

It is said on good authority that magazines for children are disappearing. There is not the demand for them there was a generation ago. This does not mean that children are reading less, but their reading is of a different kind. They prefer books to magazines. They like the coherent story rather than the scrappy matter in the periodical. They do not like to wait a month for the continued story. Public libraries have had much to do in bringing about the change. Almost every public library has its children's department of well-selected books, and children from the humblest, as well as from the richest homes may be seen any day in the public library enjoying the choice books before them. The influence of public schools has been an important factor of late in developing in children a taste

for good literature. Not only the reading book proper, with its best selections from the best authors, is placed in the hands of the child, but the reading matter supplementary to this, which has been chosen with wise care, is also a part of the child's education. Entire stories from Scott, Hawthorne, Louisa Alcott, Dickens, Washington Irving, and a host of other writers are given to children as supplementary reading matter. This has undoubtedly influenced their taste for classics and for standard works whose value is unquestioned. In the higher grades entire plays of Shakespeare are read, and the child who leaves the grammar school has had the privilege of a glimpse at least into the world's best literature. Further than this, children in our public schools are encouraged to take an interest not only in the history of the past, but in current history—the important news of the day. To form the habit of reading a good daily paper, to know how to read it—since the process of selection is different with different individuals—to be able to distinguish a passing fact which may have little value from the significant event which will change history—these are a part of the education of the child in our public schools to-day. With all the defects in our school system it is one of the most hopeful signs of the times that a taste for better reading is noticeable in the children of to-day.

In a recent address Senator Hoar said the most distinctive single characteristic of our time is the rapid and easy accumulation of great wealth in individual hands. He discussed the phenomenon with his customary calmness and good judgment. He said it was in some respects a public danger. As a whole his view is optimistic, for he believes the dangers to be of a temporary and curable nature. Senator Hoar is not one of those who fear the unsettling of our republican institutions through the agency of a permanent aristocracy of wealth. In one or two generations, he says, most of these great family fortunes go back into the general mass of smaller holdings or are set apart for public purposes. As a rule the rich men of this country have been stirred with a generous ambition to use a large part of their wealth for public purposes. Voluntary contributions for education alone in the last quarter of a century, exclusive of gifts to libraries, have amounted to nearly \$300,000,000. The absence of a law of entail insures the dividing of fortunes among the children, and many of these show a genius for spending equal to the father's genius for acquiring. Our laws forbid the tying up of wealth for a period longer than twenty-one years beyond the life of a living heir. This prevents any large mass of capital from growing by accumulation for more than a generation. It insures the ultimate distribution of large fortunes among the people in the form of wages or public donations. One of the bad effects of vast fortunes is their tendency to substitute luxury and extravagance in place of the plain living and high thinking of our fathers. The sight of such lavish display tempts many foolish people to live beyond their means. Still worse is the tendency in some quarters to use money for corrupt political ends. "The millionaire who would corrupt a great state to get a great office," Mr. Hoar says, "must be made to feel that his success will bring with it neither joy nor honor. Let public contempt and scorn blast him. Let him be avoided as one with leprosy." If the whipping post and the branding iron are ever brought back into use, he adds, their first victims should be the rich men who deliberately debase politics and buy their way into high offices. He draws comfort from the fact that England has gone through an era of worse political corruption than the United States has ever known and has come out regenerated. What England has done America can do, for the great mass of the American people is honest, patriotic and incorruptible.

Stead on Yellow Journals.
"W. T. Stead, last summer, gave me a rather original description of the American yellow journal from his viewpoint."
"It is," said he, "like a magnificent cruiser, that has been built without regard to expense, that is provided with the latest and most effective armament manned by the choicest of crew and marine experts, provisioned carefully for a year's cruise, and in every way lacking nothing excepting that when the captain gets to sea he suddenly discovers that the compass has been left behind!"
"Mr. Stead also added that the trouble with the yellow journal proprietor was that he had no soul. But this opens up a question that Messrs. Bennett, Pulitzer and Hearst would probably object to have discussed. Their papers are undoubtedly responsible for many actions that are harmful and uncalculated. On the other hand, I have known all of them to display feeling at times that would seem to disprove Mr. Stead's assertion—for example, the retaining of a valueless employee just as beneficiary, or the sending away on a long trip for recuperation of a reporter or editor whose health has been wrecked."—Allen Sangree in *Ainslee's*.

HER WEIGHT IN GOLD.

BIG RANSOM PAID A MEXICAN BRIGAND.

He Had Stolen the Tutor of a Rich Man's Children and the Sweetheart of His Son—A Romance of the Mountains.

From the mountains of Mexico comes a story that reads more like a romance of medieval times than a narration of occurrences in modern life. Indeed it hardly seems possible that even in Mexico such an event could occur. One hundred and twenty pounds of gold and alongside it 120 pounds of girl! The gold ransomed the girl and the son of the man who paid the ransom now is the husband of the girl.

Among the last lingering bandits of Mexico Luigi Cortina still holds place, his abode, if it may be so called, being the mountains of Western Chihuahua, where offshoots of the Sierra Madres cut away from the main range by the Gulf of California afford him a hiding place. The rurales have not yet found him, nor is it likely they will, for Cortina has just retired from "business" with the proceeds of his new venture, estimated at \$40,000. It is an ideal bandit story.

Senor Poyerima, grown rich by his mines, realized, when no longer young, that his children's education was defective. His friend, La France, suggested that he send for Lorena Jarrett, his niece, and make her the tutor of his children. Lorena lived in Texas. She was sent for and came quickly. She

kept in sight, he inquired what the game was for.

When the two players had replied the tall Mexican with the mustache strode over to where the two captives were crouched, and asked them who they were. The very instant young Poyerima had made known his identity he remarked:

"I am Cortina!"
His name was sufficient. Young Poyerima practically felt his doom sealed. But Cortina continued:

"I know your father well. We were muleteers together in the old days before he grew rich, and he knows me. He knows my word is perfectly good, and you need have no fear if you will follow my directions. Come with me!"

He took the young man aside and then told him his plans. They were simple and brief.

In short, Cortina remarked that he was anxious to abandon his career as a brigand, but must have money enough to live as a gentleman should. He then told young Poyerima to go to his father and tell him that he could ransom the girl on paying her weight in gold—"which," continued Cortina, "is cheap, as she is not very heavy."

There was an agreement as to a place and time for meeting, and young Poyerima rode away with his own horse, leaving Miss Jarrett to wonder what fate had in store for her.

Young Poyerima lost no time in hurrying home. He speedily acquainted his father with the facts. Ordering the pack animals to the front of the hacienda, he loaded two of them with sacks of gold, partly in bars and partly in coin, and, the son leading the way, the party set out to the hills to keep Cortina's appointment. Reaching there,



BRIGANDS ORDERED THEM TO DISMOUNT.

became more than a tutor to the children. The son saw in her much to admire. They became lovers. Frequently they rode out together into the mountains.

It was on one of these joyous, free rides that the shadow of Cortina fell upon them. It happened that Miss Jarrett and young Poyerima were riding along in the foot hills, drinking in the scenery and stimulated by the wine-like atmosphere of autumn, when two men stepped from the wood, and pointing their rifles at them ordered them to dismount.

Of course they complied. In fact resistance was impossible, and they offered none. The bandits tied the hands of their captives behind them and ordered them to move on. The orders were not delivered in most choice language, but there was no misunderstanding them. Their horses were ridden by their captors; and so they slowly clambered the steep, narrow trail in the hills.

At last they reached a spot that seemed to suit the views of their captors for a stopping place. The camping was brief and simple. They were ordered to sit down—on the ground. They complied.

The captors then went to playing cards, not for amusement, but to divide the spoils. The winner was to have the girl—the muchacha—and the loser must content himself with the boy. It became evident before they had played very many minutes that neither of them wanted the boy, and that whichever got him would lose no time in shooting him.

While the game was still in progress, amid much cursing as luck seemed to vibrate from one side to another and then back, a tall, typical Mexican strode into the recess and looked on. He seemed oblivious to the presence of the two captives, but very much interested in the game. But, seeing no stakes, which in Mexico are always

they found that a scale had been made by balancing a pole over the bough of a tree, and at one end a hoop of leather thongs showed where the young woman, who was to be the weight, should sit. At the other an open-mouthed sack hung ready to receive Poyerima's gold.

Miss Jarrett was brought from the woods and placed in the seat. She almost fainted with fear, for she knew nothing of the strange ceremony in which she was taking part, although the presence of the Poyerimas, father and son, reassured her. But she realized her position when the peons began pouring the gold into the sack.

Just as the pole tipped Cortina stepped forward.

"Not another peso!" he called out, grandiloquently. "I said her weight in gold, and that is enough."

Then she was given into the care of Poyerima, while Cortina, with many flourishes and bows and adios, followed his men back into the woods.

There was a wedding soon after, as might be expected. Mrs. Poyerima lives with her young husband at the marble quarry in Texas, just across the line, and tells the story only when the neighbors press her to. But the Mexicans call her "La sposa del oro"—the wife of gold.

Horses in Des Moines.
Des Moines has more horses in proportion to her population than any other city or town in the United States, the census showing a total of 6,031, or one horse for every ten of the population.

In China.
First Statesman—Then we have agreed to the demands of the powers?
Second Statesman—Yes. The next question is how shall we avoid complying with them?—Puck.

Some people are so foolish and easily worked that an agent could sell them a contagious disease.

CHURCHES DECKED IN PEARLS.

Rare Treasure; the Bay of Panama Yielded to Spaniards.

When the stranger arrives at Seville and Toledo and the guides conduct him to the cathedrals of those old cities he is struck with their magnificence and the abundance of the pearls which are their finest decoration. These pearls came from the Bay of Panama and date from the epoch when the Spaniards, at the zenith of their glory, made the conquest of America.

These Panama pearls rival the most beautiful pearls of the orient. Quite recently, in the spring of 1899, a lad of 15 years found an oyster containing a pearl which was sold at Paris for 50,000 francs. For his portion he received 20,000 francs.

A considerable quantity of pearls procured at Panama are sent to New York, where they do not lack purchasers, says the *Jeweler's Weekly*. One consignment exceeded in value 750,000 francs. The island pearls are thus denominated on account of the archipelago in which the oyster fisheries are carried on. It is opposite the Bay of Panama. The archipelago is composed of sixteen islets, in which are thirty or forty small villages of negroes and Indians. The soil is fertile, but the principal occupation is that of the fisheries. The largest isle, called Rey, alone embraces half of the population. San Miguel is the chief place of the fisheries, and there is a very fine church. The inhabitants are nearly all blacks. They are descended from the negro population, from whom the Spaniards learned the advantage they could derive from the island riches. In certain of the islands there must have been diamond beds. Some fine rough diamonds were formerly procured.

There are two systems for carrying on pearl fishing in the Bay of Panama. In certain spots, where the yield is the most abundant, it is necessary to pay the government a very high tax. At other points the tax is small, but a percentage on the pearls discovered is added to it. Generally these pearls are rather small. They usually bring from 5 to 50 francs each. Those which reach 150 to 300 francs are already much less in number.

KURD AND THE CAMERA.

How Mumford, with Aid of Seyyid, Got Some Photographs.

The seyid—hackman and nothing more—exacted the deference due to him, all along the road. Once beside a deep, sluggish stream we came upon an encampment of nomads, who had come down out of the mountains to wash and shear their animals, says *Harper's Weekly*. They were hard at work, the boys holding down the sheep and goats, while the elders removed the fleeces. The women, to whom health lent a buxom kind of beauty, and who, after the manner of mountain women, were lax about the exposure of their faces, went about among the flocks, drawing milk into earthen vessels. As I leaped across the stream, camera in hand, a great cry of protest went up, and the chief of the outfit, a bronzed, bearded and rangy gentleman, who missed his proper place in the world by not being where he could play right guard on a Princeton eleven, came running with half a dozen of his retainers and a dozen Kurdish sheep dogs at his heels. He was roaring lustily and waving his arms in mandate to me to get back to the other bank, and, reaching for a sort of bush hook that he carried to make the argument good. In the wildest plunge of his onslaught he caught sight of the seyid's green belt. He stopped as if some thoughtful person had pulled an airbrake on him, and began to kowtow.

With wrath and reverence struggling in him he asked the seyid what sort of being I was and what I was going to do to his people with that "box which had the evil eye in the end of it." It was explained to him. He looked doubtfully at the camera, then whispered to the seyid, "Is it a sin?"

"No," said the lawyer.
The chief relaxed his hold of his snickersnee, and put his entire company, men, boys, sheep, goats and rosy-cheeked women, through their paces, while the evil eye winked knowingly and often.

Children of the Soil.
The Cape of Good Hope was discovered by Diaz, the Portuguese navigator, six years before Columbus saw San Salvador. In the middle of the seventeenth century the Dutch East India Company formed a permanent settlement at the foot of Table mountain. The first settlers were French Huguenots, Dutch Protestants and German Lutherans. As immigration increased the hardy pioneers moved north from Table bay on the great prairies called veldts. Here as pastoral shepherds they began that lonely life which has developed in its followers courage, self-reliance, love of independence and of solitude, the leading traits of the boer of to-day. They were called "boer," which is the Dutch word for farmer.

Italians as Cotton Pickers.
In the South the Italian are found to be the best cotton pickers. They are quick and have nimble fingers.

No difference how short a woman's skirts are, she will hold them up in going over a crossing.