

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Only manufactured doubts are advertised.

Nothing spoils the life like living for the spoils.

But why shouldn't a political contract be called a "retaining wall?"

The so-called overcrowded professions are overcrowded as to the steps and platform rather than the inside.

The man who intends to roll to the north pole may be fairly classed as the highest roller in the business—if he gets there.

Lieutenant Peary has decided to postpone his Arctic trip for a year. Another winter here like the last will settle him.

The life of a battleship is said to be fifteen years. Even an iron constitution is not proof against the roving and dissipated habits of a battleship.

The London reading public is demanding shorter novels. The American reader does not mind the length so much, but would like some better novels.

Now the nonconformists have a squabble of their own, and, like all family feuds, it is a trifle more bitter than the ordinary bickering between sects.

We cannot understand how it is that scientists have discovered that the Sierra Nevada Mountains are 3,000,000 years old and yet are puzzled in their efforts to discover how old Ann is.

A St. Louis man has willed \$2,000 a year to his pet horse. Now if the horse has found out how to live on 20 cents a day he ought to be able to leave quite a neat little sum to his relatives when he dies.

It's awful hard to make a woman understand that when her husband has had to sit up all night with a sick friend it is natural for him to throw his watch on the floor and put his shoes under the pillow.

A man who died a few days ago willed \$10,000 each to three women, any one of whom he would have been glad to marry if he had not feared the other two would sue him for breach of promise. There seems to have been a first-class Mormon who went entirely to waste.

Strikes are becoming less frequent. Capital and labor recognize that battles of endurance are disastrous and both sides are inclined to make concessions to avoid forced seasons of idleness. Arbitration is the key to the situation. There is every reason to hope and to believe that within a few years strikes will be practically unheard of; at least, that there will be no great strikes.

A discussion in a London periodical, touching the cause and cure of nightmare, brings out two interesting but exasperatingly inconsistent theories—that "the paralysis of nightmare is caused by too much bedclothes," and that "the nightmare sense of fear and difficulty is usually induced by cold, and the cure is another blanket." There is, nevertheless, safety in the contradictory opinions, for one will have nightmare so long as he lies awake debating whether to put on or to take off a blanket.

Misunderstanding between employer and employed cannot continue many years longer, for both parties are striving to come to an understanding. The old saying is true that a work well begun is half done. One of the most recent moves in the right direction was taken when the committee of the National Civic Federation appointed to consider plans for a "welfare department" for the promotion of the efforts of employers to better the condition of their employes decided to ask the employes to co-operate with it in finding the best plan.

It is noteworthy that out of Asia came our alphabet and our Arabic numerals. The compass we owe to the Chinese, who knew the magnetic needle as early as the second century A. D. Gunpowder originally came out of Asia, and so did the art of printing and the manufacture of paper. The Chinese invented movable types in the middle of the eleventh century, 350 years before Gutenberg. They also made silks long before Europe, and porcelain that has never been equaled by Europe. Truly, Asia is the cradle of the race. On the original ideas of the Persians, the Arabians, the Hindus and the Chinese our modern society has been built.

A legal publication has gathered statistics respecting the number of laws passed during the year 1903 by the

Legislatures of the States and Territories. How many, do you suppose? Fourteen thousand, three hundred and ninety-four (14,394). And this does not include the number of laws passed by Congress. Of the making of laws in this country there is no end. Somebody, somewhere, is always at it. Did Blackstone realize when he said there is no wrong without its legal remedy what a floodgate he had opened? Every little legislator has his bill in his inside pocket. How could he "make a record" else? Suppose he should return to his constituents without having introduced one bill! As a consequence the statute books of every State are padded with all sorts of enactments. Frequently these laws cross and criss-cross until their interpretation is the despair of the courts. "Ignorance of the law excuses no man." And yet no man knows precisely and fully what the law is. What wonder there should be lawlessness? Here is the fundamental error: Men suppose they can sprinkle Thou Shalt Nots through a book, bind it in sheepskin and thus reform society. All history proves the falsity of this supposition.

The shy little girl who buries her face in her mother's skirts on the approach of a stranger makes a charming and picturesque figure; that same child, become a young woman and suffering the agonies of diffidence as a wallflower at a party, is an object for pity. No woman can be unsympathetic with the sufferer if she has herself once endured the miseries of self-conscious shyness; the fear of social blunders, the sense of physical awkwardness; the envy, detested yet cherished, of the more easy and graceful friend; the bitter apprehension that no one will ever have the desire to break through the barrier of apparent coldness and discover the real woman. Yet this shyness has its root in a quality of character both noble and serviceable—in that admiration of the admirable which reaches to fear. The Germans have two words for fear—Furcht, which represents the fear of the coward, and Ehrfurcht, which represents the fear of the man already wise, as he stands before his superior in wisdom—honor-fear. It may seem idle to try to overcome girlish diffidence by an ethical argument; but if once the timid girl can bring herself to regard the terrifying social group as simply her lessons and examples, she may gradually find her fear melting into admiration, and so into a wholesome imitation. Social grace is largely the self-forgetting ability to put oneself in another's place. All the easy give-and-take which is the chief charm of the husking in the country or the afternoon tea in the city is the result, not of genius for conversation, but of practice in the art of entertaining. That art is acquired with far less toll than skill in playing the piano or in embroidery or in cookery.

Not long ago 22,040 pounds of cotton raised in the African colonies of Germany were shipped to that country. The small consignment was received enthusiastically by the cotton spinners, who saw in it a promise of greater things—the coming of the day when they will be independent of the American product. The United States began the cultivation of cotton on a small scale. A few bags shipped to England 120 years ago were refused admission at the custom house on the ground that the United States could not produce so much cotton. Although the German colonies in east and west Africa raise only a little cotton now they may be raising a good deal a century hence. The German Socialists are opposed to the colonial policy of their country, but they are in hearty sympathy with the experiment of introducing cotton growing in Africa. They are indifferent to the interests of the manufacturers, but they are concerned about the operatives, most of whom belong to the party. The operations of the speculators in cotton in this country have hurt the men who earn their bread in German factories. The Socialists resent that, and, like other Germans, wish to see their country freed from its dependence on the United States for cotton. There is no lack of land in other parts of the world well adapted for the cultivation of cotton. There is a lack of competent labor to do the cultivating. It is the custom of many cotton planters in the South to complain of the inefficiency of that black labor on which they have to depend. The Germans who are trying to grow cotton in Africa cannot get labor one-tenth so efficient and intelligent as that to be found in the Southern States. With all his shortcomings, the American negro is a better worker in a cotton field than any planter in Africa or Asia can get to labor for him. Not until a sufficient supply of intelligent labor can be procured will there be serious rivalry with this country in the production of cotton.

Not in Evidence.

Belle—Miss Passay has been quite ill. Is she likely to recover?
Gladys—She thinks so. She says she has youth on her side.
Belle—Huh! If she has it must be on the inside.—Philadelphia Press.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

MARVELS OF ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.

By T. P. O'Connor, M. P.



The sensation of London about the year 1760 was a "cats' opera," conducted by a Scotch shoemaker named Bisset, who had taught these creatures to play tunes on the dulcimer as an accompaniment to their own squalling. His greatest success, however, was with a pig which was seen for two or three days by many persons of respectability to spell without any apparent direction the names of those in the company; to recast up accounts; to point out words thought of by persons present; to tell exactly the hours, minutes, seconds; to distinguish the married from the single, etc. While this learned pig was performing in Dublin an armed ruffian broke into the room, slew the animal with his sword, assaulted Bisset himself, and so unnerved the unfortunate animal trainer that he took to his bed and died within a few days.

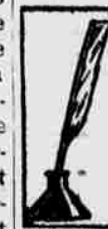
A naturalist, who is in charge of a fine museum assured me that he had once seen a horse in a field seize and work with his teeth the handle of a pump in order to water some thirsty cows which were lowing lamentably over the waterless trough! This naturalist had also seen a young half-fledged sparrow which had fallen out of the nest helped back by its parents thus: They thrust a straw into the little derelict's beak and, seizing themselves each end of it, they flew up with the nestling above the nest, and then dropped him gently into it!

In a Fifeshire village a sparrow had laid her eggs and half reared her brood in a last year's swallow nest. On the return of the swallows the original owner and buldler tried to take possession of the nest with the help not of its mate only but of a number of other swallows. Their combined efforts to dislodge the sparrow being vain, they hold a council of war, which sentenced the usurper to death. Not only the little band which had tried to storm the nest but the whole flock of swallows fetched building material and in a short time walled up the criminal and her brood to perish miserably.

In a nest in the corner of one of the windows of a house at Strathendry a brood of swallows was half reared when a young sportsman, disappointed in duck shooting, fired at a flock of these birds and shot both the parents of the nestlings. Fearing that the brood would perish of starvation he was about to remove them from the nest and try to rear them in the house, when he was amazed to find the work of mercy taken out of his hands by the rest of the flock of swallows! They took it in turn to feed the orphans till they were fully fledged and able to provide for themselves!

COLLECTING FAD THE HEIGHT OF FOLLY.

By H. B. Marriott-Watson.



It seems quite practicable to start a collection in anything under the sun. The fancier has nothing better to do than to take up the newest idea. I have known people to collect pipes, walking sticks, hairpins, cats and matchboxes. The art of collecting stamps not being found difficult enough in its original form, the fancy set to work to make it more so. Some ingenious person discovered that stamps had different numbers of perforations and were characterized by different letters, and finally that even whole blocks of them had varying water marks. Conceive the delight of the brotherhood! It was now possible to enlarge the art. Stamp collectors could surmount hill after hill in their ascent towards the ideal and still find their goal remote and inaccessible.

Once developed to this point there was no holding philately back. Emporiums arose on all hands and hundreds of thousands of dollars were spent annually in the cult.

Coins have in some way a sort of excuse in themselves. And collections of pictures also might be tolerated if collectors hung them on their walls and admired them. But the man who buys the pictures to stack them in his cellars has passed from the dignity of the connoisseur. It

LANDLUBBERS ON SHIPBOARD.

When the United States monitor Arkansas anchored off Memphis on its trip up the Mississippi River a year ago, a family—father, mother and seven children—went on board the queer steel vessel. The father, the New York Sun says, held two of his boys by the hands, and as they were shown about by one of the apprentice seamen he pointed out objects of interest.

"That thar is the turtle, Johnny," he said, pointing to the big turret with the twelve-inch guns sticking out.

"Goodness, paw!" said Johnny. "Jes' look what long front legs it's got!"

"They call hit a turtle, Jimmy," "paw" explained, "because it can turn clean over on its back an' go after the enemy all spraddled out, I reckon."

At Paducah, Kentucky, a countryman boarded the Arkansas with a knowing air. He walked round for some time, going over the ship three or four times, but looking mostly at the fighting top. His eyes seemed fascinated by that part of the vessel, and the seamen noticed that he looked expectant, as if he thought something was going to happen there. Finally he turned to one of them.

"Pardner," said he, "when do they call time nex'?"

The sailor did not understand him, and said so.

"Hain't that the fightin' top?" he inquired.

"Yes," replied the sailor.

"Wall," said the Kentuckian, "then hain't you-all goin' to give us a few rounds?"

"What do you mean?" the sailor asked, supposing the visitor wanted them to fire the big guns for him.

is the same with prints and jewels. These things are valuable; but they must needs be rendered interesting and deadly uninteresting by the collector. The conditions is a commercial matter in which the collector's folly of the collector make the market price. The sentiment that moves the collector of these things will exchange or sell his boasted Dickenses or other volumes by other authors which he considers precious. He is actuated wholly by this abominable Dealers know it and grin in their sleeves, so as to batten on him until they, too, become infected by ease, and so the madness goes round.

The science of collecting is a colossal monument of human nature. It is a well known fact that collecting dulls the moral faculties. I have known men play the most abominable tricks in what is called "swaps;" and it is notorious that you cannot trade an ornament to a china maniac. But the craze for more or less decent in comparison with more manias, such as that developed by tobacco mania in stimulating the collection of gaudy cigars and demoralizing the youth of the land. It is a fact that one will not collect collectors—and dispose of them.

UNCONSCIOUS ASSIMILATION AND PLAGIARISM.

By Dr. F. C.



When two decades and more ago a clergyman pleaded unconscious assimilation as an answer to an allegation of plagiarism, the plea was sneered at as involving an ordinary mental process. Culture and ordinary mental processes automatic in their nature as training does walking. For this reason and insanity, much is unconsciously assimilated into the mind that remains without direct association with the daily life of the assimilator.

Conan Doyle has been charged by a St. Louis paper correspondent with plagiarism from Poe's "Bug." The allegation is not supported by the facts which simply show a similarity in thought and style likely to occur to cryptographers. Similarities exist between Conan Doyle and Walter Scott and Conan Doyle and Poe which do not admit of the possibility. The smuggler scenes in "Micah Clark" and "Manning" are so nearly alike as to suggest the possibility of Scott on Doyle. The mercenary warrior in "Micah Clark," moreover, is an undeniable copy of Dugald Dalgetty of "A Legend of Montrose." In particular in the case of the smugglers, unconscious assimilation is out of the question, since the style of Saxon and the smugglers are altered and the style is likewise. This shows deliberation with unconscious assimilation, more especially as Doyle has repudiated the influence of Scott and Poe. The similarity in the instance of "Poisoned Letter" and Doyle's "Scandal in Bohemia" is identical in plot and incident, vary only in that Poe's woman, attacked by a diplomat with a promising letter, becomes Doyle's king attacked by a woman with a compromising photograph. The memory of Wycherley, the dramatist, in his play "He would read himself to sleep with Montaigne, Cald, and Racine. Next morning the thoughts of authors would be written down with entire unconsciousness as original. At other times Wycherley's word for word as new his previous compositions. Doyle has repudiated the influence of Scott and Poe cannot be employed to explain his similarities with authors, which are much greater than those that exist between Chancery Sherman detected between "Cyrano de Bergerac" and the "Merchant Prince of Cornville." Both the production and the Merchant Prince, however, are on the career of the historic Cyrano de Bergerac whose "Voyage to the Moon" Swift drew much of the "Gulliver's Travels."

"I mean I come on this here steamboat to see a fight," said he. "en I wanted to see hit. I've heard tell a whole lot about the way you fellers fight with the mitts on, an' I want to see hit done. So I reckon as how it's about time you'all was a-givin' us a few rounds."

Then the sailor understood. The visitor thought the fighting top was the ring where the ship's men boxed.

"What's this here thing?" asked a boy, pointing to the winch used for hoisting the boats. A seaman told him what it was.

"My stars!" he exclaimed. "Do you lift the enemy's boats clean outen the water so's to get a good aim at 'em?"

"Don't you have any ramrods to them gun-barrels?" was the question of another Kentuckian, as he inspected the big twelve-inch guns.

One of the ship's jokers gravely told him that they pulled out the mainmast when they needed a ramrod, and that the last time they used it the gun went off accidentally and blew the mainmast into Posey County, Indiana, which explained why the ship had no mainmast then.

A Thrilling Rescue.

An amusing story is told of an old seaman on one of the United States cruisers in the North Atlantic squadron. He was not a person of wide affections, but he had a warm place in his heart for a young ensign who had been kind to him in many little ways.

One day a landsman fell from the rigging to the water, and as he could not swim he would have been drowned but for a young officer who sprang in after him and held him up till assistance came.

Later the young officer received a complimentary letter from the Secretary of the Navy. Every one rejoiced but the old seaman; he coveted the letter for his ensign.

"That's a nice thing to have like that," he said, a few days later.

"You ought to have one."

"I don't quite see how I can get one," laughed the ensign.

"Well, see here," said the old seaman eagerly. "To-morrow night I'll show you the main chains, fussing with this thing or other, and I might be able to get you a good swimmer."

"That would be very good," said the ensign, gravely. "I'm not a good swimmer myself, but I mean."

"Ho! That's no matter," said the old seaman. "I'll hold you up 'bout comes."

Philadelphia's Potato Patch.

An adaptation of the Potato Patch idea is said to have been successful in Philadelphia. In charge of the "superintendent" cant lot farming. His annual shows that the utilization of lots by partly disabled and or by otherwise idle people brought good returns. Over 100,000 people, including 140 orphans were given employment on the cant lots last year and brought a turn of \$200 on each quarter garden at a nominal expense of each dollar invested in the tools and seeds yielding a return from \$5 to \$7. The usual way of success of this sort has been to find people who were to make use of the opportunity.

Pledge Might Have Saved Socrates.

Socrates had just drained the lock.

"How foolish I was," he said, "I should have told them I was at New Year's."

Bewailing his thoughtlessness was nothing left but to await the suit.—New York Tribune.