

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO, OREGON.

The University of Chicago continues to be a strong favorite of the boss Santa Claus.

When a man guesses he can knock another man down he usually makes a rough estimate.

If a quarrelsome man has two ideas in his head they would probably fall out with each other.

Necessity is said to be the mother of invention—but as to the father thereof history is painfully silent.

The biggest hold-ups are the fellows who make a daylight job of it, first having stolen your confidence.

Eve complained that she had nothing to wear and her daughters have been working the same old plaint ever since.

A dispatch says that Helen Gould is annoyed by a crank who keeps sending her great bunches of American Beauty roses. Isn't it awful?

It has been said that King Edward looks perfectly at home in whatever he wears. This is a glad assurance that his crown will be quite becoming.

At a sale of relics of Edwin Booth in New York two letters to the actor from a woman who asked for "but one glance of your eye" brought good prices. Perhaps her husband was there when the blinding started.

Reporting a shortage of over \$3,000,000, the great Buffalo exposition cannot be said to "pan out well" financially. But the loss is distributed among so many stockholders, and the benefits of the fair have been so far-reaching, that "failure" is the last word to couple with it.

"So long as there is wood to saw in the world, I need no gymnasium," remarked a cynic, listening to a discussion as to where exercise was necessary for grown men. In the same spirit one might conclude that so long as there are intellectual problems to tackle, one needs no game of skill. Doubtless the realities should have precedence.

A Boston physician, who recently treated a street car conductor for an infectious disease contracted by holding paper money in his mouth while making change, warns people against this habit and the practice of wetting the fingers in the mouth while counting money. He remarks upon the swiftness and certainty with which paper handled by infected persons may transmit disease. "It is a matter of common experience," he says, "that the bank bill passes more rapidly out of one's possession than any other known article." Even those who scoff at sanitary precautions must admit that this is sadly, painfully true.

Hitherto it has been possible for the world-weary person to escape from the sight and sound of busy mankind by boarding a ship for anywhere. He could for six days or six months, according to his destination and his ship, be entirely free from all knowledge of the facts and rumors which trouble the ear ashore. Mr. Marconi has changed all that. Under the wireless system it is impossible to get beyond the reach of the daily interests of mankind. Eventually, perhaps, no ship will leave port without an apparatus for receiving Wall street quotations and bulletins of the events in every part of the world. Nothing will be left for the victim of nervous exhaustion but to enter a cave until some pestilent scientist shall discover an X-ray which will carry sound through opaque substances.

The dean of the women's department of one of our great universities declares that she no longer anticipates difficulties, but the unexpected helps which will remove difficulties. Timid by nature, she used to say that she could never survive the shock of finding a burglar in her room. One night recently she awoke, conscious that some one was fumbling at her desk. The room was quite dark; the clock struck one. She lay there considering what to do, not at all frightened, but very indignant at being robbed. Many minutes passed; the burglar still moved stealthily about. Meanwhile the dean had formulated a plan. Calling her youthful ventriloquist skill into service, she said in a deep voice, seemingly at the burglar's elbow, "Bodie, light the gas." Her maid in the next room, thus called by her last name, shot out of bed and the burglar shot out of the window. Investigation proved that the man's search had not yet reached the drawer containing the valuables. "He robbed me only of what I could well spare," the dean laughed—"my fears."

Those who are wont to shake their heads over the extravagances of this age give an extra shake when they

contemplate the amount of ingenuity that goes to the making of and the amount of money that goes to the purchase of modern toys. There is hardly any article that grown up people use, either in the way of work or play, that is not reproduced in the toy world. The luxuries of the ballroom, the utilities of the kitchen, and wardrobes of the wealthy are all to be had in miniature, and to visit a playroom is to see ourselves as the toymaker sees us. The child of three decades ago was content with a hairless rocking horse and a Noah's ark in which the goats were scarcely to be distinguished from the lambs; but now the modern boy demands that the horse shall have hair and a gait of its own, and that the maker of toy arks shall vie with nature in the creation of animals. As for dolls, when one remembers the creature of rags and tags which first issued out of that doll chaos, the family rag bag, and compares her with the finished wax maiden of to-day, who lacks nothing but a soul, and does not differ in this respect from human prototypes, one is convinced that this is indeed a world of progress. Of course dissolution arrives to the inhabitants of toyland more quickly than it does to those who live in the real world, and it is a question whether it is worth while spending much money on what is destined to be so speedily destroyed. But, judging from the growing variety of toys and the increasing number of buyers, this question seems to be answered in the affirmative.

Much is being said these days of "manifest destiny." One authority on destiny is seldom heard now-adays. Josh Billings is in his grave but in his time he had something to say about this matter, as note the following: "Manifest destiny is the science of going west, or enny other place, before yu git there. I may be rong in this sentiment, but that iz the way it strikes me. The tru way that manifest destiny had better be sot down iz, the exact distance that a frog can jump down hill with a striped snake after him. I don't kno but i may be rong onst more; but, if the frog don't git ketchid, the destiny iz just what he iz looking for. When a man falls into the bottom ov a well, and makes up hiz mind tew stay there, that ain't manifest destiny enny more than having yure hair cut short iz; but, if he almost gits out, and then falls down agin sixteen foot deeper, and brakes off his neck twice in the same phase, and dies and iz buried there at low water, that iz manifest destiny on the square. Mi dear render, don't beleave in manifest destiny until you see it. There is such a thing as manifest destiny; but when it occurs it iz like the number ov rings on the rakoon's tale—ov no great consequence onla for ornament. Man w'an't made for a machine; if he waz, it waz a locomotiff machine, and manifest destiny must git oph from the trak when the bell rings, or git knocked higher than the price ov gold. Manifest destiny iz a disease, but it iz easy tew heal; i have seen it in its wust tages cured bi sawing a cord ov dri hickory wood."

### POOR HEN WORKED OVERTIME.

But All Her Efforts to Hatch the Eggs Were in Vain.

A group of suburbanites congregated in the reading terminal, awaiting the opening of the train gate, a few days ago, were indulging in small talk, when a remark made by one of them caused a fellow-suburbanite to say:

"That just reminds me. Speaking of jokes, I think I am as good-natured as any one when I get caught, but a little more than a month ago some of the men at the office played one on me that gives me just cause for exasperation, especially as I discovered only last week that the jokers had me for their victim.

"One of my hens had gone 'broody' and a chicken fancier whom I knew well presented me with thirteen eggs from one of his prize hens, all done up neatly in a box. At lunch time while I was out the deed was perpetrated. Innocently I gave those eggs to my boy, with special instructions for setting the hen. That fowl worked faithfully with those eggs, even putting in overtime on some days. Finally when the three weeks were up she began to grow impatient and would cluck about that nest in a most disturbed fashion, eying the eggs suspiciously. She would, however, get on the nest again and patiently await results.

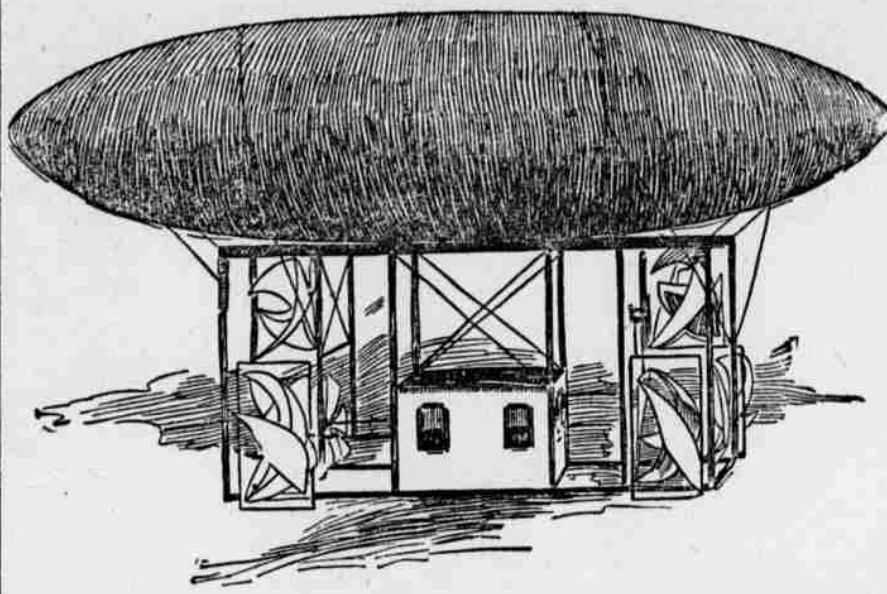
"Several days ago I went to the hen house to investigate," continued the suburbanite, according to the Philadelphia Record, "and a more bewildered fowl than that hen was I never did see. She had as a last resort, and probably in anger, pecked every one of those thirteen eggs. The whole lot had been hard-bolled by my fresh office associates, which fact immediately made clear to me why they were all so much interested in that particular hatching."

### First Street Railway.

The first street railroad was laid in New York in 1822, between the City Hall and 14th street.

Some people can absorb just so much information, and, after they have reached their limit, never learn anything.

## NEW AIRSHIP FOR WHICH GREAT PROMISES ARE MADE.



A model of a new dirigible airship was recently on exhibition in Chicago. It represents the results of five years' work on the part of William Reiferscheid of Streator, Ill. The model shows a contrivance consisting of two major parts, a cigar-shaped balloon, to which is attached a frame, on which are six propellers. Four propellers are used for ascending and two for steering. The power is supplied by a gasoline engine.

The owner of the machine claims it will do many evolutions unknown to the flying machine of Santos-Dumont. The Streator inventor declares his Eagle, for that is what he calls it, could be driven from Chicago to New York at the rate of 100 miles an hour, and that it could be sailed around a tower with its side touching the structure at all times. He also contends that the Eagle could be turned around all day in the same spot in the air. It is planned to construct a machine at an expense of \$10,000.

### AWFUL BOER MORTALITY.

British Reconcentro Camps in South Africa to Be Abolished.

The horrors of the British reconcentration camps in South Africa are to be abated. The appalling mortality that has marked these camps from the beginning has at length aroused the Government to action and the system under which thousands of Boer women and children have perished unnecessarily is to be changed.

The reconcentration policy of England in South Africa will be one of the darkest chapters connected with the Boer war. Even Secretary Broderick, under whom they were instituted and maintained, does not defend them. The death rate in them has been awful. In six months 13,941 persons perished in them. During one month 3,156 deaths of whites are recorded, and of the victims 2,633 were children. The death rate for six months approximates 253



MISS HOBHOUSE.

per 1,000; and if children alone be regarded the death rate will exceed 400 per 1,000.

To an English lady, Miss Hobhouse, the modification of the system under which so many unfortunate Boer women and children perished is due. This lady, who comes of a good English family and whose interests in the Boer reconcentration is merely a feeling of pure humanity, visited South Africa last spring and sought to ameliorate their condition. She appealed to the Government to act and it did. It expelled her from South Africa. On her return home Miss Hobhouse again appealed to the Government to interpose and end the system under which Boer prisoners, or pensioners, were being judicially murdered. Nothing came of her appeals. She then published the facts she had collected in South Africa and the result has been an awakening of the British conscience. The Government felt constrained to take notice of the opinions and feelings created by the publication of her pamphlet and the order was given for a change in the concentration system.

### ALPHABET ON A PINHEAD.

Wonderful Achievement of a Baltimore Engraver Excites Surprise.

H. A. Houseal, an engraver employed by George Walter, jeweler, has accomplished a task in the engraver's art which eclipses the engraving of the Lord's prayer upon a silver dollar, which was supposed for a long time to be the triumph of fine work in engraving. He has managed to engrave the alphabet complete on the head of a common pin. Mr. Houseal, who rarely uses a glass in his work, can read the letters with the naked eye, and although there are few persons whose eyesight is so strong, a common magnifying glass serves to make them easily distinguishable. The letters range

from left to right and are all capitals.

In the first circle around the edge of the head of the pin are the letters from A to M, inclusive. Within this is a second circle beginning at N and ending at Z, and directly in the center is the & c mark. The diameter of the pin-head is barely a sixteenth of an inch, and it can be understood how small the letters must be. They are about one-fourth the size of the letters in the Lord's prayer engraved on a dollar. The work occupied about an hour and a half, Mr. Houseal occasionally leaving it to attend to customers in the store. It was done with an ordinary engraver's tool.

"I had heard of some man who had done this," said Mr. Houseal in explaining his design, "but I did not believe it could be done, and determined to try myself. I first rubbed the head of the pin on an oil stone to obtain a flat surface. Then I heated the cement on the disk which we use for holding such small articles. When the cement cooled I screwed the disk tightly to the stand. The most difficult part of the matter to me was in keeping track of the pin. I used a four-inch lens on the job, but I am not accustomed to using a glass of any sort, and frequently I'd lose the pin and go digging around like a man in the dark. But I managed to keep pretty well on its track."

The regularity of the letters as they are seen under the glass testifies to this. Mr. Houseal says he will keep the pin as a curiosity. Mr. Houseal is 25 years of age.—Baltimore American.

### The Groom Was Forehanded.

Ministers have many interesting and amusing experiences.

A local clergyman was engaged in conversation with a number of friends the other day, when each started telling stories of weddings he had performed. One of the party had this to offer:

Some time ago a great big fellow, roughly dressed, and a wee mite of a young woman came to him. They had no witnesses, and, in fact, did not care to have any. Nevertheless, a bridesmaid and groomsmen were selected from the household, and the ceremony began. They had promised to love and obey and all the rest of the service, when the preacher announced: "Kiss the bride."

The groom, on bended knee, hesitated a little, tried to say something and couldn't.

"Kiss the bride," said the pastor.

"Why, parson, I did, afore I came here at all," replied the groom, whose face had taken the color of a June rose.

The witnesses burst forth in laughter, while the minister had all he could do to retain the serious expression which he always wore when wedding people. —Duluth News-Tribune.

### Diplomacy of the President.

The velvety-voiced politicians who go to the White House get some jolts from President Roosevelt. When the executive meets the callers in the morning he has them rounded up in the reception-room, and sometimes there are a score in the room at once. Mr. Roosevelt bustles in and ropes at the first shorthorn he sees, finishes with him in short order and goes down the line in the same brisk manner. No confidences are exchanged. The sly politician grasps the President by the lapel, puts his lips close to the executive ear and whispers his little tale. The President replies in a voice audible throughout the room, gives the whole snap away, not only revealing the object of the visitor's call but disclosing his action. In the case of a "turn-down" this is very painful.—Washington Star.

Warning to professional visitors: When a woman discovers a bedbug she traces it to the last guest who slept at her house.

### A MODERN VAN DER DECKEN.

Curious Tale of the Flying Italian Anita S.

A Nantes correspondent relates a curious story regarding the wanderings of the Italian brig Anita S. and her adventurous skipper, Capt. Rosa.

The Anita S. left Martinique on June 6, 1900, with a cargo of sugar consigned to a house in Nantes, but en route the captain borrowed at every port at which he touched sums of money, giving as security his ship and cargo.

When he could raise no more and his store ran short, in order to avoid being arrested in port he hailed passing merchant vessels and fishing boats and bought provisions.

In this way he kept to the high seas until Sept. 8, 1900, when, after a succession of terrible storms, he was forced to put into Santa Cruz, Tenerife. He escaped detection and remained there in security until May 11 of the next year, when, after contracting a new loan of £3,200, Capt. Rosa, of the good ship Anita S., still carrying her cargo of sugar, resumed her erring pilgrimage.

For four months he remained at sea, and during that time the firm at Nantes, to whom the sugar was consigned, continued to receive reports that the brig was cruising on the coast of England.

But Capt. Rosa's resources gave out at last, and, finding that he could raise no more money and tired of being continually at sea, he returned to Tenerife in September and was arrested.

During his wanderings, says the London Mail, the Italian skipper had succeeded in borrowing £5,000, while the Anita S. is not worth £600. The cargo of sugar which left Martinique seventeen months ago was transhipped and reached Nantes in an almost worthless condition.

### CIVIL WAR RELIC.

Unique Ring Found in a Field Near Shelbyville, Tenn.

The illustration shows the design on a ring found in field eight or ten miles from Shelbyville, Tenn., being unearthed from a slight depth below the surface. During the Civil War soldiers were encamped in this neighborhood, but the nearest fighting was about twenty-five miles away, at Stone's River. The ring was evidently lost by



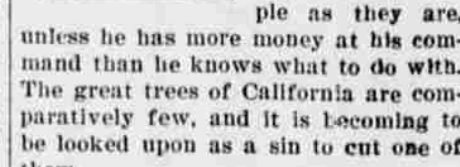
CIVIL WAR RELIC.

one of the encamped soldiers. Within the ring appears the following legend, engraved in script: "One of Nineteen, July 4, 1858." From this legend and from the intaglio forming the setting of the ring it is evident that the ring belonged to a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute, of the year 1858. This institute is located at Lexington, Va., and is known as the "West Point of the South," and undoubtedly has a record of the nineteen graduates of the year 1858. The ring is in a fine state of preservation.

### ODD SUMMER HOUSE NOW IN WASHINGTON.

A unique "summer house" is to be seen in Washington on the grounds of the United States Agricultural Department.

It is formed of the hollow trunk of one of the great redwood trees of California and is big enough to shelter a large family. The reader is not advised to write for a couple of these summer houses, simple as they are, unless he has more money at his command than he knows what to do with. The great trees of California are comparatively few, and it is becoming to be looked upon as a sin to cut one of them.



### Holding for a Rise.

Ex-Congressman Cable of Illinois has a charming young daughter who is receiving her education in France. When she was several years younger than she is now her father took her on his knee one day and said to her:

"To-day a man asked me if I would not sell little brother. He said he would give me a whole room full of gold. Shall I let him have little brother?"

The child shook her head.

"But," persisted her father, "think how much money this room full of gold would be. Think how many things you could buy with it. Don't you think I'd better let the man have little brother?"

"No," said the daughter, "let's keep him till he's older. He'll be worth more then."—New York Times.

### A Literal Interpretation.

Edna—He's a man after my own heart.

May—Well, I must say I don't think it's very becoming for a girl to brag about her followers.—Philadelphia Bulletin.