

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

The automobile is beating out football in the race for the Fatality stakes.

The nightingale is no more interesting than the midnight cat to the man who wants to sleep.

Some city will yet break the record by getting up an exposition that is a colossal and unqualified success.

An enterprising Kansan now comes to the front with a machine to compress grasshoppers into bricks to be sold for poultry food. Next.

The children are now abducting one another and demanding ransom. Our country has its future Pat Crowes as well as its future Presidents.

A man won a girl for his bride by playing to her on a violin. But he shouldn't be blamed for that. It might have been a trombone or an accordion.

King Edward's brother-in-law, the Duke of Argyll, has published a book of poems. The time may come when the royal family can raise its own poet laureate.

The Kaiser has made a major general of Dr. Koch, which seems a little paradoxical. A man who devotes his time to saving life doesn't seem at home with a military title.

A surgeon in Lyons, France, has supplied a rubber larynx and glottis for a patient that works perfectly. The rubber neck now has a distinct and assured standing in the world of medicine.

President Schwab of the steel trust played golf for the first time at Glen View the other day, and took thirty strokes to make the first hole. There are other games that Schwab can play better.

Sir Thomas Lipton says there are "no girls like the American girls." You said it too late, Sir Tom. Since you declared you would not marry until you lifted the cup the girls take your compliment as a jolly.

When divorced women are so overjoyed that they kiss their lawyer and try to kiss the judge it is time for young women to try to be careful in the selection of a husband. It is better to be an old maid than to be kissing lawyers and judges in the gladness of release from a marriage that never should have been.

A girl who tries to make a fright of herself or deliberately dresses so as to look homely, when nature has endowed her with beauty, is deficient in sense and gratitude. We should all, of both sexes, try to look and be our best so far as we may consistently with our occupation, means and environment, and a growing and handsome girl certainly should not make herself an exception to the rule.

There is a new wonder every day. In the Bible the miracles number less than a hundred. The modern miracles run into the thousands overnight—the miracles of science, invention, commerce and enterprise. In the new part of the old world greater records are mounting on big achievements. In the old part of the old world modernity is playing grotesque tricks with history and making contrasts that provoke even the serious to merriment. Fancy, for instance, Diogenes sitting in his tub watching a trolley car go by and looking for an honest man, only to hear the conductor ring up a drachma fare on a mechanical contrivance to protect him from temptation.

There is little doubt in the general mind that Edward the Seventh is afflicted with cancer. The denials of the court physicians are not of a character to settle apprehensions. The royal doctors do not want to put themselves in the position of that eminent English throat specialist who told a lie about Unser Fritz in order to circumvent Bismarck and to give the late Empress Dowager a crown. So their denials are rather in the nature of a plea of avoidance. It is said Edward has become more and more exclusive and is given to harsh criticism. His impending doom evidently weighs on his spirit. He is an old man and a grandfather. He has not long to live and the thought of it is not pleasant. He waited many years for his crown and it is rather hard to give it up. One cannot but pity the sorrows of the English king.

Recently a New York store sent to a customer by special messenger a dollar which the lady had either overpaid or been overcharged. A somewhat similar incident is reported as having taken place in Paris. An American lady staying in the gay capital had purchased and received a fur garment which seemed to her surprisingly low as to price. Next day she was waited upon

by a uniformed employe of the store, who requested permission to examine the garment. "Ah!" said the lady to the friend who related the incident, "I was afraid there was some mistake about that coat; now I suppose I shall either have to return it or pay more money." But quite the contrary; the messenger on completing his examination handed the lady a sum of money, informing her that she had inadvertently been overcharged and he had been sent to rectify the error. Truly, honesty is a great advertising policy.

Some months ago the statement came from Berlin that the imperial government had approved of a project for the substitution of electricity for steam as the traction power on certain government railroads. That this was something more than rumor or reportorial conjecture appears from a later Berlin dispatch. The dispatch states, in substance, that the electric system was installed some time ago on the military railway from Berlin to Zossen, and that the trials have been entirely successful in developing great speed with safety. "The speed of the trains has been gradually increased," says the cable, "until now eighty-five miles are comfortably covered in the hour. The cars run smoothly, and the engineers express confidence that they will attain a speed of 125 miles per hour." The speed mentioned in the earlier dispatches as probably attainable was 120 miles at least and possibly 145 miles an hour. The mechanical difficulties to be overcome in attaining great speed by steam power are in a great measure obviated by the use of electric power. Thus far they have been only imperfectly overcome by devices such as the turbine engine for avoiding the reciprocal action and the dead points of the ordinary steam engine. In the use of electrical power there are difficulties also, but these seem to have been met successfully by German electrical engineers. If the experiments in Germany demonstrate that a speed of 125 miles an hour can be maintained with safety and at an expense not very greatly in excess of that incurred for such service as we now have, we may expect the introduction of this power in America for special service between the larger cities, at no very distant day. The "limited" train of the not remote future may be a very different affair from that of the present time. With specially constructed trains reducing atmospheric resistance to a minimum, a trip from Chicago to New York between 10 o'clock at night and 6 o'clock next morning, or to San Francisco within twenty-four hours may be the experiences of men already well advanced in life. A corresponding acceleration in the movement of perishable freight is possible so that sea food and tropical fruits may be practically as fresh in Chicago as in New York or Key West.

Boy Nearly Eight Feet Tall.

Edward Beupre, 20 years old, seven feet ten and three-quarter inches tall in his stockings, and not fully grown, is making a tour of Maine and astonishing the citizens.

Beupre is a native of the province of Assiniboine, N. W. T., where his father is a farmer. His parents are both persons of ordinary size and height. Edward showed no remarkable growth until he was 7 years old, but from that time out he flourished amazingly. He worked on the farm and as a cowboy until a few months ago, and now he is traveling about to get a look at the world, his view of things being as comprehensive as other men would get from the housetops. He weighs 367 pounds and is well proportioned. He wears a No. 21 shoe and the same number collar and his big hands require a glove that looks like a small mail sack. All of his clothing must be made to order.

Beupre is having a pretty good time in Maine, says a Bangor (Me.) special to the New York World, the only drawback to his comfort here, as elsewhere, being that no hotel has a bed long enough for him to stretch out in. Usually he places two chairs at the foot of a couch, but oftener he makes his bed on the floor.

Modern Advice to Students.

An expert tutor declares that the practice of taking strong coffee or of tying the head up with a wet towel in order to keep awake and study is an utter fallacy; that it injures the health and prevents the brain from performing the finer operations involved in learning and memorizing facts. He recommends, when a student grows tired, a little light, vigorous exercise, such as striking a bag or waving the arms around the head, as in club swinging, drinking a cupful of hot water.

A Dangerous Prescription.

Doctor—I hope your husband followed my prescription.

Mrs. Chubbs—No, indeed! If he had he would have broken his neck.

Doctor—Broken his neck?

Mrs. Chubbs—Yes. He threw it out of the fourth-story window.—Florida Times-Union and Citizen.

Festive Conduct.

"Did your brother-in-law help celebrate your birthday?"

"Yes; he borrowed a dollar of me."



A new work by D. G. Elliott shows that the mammals known to inhabit America north of Mexico have increased in forty-four years from 300 species to more than 1,000.

Waves carefully measured during a heavy storm on the New Brunswick coast recently proved to be forty-five feet high from bottom of trough to crest. They were 500 to 700 feet long, and came at intervals of thirteen to seventeen seconds.

The depths of the sea are nearly at the freezing-point; they are subjected to enormous pressures and displaced by slow currents moving from the pole to the equator. They contain oxygen in sufficient quantity to sustain animal life, and are deprived of sunlight. Is it possible to conceive a less comfortable habitat for animal population? No, from our point of view; but it must not be forgotten that we are neither fish nor mollusks, and that everything depends on adaptation to the surrounding medium.

Exploration has now revealed relics of Menes, the founder of Egyptian monarchy, fashioned more than 6,500 years ago. Of Zer, the successor to Menes, it is astonishing to find the forearm of his queen still in its wrappings, with four splendid bracelets intact. This brilliant and exquisitely finished group of jewelry is 2,000 years older than the jewelry of Dahshur, the oldest up to then known. The arm of the queen had been broken off by the first plunderers, and had lain hidden in a hole in the wall of the tomb.

Mahogany-hunters in Central and South America are men requiring much skill and experience, and in some districts the revenues depend largely upon the success of their endeavors. Mahogany-trees do not grow in groups, but are scattered and concealed in thickets. It takes two men an entire day to fell a tree. On account of the thick, thorny growth about the base of the tree, it is the custom to build a scaffold around it, and to cut the trunk at a height of 10 or 15 feet from the ground. By this wasteful method it is said the best part of the tree is lost. Freed from branches, the trunk is hauled by oxen to the nearest river, where rafts are made.

The depth of the atmosphere is still a matter of great uncertainty. The Belgian Royal Meteorological Observatory has been seeking to throw light on the problem, and has collected these widely varying estimates to distinguished authorities: Blot, 40 miles; Bravais, 70; Mann, 81; Callandran, 100; Schiaparelli, 125; Marie Davy, 187; Ritter, 216. Early in the last century British physicists generally assume the depth to be 47 miles. Meteors, which become incandescent through friction with the air, afford a means of roughly testing these estimates, and Sir Robert Ball shows Ritter's figures to be nearest, by stating that meteors have been observed at a height of more than 200 miles.

The recent development of this art, called phototherapy, is due to Professor Finson of Copenhagen. He discovered that smallpox patients, when kept in red light, escape with little, if any, scarring of the hands and face. The reason smallpox scars are found principally on exposed parts of the skin is because the blue, or chemical, rays of light promote the supuration of the eruptions. Finson next found that the chemical rays, when concentrated by lenses cutting out the red rays, will cure superficial diseases of the skin, such as lupus. Powerful electric arc lights can, for this purpose, be substituted for sunlight. The success of this treatment at the Light Institute in Copenhagen has led to its introduction in the London Hospital.

GOOD STORY OF A BAD ACTOR.

He Had Been Warned that He Would Be Mobb'd Some Night.

Booth Tarkington, the author of "Monsieur Beaucaire," tells a good story of a certain Western actor, a man who not only lacked the ability to act, but was one of the worst ranters ever seen on even remote Western boards. Again and again he had been denounced as the "worst living actor," not only by the critics, but by his friends, who, in their efforts to make him abandon histrionic fields, often assured him that if he persisted in his endeavors to act he would some time certainly be mobbed by an overexasperated audience. However, he pursued his way, albeit not without some misgivings.

At a far-western one-night stand the climax was reached. The sale of tickets on that particular evening had been limited—at least, none of the reserved seats in the parquet had been taken. The 50-cent general admission tickets, however, had a fairly good sale, as theatrical performances in the town were something of a novelty. A large church "sociable" was another feature of the town's evening, and for that reason, perhaps, there were few women represented by general admission paste-

boards. Perhaps for the same reason also the men thought 50 cents none too much to spend for an excuse to absent themselves from the latter function.

As is usual in country towns, especially where general admission tickets are held, the holders thereof arrived early, and at least an hour before the performance was billed to begin the 50-cent seats were filled. Every one present knew every one else, and there was much whispering over the empty reserved seats. Finally one adventurous soul volunteered to investigate, and returned with the information that none of them had been purchased. After more whispered consultation it was decided to storm the box office in a body and ask permission to occupy the reserved seats.

After much argument and wrangling the agent told them that if none of the seats were sold before the raising of the curtain they might, after a few minutes' wait and at a given signal, take possession. At 8 o'clock the curtain rose and in due time the actor, as Hamlet, advanced down the stage and began to rant. He had got well under way and was spouting his worst, when, at the given signal, the crowd rose and each person, actuated by the same desire of securing the best of the front seats, rushed madly toward the stage.

The startled actor hesitated, paused, gave one look at the rapidly advancing crowd, and, believing that the oft-heard prophecies of his being mobbed were about to be realized, gave a fright ened cry, turned, and, with wabbling legs, dashed off the stage. The townspeople saw no more of Hamlet that night. The next morning, says the New York Times, the actor was found by some of his friends, still in his play robes, hiding in a shed about three miles from the town of the previous evening's performance, and near a railway station, where he had hoped to crawl unobserved upon some passing train and escape his supposed pursuers.

A PEACEFUL BOMBARDMENT.

Seeds Sown by Means of Two Old Cannons.

Near Blair Castle stands a high, rocky crag named Craigiebarns, which, says the London Daily Mail, for a long time looked grim and bare in the midst of beauty, and its owner thought how much prettier it would look if only trees, shrubs, etc., could be planted in its nooks and crannies. It was considered impossible for any one to scale its steep and dangerous acclivities, and no other way was thought of to get seed down.

One day Alexander Nasmuth, father of the celebrated engineer, paid a visit to the grounds. The crag was pointed out to him and after some thought he hit upon a scheme. In passing the castle he noticed two old cannons. He got a few small tin canisters made to fit the bore of the cannon and filled them with a variety of tree, shrub and grass seeds. The cannon was loaded in the usual way and fired at the rock from all sides.

The little canisters on striking the rock burst, scattering the seeds in all directions. Many seeds were lost, but many more fell into the ledges or cracks, where there was a little moss or earth. These soon showed signs of life, and in a few years graceful trees and pretty climbing plants, all sown by gunpowder, were growing and flourishing in nearly every recess of the formerly bare, gray crag, clothing it with verdant beauty.

At the present time the formerly unsightly rock is one of the chief beauties of the estate, and the story of its transformation is always related to the visitor, and never fails to arouse interest.

Many Royal Chairs.

Great Britain has no distinctive and exclusive throne. Instead, there are four—the wooden chair, with the slab of Scotch stone, in Westminster Abbey, which has served as the coronation seat of the monarchs of this realm for seven centuries; the sumptuous chair of state in the House of Lords; the chair on which the late Queen sat when holding a Drawing Room in Buckingham Palace; and the gilt armchair at Windsor, in which the sovereign sits to receive letters of credence or recall from foreign envoys, or accord audience to dusky potentates.

The Czar of Russia is even more diversely throned. Each of a dozen chairs of state are at various times styled the Russian throne. The two most remarkable are the chairs of Ivan the Terrible and the one in St. George's Hall of the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg. The former is of turquoises. In the back alone there are 10,000 of these gems. The other chair is of costly woods, with ivory and gold, richly jeweled, and embossed with the imperial eagle. The seat is of ermine, and the arms are ivory tusks.

Further East, in Teheran, the Shah displays himself on a white marble throne, looted from Delhi in 1739. It is of ivory, overlaid with gold, and ablaze with gems, its value being estimated at over a million pounds.

When a minister announces that he desires a full attendance at a certain meeting, as he has something of particular importance to say, the members know what to expect.

A YOUNG FINANCIER.

How a Small Boy Made Double Profits Out of a Dog.

"There is a small cross-eyed boy living in this city, who if he doesn't lose his life through just retribution will grow up to become a great financier," declared Jones. "For some time my wife has possessed a yellow pup that has no earthly excuse for living. But she thinks that he is the finest dog in the city and spends most of her time hugging and kissing his dirty little nose. Finally the dog worship became so unbearable to me that I resolved to end the nuisance. Chancing to meet a small cross-eyed boy one day, I said to him:

"See here, boy, do you want to earn a dollar?"

"Sure," said he.

"Well, then," said I, "you go up to my house, watch your chance and steal the yellow cur that you will find hanging around there. When you get him bring him down to my office and get your dollar."

"Within two hours the boy was back with the cur tied to a rope.

"What will I do with him, boss?" he asked after I paid him.

"I don't care," I snapped. "Drown him if you want to."

"That night I discovered my wife in tears and I was informed between sobs that poor, dear little Fido was missing. The next day she had an advertisement inserted in all the papers offering \$10 for his return. The third day she met me joyfully at the door and announced that Fido had been found.

"Where?" I asked, concealing a groan.

"A little boy brought him back," she answered.

"What kind of a boy?" I asked, suspiciously.

"A small, cross-eyed boy, with the most honest face that I ever saw on a boy. I gave him \$10, it being all I had, and told him if he would go down and see you that I knew you would be glad to add \$5 to it."

"But the boy didn't show up," continued Jones, according to the Detroit Free Press. "As a matter of fact I hadn't the slightest idea he would. I wouldn't mind giving him \$5 if he would call."

On Japanese Copper Mines.

The total number of persons employed in various services at the Ashio mines and furnaces is about 10,000, and these with their families make up a small city of 17,000. Of these 75 per cent have been born on the spot, as were their fathers and grandfathers, and some have never seen beyond the red hills which close in the village and mines. They are cared for by the proprietor, fed and sent to school until twelve years of age.

The village has a well-equipped hospital, at which the operatives and their families are tended without charge. Only men are employed below ground to dig the ore, working in shifts of eight hours each, while those employed at lighter labor work shifts of twelve hours. Women are employed at the light tasks, such as sorting and washing ore by hand, most of them being the wives of the miners. The average pay per diem for those engaged in manual labor, says a writer in Engineering, is 13 cents in silver money and a stated quantity of rice and fuel, while the miners are paid by the quantity of ore extracted. The furnace and shaft men receive from 11 to 30 cents per day and the women are paid 7 cents.

They Were Whispering.

A conspicuous corner in the business district of Chicago is a favorite resort of deaf-mutes on Sunday afternoons. Here they meet for a social hour, often to the great amusement of the passers-by. One interesting incident of these weekly reunions is reported by the Chicago Tribune:

Two men were at some distance from the others. They were standing three feet apart and talking energetically in the sign language. One of them leaned over to the other, grasped his coat lapels and drew him toward him. When they were close to each other the second man caught hold of the other's coat, and they stood face to face. From where the other deaf-mutes stood it was impossible to see the movements of their hands.

Intensely interested in the performance, one of the spectators, who was not a deaf-mute, took out a pencil and a piece of paper and wrote this question, which he handed to the mute:

"Why are you two standing away from the rest and talking with your fingers hidden behind your coats?"

The mute read the question and scribbled the answer:

"I am telling him a secret, and we don't want the others to hear."

Blue Back.

The first spelling book printed in this country was entitled "The American Spelling Book," by Noah Webster. It was issued in 1783, and for considerably more than half a century was the standard work used in all American schools.

Every time you buy an article you do not want, from an agent, you play his game, and he uses loaded dice.