

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

"Offensive partisanship" on the part of a postmaster is measured not by its activity but by its direction.

It seems a pity that Elijah Dowie and King Solomon could not meet. They would have some very interesting reminiscences.

It has been found that the Sierra Nevada mountains are 3,000,000 years old. As far as can be learned they are still in first-class repair, too.

A Texas man who was expelled from church thrashed two preachers. It is as difficult to take religion from a Texas man as it is to get him to take it.

"Are we a civilized people?" asks the Kansas City Journal. Speaking for the country generally, we are, but there are times when we don't seem to stay put, as it were.

Venezuela, too, is kicking about the decision of The Hague arbitration tribunal. However, it was not expected Venezuela would be pleased with any sort of decision which involved the payment of money by that government.

Speaking of heart failure, a story comes of a boy who suffered from it and died while he was undergoing a perfectly just and well-merited spanking at the hands of a parent. Every boy should cut out this deplorable story of parental atrocity and paste it on the visor of his little cap.

The commissary general of the army, having thoroughly investigated the subject, approves of hash as proper food for the soldiers. This judgment is justified by that of mankind generally, more unjustly and more unreasonably abused than good, sound hash. It deserves to be eliminated from the list of bywords and decorated with the blue ribbon.

And now another backset is given to matrimony during the leap year of 1904. The London Lancet is urging that young men undergo an intellectual test before being allowed to marry. How many young men would present themselves for examination, and how many could stand the test! The girls are inquiring whether they will have to take the first on the eligible list and then the next, and what they will do when the eligible list is exhausted.

The Hawaiian national hymn is making progress round the world, and soon it will be like the British Empire, on which the sun never sets. It was introduced a few years ago at Yale University, where it is known as the "Boola" song. A Yale graduate took it to Japan, and taught it to the Japanese soldiers, who liked it, and may even now be trying to "boo" the Russian bear with it. Another Yale man set patriotic words to it, and the Macedonians use it as a war-song, to arouse enthusiasm in their fight against the Turk.

Jane Austen wrote to her sister in 1814, "I have determined to trim my lilac sarsenet with black satin ribbon. Just as my China crape is, sixpenny width at the bottom, three-penny or fourpenny at top. Ribbon trimmings are all the fashion at Bath. With this addition it will be a very useful gown, happy to go anywhere." Emerson quotes, "with admiring submission," the experience of the lady who declared that "the sense of being perfectly well-dressed gives a feeling of inward tranquillity which religion is powerless to bestow." So the clever woman and the philosopher pay their tribute to the spell of dress. Any woman who has qualms of conscience at the amount of time and thought she must give to her clothes may gather cheer from the innocent pleasure so genuine a nature as Miss Austen's found in the simple task of making a gown "happy to go anywhere." The woman who has compassed the art of making that kind of a gown has done herself a large service and the world no small one. We should have "admired" to see Miss Austen attired in the lilac sarsenet with the black satin ribbon. We may be sure that not only was the gown happy to go anywhere, but that the wearer was happy in it, and that the company was happy to have her. A gentle word, a charitable act, a difficult sacrifice are each more easy in a well-fitting and becoming dress. Perhaps it may be a sign of our servitude to earth that this should be so; but while we live here we are bound to look facts in the face, and cherish the ideal of the "happy" gown.

A Boston expert has been making exhaustive researches into the home life of hundreds of families in all parts of the country. He wanted to know how the average family spent their income. He found folks who ate themselves into poverty; others who starved

ed in order to dress; people who wasted hard-earned dollars, and one fact that seems bigger than all the rest. According to his figures the average family of moderate means pays from 20 to 25 per cent of their gross income to the landlord. In other words, the breadwinner works nearly or quite one-fourth of his time for the privilege of a roof to cover his head. It is a wonder that more young married men do not buy homes. They can do it if they will. It only takes a little pluck, a little daring and some self-denial. Modern methods of easy payments have actually made it possible to pay for a home as you now pay rent. A home is an anchor. A rented apartment can never be anything more than a temporary place of abode. The question of moving comes up often. The man who owns a home wants to improve it. He has flowers and vines and a well-kept lawn. The sense of possession and ownership makes his chest stick out a bit. He is an actual part of the city in which he lives, and he and his wife and children are all interested in making it the city beautiful. There is another side to it. The purchase of a home is almost all profit. The head of the family saves money because he must save money or lose his home. He applies dollars to the mortgage that would otherwise have been frittered away in a manner that even he couldn't account for. Money melts more easily than snow in July. He makes payments by cutting down on luxuries, cigars, theater tickets, drinks, street car rides, etc. There is more economy in the house, for often the wife saves better than the man. And saving for a home often brings husband and wife closer together. That is a fact. Where two persons are following the same idea and are imbued with the same ambition there has to be a community of interest and sympathy. If you will talk this over with your wife she will say: "That is just what I have been saying for years. We can own a home if we will make up our minds to do it." And she is right.

"Cotton is king" was once a familiar saying; but in the realm of business which the great white staple was supposed to govern there rose a rival claimant, a pretender it may be, but at any rate a strong one, and then it was proclaimed that "Iron is king." A writer in a New York newspaper, in reviewing the business situation and presenting some figures of the international commerce of the United States, declares that neither cotton nor iron is king, but that the real, the great monarch, is agriculture. The annual report of Secretary Wilson shows how true this is. It is only casually that the Secretary calls attention to the fact that the people of the United States—eighty millions of them—not only sustained themselves last year, but contributed food and the raw materials for manufactures by which many other millions of people in foreign countries were sustained. He quickly passes to a consideration of the so-called "balance of trade." This, as he shows, exhibits a peculiarity which "seems to have escaped the attention of the public," namely, that it is always a farmer's balance of trade. During the year 1903 the imports of the United States, other than of agricultural products, exceeded the exports by fifty-six million dollars. That is, there was a balance of trade unfavorable to the United States to that amount. But when the traffic in agricultural products is included, how different is the story! Instead of a balance of fifty-six millions against the United States, the figures become three hundred and sixty-seven millions in favor. As if these figures were not impressive enough, Secretary Wilson goes on to give those for the last fourteen years, in lump sums. Were agricultural products omitted, the nation during that time would have had an unfavorable balance of eight hundred and sixty-five millions. The farmers not only wiped that out, but brought in a surplus of nearly four billion dollars. "These figures," Secretary Wilson adds, "tersely express the immense national reserve-sustaining power of the farmers of the country. It is the farmers who have paid the foreign bondholders."

Joint Affliction.

When the Halliday twins were babies their mother always referred to them collectively. This was natural enough, for they shared everything, from their baby carriage to chicken-pox.

As they grew a little older, however, there were slight differences between Elnora and Eudora, but Mrs. Halliday took no account of them. When they had reached the age of seven she still referred to them in a way which struck casual listeners as amusing.

"Where are Elnora and Eudora?" asked a cousin, who had come to spend the afternoon.

"The twins have gone with their father to have one of their teeth out," said Mrs. Halliday, calmly.

When a man steals a kiss from a girl, she has a hard time deciding at first if she struggled just hard enough to show him that he was meant to try it, and not so hard that he would never try it again.

SNOWFLAKES.

Whenever a snowflake leaves the sky,
It turns and turns to say "Good-by!
Good-by, dear clouds, so cool and gray!"
Then lightly travels on its way.

And when a snowflake finds a tree,
"Good-day!" it says, "Good-day to thee!
Thou art so bare and lonely, dear,
I'll rest and call my comrades here."

But when a snowflake, brave and meek,
Lights on a rosy maiden's cheek,
It starts—"How warm and soft the day!
'Tis summer!"—and it melts away.
—Mary Mapes Dodge.

An Anniversary

JESSICA was sitting at a table near a window in a fashionable restaurant, waiting.

De Narville, standing at the door, saw her. He hastened to her, holding out his hand.

"Are you here alone?" he questioned, surprised.

"For the moment," she answered. "I am expecting a friend. He was to meet me here at 8."

Glancing up at a giant gilt clock, whose hands moved with annoying slowness: "It is not quite that yet," she reflected, impatiently.

De Narville smiled down upon her.

"May I sit here opposite you?" he asked, drawing out the chair, "until he comes?"

"Certainly," she replied, and he took the chair.

He observed her admiringly.

"You are looking beautiful to-night, Jessica," he began. "How dainty your white is, and that touch of rose in your hair. Old-fashioned roses they are, aren't they? On a new-fashioned woman. And your little fingers glittering with just enough diamonds, not too many. Just enough. There are some who make the mistake of wearing diamonds to the knuckles, but you, never! Dear me! The last time I saw you, Jessica, you were in tears."

"Yes," encouragingly.

"You and he had just separated. It was very sad. I was not surprised at your tears. One must weep a little for any husband, worthy or unworthy. It is in the nature of woman. But I said to myself, then, 'In a couple of weeks or three she will be over it. She will have entirely recovered.' And I must say that my prophecy has been fulfilled even sooner than I expected, Jessica. How long has it been? Three weeks?" After a moment employed in rapid mental calculation, "Three weeks! And here you are, beaming, more beautiful than I have ever seen you, and waiting for a friend."

Half closing his eyes quizzically, he bent toward her.

"It is safe to say," he whispered, "that this is not a woman friend for whom you are so impatiently watching the hands of the clock with whom you are to dine."

A laugh commenced at Jessica's eyes and finished at her lips.

"Hardly," she replied.

"I thought not," declared De Narville. "And why should it be? Why not go out at once with your friends? Must you make a recluse of yourself, while he has all the enjoyment possible? He goes where he pleases. I am certain of that. In fact, I have seen people who saw him dining here, there and everywhere, with his acquaintances, man or woman, as it suits him."

Here he paused for an interval, in order to observe the effect. It was rather disappointing than otherwise, Jessica sitting under fire, composed as a monument and quite as calm. He by and by continued:

"As a matter of fact, Jessica, you and he were never suited, you were never intended for one another. Some unkind fate—"

"Fate, you call it," repeated Jessica. Then, delicately defining the difference: "When it is unkind, it is fate. When it is kind, it is Providence. And you call it fate?"

"Some unkind fate," went on De Narville stolidly, "threw you together. You were too much alike in the first place. Both of intensely nervous temperaments, excitable, high-strung, it was not in the nature of things that you could live together longer than a year. Indeed, many predicted a separation at the end of six months, or, at the very least, seven. But it has been a year, hasn't it?"

"To-night," said Jessica, softly, "is the anniversary of our wedding."

De Narville laughed.

"And here you are," presently, "celebrating it by dining out with a friend! You are nothing, Jessica, if not up to date. You are more. You are unique, unusual. All your friends say that. They say you are quite right in making the thing final. You are so superior to him in every way. You have wasted a year of your life on him."

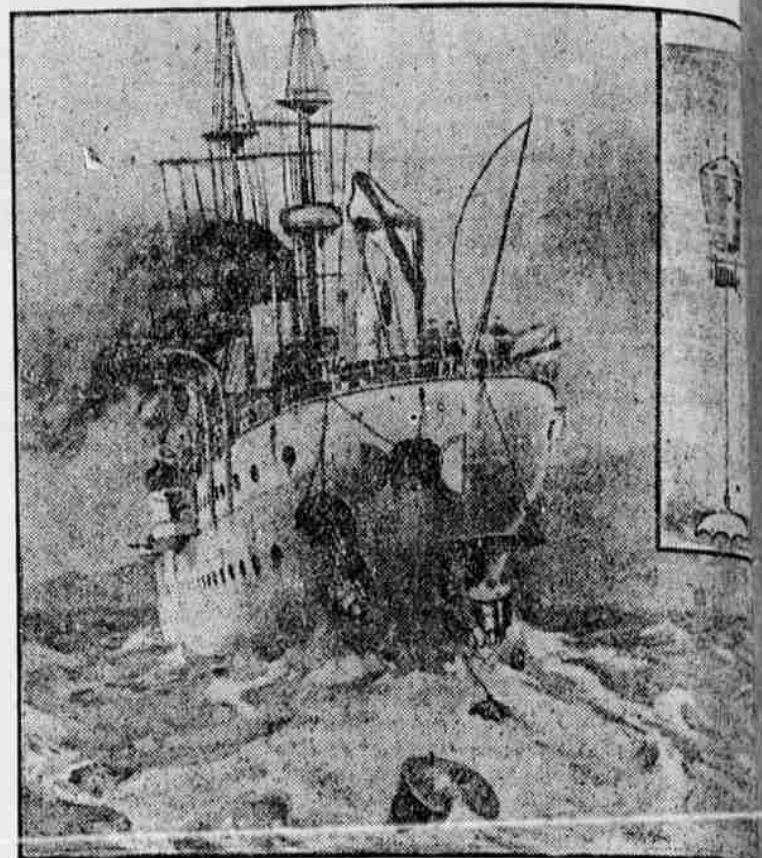
Jessica shrugged her shoulders ever so slightly.

"And what do they say of him?" she questioned. "This. That he has wasted a year of his life on me!"

De Narville frowned.

"I don't know, I am sure, what they

RUSSIAN SHIP DEPOSITING MINES.



The ill-fated Russian mine transport "Yenesel" was destroyed by her own mines while laying traps for Japanese warships off Dalny. "Yenesel" had specially constructed stern ports for depositing Maltese mines. This ship's method of placing the mines was as follows: When port was opened, a spar, shaped like a T girder, was made to project along the narrower part of the spar ran a sliding hook to which the mine was attached and drawn out until it overhung the water. At the moment a cord was pulled which released the mine and let it fall into the water. The mine then moored itself automatically as follows (see diagram): When the case M, containing the charge, had sunk to a certain depth, it received some support from the float B, and thereupon the drum A began to unwind itself from the drum D until it found its hold in the sea-floor. The mine would keep a uniform depth below the surface of the water, and the moment a passing ship struck the studs t t t the mine would explode.

say to him," he affirmed, "but really he was a brute, Jessica. And why live with a brute as his wife?"

"When there are so many other brutes with whom one might simply dine," finished Jessica.

"Of course. With whom one may pass a pleasant evening, then say 'ta-ta.' That is best; freedom. It is these chains that gall. It is sad, but true. I can't reason it out. Nobody can. But the fact remains. Once a woman becomes the property of a man she loses her charm. The sense of ownership appears to deaden his interest. He is not so with any other thing which he appears to own. His horse, his dog, their value is only enhanced by the fact of possession. But the woman! Once his wife, in many cases she is no better than a slave!"

Jessica, toying with her fork, marked herloglyphics here and there on the tablecloth.

"For centuries," she ruminated, resignedly, "we were practically slaves and sold as such. Perhaps, after all, that is what we were born to be."

Again De Narville laughed.

"Now that you are out of bondage," said he, "you can look back over the situation and laugh. It has some humor for you. That is better than tears. And sorrow is, to a certain extent, beneficial. It sharpens the wits. Not that you have not always been quick-witted. On the contrary. So much more so than he, it was a pity, your friends said, to see you with him—"

"Yes, they said that to me," interrupted Jessica. "But what did they say to him?"

She answered her own question. "The self-same thing, turned round the other way."

De Narville looked hard at her in the bright light of the glowing electric.

"Freedom becomes you, Jessica," he declared. "I am almost ready to fall in love with you myself to-night."

"Almost," repeated Jessica, ruefully.

"Quite," asserted De Narville. "You look content, joyous, radiant. I wish other friends of yours, who have seen you in tears, could gaze upon you now. Friends who have talked this affair of yours over and over—"

Jessica nodded assentingly.

"Yes," said she, "my friends have lost little time. They have been nothing if not industrious."

"It was you who started the ball rolling," replied De Narville, with a touch of reproach, "who tendered us our first information."

"True, but it was such a little ball to start with, and when it came back, it was like a boy's snowball, the size of a man! We didn't know it for ours."

Her expectant eyes rested on the face of the clock. Apparently she had forgotten the existence of De Narville.

"It is 8," she murmured, "and time for him to come."

They turned from the clock to the door. A light gleamed on them suddenly. The friend for whom she waited stood there.

He advanced, and De Narville, rising, vacated his place at the table opposite Jessica.

"Mr. De Narville," said Jessica, "my husband."

Then: "We are celebrating the anniversary of our wedding day together," she explained with a smile.—Zoe Anderson Norris, in the Valley Magazine.

WANTED, CONSCIENTIOUS

Leaven Needed in Relations and Agencies of American Life.

It is natural, wholesome, saving, conscientiousness, applied to all the conditions and emergencies of private and public life, that is so sadly wanting in many American communities—conscientiousness which results in a thing like that system of honor which distinguishes the student life of the University of Virginia, and which obliges are apt to maintain, but ceptibly and beneficially affected tone of business and other affairs that commonwealth. Downright scrupulousness marks the knavish, a lack of scruple characterizes large numbers of respectable men as members of boards, as merchants, as taxpayers, as politicians, as winks at evil practices in others. Boldly avoid all opposition to it, wrong, and themselves commit it, and not too conspicuous irregularities or give support for selfish reasons, venal candidates for office. Such spectacles are the despair of the stict men who, in our day and thousands of communities, are trying to stay the tide of that political corruption which, according to so good a friend of America as John May, "for the moment obscures the democratic experiment."

It comes to this, that "the period of corruption" which friends of Americans abroad are called upon so often to apologize for—a corruption which while bad enough, is not so deep-rooted as our enemies believe—can be brought to an end only by the growth of a sense of honor, of scrupulousness backed by moral bravery, upon the part of individuals in the republic. Is not fantastic to aver that a gift of imagination would assist some people to be virtuous. If a citizen should be that his own lack of scruple, in a direction, was a contribution to corruption and dishonor of his country, and that his personal withstanding temptation to do wrong was not an act of private virtue, but had public uses as well—if he were convinced for instance, that his refusal to vote as a trustee for a contribution to bribery fund or to a dishonest business was a means of doing away with national disgrace—if he had the imagination to grasp the large bearing of his individual action, it would be easier for him to take a stand for righteousness instead of weakly acquiescing in some customary wrong. Aristotle's idea of the state was association "in a life of felicity and nobleness;" but Christianity ought not to have to look to paganism for ideals of good citizenship and the making of a righteous people.—Century.

Maybe His Last Request.

Poor Feebles (about to be operated on for appendicitis)—Doctor, before you begin I wish you would send me have our pastor, Rev. Mr. Harps, come over.

Dr. Cutter—Certainly, if you wish, but—ah!

Poor Feebles—I'd like to be operated with prayer.—Life.

When a man gets up at a revival and asks all the women present to pray for him, they feel that at last their prayers and worth are meeting recognition.