

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

King Pete of Servia wants to resign. Anybody want his job?

Somebody has written a book entitled "How to Sleep." That's easy. Get an alarm clock.

Hall Caine has nervous prostration. Now perhaps he knows how most of the people who have seen his plays suffered.

If an ordinary old one-dollar bill harbors 96,000,423 germs, how many could get board and lodging on a veteran twenty-dollar note of commerce?

The Sultan has promised to make an exhibit at St. Louis. The Sultan recognizes only a constructive difference between promises of an exhibit and an exhibit of promises.

The main argument against the Ben Davis apple is that it isn't good to eat.—Kansas City Star. But the exasperating feature about it is that it looks as if it were good to eat.

Prince Henry, addressing German soldiers who were about to depart for Africa, said: "Germany expects every bullet to do its duty." Any bullet that doesn't do that ought to be shot.

It is true, as Secretary Shaw says, that the boy should see more of father, but this would mean that father should stay home more in the evenings, a hardship not to be contemplated without protest.

Some of the people who are not kept busy earning their living have taken up for discussion the old question, "Should a genius marry?" Of course each of the discussers speaks from personal knowledge.

Among strange legacies may be classed that of a Vermont man who left \$500 to his church, the income to be used in sweeping the snow off the church pavement and in strewing ashes and sawdust on the slippery places.

At Great Neck, L. I., a widow with a fortune of \$1,000,000 recently married a poor young man whom she had known only two weeks. Still, there are plenty of men who will go right on striving so that their widows may be left rich.

The town of Coldfoot, in Alaska, springs into prominence in connection with a report of a territorial official recommending that it be made a reindeer station and that a post road be constructed thereto from the Yukon River. What is it that the mayor of Hottima, Philippines, will say to the mayor of Coldfoot, Alaska, some day, when they meet at Washington, in a notable fraternal jollification?

General Weyler professes to be sorry that he did not invade the United States when he had charge of the Spanish army in Cuba. We often hear of people who worry over troubles that may come to them in the future, but Weyler is probably the first man on record who ever worried over trouble which he failed to get into when he had a chance, and which there could be no possibility of bringing back.

The adulteration of drugs is a double evil. It is not merely that the adulterants put into them may be injurious to health, but even when this is not the case they may so detract from the efficacy of the medicine that it will not accomplish the purpose for which it is intended. A careful analysis of drug products which are largely intended for use in States other than those in which they are manufactured ought, therefore, to contribute essentially to the protection of the public.

Civilization is not averse from money-getting and it lays down no rules as to how much solid comfort an individual or a community may enjoy, but it does insist that money made under its auspices shall be well spent and that the benefits which it bestows shall fall in some measure on all, for no man can be said to be really and truly civilized whose feet are treading outside the path of right living and who does not bestow on others less fortunate, but not less deserving, a share, however modest, of the comforts that are his. Divorce civilization from morals and you have nothing left but a ridiculous and an impudent sham.

A contemporary hits the nail on the head when it says that the darky chef in the little cluttered-up kitchen of a Pullman dining car will always serve you a daintily cooked meal, no matter what you order. Why should not housewives, with better facilities, do as well? Because they do not know how. Why do they not know? Because they have never been taught. The girl must learn how to cuff the piano and do various kinds of fad

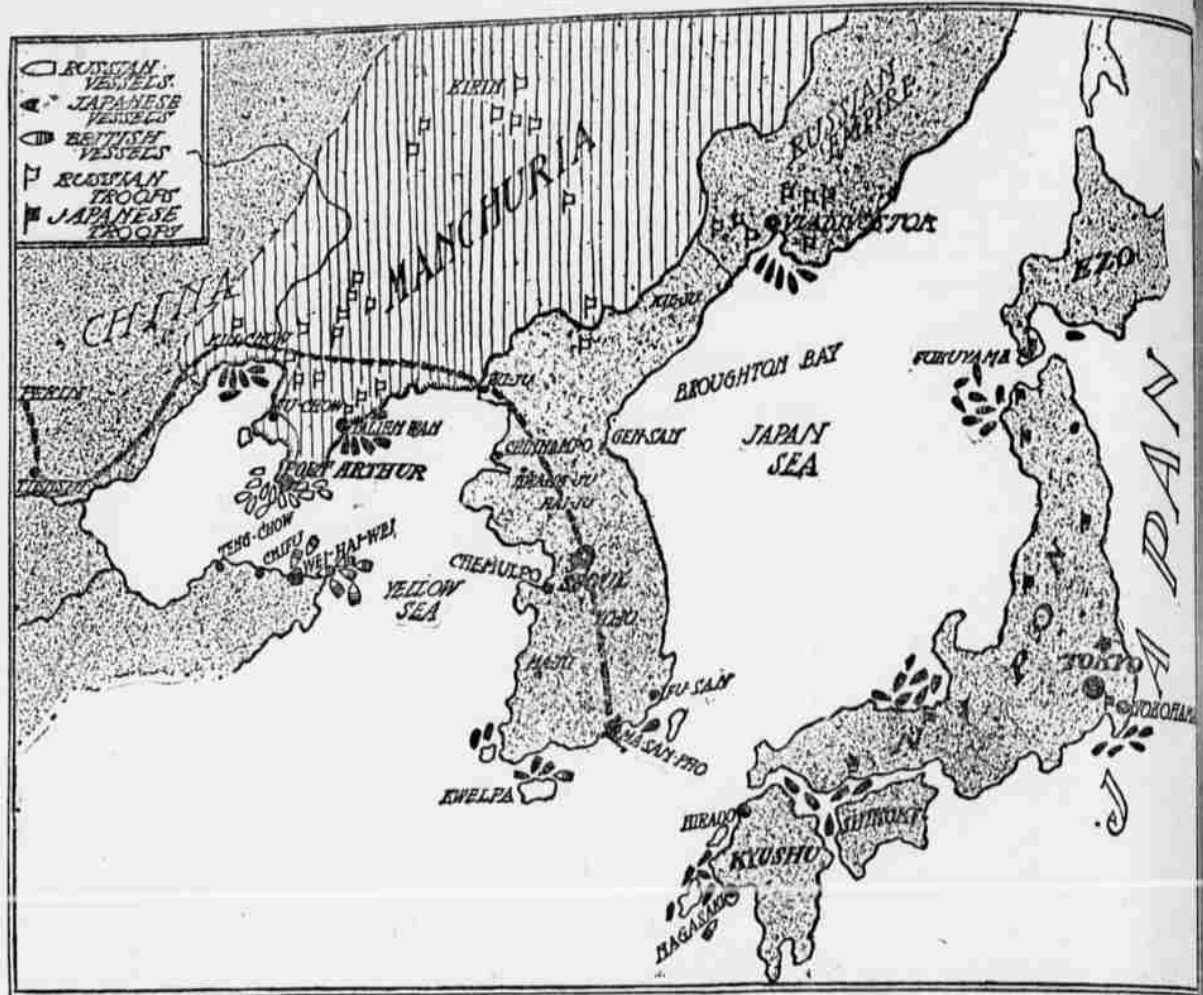
work while the men are being educated to make a breakfast on a cup of poor coffee and a chew of tobacco. There ought to be a cooking department—not in every school—but in every home.

Next to love, the most important, often the most important, question between a man and his wife is money. To the young and romantic this may seem a sordid condition. Love, in their view, means bon bons and long-stemmed "American Beauties." Later on, when they learn that it also means taxes and coal bills, shoes, pew rent and groceries, they will see why it is that the most beautiful superstructure must have a firm financial foundation. Then will come, or at least ought to come, the question of an allowance for the wife—a very modern question in the opinion of many, and a foolish one in the view of the old-fashioned and conservative. It is true that it is raised more often than it used to be. The reason is that women's views of life, especially of married life, have advanced. Many were self-supporting before marriage, and many more might have been so if they chose. To them the exchange of financial freedom for absolute dependence is not attractive. They had the control of money before marriage; they reasonably desire the control of at least a little after marriage. To men of sympathetic imagination this question may never present itself. They supply unasked not merely the wife's known and expressed needs, but, realizing their own fondness for a new tie or the occasional entertainment of a friend at luncheon, they appreciate a woman's need of funds for which she need not account. The other type of man—the type which pays the regular bills and takes no thought of extraneous wants—should remember that married life is often compared to a partnership. It is not necessary that both partners draw equal sums from the profits of the business, but even the junior partner expects to use his small share as he pleases. If he is worthy to be a member of the firm he will not take advantage of his position, nor draw more than the business will stand. The necessity of asking for every cent she spends is humiliating to any woman of sensibility. She want her allowance, and if she has it she will use it, in most cases, wisely, and both she and her husband will be happier.

The recent death of James L. Blair of St. Louis at Eustis, Florida, points a moral if it does not adorn a tale. Let us briefly go over this dramatic life narrative, if only for the moral. Blair was the son of the famous General Frank P. Blair. He was handsome, talented, successful. He was chief counsel to the world's fair at a salary of \$25,000. His wife, a leader of society, was president of the board of lady managers, at \$10,000 a year. He owned one of the handsomest residences in the fashionable suburbs. He delivered lectures to young men on commercial integrity. In short, he was on a pedestal as a paragon of honor. In a single day he fell from this high eminence to the level of a common criminal. Let us correct the foregoing statement: He did not fall in one day. He fell as all men fall—by degrees. He was found out in a day, that's all. The crash came when Blair's clerk announced that this alleged paragon of virtue had been forging deeds and mortgages for fifteen years. Blair twice attempted to kill himself. He went to pieces and was sent to a hospital and thence to Florida. Toward the last he was little more than a gibbering imbecile. The only bright page of the last chapter is that which recites the heroism of the wife. She gave up to the creditors her home, carriages, furniture, everything, and was at the bedside of her husband from first to last. And the moral? It is the old, old one—"Be sure your sin will find you out." No man is brilliant enough to escape the consequences of his wrong. Mortality is in vain. A man's sin may not always find him out to the public. It may be that Providence, or fate, or by what you will, will punish him by forcing him to bear the burden of remorse alone. Or by forcing him to strike him through his children. Or by one of the thousand ways justice has for its own. The law of compensation holds. You may not believe in the de-clarion of the old book, "Vengeance is mine. I will repay, saith the Lord," and her face would take on a sweet You may believe only in fatalism. It matters not. The law is sure. One written in your members, in all human of her little enamel watch I caught a glimpse of a man's face with eager, dark eyes and a firm mouth and chin. One day a tall, athletic young fellow came into the office, whose face I instantly recognized as that hidden in the asked a native if there was any goodwatch. They greeted one another with fishing in the lake. "Oh, yes, stranger, a quiet "Well, Ruth," and "How are you, Jack?" but their hands and eyes the weight of the largest fish you ever caught?" "Wa'al, stranger, we don't take weighing machines when we goes of the rather rugged features. He wouldn't like to say how much that last trout I caught would weigh. But I tell you, stranger, that when I pulled that fish out of the water the remainder of the week Ruth was unusually gay, humming happy little

Big Fish in Lake Tahoe.
An Englishman, visiting Lake Tahoe, asked a native if there was any goodwatch. They greeted one another with fishing in the lake. "Oh, yes, stranger, a quiet "Well, Ruth," and "How are you, Jack?" but their hands and eyes the weight of the largest fish you ever caught?" "Wa'al, stranger, we don't take weighing machines when we goes of the rather rugged features. He wouldn't like to say how much that last trout I caught would weigh. But I tell you, stranger, that when I pulled that fish out of the water the remainder of the week Ruth was unusually gay, humming happy little

BATTLE-GROUND OF THE RUSSO-JAPANESE CONFLICT.



RELIANCE.

Not to the swift, the race;
Not to the strong, the flight,
Not to the righteous, perfect grace;
Not to the wise, the light.

But often faltering feet
Come surest to the goal,
And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
Thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.
—Atlantic.

A TYPEWRITER'S STORY.

HOW well I remember the day when I first came into the office, right from the factory, with my enamel black and shining and my nickel trimmings un tarnished! It was late in the afternoon when I arrived and the office was deserted. I was rather lonely that first night, for I missed the lively chatter to which I had been accustomed, and the new oak desk to which I was securely fastened seemed somewhat unsocial.

The next morning I was abruptly awakened by a babel of girlish voices and soon one of the speakers sat down at my desk and drew me out into the light. When I glanced rather fearfully into her face I was reassured, for her brown eyes were very pleasant and kind, and I found the touch of her hand light and practiced.

How fast those little fingers would slipped back and forth over the sheets of paper! I grew very fond of my little mistress, and I knew she was proud of me. Sometimes when a thick pile of letters lay on the desk waiting for an answer, her fingers moved so swiftly, yet unerringly, that I marveled at her skill.

I grew to understand her moods, just when she was happy they would laugh at me, when she was angry they would flash with defiance; but when she was sad they would hide under her long, dark lashes, all the happy light in them gone.

Every few days the mail brought her a letter, at sight of which she would suddenly grow quiet and thoughtful, and her face would take on a sweet gravity which well became her. One day as she furtively opened the cover of her little enamel watch I caught a glimpse of a man's face with eager, dark eyes and a firm mouth and chin.

One day a tall, athletic young fellow came into the office, whose face I instantly recognized as that hidden in the asked a native if there was any goodwatch. They greeted one another with fishing in the lake. "Oh, yes, stranger, a quiet "Well, Ruth," and "How are you, Jack?" but their hands and eyes the weight of the largest fish you ever caught?" "Wa'al, stranger, we don't take weighing machines when we goes of the rather rugged features. He wouldn't like to say how much that last trout I caught would weigh. But I tell you, stranger, that when I pulled that fish out of the water the remainder of the week Ruth was unusually gay, humming happy little



VIEW OF CHEMULPO, THE PORT OF SEOUL, KOREA.

snatches of song, and now and then laughing softly to herself.

Several months passed by. One day the mail brought her a letter thinner than usual. Her cheeks flushed hotly, as she read it, and her eyes grew dark with anger. Without reflecting upon a hasty decision, her fingers tapped out her answer.

"Jack—Your letter received. Since you did not trust me, I have no explanation to make to you. Consider our engagement at an end forever. I will return your ring at once.

"RUTH."
In spite of their flashing, the brown eyes were wet with tears, but with set lips and steady hand she dropped the little white envelope into the mail box. The next morning the slender circle of pearls on her left hand was missing, and for many weeks her smile was rare indeed.

One day, late in December, when she was rushed with work, she told the girls she was going to work an extra hour. For a time she clicked away on my white keys, but soon her fingers began to move more slowly. Suddenly with a great sob she buried her face in her arms and the tears came unchecked.

As she sat there, crying bitterly, the door opened softly, and someone came quickly to her side.

"Ruth, dear little Ruth," said a husky voice, and tender hands raised her fair, tear-flushed face and kissed it.

"O, Jack, Jack," she sobbed, clinging to him, while he lavished caresses and loving words upon her.

"I saw the light and couldn't help coming up," he murmured. "Can you forgive me, dear? These weeks have been so long and lonely."

But for answer she only clung closer to him, and sobbed from sheer happiness.

Ruth and Jack are married now and this is my last day in the office, for to-morrow I am to be taken to their new home, to be the especial property of Mrs. Jack. Surely I could ask for no happier fate than to be always near my little mistress, who has been dearer to me than ever since the night when I alone witnessed the reconciliation between her and Mr. Jack.

ALL BEARS LIKE PEANUTS.

Favor of the Animals May Be Secured by Feeding Them with Goobers.

All bears appear to like peanuts, whether the beasts come from southern regions, where the peanut grows, or from the mountains of the frozen north, where the peanut is quite unknown. If the taste for peanuts is not implanted in them naturally they acquire it very readily, as is shown, for example, by the grizzly and the polar bears in the menagerie in Central Park.

The big grizzly comes to the front of its great cage in the bear den and

thrusts its nose between the bars and opens its cavernous mouth, the affording to visitors an opportunity of indulging in the sport of throwing peanuts down its throat. This is a pleasure that appeals chiefly to children.

But those who try it don't always succeed in tossing the peanut into a bear's mouth. There is a railing in front of the cage that keeps the people at a little distance and children's fear is likely to make them nervous, and so their aim is uncertain. Therefore the peanut may hit the grizzly's nose instead of going straight to its mouth, or it may hit one of the bars of the cage and fall outside the stone in which the bars are bedded.

But when the children throw peanuts and when they have thrown all they have and have seen the grizzly eat all it caught they have a slight waiting for them that pleases more, if possible, than it did to see the bear catch the peanuts in its mouth.

When no more are coming to the grizzly lifts one of its big paws and thrusts it out through the bars as if it can reach on the stone ledge it sweeps up and gathers in the peanuts that have fallen there and eats them. To see the bear eat the peanuts catches is amusing as well as interesting; to see it stretch out through the bars that ponderous and powerful paw is most startling.

The polar bear comes up and thrusts its nose through the bars for peanuts in just the same way, and it glances those that fall outside in the same manner, with this addition, that besides thrusting out its big white-clad paw between the bars to rake in stray peanuts that have fallen outside it sometimes for this purpose thrusts out its tongue.

The grizzly bear eats the kernels of the peanuts only and rejects the shells, the polar bear eats them shells and all. But the grizzly has been here the longer time—perhaps the polar will be to be equally fastidious. All bears, grizzlies and polars, as well as those from milder climes, appear to be fond of peanuts.—New York Sun.

Industrious Smokers in Holland.

Holland holds the first place in the world as a nation of smokers. Every Dutchman consumes on an average 100 ounces of tobacco a year. Belgium comes a good second, with an annual consumption of eighty ounces, followed closely by Turkey with seventy ounces and the United States with sixty ounces. Germany, France, Spain and Italy tread closely on their heels while the United Kingdom comes comparatively low on the list with twenty-three ounces.

It is easier to make a bluff than to make good.