

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Telling your troubles only enlarges them.

Seeds of discontent will take root in any soil.

Some people are so infernally polite as to inspire suspicion.

Even the pessimist sometimes laughs at the troubles of others.

We may have the big stick all right, but are we going softly?

A woman never feels dressed up unless she feels uncomfortable.

Take life easy during the hot weather and give the undertaker a rest.

It seems queer that contractors should be employed to widen streets.

Marriage is a feast—and the soup is often more palatable than the dessert.

As for Servia, it seems to be merely a question of under vitch king—speak, or die.

A woman doesn't necessarily keep boarders just because she sometimes boards a train.

A married man should never talk in his sleep unless he is sure of what he is going to say.

Cholly Knickerbocker now calls 'em the Swift Set. This is rather more graphic and comprehensive.

Every man is a fool at some period of his terrestrial career, but fortunately he can't foretell the exact date.

Some of us go up like the rocket and down like the stick; others are rained on before the date of the grand display.

Do you ever stop to think that mob law has become so prevalent in this country that it has come to be regarded as the ordinary?

And the alphabet shrieked when Alexander fell. At least it would have shrieked if it had foreseen the new Servian cabinet list.

The man who has abandoned an attempt to cross the Atlantic Ocean in a dory is to be congratulated on not being an absolute fool.

Boston has "a society young man" who has not worn a hat for three years. He probably doesn't wish to hide his magnificent brain.

Soda water, so the college professor announces, is a by-product of the breweries and ought to be shunned. How about the root beer that mother makes?

King Peter says he is afraid it will be difficult for him to punish the slayers of Alexander. It is evident that Peter knows a ticklish job when he sees one.

Be not deceived. The timid damsel who shivers and clings to your arm during the fireworks display may positively refuse to consider you as a protector later on.

An advertisement of the quartermaster's department of the army asks for proposals to furnish seven thousand five hundred pairs of trousers. Not "pants." Lawabiding citizens will take notice.

Abdul Hamid, who lives in abject fear of assassination, insisted on being told that the king of Servia died through an unfortunate accident. It would be a joke to kidnap the timid Sultan and make him spend a Fourth of July over here.

Count Boni de Castellane has been elected a member of the French chamber of deputies again. It seems necessary for Boni to get elected about every six weeks. No wonder the Goulds have to put up lots of money for his campaign expenses.

Through the movement toward the democracy of studies and constructive individualism a new ideal is being reached in American universities—that of personal effectiveness. The ideal in England has always been that of personal culture; that of France the achieving, through competitive examinations of ready-made careers, the satisfaction of what Vallart calls "impiegomania," the craze for appointment; that of Germany, thoroughness of knowledge; that of America, the power to deal with men and conditions.

One by one the treasures of the ancient world disappear. The campanile of St. Mark in Venice followed the example of the "one boss shay," and col-

lapsed almost without warning, and now comes the news that Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, "The Last Supper," in the convent of Santa Maria, Milan, is hopelessly ruined through the dampness and decay of the wall which it had adorned. Although it had frequently been repainted, one still felt, as he looked at it, that he was seeing the work of the great Italian. Hereafter one must be content with the sketches which Da Vinci made to guide him in his task of decorating the wall of the convent.

There is a good deal of talk about Dr. Lorimer's salary. He preaches in New York. Boston wants him, having had a taste of his efficiency, and has offered him \$20,000 a year and a parsonage that is anything but a hut. It is a high-water mark salary, and causes discussion because there are people who do not believe that a minister of the Gospel should allow money to determine his location, or that any minister should be paid \$400 a week. There is a business side to it. The demands made on a modern minister are immense. He must be an orator, a thinker, a planner. He must have health, magnetism and that mysterious something that fills the pews, charges the very air with electricity, and makes the people treasure his words and support his projects. You cannot fix the cash value of that kind of a minister. He is worth whatever a church can afford to pay him, and if the sum is \$20,000 there isn't a shadow of a doubt that he will do his community \$20,000 worth of good.

Frequently one hears it said that such and such a word, if spoken before this or that man or woman, is like a red rag in front of a bull. Some of these inflaming words or phrases in political speech and writing are "protection," "free trade," "goldstandard," "equal suffrage," "prohibition," "liquor license," and "third term." Controversy has waged round the ideas for which they stand, and all the hard feelings aroused by angry dispute are recalled when the words are used. Men and women are in such strict bondage to words that it is difficult to get at the merits of a question in discussion with them, if any of the "quarrel words" are used. The wise man, therefore, avoids such words and makes up of others, less worn, when he desires his views on controverted subjects to receive a respectful hearing. There are words of allurements, also, which tactful speakers employ to gain the good-will of their hearers. The discerning man who sees through words to the things they stand for is seldom excited by the quarrel words, and is not often allured by the enticement of empty compliments. He does his own thinking, as Emerson advised the young men of Harvard to do, when he told them that Plato and other notable thinkers, at the time they were evolving their theories, were young men in libraries, and held no patent on the right to reach independent conclusions. The inclination to let others do one's thinking is first cousin to the willingness to sit in bondage to mere words. There is no place for either of the cousins in the intellectual outfit of the men and women who lead in the work of the world.

It is better to have the microscope reveal the blue clay in a "coffee berry" than to await the tardy revelations of the disordered digestive apparatus. A man's stomach may stand the blue clay for years without serious protest, but the gastric juices will not labor with it always. The process of waiting for an intestinal rebellion is too slow for modern methods of warfare upon impure food. This is the very sound and sensible position taken by Secretary Wilson of the Department of Agriculture. The microscope is now playing such an important part in exposing food frauds that the secretary has finally established a microscopic laboratory where all varieties of imported foods are examined before being submitted to the chemical tests and analyses in the chemical division. The revelations already made under the new regulations adopted by Congress are astonishing. Coffee berries, artistically shaped and browned, are found that consist of chicory, starch and other ingredients, and when ground present the appearance and give off the aroma of coffee. The cocoa adulterations disclosed by the microscope are said to be even more remarkable and more deceptive than the coffee adulterations. By means of the photo-microscope camera for picturing adulterants and disease-bacteria and the microtome for cutting articles of food into infinitesimal pieces it is possible now to detect almost any food sophistication that may be attempted. Judging by frequent disclosures on the part of chemists, health bureaus and State food inspectors, Secretary Wilson has a great task before him, and it is gratifying to note the completeness of his preparations for the work.

Export of Olives.

Spain's annual export of pickled green olives amounts to about \$800,000.

Man likes to believe in eternal punishment—for the other fellow.

HIS CABIN SUITS HIM,

ALTHOUGH CATTLE KING HEALY IS A MILLIONAIRE.

A Unique Character in New Mexico, Whose Wealth Is in Land, Cattle, Copper and Silver Mines—He Spends Less than \$500 a Year.

On a bleak and lonely side of the Santa Margarita mountains in New Mexico is a rude, barn-like cabin of rough-sawed boards. It is the home of James Healy, one of the wealthiest cattlemen in the Southwest. Healy would be taken for a tramp by almost anyone, and none would laugh more at the error than Healy himself. In some ways Healy



JIM HEALY.

is one of the most interesting men in the territory. His possessions in land, cattle, copper and silver mines in New Mexico and in Chihuahua, Mexico, are easily worth several millions of dollars. His average annual income for several years has been upward of \$80,000. Last year he sold cattle that alone brought him \$55,000, and it is believed his income ran up to about \$105,000. Yet, with all this wealth at his command, and with a knowledge that his great fortune is in gild-edged securities, he lives as cheaply as the commonest Mexican vaquero in his employ. He boasts that he spends less than \$500 a year on himself. His income is greater than that of some leaders of American society and notable votaries of fashion and elegance, but he has absolutely no knowledge of the influence and prestige his riches would have in other people's hands amid a different environment. "What good is there in money, if you can't buy land and cattle?" is the terse answer he gave someone once who was trying to tell the cattle king how other folks would use an income of nearly \$90,000 a year.

He has not been farther away from his range than to Kansas City in over thirty-five years, and he seldom goes farther from his shanty home than over to Las Vegas or down to Albuquerque. His wealth is piling up in land, cattle, copper property and mortgages to the amount of thousands of dollars every year. One hears homely speculations among the people in Las Vegas and the white settlers in San Miguel and Bernalillo counties in northern New Mexico, as to the disposition this strange and taciturn millionaire bachelor cattleman is going to



MILLIONAIRE HEALY'S CABIN.

make of all his money and property when his hair gets white and his stalwart frame is broken by age and disease.

Healy's Career.

James Healy went to New Mexico from Texas. He was born in Sedalla, Mo., in 1838, and with his parents went to Austin, Texas, in 1850. He has always lived on the plains and has no knowledge of any other life. He never went to school but three years, and that was on the plains of Texas. But he was born with rare sagacity and a peculiar border shrewdness that reads men at one glance and knows a schemer instinctively. So, while he is ignorant of worldly ways and has not the meagerest knowledge of the thoughts and aspirations of the people in the busy, pushing, progressive world outside of the lonely southern spur of the Rocky Mountains, where he has lived for longer than a generation, he knows cattle and sheep as thoroughly as any man ever did, and he has the natural rough skill to drive the best bargains for anything he buys or sells. His chief stock in trade is an iron constitution and a bravado nerve that made him well known on the frontier before he was 20.

He became a vaquero in Texas when he was but 17, and he has been at it ever since. He never talks about his possessions, and he is as close as an oyster when anyone tries to get him to tell what sums his semi-annual cattle shipments to Kansas City yield. But he will sit all night and smoke and drink whiskey and claret mixed and tell his ideas about breeding long or short-horned cattle, about the relative profit in sheep or cattle and how he has many a time saved a good critter from death by disease and for shipment to the slaughter house. From the meagerest beginnings and with only a stout heart and two brawny arms as his equipment for wealth production, James Healy has come to his present

AMATEUR SURGEON AND HUSBAND

WHOSE LIFE SHE SAVED



DR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. LOGAN

Eight hundred miles from the nearest physician and with her husband in danger of dying unless operated on immediately Mrs. William H. Logan, of Bethany, Ill., who recently went to China with her husband as missionary, gave him an anæsthetic and successfully removed his appendix, following instructions he gave her before he relapsed into unconsciousness. When Dr. Logan had rallied sufficiently from the operation Mrs. Logan took him 800 miles by rail and wagon to a physician, where the treatment was completed.

wealth. The story of his rise is as thrilling as any border fiction. The story tells how young Healy herded cattle in a region infested by Apaches; how he rode as a Texas ranger in the last Comanche campaign and was once picked up for dead on the scene of an Indian ambush; how he has fought and killed the most dangerous desperadoes in the cattle country at several times in his long experience on the southern border, and how he has trailed cattle thieves and rustlers for weeks at a time, all go to make incidents in as lively and veracious a biography as was ever penned.

That was the school this uncommon millionaire of to-day was reared in. His associates have been Mexican vaqueros, American cowboys, hardened characters on the border and half-breed Indians. "All I know is Mexican, Indians, cattle and ranges, and it ain't no use for me to try to put on dog," said Jim Healy recently to someone who wondered why the man lived so meanly, in spite of his fast-increasing wealth.

When the Navajos were moved by the government to southern New Mexico, in the latter 60's, Jim Healy and other vaqueros went northward with little bands of cattle and settled on tracts of land close to the Arizona territorial line. That was the real beginning of the Healy fortune. In a few years he had several hundred head of steers. Then he had several thousand. He spoke the Spanish tongue as well as his own, and no American knew the border and its rude, rough ways so well as Jim Healy did. When he sold his cattle he bought more land. Then, with more land, he increased his herd. With further sales of cattle, he bought more land. So he kept on buying land, trading for cattle and water rights, occasionally dabbling in sheep and wool, until he has become a millionaire.

Healy reads with difficulty, and he has someone employed in the Las Vegas National Bank to keep his cash and collections there shipshape. He has never seen a drama, heard a concert or anything theatrical or operatic since 1870, and then in El Paso. So far as dress is concerned, he would be taken for a poor, forlorn cow-herder any day.

SPLENDID EXERCISE.

Is That Obtained by Baseball Fans While Watching a Game.

"Baseball is a good thing for the liver," said the enthusiastic fan, "and I ought to know what I am talking about, for I have tried it. It beats all the patent medicine under the sun if you can work up enough enthusiasm to make the cure go. Don't you ever get it into your head that there's nothing in it. I know there is, and, besides, the thing will reason out scientifically. Isn't exercise a good thing for the liver? Baseball is exercise. And I mean it is exercise from the viewpoint of the fan, the rooter, if you please. Why, sometimes when I return from a closely contested game I feel like a man who has been plow-

ing or mauling rails all day. It's exercise, all right—exercise in large, lusty quantities. A man will wave his arms in the air. He will wrench his hands. He will throw his head around and pull the muscles of his neck taut. He will rear back and give his spine a healthy and invigorating twist. He will dance around on his feet, exercise his toes, twist and turn the muscles and points of his legs, move his eyes this way, and now that; pull his scalp down in knitting his brow, move his eyes rapidly, blink the lashes, sniff his nose, work his tongue—exercise! It is the greatest exercise in the world and all these other physical culture schemes look like 30 cents in stamps money when compared with the exercise through which the baseball fan passes in one afternoon, and I tell you from my own experience it is a good thing for the liver. It is good for anything that exercise is good for, and will cure anything that exercise will cure. Besides, the excitement is a good mental tonic. We get away from the grim cares of age and become boys again. Try baseball if you feel out of whack, and, mark the prediction, you will feel like a new man, and the world will look as rosy as of yore."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

When the Count Proposed.

"I don't see how the count could propose to you when he can't talk any English and you don't speak French." "Oh, it was very easy. We were sitting in the parlor. Pointing up at an oil painting of papa, the count took out a piece of paper and a pencil. Then he set down a dollar mark, and after it placed a figure 1. Looking at me out of his big, deep, eloquent, lovely eyes, he began making ciphers after the dollar mark and the figure 1. When he had made four ciphers, which with the other figures meant \$10,000, he stopped. I nodded my head for him to go on. Then he made another cipher. That meant \$100,000. I nodded my head again. He made another, which raised it to \$1,000,000. I nodded for him to go ahead. He put down another cipher, making it \$10,000,000. "Then I smiled and took the pencil from him, and he caught me in his arms and—and ah, it was so lovely! It almost seems like a dream to think that in three weeks I shall be a real countess."—Chicago Record-Herald.

She Was Right.

The fair girl sat in the outer office. She was waiting for some one. "Somehow I feel as if some one were drawing near," she murmured, moving uneasily in her chair. The fair maiden was right. In the very next room a clerk was drawing his salary.—Baltimore American.

Negro Voters About.

There are 30,000 negro voters in New York, 21,000 in New Jersey, 3,000 in Rhode Island, 8,000 in Delaware, 60,000 in Maryland, 15,000 in West Virginia, 18,000 in Indiana and 14,000 in Kansas.