

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

A touch of undignified profanity makes the whole dignified Senate kin.

An automobile is a fine thing, but for solid comfort give us \$10,000 in the bank.

Mr. Carnegie, according to the New York assessors, is only about \$385,000,000 away from a pauper's grave.

Capt. Hobson has decided to remain in private life for at least two years. It was a case of Hobson's choice.

If the Russians could only catch the man who invented mines they might at least try him for manslaughter.

That 15-year-old boy who tried to die for love might have been cured with a barrel stove applied in time and on the right place.

A New York woman who tackled both society and cotton has gone into bankruptcy. Either one of them should have sufficed.

A New York man proposes to use tame snakes to clear houses of rats and mice. He will probably also clear them of women by this method.

The discovery of extensive oil fields in San Domingo brings Mr. Rockefeller face to face with a new problem. How is he going to pipe the oil to the main land?

The decision of a Philadelphia court that a wife does not own her husband's pay envelope will not disturb the average wife. All she wants is the contents.

The public teachers of Pittsburg have formed a union to secure higher pay. Will they also advocate a shorter workday and the adding of winter holidays to the summer vacation?

Survivors of the Varieg and Korietz are being hugged and kissed by the women wherever they appear in Russia. It must be pretty hard for these heroes to keep their whiskers in proper condition.

New York physicians are worried over a young woman who has been laughing for weeks and cannot control her mirth. They should try reading some of the Sunday comic supplements to her.

That New York woman who says flirting is as necessary as it is pleasant will please pardon us for assuming that she speaks from experience and is not gladdening us with mere theoretical guff.

The growth of the Gulf ports as exporting points is one of the marked developments of the day. But it is not more remarkable than the great growth of the South as a manufacturing community.

The death of "Grace Greenwood" at the advanced age of 80 years recalls to mind her once great popularity as a writer of stories and verse for children and the decided advantage she had over many later daughters by having a publisher for a husband.

It is proposed that Chicago build an emergency hospital in the center of the city as a memorial to the victims of the Iroquois Theater fire. It is thus that the world redeems its losses. In the course of time the hospital will relieve suffering and save life enough to overbalance the loss which brought it into existence.

The trolley is solving one problem: That of getting the people out of the cities. It is populating the rural communities, thereby increasing the price of outlying lands, and at the same time allowing the suburbanite to do business in the city. Incidentally it is building up the merchant in the city to the injury of the small country dealer. But it will in all probability even matters, as the steam road did when it supplanted the stage, canal and the steamboat.

Denmark has discovered a cure for provinciality and a means of strengthening national unity. During the summer holidays parents exchange children. Urchins of the pavement go into the country and learn the mysteries of green fields. The children of the fields meanwhile are in town, having a good time amid new excitements and learning the ways of the city, its shrewdness and urbanity. This habit of exchange should rear a generation of countrymen better bred and more widely informed, and of townsmen who can plow, milk and make hay, whose souls are not stunted for want of contact with meadows and trees. A further extension of this idea is seen in the agency which exists at Zurich in Switzerland for exchanging French, German and Swiss children, that each

may learn the language of his neighbors.

No more interesting trip has been made by a steam vessel since the wonderful voyage of the Oregon than the recent passage of the steam freighter Nebraska from San Diego, California, to New York. The trip covered 12,700 miles and occupied 51 days. Its average speed, therefore, was about 10 1-3 miles an hour. But the most remarkable thing about the voyage is the fact that the Nebraska, which burns oil instead of coal, was not obliged to stop once during the trip for fuel. She burned nearly 10,000 barrels of oil, and had more than a thousand barrels left. Three furnace men did the work which on a coal-burning steamer would have required the services of twelve stokers. The furnace men receive higher wages than stokers; nevertheless the saving is considerable. The relative cost of oil and coal for such a trip has not yet been determined. The engineer of the Nebraska is figuring it.

Guard your credit, young man. A dealer in agricultural implements in a certain locality in Iowa states these facts: Young farmers under 21 years of age, the sons of wealthy farmers, will sometimes buy heavily on the strength of their prospects. Then, before they arrive at maturity they will take the benefit of the bankruptcy law. Having wiped the slate clear of their indebtedness, they come into possession of their share of the estate. And to do this they will sometimes run the risk of a penitentiary sentence. The young fellows, it is said, regard this sort of maneuver to beat their creditors as "smart." Is it? They have gained a few hundred dollars' worth of stuff perhaps. But— They have lost the most valuable asset of business life—credit. And there may come a time when the extension of favor will amount to ten or a hundred times the paltry sum they have gained by dishonesty. Business men know the history of the men with whom they deal. The community does not forget. Half a life-time of honesty will not blot out the record of boyish crookedness. Young men who do these things sell their birthright of honor for a mess of pottage. Credit is capital. Even from a purely selfish point of view it pays to be decent.

There is something almost pathetic in a recent chat of John D. Rockefeller in regard to his charities. He estimates that he has given away, first and last, over \$35,000,000, and that of \$7,000,000 which he gave away before 1892 not over 5 per cent accomplished any good results. Still Mr. Rockefeller feels impelled to get rid of his money the best he can. He stands ready to give away from \$3,000,000 to \$10,000,000 every year personally, and for the more important part of the work he employs two skilled assistants. Rev. Fred T. Gates passes on the religious benefactions and a lawyer named Starr J. Murphy has just been employed to consider all applications that are not strictly religious. With all three of them working hard Mr. Rockefeller hopes to be able to make a hole in his wealth without his gifts doing more harm than good. Nothing is more common than to hear people say: "If I had a great fortune how much good I would do!" and "I have no desire for money except to do good with it," but if these same people had Rockefeller's wealth they would, inside of a year, feel as he does, that it is almost impossible to give away large sums of money without doing more harm than good. One reason is that as soon as it is known that there is a great sum of money to be had for good objects universal society resolves itself into a band of sharpers to put up a job on the possessor and get the money. Plans will be laid that will cover two continents with lying schemes and at last an appeal is made which would deceive an archangel, but which is after all only an elaborate lie. This is equally true, however, of diminutive charities. If there is a person who never refuses \$5 to a really deserving case thousands of people lie awake all night contriving some way to get that amount on false pretenses. The charitable man, therefore, whether a millionaire or a person in moderate circumstances, soon begins to realize that his charities manufacture ten times as many hypocrites and swindlers as they relieve of deserving poor people. At last he gets sick at heart and stops giving, unless like Rockefeller he has so much money that it is a nuisance and he must get rid of it some way.

Safety Within Prison Walls.
Mrs. Henpeck—I read this morning about a man who was arrested twenty minutes after his wedding and sent to prison for fifteen years. Isn't that awful?

Mr. Henpeck—Oh, I don't know. The law doesn't compel him to take his wife to prison with him.—Baltimore World.

Enough to Condemn.
Photographer—How was it that woman refused to take her pictures? I thought I heard her say they looked like her.

Clerk—It was her friend who said that.—New York Herald.

WHERE THE GREAT BATTLE OF THE YALU WAS FOUGHT.



THE WHITE CROSS IN THE BLACK CIRCLE SHOWS WHERE OVER 100,000 MEN FOUGHT A DESPERATE BATTLE.

—Chicago American.

The accompanying map shows how the Japanese attacked and almost destroyed the Russian army on the Yalu River. The Japanese headquarters were at Wiju, the Russians' at Antung. The little villages of Chu-Tien-Cheng and Kiu-Lien-Cheng were occupied by Russian batteries, the hills surrounding these places being fortified. Early in the week preceding the battle the Japanese artillery at Wiju and Chongju, on the Korean side of the Yalu River, and the Japanese gunboats which steamed up the river, began a duel with the Russian artillery. Late Saturday

night the Japanese general, Kuroki, threw his twelfth division across a pontoon bridge at Changju, while his boats were shelling the Russians lower down. The twelfth division seized the heights overlooking Kiu-Lien-Cheng during the night and fortified them. The Russian positions were untenable, and when the second division of the Japanese army crossed at Wiju the Russians were soon compelled to retreat, in the face of the Japanese artillery fire, across the little stream, the Al-Ho, and flee toward Feng-Chuen-Cheng (Feng-Wang-Cheng).

FIRESIDE JOURNEYS.

Mine is an humble, toilsome lot,
My home a lowly cot.
And pleasant trips o'er land and sea
Nor wheel nor sail e'er proffers me.
Day holds me carebound, but the night
Cheery with heartfire's glowing light,
Vouchsafes rare journeys with the elves
That hide in covers on my shelves.

From open page these curious friends
Come out at call, with power that sends
Me in their wake, at lightning pace,
Through storied realms of time and space,
From frozen fields of arctic snow
To valleys where tropic splendors glow,
Past craggy heights, o'er waters wide,
Fearless we soar, we glance, we glide.

Famed kings and lovely queens we greet;
Knights-errant in their journeys meet;
With founders and explorers stray,
Or talk with scholars by the way.
Sages look on with solemn eyes,
Dropping their queries and replies,
While mystics breathe bewildering
dreams,
Till all the air with wonder teems.

The sweet hours come, the sweet hours go;
Upon the hearth the fire burns low;
Then dainty singers, dreamy eyed,
From rhythmic covers softly glide,
Crooning their low, delicious runes,
And, lulled by cadence of the tunes,
I fall asleep amid the elves
That hide in covers on my shelves.
—National Magazine.

LINGFIELD'S STENOGRAPHER.

WELL, Tom Lingfield!" she cried gaily, holding out her hand as she came. "We thought you had given up your own country for good. You might have dropped us a hint you were coming, I think."

"I didn't know it myself until half an hour before I sailed," he said. "Well, here you are—Sybil of old days. I would have known you anywhere, though you have grown half a foot since I went away."

"Which implies that I was very young five years ago," she laughed. "I was only 17, and a little simple addition will enable you to observe that I am not an octogenarian now."

"You don't look very old," he said critically. "I could almost believe that nothing had changed since 'I disappeared.'"

"Oh, I am working!" she said lightly. "I have been working three years now. It is great fun. So I walk out

every morning and I come in every evening, and I earn my little salary; and we pay as we go."

"Sybil," cried Tom, his accusing eyes upon her. "And you never let me know!"

"It couldn't be helped, Tom, dear," she laughed. "Besides, I like the new life better than the old. My employer is lovely—"

"And I suppose he is some old fossil, making a fool of himself about you?" Tom said savagely.

"He isn't so very old," said Sybil, blushing still more now.

"And I am too late!" he said bitterly. "I have dawdled about Australia while my chance for happiness was being lost here at home. Is it too late, dear?"

"I am afraid it is," she said softly and regretfully. "I'm afraid I like my employer very much indeed."

With an inarticulate speech that was supposed to stand for good-night he turned toward the door.

"Tom!" she murmured softly. He was back in an instant, looking at her expectantly.

"Tom," she almost whispered, "you'll understand how it is that I can't give him up. I have loved him ever since I was grown up."

And then Tom accepted his conge and went blindly out into the night.

The next morning he went into the great business establishment, that was now his since his father had died, to bury his troubles in work. To the manager he explained:

"I want to take hold of things here. I will take up the correspondence at once. Have you a decent shorthand writer now?—not old Groves, I hope. Send him in, please."

There was a quiet opening and closing of the door as the manager went out, and another quiet opening and closing of the door as the amensensis came in. She stood before him, her face rosy red, her pencil and notebook in hand.

The head of the firm gazed at her with astonishment and bewilderment. Then he slowly arose.

"Sybil!" he said, with the light of dawning comprehension in his eyes.

"I have come to take your letters," she said demurely.

"Am I your employer, Sybil?" asked Mr. Lingfield, still half-doubtful of his fortune.

"I—I think you must be," she said, in deep embarrassment.

Tom Lingfield walked gravely to the door and called the manager from his desk. He knew when to take the tide at the flood.

"Miss Harper is going to be my

wife," he explained, thoughtfully keeping himself between her and the door. "You will see that it is impossible for her to go on occupying this position. Will you find some one else, please?"—Chicago Journal.

PEDESTRIANISM IN FRANCE.

Walking Adopted as a Fad—Cross-Country Runs Fashionable.

With the true Gallic enthusiasm that characterizes their acceptance of any fad or craze, the French people have taken up athletics, particularly the cross-country run or walk phase of the strenuous life, says the Illustrated Sporting News. This movement, which has had for its more direct inspiration the wholesale pedestrianism that has affected all England during the summer and autumn of the present year, is confined to neither class nor mass, but is the property of the whole people.

What is unquestionably the greatest of cross-country runs, or, for that matter, of any such contest ever held, was celebrated at Paris on Sunday, Nov. 8, 'his affair, called "Le Marche du Petit Matelot," in honor of a Parisian firm that provides 10,000 francs in prizes, received 4,348 entries in advance. Of this number 3,800 men, the employees of 100 business houses in the French capital, started on the forty kilometer journey, and 1,347 of the contestants covered the entire course. The several prize winners were separated at the finish of what proved to be, apparently, a four-hour journey by seconds only.

So great was the interest taken in the affair that more than 200,000 spectators witnessed the start and finish of the contest, many others lining the roads traversed by the walkers, so that the competitors went through living hedges practically the entire distance. Each competitor wore a brassard—a sort of white sleeveless jersey—with his number on the breast. Soldiers and gendarmes on horseback were called into use to handle the crowd, while on the march, once the small army had started, automobilists and cyclists, deputized as marshals, saw to it that the prescribed conditions were adhered to, and that each contestant was unhindered or unaided in his race.

Greatest Pumping Plant.

The greatest pumping plant in the world is one which draws 3,000,000 gallons of water a day 387 miles to the gold fields at Bulga Bulling, Australia.

Volcanoes Near Washington.

All over the District of Columbia are scores of types of volcanic action and all show traces of electrical energy.