

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Never look a gift horse in the mouth by feeling for his spavins.

All the world's a stage—and the men generally gobble up the speaking parts.

The friends we need are the ones that are never on hand when we want them.

There are more daughters of revolutions in Venezuela than one can shake a stick at.

The date of Thanksgiving should be changed so as to fall on the day after the adjournment of Congress.

A \$2 postage stamp will soon be issued. People who want to enjoy traveling can thus send the baby by mail.

General Funston is all right to command Alaska if he can be held back from attempting to swim Bering strait.

The glass blowing machines are going to cut the price of window glass. Somebody ought to invent a coal blowing machine.

The London Times accuses the Americans of being on a financial debauch. Not guilty, your honor, so far as we, personally, are concerned.

A woman's brain declines in weight after she is thirty years of age, but some old widowers are the most light-headed people in the world.

A cauliflower trust has been formed by Long Island cauliflower raisers. The sauerkraut business is still being carried on in a haphazard way.

General Booth thinks we are a very pious people simply because we do not make fun of street preachers. Here is a case where piety and tolerance may be sadly mixed.

Eight men fought a duel in France just to show how harmless the sport is. But did the world need this demonstration? Has any person been seriously hurt in a French duel within the memory of man?

Over in Germany a man may kill another in a duel if he is willing to serve five days in jail. This is a sickening hardship, but the emperor hopes before long to fix it so that the murderer can send his hat and coat to be his proxy in serving the sentence.

The man who works hard all day and goes home at night to be told that he is a poor stick and a failure because somebody else gets a larger salary than he, may keep right on saying the old bachelor isn't half a man, but people don't always say what they think.

The Sultan's expressed desire for peace while he buys more guns reminds one of the story of the preacher who had been called to another pulpit at a higher salary. His small son, when questioned as to whether his father had reached a decision, replied: "Well, pa's praying for light, but ma's packing up."

Civilization is getting rich out of what was wasted fifty years ago. Sawdust, slabs, limbs of trees and odds and ends of Southern forests are now economized. Waste pine is being so treated as to give thirty gallons of turpentine, besides tar and oils, to a cord of lightwood. Thus he who wants most to spend must save most.

A Plainfield, New Jersey, boy of thirteen recently ran to the window to see the express train go by. He saw instead the great engine crashing into the train standing on a side track, and comprehended at once the meaning of the terrible collision. Remembering that his father had the only telephone in the neighborhood, he rushed to it and called up first the police and then the fire department. He then informed the hospitals, one by one, of the catastrophe, and telephoned to the doctors, asking them to come at once. Not until then did the boy go outside to join the crowd which he had done so much to make efficient.

An "Inspired communication," published by a Vienna newspaper, states that it is the intention of Russia, France, Austria, Italy and England "to reform Turkey from top to bottom and transform her from an Asiatic to a European state." These are brave words, but there is good reason for the belief that the reform policy will consist mainly of words and will fall short in deeds. Fort twenty-five years similar threats have been made, but the Turk is still doing business at the old stand in the same old wicked way. The mice, so the fable runs, once held a meeting and decided to bell the cat. Resolutions to this effect were adopted unanimously. Then the appointment

of a committee to put the bell on Tabby's neck was proposed. That ended the scheme.

"Let us consult nature," exhorts a contributor to an agricultural paper. "The apple likes a dry atmosphere, the air is continually circulating about it, and it grows in the light. It is not so with the potato; but apples and potatoes are both stored in the cellar, treated in the same way—decidedly against nature." Yet the "moral" of this delverance is not, "Remove the apples," but simply, "Ventilate your cellars in winter as well as in summer"—and that sterling rule applies equally well to the rest of the house. Fresh air does no harm to those who resemble potatoes, and it is indispensable to those who are more like apples.

A New York jury has awarded the plaintiff in a libel suit six cents damages instead of the \$50,000 for which he sued. It was a plain case of libel. The newspaper had charged the defendant with the commission of a serious crime and the charge was absolutely untrue. The newspaper did not deny technical libel. But in the trial it was shown that there had been no malicious motive in the publication. It was contended that newspapers in meeting the public demand for their existence must depend upon press associations, correspondents and reporters and cannot therefore stop to verify every item. The publication of a daily newspaper would be impossible else. It was further shown that haste is necessary and that in the rush of going to press false statements are sure to creep in. Editors and newspaper workers are fallible and liable to err. But, it was argued—it would be unjust and unfair to hold publishers financially responsible for occasional error of statement, especially where disposition is manifest to correct such errors and where there is absolute absence of malice or purpose to injure. The jury took this view. More and more are courts and juries demanding that absolute malice must be shown in order to constitute libel. And why not? It is the motive that is the essence of all violation of law. Why should exception be made in the law of libel?

The Mississippi river is one of America's great problems. Upon levees and bank protection alone the government and the states have spent over \$50,000,000, and the river of the floods is as great as ever. From Missouri to Louisiana men have been on guard day and night to protect their homes, and in one at least of the states it has been necessary to release the convicts and put them at work on the levees. It is the great drainage area of the Mississippi combined with the character of the soil through which it flows that makes it so troublesome. There are four large and well-defined drainage systems, stretching from the Rockies to the Alleghenies, that find their outlet through it. Any one of them can flood the lower river at freshet time. Two or three combined bring ruin. The silt forever drifting down from the mountains fills the bed of the stream, and as the bed rises the levees must rise with it. New high-water marks are made, and the pressure of the floods becomes greater and greater. What shall be done for the river to replace the hopeless levee system? Forestry reserves in the mountains, impounding dams at the headwaters, great reservoirs in the St. Francis basin in Missouri and Arkansas to hold the overflow, all have been suggested. Efforts to develop a complete system of control are, however, yet to come. It has been truly said that the man who masters the Mississippi will be one of the great benefactors of his country.

On a recent Sunday nine persons, five women and four men, committed suicide in Chicago. Nearly every one of these went to self-destruction because of hard financial conditions. They were weary of the strenuous life, the women helpless in life's struggle, the men pronounced failures in business. Starting, is it not? But that is only an incident in the alarming increase of self-murder. According to the Chicago Tribune, an authority on suicide statistics, the number of suicides during the first two months of 1903 was double that of the first two months of last year. What is the cause? Some will say it is because of the lessening of religious obligations or the loosening of moral restraints. Others that it is the nervous pace of modern living. Others that there is something wrong in the economy of our life, that wealth is inequitably distributed. Perhaps all these are to blame. Especially is it plain that business conditions grind men to pieces beneath the upper and nether millstones. Between the competitive system, which still largely controls economic conditions, and the trusts, which are beginning to control, flesh and blood is sometimes unable to bear the strain. And the pity of it! Preach against suicide. Moralize about it. Sneer at human weakness, if you like. Denounce it as cowardly. Inveigle against it as sinful and silly. Even legislate against it. After all—there are the grim facts. Suicide is increasing.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Dr. Lyman Abbott is now at work on a biography of Henry Ward Beecher.

Thin paper editions of standard works, bound in limp leather, are growing in favor with English publishers.

The Lothrop Publishing Company issues Irving Bacheller's third novel, "Darrel of the Blessed Isles." It deals with life in the north—before the war.

S. R. Crockett's latest story, "Strong Mac," is a tale of life on the moors of Scotland, with a later shifting of scene to Spain during the peninsula war.

E. P. Dutton & Co. have just published the new book on "Italy and the Italians," by Edward Hutton, whose "studies in the Lives of the Saluts" has already made favorable comment.

The Scribners announce a novel by Frances Powell entitled "The House on the Hudson." This maiden work of a new writer is described as "blending the characteristics of a detective story with those of a passionate and forceful drama of love."

Mary Catherine Crowley, the author of "The Heroine of the Strait," a romance of Detroit in the time of Pontiac, has written another novel with its scenes laid in that interesting section, but with the war of 1812 for the historical background.

Richard G. Badger will issue the only adequate rendering obtainable of "Tannhauser," the romance upon which Wagner's most famous opera is based, it being translated in a bold and spirited manner from the original German by Charles G. Kendall.

Miss Ottilie Liljencrantz, the author of "The Thrill of Lief the Lucky," has written another historical novel. This time she has chosen the period of the Danish conquest of Britain for her theme and has decided to call the tale "The Ward of King Canute." It will be published at an early date by A. C. McClurg & Co.

McClure, Phillips & Co. announce "The Blue Goose," by Frank I. Nasson, author of "To the End of the Trail." It is a story of mines and miners in the gold regions of the Rockies. Since Bret Harte wrote of the "Forty-Niners" in California and along the transcontinental trail the mining world has completely changed.

It will probably be a surprise to many to be told that Joseph Conrad, the author of "Youth," is not writing in his native tongue when he writes in English. Mr. Conrad is, it seems, a Pole, and was born in a southern province of Poland. His father was a noted critic and poet, who edited a patriotic review at Warsaw.

"Ronald Carnaqua, a Commercial Clergyman," a novel on the press for early issue by the Macmillan Company, will find many readers. The never-failing humor and pathos of a pastor's relations with his congregation, his trustees and some of the women of his flock have been skillfully handled by the author, Bradley Gilman.

For the last twenty years hardly a spring has gone by that has not welcomed a new volume of short stories from the pen of Bret Harte. His death last May brought many expressions of regret that this annual contribution to good fiction could no longer go on. Mr. Harte's literary executors have found, however, that he left material ready for one more book, which will be published under the title of "Trent's Trust." It contains seven stories, in which some of the favorite characters have one more word to say.

The Real Catastrophe.

"My dear!" said a frightened husband in the middle of the night, shaking his wife, "where did you put that bottle of strychnine?"

"On the shelf next to the peppermint."

"Oh, Lord!" he groaned, "I've swallowed it!"

"Well, for goodness sake," whispered his wife, "keep quiet or you'll wake the baby."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Deceived.

Ethel—You say Algy has been heartlessly deceived by a young woman. Did she lead him on to think that she loved him?

May—Oh, no. She led him on to believe that she didn't care a rap for him, and then when he carelessly proposed accepted him on the spot.

One Difficulty in the Way.

"I can marry any girl I please," remarked the Wise Guy.

"Yes, but you don't seem to please any of them," murmured the Simple Mug.—Philadelphia Record.

Trying a Quick Method.

Bings—What are you going to do with that stick of dynamite, old man? Bangs—I'm going to blow a porous plaster off my chest.—Indianapolis Journal.

TRIALS OF THE ACCOMMODATING MAN WHO HAS A TELEPHONE AT HIS FARMHOUSE

CITY people whose neighbors use their telephones think they know about trouble," said a ruddy-faced amateur farmer, "but I'll compare notes with them any day. If you are not obliging to your neighbors in the country you would better move back to town; so this is what we go through with in order to be obliging. We have the only telephone in our vicinity; and my wife and I ought to draw salaries as rural messengers.

"The other day a call came to our telephone for some one in town who wished to talk with Mrs. Jinks, our tenant's wife. So my wife had to leave her sewing, don her sunbonnet and plod across the rough fields a third of a mile to tell Mrs. Jinks to come to the phone. When Mrs. Jinks got ready she lumbered up to our house with a fat baby under each arm, and found out that Rosy, a friend of hers in town, wanted her to come and bring her out to spend the day.

"Naw," bawled back Mrs. Jinks, 'ain't got no hoss.' "In a day or so another friend of the Jinks family telephoned out to say that she and three children would spend Sunday with the Jinkses, and Mr. Jinks must come in with the wagon to bring them out. My wife could not answer that the Jinkses had no horse, as they had just got one; so she promised to deliver the message. She gave the errand to the Jinkses' son to me; I intended to attend to it, and forgot it. The folks in town got ready and waited all day Sunday, but no Mr. Jinks appeared. About Tuesday there was a great disturbance on the farm, involving all the Jinkses, brother and myself, and both of our wives. The message hadn't been called, and everybody was to blame.

"This is only a sample," said the amateur farmer, according to the Detroit Free Press. "We have other neighbors near and far; but our house is the telephone office of the district. People in town get mad at us and people in the country get mad at us; our lot is hard."

Science AND Invention

A new process for drying fruit and vegetables—already in use for drying hops—consists in drawing air through a gridwork of steam pipes into a chamber below the slotted floor holding the materials to be dried. Absorption of sulphurous gases is avoided, while burning is impossible. In a test at Worcester, England, samples of carrots, potatoes, sliced and shredded apples, and other fruits and vegetables, were kept at temperatures of 90 to 100 degrees for six hours, reaching the ordinary commercial state of dryness. The cost of working being small, it is expected that an important new industry will soon develop in England.

The curious phenomena of "sympyllum" are being investigated by E. Wasmann, a German zoologist. This is the harboring of foreign species of insects, etc., in the nests of ants and termites, and it is found that more than one hundred species of arthropods, or creatures with jointed legs, are thus associated with the ants, at least, eighty-five or ninety species being beetles. All are recognized easily by certain peculiarities. Most notable among the characteristics of these beetles are their oily reddish-yellow or reddish-brown color, and special exudation organs or pores with brownish hairs, but there are also modifications of the mouth and other parts.

Some of the discouragements and failures of amateur photographers may be due to such imperfections of shutters as were disclosed in a paper read at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science by E. W. Morley of the Western Reserve University and D. C. Miller of the Case School of Applied Science. The better grade of shutters were found to be fairly constant in operation, but the actual duration of exposure was often not even approximately that indicated by the maker. Different shutters of the same make and form gave widely different exposures when set for the same time. With the best shutters of the diaphragm class the duration of exposure was nearly independent of the aperture of the opening. Some shutters of the cheaper grades, designed to give long, medium and short exposures, gave equal exposures in the three cases.

The effects of the swift advance of knowledge, which sometimes causes a new book on some branch of science to appear a back number shortly after its publication, are felt no less in practical scientific undertakings. A striking illustration is furnished by the enormous new coast-defense gun recently tested at Sandy Hook. This gun was intended to be not only the most powerful in existence, but also the representative of the most advanced type of such weapons. But after it had been planned a special plant had to be established for its construction, and the few years' consequent delay before it could be completed sufficed for such improvements in gunpowders, and in the designing of guns for their use, that now the finished monster is, in some respects, out of date before it has fairly been mounted for service. The new gun is of 16 inches bore and 49.7 feet long. It is calculated that it can throw a 2400-pound projectile twenty-one miles.

CROW WITH LIVES TO SPARE.

It Tormented Hogs and Caused a Farmer No End of Woe.

"Say you seed a hundred crows in one flock?" asked an Illinois farmer of a man who was telling him of a visit he had made to the country a few weeks ago. The farmer leaned over in his chair, took aim at a cuspidor half way across the lobby of a

Dearborn street hotel, and turned again to the city man. "Seed a hundred? I've seed millions on 'em. You don't see 'em any more. Crow is well nigh gone. Time wuz when the pesky birds mighty nigh eat outen house an' home. I ain't seed 'em so thick fer five or six years as an' I reckon they ain't a-goin' to be plentiful again. I learned a good many ideas about crows when they used to be lots on 'em.

"You may not know that a crow the thing that comes closest to a hawk in havin' its life renewed a low times. It's a fact. When the corn was simply a-swarmin' with 'em, you couldn't hear yer own ears in the cawin', they would almost eat the hogs up.

"One year I had a bunch of hogs and the crows would light the backs of the hogs and peck at 'em until they nearly killed 'em. I set up all kinds of scarecrows, but they didn't do a speck of good. It got bad at last that I had to lay out in hay mow by the winder and the crows all day. They are mighty shy the smell of gunpowder, but they risk a good many feathers fer a bit of live hog.

"One day I seed a big, fat squire across the lot a squawkin' and on his back rode a crow peckin' away fer dear life. I run and scared the bird away, but wasn't long until here he come a-squawkin' on another. He kept it up till I got tired of chasin' out and I got old rife and hid behind the woodshed. In a few minutes 'long come another hog a-squealin' and the same old crow a-peckin' holes in his back. I knew I could plug a chicken hawk on the side so I took aim at old Mr. Crow. My rifle went 'bing' and I'll be darned that hog didn't drop as dead as a doanail. The crow flew away cawin' me, and I was so all-fired mad I took the gun over a post and knocked it to smithereens.

"After that I got a dozen shots the same crow with an old mow loader and I knocked enough feathers out of the bird to make a suit mournin' fer an Indian. One day kind o' crept up on him, took good aim and blew his dad drated head off him. That bird had nine lives if he had any at all and I ain't so sure wouldn't have got away after I shot him if I hadn't tied him on a pole a scarecrow."

His Style of Haircut.

An elderly and rather irritable gentleman entered a barber's parlor and have his hair trimmed. All the barbers were occupied. He was about to leave when a voluble operator persuasively remarked: "Ready in a minute, sir."

Reassured, the customer sat down, picked up a paper, and absently began to peruse it. Meanwhile the barber exhibited an extraordinary loquaciousness, discussing the merits of race hounds, the possibilities at Saratoga, and other subjects. Finally he indignantly offered the vacated chair to the old gentleman.

"How would you like your hair cut?" the barber inquired.

"In perfect silence, please," was the curt and ironical reply.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Really Looking for Work.

Gritty George—Lady, I hear dat cuckoo clock is out of order.

The Lady—What of that? Gritty George—Well, I just want say dat I'll sit around an' do de cuckoo in' every hour fer me board and my in'. I'm always willin' to work.—Philadelphia Press.

Making Cautious Approach.

"Advise me, Uncle Jack."

"Of course; what is it?"

"Shall I ask you for \$25 or \$500 Life.

Conscientious reformers finally came to the conclusion that reform is possible.