LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Uncle Sam will dig that canal in a way that will scoop the world.

The whole world seems to be brushing the dust off its war material.

They used to ask where all the pins went to. Where does all the loose change go?

The per capita circulation is now $30.21, the highest point ever reached in this country.

There are nearly five hundred Christian churches in Japan and over one thousand missionaries.

Eastern society has taken up the fad of wearing wooden shoes at social gatherings. That beats the Dutch!

Tin-horn imitators of Pat Crowe's horrible example are still trying to do business. But there's only one P. C.

Russia has abolished the censorship on foreign dispatches, but continues to deny to Russians what she grants to the rest of the world.

Possibly Cuba's success in raising that $35,000,000 loan has given the Porto Ricans a dazzling misconception of the beauties of independence.

A Louisville woman died from the effects of swallowing a small electric light bulb. That should keep those advocates of a light diet quiet for a few days.

The inquiry is made in one of the Eastern papers: "Are our great guns safe?" That all depends on whether you are the man behind the gun or the man in front of it.

Scientists claim they have fully proven that malaria is carried by mosquitoes. As they seem unable to exterminate mosquitoes, they should try to cure them of their malaria.

A woman can stand it much better to have a rainstorm come up when she is out in her good clothes than to have it clear up when she is out in her old ones which she wears only in bad weather.

Wages in Russian factories are 2 cents an hour and upward. There are thousands who work for a cent an hour and tens of thousands who do not receive 30 cents a day for ten, eleven and more hours' work.

A Boston man who had been stealing for years and juggling the books was discovered in his wrongdoing purely by accident. One of the wonders of the age is the ease with which books can be made by an expert to cover up shortages.

A Chicago bank is trying to enforce a rule that its employes shall not marry until drawing a salary of at least $1,000 a year. Of course it is presumed the restriction would not apply to a fascinating $800 clerk who happened to be proposed to this year by a beautiful blonde millionairess.

What an extravagant, wasteful thing is war. What enormous sums of money are spent in getting ready and how short a time it requires frequently to destroy that which thousands of hands have spent months or years in building. Extravagance and waste are part of the wickedness of war. Producers are converted into consumers and the means of consuming and destroying products are multiplied many fold. An army costs fearfully even in comparative repose. In actual conflict it is a bankrupting and paralyzing institution.

It's a hard lesson to learn that people after all are only folks. A Texas man, starting his boy out on a "career" away from home, said to him: "You may see a heap of people who have got more money than you have; a heap of people who have got more brains and more success. Don't you worry about that. Whenever you meet a man who allows he's your superior, you just look at him and say to yourself: 'After all, you're just folks.' You want to remember for yourself, too, that you're just folks." That's often the trouble. We look at other people and wonder at the great stakes for which they are playing, and we say to ourselves: "It's no use for a peewee like me to go against a big game like that," and so we spend our lives eating at the lunch counter instead of dining at the club. We're all "folks" playing the same kind of a game, only playing it on different scales. Now, how's your nerve?

Sir John Lubbock said he was disposed to think that the readers of the next generation will not be the lawyers and doctors, shopkeepers and manufacturers, but the laborers and mechanics. "Does not that seem natural?" says the eminent Englishman. "The former work mainly with their head; when their daily duties are over the brain is often exhausted, and of their leisure time much must be devoted to air and exercise. The laborer and mechanic, on the contrary, besides working often for much shorter hours, have in their worktime taken sufficient bodily exercise, and could, therefore, give any leisure they might have to reading and study." If the observation is true in England, it is especially true in this country, where thinking is less trammeled by class and tradition. Indeed, the prophecy of Sir John is in a large way to be realized in this country in this generation. American workingmen are well informed. They read and think. They invent machines. And they are able to hold their own in any discussion of current themes. Especially is this true of skilled workingmen and those who exercise their thinking in the trades unions. And the farmers. Much of the straight thinking of this generation is being done by the farmers. Conditions on the farm are favorable to consecutive and sound reasoning. The farmer has time for a deliberate, long look at things. He has time to walk entirely round a proposition and view it from all sides. His conclusions are usually sane. In fact, if Sir John Lubbock will examine our history he will discover that our "working classes" have always belonged to our "thinking classes."

A big national bank in Chicago has served notice that "employes of this bank receiving a salary of less than $1,000 a year must not marry without first consulting the bank officials and obtaining their approval." Officials of the institution explain with the statement that it is foolish for a man to attempt in Chicago to support a wife, to say nothing of a family of children, on less than the income named. The soulful interest here shown by the bank officials in the welfare of their employes is touchingly beautiful! Yet, it might be pertinent—or maybe impertinent—to inquire as to what proportion of Chicago families actually do live on less than $1,000 a year. In the absence of exact statistics, it is safe to guess that at least half the families of Chicago live on less than that amount. The average income of families in the United States is less than $500 a year. It is natural that in a bank, where money is the whole thing, income should be regarded as the prime essential of happy marriage. But, as a matter of actual fact, it is the least important. Who will say that the millionaire, with his immeasurable sources of income, is happier in his home life than the mechanic who is limited to his $2 a day. The peal of merry laughter—do you hear it come from the mansion? Or from the cottage? The radiant, care-free look—do you see it in the face of the fine lady in her carriage with her beribboned and scented poodle in her lap? Or in the face of the workingman's wife, who, with her babe at her breast, and her hourly tasks, feels that the world holds much for her worth having? The things absolutely essential to the happy home are strangely few. Chief among them are labor and love. Neither of these costs money. But both of them often fly from it. A bank clerk does not need to eat any more than any other workingman; he does not need to wear any more clothes; he needs no more shelter; no more warmth. But he puts on more frills and feathers. He feeds his vanity more, which costs money. The cost of living cannot be fixed by any standard. It varies from $300 a year for some preachers to $300,000 a year for some fashion leaders at Newport. Even a great Chicago bank has not power to control the financial affairs of the humblest family. It is one of the commonest rights of the citizens of this blessed country to spend all they've got. Certainly, it's a man's right, even if he be a Chicago bank clerk, to support a wife on less than $1,000 a year, if the woman is willing. The great majority of married men in this country do it. And they are the intellectual, moral and political stay of the republic.

Liked Shorter Miles.

The late John R. Proctor, president of the Civil Service Commission, was a student of the University of Pennsylvania in 1863 and 1864, and in his college days liked nothing better than to set out early on a frosty morning and walk twenty-five or thirty miles through the country.

Once he met an Irishman on the road to Morristown. He and the Irishman plodded along together a matter of six or seven miles. They stopped and read each milestone, and Proctor said:

"I think that milestones cheer a road up wonderfully, don't you?"

"Faith, an' I do that," said the Irishman. "I find them a great comfort. It would be an improvement, though, if they was nearer one another, wouldn't it?"

To Cut a Bottle.

Here is a way to do something you think is impossible. You can cut off a bottle by wrapping a cord saturated with coal oil around it several times. Then set fire to the cord. Just when it has finished burning plunge the bottle into cold water and tap on the end to break it.

THE OLD AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

Among the relics of the past,
The links of Memory's clinging chain
That, with its meshes, binds me fast
To days that cannot come again,
There is no prize more precious than
This booklet; thoughtfully I scan
Its yellow pages, scribbled o'er
By many whom I knew of yore.
Here a refrain expressing love
Beneath the picture of a dove,
And here a half sarcastic quip,
All traced in childish penmanship.

"If you love me as I love you
No knife can cut our love in two,"
'Neath that trite sentiment I see
A name once passing dear to me.
Across the past my memory flies—
I see a pair of laughing eyes,
I press a little hand that lay
Within my own that summer day.
"No knife can cut our love in two."
Still, it was but an earthly strand,
And what a knife could never do
Was, as a higher power planned,
Accomplished by the reaper's hand.

O treasured names! O memory!
What were existence without thee?
For art thou not the magic key
With which we penetrate the seal
That locks away the musty past
And, in our leisure moments, steal
Great solace from that storeroom vast?
Bereft of thee, how man would grope
Into the future's unknown scope,
As up some storm-swept, rocky slope,
The shipwrecked mariner doth crawl,
Before him dread uncertainty,
Behind, the cruel, yawning sea—
And darkness hanging over all.
—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The Tale of a Tale

IT started on the small sofa in the alcove beside the reading lamp, and there were only two people in the room. One of them stood on the hearth rug, with his back to the fire, looking down on the other as she sat fingering the manuscript on her lap.

"Why do you want to read it?" she asked.

"Because you wrote it," he answered, with great simplicity.

She frowned. "You ought to say, it's because my other stories have been so successful, and I get such nice puffs in the papers."

"Those reasons may suffice for the rest of the world, but they don't for me!"

"Perhaps you expect too much!" she said, and studied her manuscript deeply.

"Do I?" he asked, and studied her profoundly. The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

"By the way!" she remarked. "You'll be the first person to read this story of mine, so that I shall be impatient for your verdict!"

"I'll read it to-night and report to-morrow," he assured her, promutly.

"Does the first necessitate the second?" she asked, raising her eyebrows.

"As far as I'm concerned," he answered, lowering his, whereupon she held out her story with a heavenly smile; but he, being of a grasping disposition, took first the manuscript and then the hand that held it, and—oh—well!

The clock ticked loudly and the fire crackled.

Two hours later he stood in his own front hall, turning his pockets inside out by the light of the midnight oil; then he searched for the front steps and examined the pavement outside, and finally patrolled a certain street to a certain house till a certain small hour of the morning, when he returned to his aboue uttering unholy words.

"What are you looking for?" she demanded, on entering the drawing room the next morning.

"Nothing," he answered, rising hastily from an evident inspection of the carpet. His face was pale, and his searching eye roamed uneasily over the furniture.

"I thought you might have dropped something!" she suggested, casually.

"Oh, no!" he responded, definantly.

So she sat down on the sofa, her face very grave, but the corner of her mouth slightly twitching.

"Well, what do you think of it" she inquired.

"Oh!" he said, with a start. "That story of yours? It was great—really absorbing! I can assure you it kept me awake until 4 o'clock this morning."

"And yet it is comparatively short. You must read very slowly! Do tell me what you like best about it."

"Oh, well," he floundered, "I liked it all immensely, but what appealed to me especially was that—er—scene where the heroine—er—gets the best of it."

And, paying no heed to her blank looks, he hastened on into the safe waters of abstract literary criticism, saying: "In those few passages you show a breadth of view, a right appreciation of value, a sense of the tonal significance which, if I may be permitted to say so, is quite above the average."

He felt that he was doing well, but at this point she brought him back to earth.

"Do you think," she asked him, earnest and wide-eyed, "that Gregory ought to have done it?"

"Who?" he asked, staggered for the moment. "What?" And then recollecting himself—"Yes." This stoutly. "I think Gregory was perfectly justified. I don't see how, under the circumstances, he could have done otherwise. I am quite certain that in his place I should have done just the same thing!"

"What thing?" she asked, as she poked the fire with her back turned. Then, as he did not answer immediately, she said, gently: "I don't think that you quite understand what scene I referred to, but I'll show you in a moment, if you'll just hand me the manuscript."

"The manuscript?" he queried, blankly.

He took two turns up and down the room, then faced her, crimson and crestfallen.

"I'm extremely sorry to tell you," he said, hoarsely, "that your manuscript is—(the arctic blue of her eyes froze the truth upon his lips)—is left behind," he finished. "I hope you do not need it immediately."

"N-o-o," she admitted, "not to-day, but I really must dispatch it to the publishers to-morrow."

"All right," he said. "I'll call in the morning!"

"With the manuscript?" she asked him, smilingly.

"With the manuscript," he echoed, despairingly.

And as he went out of the house he held a brief, ineffectual conversation with the butler, punctuated with a $5 bill, and then paced the street for many hours—prey to thought of forgery and flight.

It was the next morning, and he had been talking volubly and long on different subjects when she at length managed to get in a word.

"Well," she asked, "have you got it?"

"What?" he answered, quickly. "The measles? No! Although you seemed to think so, judging from the way in which you avoided me at the reception last night, and again at the opera afterward. You wouldn't give me so much as a bow!"

"I didn't see you," she told him.

"Where—where was I?" he interrupted to explain. "In the dress circle, on the opposite side, with my glasses leveled on your box."

"That was a waste of time," she said, impatiently, "and so is this. What is the use hiding the truth any longer? Why will you not acknowledge that you've lost my manuscript?"

"Because I haven't," he answered, doggedly. "No!" (As she stared at him in amazement.) "If that manuscript has disappeared, vanished irreparably, you are responsible, and you alone!"

He strode to the door, then wheeling round, faced her.

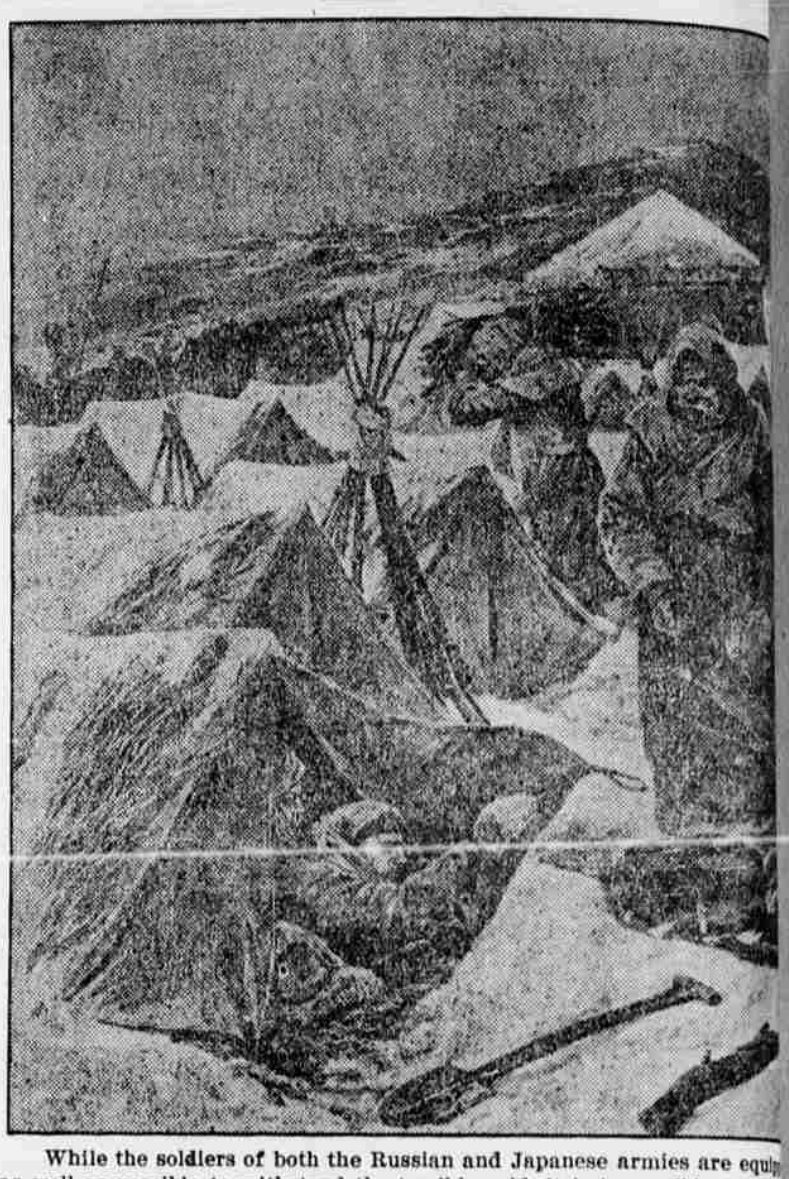
"If I forgot your story," he said, harshly, "it was because I was thing only of you. If I was absminded, it was because you were pent. If I—er—lost that manuscrip was because, well! I suppose know it—I had already lost my he That's all. Good-by!"

And he turned to go. But she already at his elbow, and there something in her hand—a typewri parcel—a manuscript.

"It has been a pretty bad quar of an hour, hasn't it?" she asked and her eyes were twinkling—"tha to your stories and mine. But yo not going yet?" (For he was turn the door knob.) "It isn't late, and sides—"

Here she looked up at him, an ah, well—! The clock ticked lou and the fire crackled!

RUSSIAN SOLDIERS IN A WINTER CAMP.



While the soldiers of both the Russian and Japanese armies are equip as well as possible to withstand the terrible cold, it is impossible to ent protect them, and this is one reason why it is believed that land operat in Manchuria have been delayed. A soldier, wounded even slightly, would almost certain to die, for to lie on the ground during a Manchurian ni would be fatal even in the heavy coats and other wraps worn. Every t Russian soldiers carry a small tent in sections, for their own accomm tion in the field. It stands about three feet six inches from the ground is supported by three poles, each in two joints like a fishing rod. Freque the men pitch the tent over a hole dug in the ground and filled with str For extra warmth they throw the excavated earth on the top of the ca and put a layer of snow over all.

The Craze for Quinine.

"The use of quinine is growi apace on the part of the general pu lic," Edward D. Driscoll, pharmac tells me, "and a large number of t people possess a veritable craze for They dose themselves with quin on the slightest provocation, and a pear to regard it as a universal cu all. Not only is it demanded for col and fevers, but for stomach disord and a score of other ills.

"One customer of mine recently b came slightly nauseated after eatin and he took quinine, in the full b lief that it would put a period to t sick feeling, while another entertai a theory that quinine is good for t kidneys and takes the drug regular when he fancies there is anythi wrong with his organs. These are ju a few of the foolish beliefs that man people entertain regarding quinine. could quote scores of ideas about t use for other physical troubles if t were necessary. How such belief have ever sprung up I cannot imagine but I know persons who dose them selves with quinine for everything from a pain in their foot to pneum nia.

"This is the time of year when th craze for quinine is most noticeable and I think the people ought to know that while it is a good thing for cer tain ailments, when taken under th direction of a physician, it has some what injurious effects when taken pro miscuously and for any old trouble whatever. If the heart is weak a heavy dose of quinine will have a bad effect on it, producing palpitation in many cases. It will also cause head aches, congestion in the nasal passages and quite a few other ills."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Court of Arbitration.

"The reason I can't get along with my wife is that she wants to submit all our differences to arbitration."

"To arbitration?"

"Yes. She always wants to refer disputes to her mother."—Town and Country.

Teach a boy to know himself and stop feeding him on the stuff dreams are made of.