

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO..... OREGON.

The woman who can't fool some man is probably alone on a desert island.

There are no drafts on the Bank of Motherhood which are not honored without discount.

The Hague tribunal is to have a \$1,500,000 home, but there is nothing as yet to put in it.

Another child has died from "jumping the rope," and still parents allow their children to skip without limit.

The sowing of wild oats is more prolific than that of any of the cereals. It yields abundant crops every month in the year.

Pope Leo is not a fop, but all the same he has the largest and most elegant wardrobe in the world. His tailor is a happy man.

A pair of shoes can be made in a Lynn (Mass.) factory in thirteen minutes; that is, as fast as a 13-year-old boy can wear them out.

The Macedonian cry seems to indicate that the Sultan's reforms need reforming. Some sweet day the old fellow will be put out of business.

Possibly there has been some misunderstanding. When a public officer takes an oath to execute the law it does not mean that he is to kill it.

A New York amusement man has taught a monkey to "loop the loop" in an automobile. Verily, it takes man's best to keep ahead of the monk.

Chauncey M. Depew says a man doesn't reach his prime until he is over 50 years of age. It is understood, however, that Chauncey in this statement limits himself to men.

Rumor says that the bonnet with ribbons tied in a double bow under the chin is coming in again. When a woman wears something like that she can just wind Man around her finger like a piece of paper.

A Harvard professor of pathological anatomy announces that he has discovered the germ that causes smallpox. Isn't that a reflection on the other fellows in the past who have been doctoring small pox patients?

A Philadelphia man has paid \$2,100 for the original manuscript of Poe's poem, "The Bells." If Poe could have got that much money for all the poems he wrote he would doubtless have considered himself the luckiest bard extant.

The discovery by archaeologists of skeletons in Kentucky supposed to be those of prehistoric mound builders appeals to the duldest imagination. Inscriptions on the stones in colonial graveyards do not seem old beside the sepulcher of men who were buried with stone knives and stone cups.

Looking back over the long record of futile protest against labor-saving methods, we find that what at first looked like a calamity to some eventually proved to be a blessing in disguise. Facilitating production has made production easier, wages higher and in the long run has helped to make more opportunities for labor.

If one should go to Bagdad over the new railway which England, France and Germany are to control he would not find Haroun al Raschid in his ancient capital. Nor would any of the other romantic figures of the "Thousand and One Nights" be there. But if one should travel by camel train and camp outside the city at night before the railway is finished, he might imagine that all the tales of the fascinating series were being retold in his hearing. The call himself might call at his tent door. The first whistle of the locomotive will drive away much of what one is accustomed to regard as the spirit of the East.

Not long ago the Indian Bureau issued an order that all the reservation Indians should have their hair cut. The decree provoked so much opposition that it was finally rescinded. Now another change is planned which can hardly be expected to meet with any less vigorous antagonism—a change from distinctly Indian to more common Anglo-Saxon names. The reason assigned is that Indian names are purely individual, and go out of existence with the deaths of the men who bear them. This makes it difficult to trace titles and family relationships, and confuses government records. "Man-Who-Toes-In" and "Thunder-at-Night" may therefore have to become plain Peter Smith and Cyrus Wiggin. Naturally they do not like it; nor can one blame them much. If any man has to work to "make a name

for himself" it is an Indian. Having made it, it seems as if he ought to be allowed to keep it.

Newspapers, joking about the growth of American cities, have inverted geography, and said that the State of Illinois is situated in Chicago. The jest of one age becomes the truth of the next. A professor at Columbia University has predicted that there will one day be a continuous city from northern Massachusetts to Virginia. The cause of this possible result is the trolley car, which not only connects towns, but makes it convenient to live in the outlying districts between towns. City life in America is an economic necessity, not an expression of our natures. We are segregative. We like land about our houses. As soon as it is possible to have our homes far from the centers, and still do business in the city, the centrifugal tendency of Americans will send us away from the cities to live. When trolley lines cut through every corner of well-peopled States, society is likely to spread along the tracks, to thin out evenly instead of living in swarms of a million. In another century the prophecy may come true that the inhabitants of the thickly populated eastern coast will be continuously and almost equally distributed. There may be an unbroken city from Maine to Virginia. Then shall a man's address be, "John Robinson, Boston District, Massachusetts, City of East America?" But that is running the idea to extremes.

Professor Metchnikoff has shown us very clearly that the reason man fears death is because he is called away before he is "full of days." And he cites the well-known cases of Abraham, Isaac and Job, who lived 175, 180 and 140 years respectively, and died full of days, ready and even anxious to go. From which we are led to infer that our methods of life are wholly wrong and that if we shall only so live as to prolong our existence to the old-fashioned limit, we shall welcome death with as much eagerness as we now seek to avoid it. The only trouble with the professor's theories is that he is too particular in his examples. What was the matter with Adam, who lived 930 years; Seth, with his 902 years; Jared, with his 962 years, and Methuselah, with his 969 years? If such children as Job and Abraham and Isaac were "full of days," what were Adam and the others full of? If, as the inspired book tells us, Job slipped off when he was 140, "full of days," how was Methuselah beginning to feel as he rounded his third century? If Abraham proves that we may live to be 175, why cannot Adam prove that we may just as well hop along until we are 830? So far as we can see Adam's word is just as good as Abraham's whatever Dr. Lyman Abbott may think to the contrary. Professor Metchnikoff, a very learned man, has no right to juggle the scriptures to suit his argument. We insist on fair play for Seth and Adam and Jared, and a "full-of-days" interpretation that means something.

Under what similitude will you liken human life? A pleasure garden? Or a prison house? Some say this life is a penitentiary where we are punished. "Life is thickly strewn with thorns," said one pessimist, and I know no way save to pass quickly through them." These persons are Stoics. Others view life as a garden of gaiety. They are Epicureans. "Eat, drink and be merry" is the gonfalon of these. A short life and a merry, say these Sybarites. The Stoic was wrong. Life is not thickly strewn with thorns. It is strewn with roses. The thorns are incidental. The Epicurean is also wrong. He that seeks pleasure for pleasure's sake will find only satiety. What, then, is it? Human life is a school. It begins in the mother's arms, and ends only on the Great Graduation Day. It has its recesses, intermissions and vacations, but the school goes on! Its teachers are named Experience. Sometimes the lessons are hard and the tears fall on the page of the text book! Sometimes they are pleasant as well as profitable. But these lessons must be learned. Each must learn them for himself. A man can bequeath money or advice to his boy, but he cannot bequeath his experience. The boy must go to school as did the father before him, and as all the fathers before him did. The student in life's school never gets too old to learn. When he quits learning he begins to die. How puerile to say one's education is "finished" at college! The school of life has its shirkers. If one becomes a truant he must expect a sharp reprimand. If he deliberately disobeys the rules of the school, he may expect punishment. Else the school would be anarchic. Contrarywise, the scholar who applies himself will be rewarded. Then hurrah for our school! When recess comes let us laugh and play, and, as Roosevelt says, "play hard." When it is time for study let us get down to our lessons. And on the Great Commencement Day, when the Great Teacher shall hand to each of us our diploma, may there be written on them all, "Well done."

Haven't you a right to a few of your own notions? Must you do everything your neighbors suggest?

Science AND Invention

The late surveys of the English coast show a loss of land of forty thousand acres since 1867, although in some places, as at New Romney, the solid ground has been pushed out two miles or more in the sea.

The city of Toronto counts on getting 125,000 horse-power from Niagara Falls, although its distance from the great cataract is ninety miles. The electric current is to be carried the entire distance from the generating plant, which will be constructed on the Canadian side, by cables supported on a double-pole line.

Evidences of the favorable action of X-rays upon lupus and cancer continue to increase. The action is not yet understood, one theory being that it kills the bacteria, while a more probable suggestion is that the inflammation set up brings an accumulation of phagocytes and leucocytes, and these "scavenger" cells attack and destroy the morbid tissues.

Excessive muscular development is pronounced by an experienced physician to be not only unnecessary, but positively dangerous. On ceasing athletic training, which every person must do sooner or later, the system adapts itself very slowly to new conditions, and digestive and liver troubles are very liable to follow. The great lungs, not needed in sedentary work, degenerate, often leading to consumption.

The bacteria mining lamp of Prof. Hans Mollisch, of Prague, consists of a glass jar lined with a compound of saltpetre and gelatine, previously inoculated with luminous bacteria. In this culture the bacteria showed enormous increase. In two days a bluish green light filled the jar, sufficiently brilliant to show faces two yards away, and to enable a person to read large type, and this light remained for several days, gradually fading away in about a fortnight. The light is cold and quite safe in mines filled with the most dangerous gases.

All readers of Scott's novels must vividly remember the Peak of Derbyshire. This elevated region is to be made a source of water supply for four cities—Sheffield, Derby, Nottingham and Leicester. The gathering ground of the water lies from 500 to 2,070 feet above sea level, and covers fifty square miles. Virtually, the entire sources of the river Derwent will be collected, but one-third of the water must be restored to the river to protect vested interests along its course. The cost is estimated at \$50,000,000. A temporary town, with houses of galvanized iron lined with match-board, and with a school, a church, a hospital and a concert hall, has been constructed for the army of laborers, who will be employed for a dozen years. There are to be five reservoirs with an aggregate capacity of 10,508,000,000 gallons.

The project of climbing the loftiest mountain on the earth, Mount Everest, in the Himalayas, whose tremendous head rises, according to trigonometrical measurements, 29,002 feet above sea level, has now reached a stage immediately antecedent to the actual attempt. A party, led by Mr. Eckenstein, an experienced climber, has set out for the foot of the great peak. Several celebrated mountain climbers have expressed the opinion that the feat is feasible, but only by the method of gradual ascent, whereby the adventurers may become inured to the effects of a rare atmosphere. Months and even years may be spent in ascending to higher and higher levels, a long pause being made after every considerable advance. The highest ascent now on record is that of Aconcagua, in the Andes, the elevation of which is 23,080 feet, 5,992 feet, or more than a mile, less than the height of Everest.

Cause and Effect.

"I beg your pardon," said the young doctor, who had recently settled in the neighborhood; "did I understand you to say yesterday that you never had any sickness at your house and therefore never engaged a family physician?"

"No," replied Krotchett. "I said I engaged a family physician and therefore never had any sickness at our house."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Misunderstood.

McQueery—"You're not so attentive to Miss Roxley as I thought you would be."

Hunter—"No. You see—she told me she didn't go in for social pleasures since her father had failed."

McQueery—"Poor old man! He is falling dreadfully. Quite a physical wreck."

Hunter—"Gee whiz! Is that what she meant?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Why inquire of a man when you meet him, "How are you?" He won't tell you, if there is anything wrong.

Don't look for praise; the more praise you get, the harder the reaction will be.

THE POPULAR PULPIT



THE CRY FOR JESUS.

By the Rev. H. M. Lowry.

Sir, we would see Jesus.—John, xii., 21.

The east came to the cradle of Christ, the west came to his cross. The Magi and the Greeks represent that enlightened religious instinct which, dissatisfied with that which cannot feed the soul, is able to rise above previous education and prejudice and seek the gratification of its deepest needs and its highest aspirations wherever that gratification may be found.

These who thus came to Christ stood for that large number of Greeks, so frequently alluded to, who, perceiving the vanity of popular religion, turned to something more satisfying, and found in the synagogue service of the Jews something which appealed to the cravings of that instinct for God which all men possess. Attaching themselves more or less to Judaism without submitting to the religious rites necessary to give them full standing they came to Jerusalem to worship the God in whom they had come to believe. Here they put themselves in communication with one of the disciples of Jesus and request an interview with the man who has created so great a stir in the popular mind.

Their action may well be regarded by us as suggesting the cry of an enlightened religious instinct for the personal Christ.

Mere curiosity may prompt such a cry.

Now, as then, Jesus Christ is the problem of the ages. He is a personality that must be explained; a force that must be accounted for. This man, whom millions love and no one hates, thrusts himself before us in such a way that life is entirely changed for us after we meet him. "By what authority doest thou these things?" is a question we must have answered for the sake of our own peace of mind. "What shall I do with Jesus?" is the inquiry of a soul who is confronted by this perplexing personality, this masterful man. The age of inquiry in which we live finds its curiosity baffled by this teacher, whose character defies human analysis, whose truth transcends human philosophies, and whose influence is more living, more personal, more powerful in each succeeding age. Eager to wot what God would have us to do and be, we turn from all else to Jesus, in the hope that at last we can find an authority upon which we can rest.

Appreciation may lead us to him. Beyond mere curiosity a soul has come to know enough of Jesus to make him feel that life offers nothing better than the study of his character and life. Moral beauties disclose themselves in such a way as to charm us. We are fascinated by his graciousness, subdued by his tenderness, moved by his love. We cease to wonder why it is that those who reject him vie with those who accept him in laying their tribute of admiration at his feet, and can understand how it is that even an infidel can find the life of Jesus his highest theme and greatest satisfaction.

The motives which draw us to Jesus may be even deeper than those. There may be a strong personal desire on our part for Jesus because he has wooed and won us. We hold him not at arm's length; we look not at him in the spirit of inquiring criticism; we treat him not as something outside of ourselves, but as dearer to us than all the world; we desire to take him into our lives, to reign there king of love and life.

In any and every case that which this religious instinct cries for is a personality. When the church, by those rude methods which it once used, tried to convert the world to Christianity, it brought into its fold a mass of barbarous and unspiritual votaries, which left its impress upon church life for a thousand years. If the church Christianized paganism, paganism in turn paganized Christianity. As a result, the personality of Christ was largely lost. It is the glory of the present time that the church is swinging back more and more to the personal Christ. As the din of religious strife subsides there is presented in new beauty and power this one perfect personality. He, and he alone, meets the wants and answers the cry of the present day man. It is an age of individualism. The needs of man are paramount. As the monarch has gone down, man has gone up. Humanity wants a Christ who deals with individual men, and who addresses himself to individual wants. In the moment of sorrow we feel for the hand of the comforter; in

the hour of loneliness we seek our companion; in the day of trouble we want the counsel of our friend. There is no one in all history who satisfies us so fully as Jesus of Nazareth, who, as "Man of Sorrows" and "Friend of Sinners," touches human hearts to cure, to comfort, to cleanse.

Systematic theology is as necessary as the bones of a man, but those bones must be covered with warm flesh if we are to have a friend. Delight in the study of Christian anatomy must not rob us of our living friend, the matchless Son of Man. The weary, the sad, the forsaken are crying to-day, as never before, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

CARNEGIE IS CANNY DRIVER.

By Rev. John Merritt.

I am pleased when workingmen refuse to patronize the Carnegie libraries. The great steel magnate has only helped those who had no need of his help. He has been quite as shrewd and canny in posing as a philanthropist as he was in coining the sweat of other men's brows into the colossal fortune he now claims as his very own.

No able-bodied man, not even a preacher, can accept a charity without being debauched in doing so. Capitalists may practice cannibalism among themselves without greatly imperiling the republic, but the very moment the masses lose their healthy pride and self-respect everything will be lost. The poor man's choking at the offer of charity and request for honest employment instead is the strongest proof that he is still a man.

Do not be deluded into the idea that the fashionable avenues and boulevards where brown stone fronts and marble palaces predominate are the only or the most hopeful fields for evangelism. Down on the insignificant streets where the middle classes live, down in the so-called slums where haggard faces peer out of the window and nakedness runs and hides, there they wait with longing hearts for the sweet gospel of him who, like themselves, had not where to lay his head. The toiling, struggling, often sorrowing masses are not agnostic or atheistic or anarchistic. The millions must not be condemned for the shortcomings of the few in the ranks of labor. The almost numberless masses have too much head and heart and immortality and inherent nobility of soul for such arrant nonsense and folly as that.

The bigot who said in his heart, "There is no God," was a rich fool, and he said it in his heart because, in the absence of brains, that was his only resort.

My young friends, carry the gospel to the poor. Do not neglect or be uncharitable to or—burning shame—forget the poor. The poor ye have with you always. Win them to Christ. They stand on the doorstep, in the yard, at the gate, looking up and down the long and dreary streets and alleyways, looking for you and wondering why you do not come with the message of salvation. Alas, some of them are coming to think it is because you are too selfish and haughty and heartless and because you so much prefer the rich.

FOR A QUIET SABBATH.

By Rev. Charles W. Tinsley.

No nation is more loyal to the Sabbath than our own. Our foundations were laid in deep reverence for the holy day. The Pilgrims, in 1620, half starved, shivered in the cold, rather than begin their work on the Sabbath. From that day to this there has been "American Sabbath." The necessity for the day is written deep in man's physical constitution. Like a clock, we run down. The sleep of the night is not enough. The seventh day is required to "kilt up the raveled sleeve of care." The manual toiler needs it. The holy day is the north star of his deliverance from Sunday slavery. The home needs it. The highest type of home life demands Sabbath observance. It is no accident that the world map of safe popular freedom is made up on the Sabbath keeping nations. The Sabbath is the Gibraltar of law and order. It is simply patriotism to keep it.

It is being attacked by insidious foes. Sunday mails are wholly unnecessary. They compel the labor of thousands of men who are entitled to their Sabbath. The Sunday newspaper attacks it. It displaces what is vastly more of value than that which it gives. It projects the secular spirit into the Sabbath. So with Sunday amusements of all sorts. It is not best observed as a day of amusement. Sunday excursions and Sunday baseball will demoralize any town. It ought to be permanently enjoined as a violation of an express statute.

Hope is so sweet, with its golden wings that, at his last sigh, man still implores it.—De la Pena.