

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Painful thought—perhaps the man in the moon is a snow man!

We pause in our advance toward the higher life to note that a new cotillon has been discovered.

The Georgia sheriff discovered that the way to discourage lynchers was to kill one or two of them.

The latest trust aiming at the popular neck is a \$20,000,000 collar and shirt combine in New York.

Finding ordinary professional methods too slow a Singapore doctor dispatched six persons with a spear.

A man, whose real name is Elijah Dowle, wants the courts to change it. Fate is particularly cruel to some people.

Apparently J. Pierpont Morgan didn't like the looks of King Edward's outfit. The great financier failed to bring it away with him.

In Paris nowadays only those families who own private balloons can really consider themselves in the upper circles of society.

The president of one of the colleges says: "Reading is a dangerous habit." He must have been trying one of the new historical novels.

Speaking of recent decisions of the United States Supreme Court, Justice Brewer's decision to get married seems to be generally approved.

The census bureau believes in expansion. Instead of 76,061,128, the first figures, it places the 1900 population of the United States now at 76,303,387.

We are frequently told that man in the early ages lived a life of simplicity and innocence—yet the first man born in the world killed the second.

When the small boy gets to stubbing around all day in the happy vacation time, pa begins to think that he is the father to a centipede by the demand for shoes.

A naval cadet of the senior class stood a freshman on his head and a court martial rapidly gathered and sent him home. Uncle Sam seems to be in real earnest on the hazing question.

Theatrical managers predict that there will be an important Shakespearean revival in America next season. In other words, there will be a change from coon songs to ranting Richards.

While a New Jersey man had to pay \$50 for kissing a woman, there are cases on record where indulgence in this delight has obliged men to pay the best part of their salaries all their lives.

A statistician "calculates" that in 350 years the population of the earth will be so dense as to make 1,000 persons to a mile. Then the planet will be "full." Unless a new fuel, however, shall be invented or discovered diminution of the world's coal supplies will meanwhile make the globe empty except of bones.

In northwestern Montana, near the British line, there is a lake the waters of which flow through the St. Mary river to Hudson Bay. The divide between the lake and the headwaters of the Milk river, an affluent of the Missouri, is so low that engineers say it would be feasible to divert the outlet from Canadian to American territory. As water for irrigation is highly valued on both sides of the line, the question whether the United States has a right to divert it is one of international interest, and may yet become important.

At a recent woman's meeting where parliamentary points were getting tangled and feelings embittered, Mrs. William Ted Helmuth begged that the ladies heed the rules of the Pilgrims: "Touch no state matters; pick no quarrels; reveal no secrets; maintain no ill opinions; make no comparisons; lay no wagers." These maxims have since been known in that circle as "Fanny's recipe for club elections." Oddly enough, King Edward recently discovered an old black-letter manuscript bearing the same rules, which he has caused to be framed and posted in Windsor Castle. They may be recommended to persons who are not habitués of clubs or castles.

A London newspaper describes a school in which there can be no suggestion of class distinctions among the pupils. An Englishwoman is the teacher, and the fifteen scholars are all princesses of the royal family of Siam. The instruction is varied. The sight of a princess with a broom or engaged in baking indicates the practical nature

of the teaching. To wash clothes thoroughly, lay the table properly, arrange flowers, in short, to acquire a good knowledge of housekeeping, is one branch of accomplishment which the royal group neither scorns nor slights. There are American girls, according to common report, who would not care to be photographed as broom-users, cooks or washers, from a false idea that useful work might detract from their social rating. The royal women of Siam, on the contrary, seem to covet the best domestic gifts.

The Congregational Church at Grinnell has done the only thing it could do, by casting out George D. Herron from its membership. If this act, says the Chicago Journal, would also be the means of casting him out from all association with decent people and make him a social pariah everywhere, the punishment would then most adequately fit his crime. One matter for congratulation there is, and that is for Mrs. Herron. She has gained good riddance of a man utterly unworthy of her. She has very much the best of the bargain. Herron's letter to the council that tried him is the usual plea of the man who, tired of one woman, finds his "affinity" in another. There is not a line in Herron's defensive letter that would not be indorsed by Brigham Young were that veteran married man and "affinity" seeker alive. Miss Rand has for the present been "sealed," but there is nothing in Herron's avowed principles to prevent his seeking other "affinities" and of leaving her whenever conscience—Herron's conscience—tells him that he is "living a lie" and had better make a change. Miss Rand would better hold on to the purse strings and continue to be the financial head of the firm. Then some day, when she tired of Herron, as she will, she can look around for some other clergyman's family to break up. They are a nice pair, these two.

The wife of a President bears no small part of the burden of his great office. It is much as it is with a clergyman's wife; a church employs only the minister, but it often demands much of his helpmate. It is in social affairs that the wife of a President principally appears. Mrs. McKinley, on account of the frailness of her health, has always been excused by common consent from many duties which ordinarily fall upon the mistress of the White House. At the formal receptions she has usually occupied a chair in the receiving line, and instead of attempting to shake hands with those who were presented to her, has merely bowed pleasantly as they passed. Countless appeals are made to the wife of any President. Persons who seek to secure some favor from him think how powerful an ally in their efforts she might be, without realizing how impossible it would become to transact public business in that way. For example, women who desire for their husbands appointed to office, to save the family from want, or for a son a cadetship at West Point, or the pardon of a nephew, often try to secure the intercession of the President's wife. These requests are usually made by mail, but personal appeals are not unknown. Moreover, the influence of the President's wife in behalf of experimental charities, young musicians and new books is constantly sought. In its bestowal the greatest discretion is necessary. The "first lady of the land" possesses great opportunities for the display of tactfulness and diplomacy in her attitude toward people on the great occasions, and in those more select groups summoned to the White House. What she does not say is sometimes quite as significant as what she says. Many a victory of statesmanship is won in the drawing room; and over the most famous drawing room in the land it is the privilege of the wife of the President to preside.

Tommy's Nightmare.



Those awful annual examinations.

Not an Angel.

First Actress—I thought he was your angel?
Second Actress—I thought so, too. I was mistaken!
"Lacks wings, eh?"
"Well, his money lacks wings, at any rate."—Detroit Journal.

Strange.

Crimsonbeak—You say you never eat sausages?
Yeast—Never; they don't agree with me.
"That's strange. I always thought that the dog was man's best friend."—Yonkers Statesman.

AN UNHAPPY WOMAN.

SAD LIFE OF DOWAGER EMPRESS OF GERMANY.

Eldest Daughter of Queen Victoria and Wife of Frederick III., Her Death Will Be Little Mourned by Her German Subjects.

Daughter of a Queen and mother of an Emperor, brilliant beyond the measure of most brilliant women, and now unhappy to the last degree, the Empress Dowager of Germany lies near death in the gloomy castle at Cronenberg-on-the-Main. Half deserted by her imperial son, bereft of her mother, and having the contumely of a foreign nation which never understood her, this daughter of the throne of England lies awaiting the end. Only her iron will has stood off the destroyer for so long. The world has wondered why she should care to live. It has been said even that she herself will have no regrets when at last she lays down her burdens. Her position is simply that of one who sees the inevitable, but who stands waiting for Fate to turn the last card.

Alone in the cheerless rooms of the great gloomy castle the Empress Dowager of Germany mourns her life away. She reads a little and at rare intervals attempts to paint. Twice a week her youngest daughter, the Princess of Hesse, comes over from Frankfurt to spend an afternoon. At rare intervals the German Emperor comes. He alights from horse or carriage and, leaving his attendants, strikes through the broad courtyard, nodding here and there to an old servant. When he has had refreshments he goes for a few moments to the room of his sick mother. It is a heartless visit. His greeting and parting are perfunctory, and when he has gone there is silence and perhaps tears in the sick room.

The eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, Victoria Adelaide Mary Louise, was favored of fortune. Naturally brilliant, she received every advantage that education and her royal position



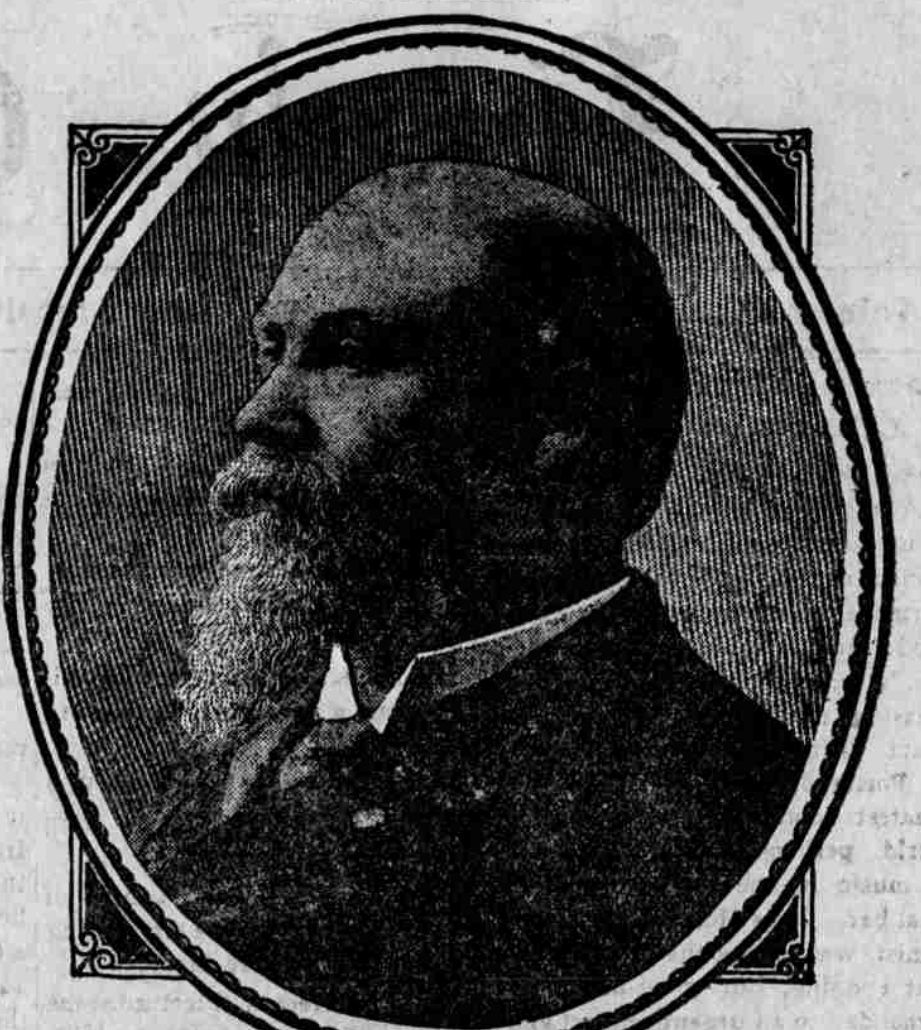
EMPERESS FREDERICK.

could bestow. Pampered and spoiled, she exhibited an iron will at the age of 6, a will that even the stern queen-mother could not break. But as the child grew toward cultured womanhood a strong affection sprang up between the mother and daughter and in later years the princess took on the features of Britain's Queen in marked degree. To-day her likeness might be mistaken for an early picture of the lamented Queen Victoria. At the age of 11 the princess met the Crown Prince of Germany, on the occasion of a visit of the young Frederick to England in 1851. A friendship sprang up between the royal children which ripened into love as the years went by. In 1858 they were married in the chapel of St. James' Palace, London.

Though the marriage was well received in England, the Prussian kingdom was shaken to its foundations. Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, set his face against it and in every way possible he used his influence against "the Englishwoman," as he called her. His attitude was reflected in the press and she was pictured as a foreign interloper, intent upon Anglicizing Prussia. At Berlin the English princess was hissed and derided on every occasion. Even when accompanied by the Crown Prince she was not secure from insult. This treatment by his people, while he knew that they loved him, was a trial to the young prince, but he never faltered and as long as he lived the princess was sure of his affection.

That the princess ever became queen was due to her own indomitable will and energy. While the old Emperor Wilhelm lay dying the Crown Prince was known to have the disease that finally killed him. Bismarck was alive to the opportunity. Under the German law no heir to the throne can become Emperor if afflicted with an incurable disease. All the court physicians were under the thumb of the chancellor, and if he could get them to see the prince and say "cancer" he knew that he would blight the hopes of "the Englishwoman." But no one knew this better than the Englishwoman herself. She shut the doors against the German tools of the chancellor and

NOTED MANUFACTURER AND POLITICIAN.



HAZEN S. PINGREE.

Among all the public men who in recent years have engaged actively in arousing public sentiment and leading the way toward progressive municipal government, Hazen S. Pingree, who died recently in London, stood foremost. He was a man of indomitable courage and perseverance, and when he undertook a thing he succeeded by force of his remarkable combativeness and the fact that he never knew when he was defeated. Beginning as a cobbler, he made a fortune out of the manufacture of shoes, and then entered politics and was elected Mayor of Detroit to improve the street car service and prevent the theft of the streets. He succeeded in giving Detroit the best street car transportation in the world, was three times re-elected Mayor, and then Governor of the State. By his advancement of the potato patch scheme and other novel ideas he became a national character and was often talked of by his Michigan admirers as a presidential possibility. A remarkable feature of Pingree's popularity and success is that he never had the support of the most affluent men in his city and State, nor did the so-called "leading politicians" render him assistance. He went into every fight almost single-handed, his co-workers being men in the ordinary and even more humble walks of life. But with all his peculiarities he was honest and straightforward, and made a magnificent public official.

sent for Sir Morrell Mackenzie, the great English surgeon. Every chance of consultation was refused to the German physicians. A crown was at stake—and the woman won. Dr. Mackenzie's opinion was that no incurable disease menaced the Crown Prince and no one assailed his finding. At the death of the elder William the son assumed the throne of his father, and for the three months of his life remaining Victoria Louise was Empress of Germany.

Following the death of her husband, Frederick II., which was due to cancer of the throat, the daughter of Queen Victoria passed into obscurity, followed by the hatred of the German people which abates but slightly as the years go by. Now living practically in exile, a victim of the disease which carried off her husband, the Empress Dowager presents a sad feature of royal life.

Where Economy Falls.

Men like economy in their domestic arrangements, but if there is one woman most of them fear and despise it is the wretch who has all sorts of recipes for making cheap dishes out of scraps. She comes fluttering into the domestic dove-cotes early in the day. "My dear Mrs. B., such a recipe—the

cheapest, most de-li-cious dish imaginable. Any housekeeper can make this salad. An old gum shoe or remnant of mackintosh dressed with oil, vinegar, and paprika, or cream and lemon juice. I am confident your husband will go wild over it." She is right. He does. He goes so wild that after the doctor has gone home in the night and he is resting easy, he asks who gave the recipe for that salad, and vows to shoot her on sight if he ever gets out again. If the men of the neighborhood had their way they would put a large dose of rough-on-rats in the stocking of this fiend who teaches wives how to make palatable dishes out of gum, broken umbrellas, furniture polish and soiled awnings.—Louisville Times.

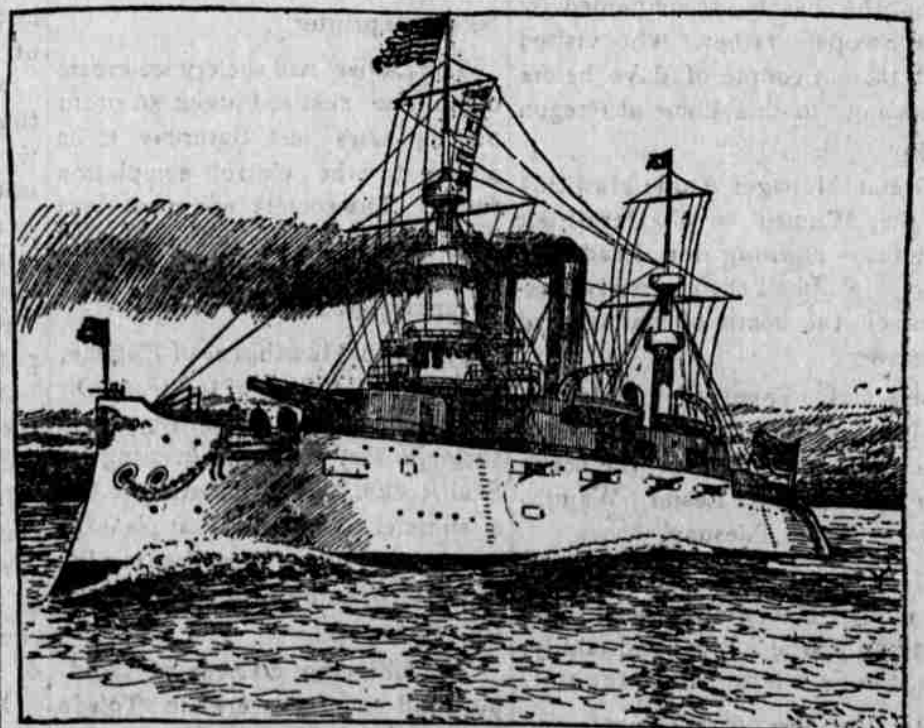
His Pessimistic Idea.

"Everybody, you know, marries for better or for worse," said the married man.
"Yes," said the bachelor, gloomily, "and generally gets the worse."—Somerville Journal.

Entirely New System.

"I have an original idea," exclaimed the detective.
"What are you going to do?"
"I'm going to quit collecting clues and take a look for the criminal."—Washington Star.

BATTLE SHIP WISCONSIN, RIVAL OF THE ILLINOIS FOR HONORS OF THE NAVY.



The battleship Wisconsin will contest honors of being the fastest vessel of its class with the Illinois, which now holds the record. In a recent trial remarkable speed was shown, the big fighting machine making 18.6 knots an hour for two hours under forced draft. The builders of the battleship insist it will prove the best vessel in the navy. The Wisconsin made a 48 hours' trial trip under natural draft and to test the ship's worthiness. The forced draft trial was held last October, when it made 17.176 knots. Orders from the Navy Department this time were for a 48 hours' trial under natural draft and full power, and the official time made was 16.45 for two hours. For the 48 hours, during which the Wisconsin steamed a little south of Santa Barbara channel and returned to the Golden Gate, the average was 15.3 knots an hour. The trial was made in Santa Barbara channel.