

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO..... OREGON.

Even a blind mule can feel with his feet.

When a woman is too angry to talk her husband is in luck.

Political principle is one thing and political interest quite another.

True charity consists of opening the purse and keeping the mouth closed.

The earth is the Lord's, but Mr. Rockefeller insists on claiming the inside of it.

Many a man who says he has great presence of mind manages successfully to conceal it.

Boston physicians now claim that piano music will cure neuralgia. Some of us prefer neuralgia to insomnia.

A young man thinks he is unworthy of the girl during courtship, but after marriage he soon discovers his error.

Russell Sage's version: "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man's employer healthy, wealthy and wise."

Although worth eighty millions, Russell Sage lives like a poor man and for all practical purposes might as well be one.

The Koreans are getting off more easily than they expected and are even managing to make a little money selling things to the soldiers.

In the list of heroes etched by the flames on the Slocum the name of the captain of a pleasure yacht who made no effort to save life will not appear.

A scientist has discovered that loafing is conducive to health and longevity. Come to think of it, who ever saw a tramp suffering from arteriosclerosis?

"Dig" is the terse motto under which at least one graduating class moved out into the big, busy world this year. It might be passed on to the Panama Canal Commission.

An ambitious lady of Connecticut has applied for admission to the Daughters of the Revolution on the ground that her great-grandfather murdered the King's English.

Hetty Green has taken the trouble to deny another report that she has given away a lot of money. Hetty must believe there is somebody somewhere who thinks she would really do such a thing.

Far away in the mountains of the Canadian Northwest, on the borders of the Canadian national park, near Banff, a bed of fine anthracite has been discovered which is from six to ten feet thick. It has been traced about ten miles. Such a deposit of hard coal will be of much use to Canada in many ways. So the development of the Dominion goes on steadily and Canadian prospects are excellent. The more Canada flourishes the better for the United States. Our neighbor to the north cannot prosper without benefit to this country.

Smokeless powder is very different from the old-fashioned black or the later brown cocoa powder. These latter are quick to explode, becoming transformed into gas almost instantaneously, but the nitrocellulose compound now used in our navy guns burns much more slowly, even when confined. When not subjected to confinement it may be said hardly to explode at all. Owing to this deliberate decomposition of the powder in the unclosed gun and in the handling-room below the turret, there was little or no rending effect of the explosive upon the structure of the Missouri. The loss of life was due almost wholly to the intense heat.

No writer in the English tongue stands in the same rank with Shakespeare, and yet none was so incessant a debtor as he to the classic writers and the folklore of other countries. From "Hamlet" to "Shylock," from "Coriolanus" to "Cymbeline" his playwright path is strewn with the fragments of an older literature from which he had plied the best he could lay his hands upon without so much as a "by your leave." It is, after all, the people who popularize rather than the people who suggest or invent an idea who deserve whatever praise attaches to its success. The geologist tells the miner where he might wisely dig for gold, but it is the miner whom we pay for getting out and giving us the precious metal.

Under skilful business administration the French colonies along the west coast of Africa are attaining remarkable prosperity. In Dahomey a railway is under construction from the

chief seaport, Kotonu, to Tcharu, three hundred and seventy-seven miles inland. The Niger is to be ultimately the terminus. French Guinea is building a line from Konakry, the capital, to the Niger at Kurussa, three hundred and forty-two miles, of which ninety miles are completed. Senegal, which has several railways in operation, is planning to dredge the Senegal River and connect it by rail with the Niger, as a route for exporting cotton and other interior products. The Ivory Coast is planning a railroad to the hinterland from Bassam. All this work, as well as harbor improvement, sanitation and wagon-roads, is done by native laborers directed by native chiefs, thus retained in authority, and paid for from the colonial revenues without extra taxation.

"Are the sacred words, 'I love you,' for lovers' lips alone? Is the tender message but for youth's May day? Why, when the hair is gray must the tongue forget its skill? Why must the aging heart forget its tenderness? Why when youth has fled must the message of love express itself in colder words, or not at all? Who knows how the older heart may hunger for the words of long ago? Why does the husband forget that the wife still listens for the words he has forgotten? Why does the wife forget that the husband, who should still be her lover, can, by the long-ago words, 'I love you,' be drawn swiftly to her side. Why does the daughter forget to say, 'Mother, I love you,' until it is too late, until the mother is gone, and the daughter can only say with tears, 'I loved her?' Why is the son, strong and sturdy, ashamed to say, 'Mother, I love you?' Why does he choke and stumble over the words that in the presence of his sweetheart come so glibly to his tongue? Husband, only this day is yours. Say to the wife, 'I love you.' Wife, but this hour can you call your own. Breathe to the husband, 'I love you.' Daughter, son, but this fleeting moment belongs to you. Say to the father, who is tottering, to the mother, whose hair is gray, to the sister who was your childhood's companion, to the brother who fished with you, who climbed with you, and who is now growing old with you—say to him, to them all, 'I love you.' Speak the words now while the ears are listening, now while the eyes can smile back their gladness, now while the heart can throb its joy.

Laxity and diversity of the laws relating to marriage in the various States of the Union are justly blamed for the growth of what may almost be called the divorce habit in America. Yet there are a few general tendencies which do not derive their origin and force from individual lives. Personal reforms are often needed before legislative reforms can be effective. It may fairly be asked whether the confusion of pleasure and happiness in many minds is not responsible for a great deal of trouble. The two things differ in that one is transitory and the other abiding. Now, if there is any one quality of matrimony which should distinguish it from other conditions of life, it is the quality of permanence. Happiness rather than pleasure should be the token of its success. It is a limited view of marriage which looks forward chiefly to the pleasure of having one's own establishment—the sense of proprietorship on the part of the man, the greater freedom in many fields of activity for the woman. The whole chorus of experience proclaims the rather tiresome, true story that the real satisfactions of marriage come from quite other sources—the sharing of responsibilities and experiences, the surrender of certain personal preferences, the daily, yearly growth of sympathy and understanding. It is hard to make all young persons believe the truth of these three familiar statements. It may be just as hard to give them a "realizing sense" of the distinction between happiness and pleasure. They must learn most of it for themselves. This is meant merely as a guide-post, pointing in what seems the right direction.

Weight at Birth.

The average weight of boys at birth is a little more, and of girls a little less, than six and a half pounds. For nine years the sexes are nearly equal in their growth; but then the boys range rapidly ahead, so that at 20 they average about 143 pounds, and young women of the same age but 120. At 35 a man generally reaches his heaviest, at about 152 pounds; but women slowly increase until 50, when they average about 182 pounds. Averaging men and women altogether, at full growth they are about twenty times as heavy as at birth. The common range of weight for men is 108 to 220 pounds, and for women 88 to 207 pounds.—London Medical Record.

Art of War.

"And if one is unable to keep the enemy from crossing the river?" asked the pupil.
"In that case," replied the master of strategy, "the press censor should allow rumors to circulate that you are trying to lure him across."—Puck.

BETTER THAN THEY KNEW.

When that brave sailor sought a western way
To pearl-filled Ind and curious Cathay,
He did not know his enterprise had won
A doubled journey for the circling sun.

When some star-seeking soul first felt the birth
Of intuition of another earth,
He could not dream his sons would search the heights
Amid a maze of suns and satellites.

'Tis ever so. We burst some narrow bond,
To marvel at the limitless beyond.
Wherever man's progressiveness has pressed
It's won a grander crown than it had guessed.

—Success.

THE ROSE AT THE WINDOW

FOR six years Jim Gaffney eluded the argus-eyed law in the pursuance of his prosperous profession, which brought him a princely living off and on, and as much adventure as any reasonable being could demand. Then the inevitable happened. He got three years, during which he was forced to master a trade.

In the meanwhile either his luck forsook him or his hand lost its cunning, for when he reopened his former career he bungled so dangerously that he narrowly escaped recapture.

Being a cautious man, he fell into the habit of petty swindling of housewives and servants, which was easy and perfectly safe, for he was a quiet-looking man, and his careful habits of dress gave him the look of a threadbare gentleman.

One evening he found himself in the vestibule of an unpretentious apartment house, and followed the tortuous stairs until he came to the open door of a vacant apartment.

He went in, closing the door behind him through force of habit, hardly expecting to find anything worth while in an empty flat, but arguing that it could do no harm to look around.

What he noticed first of all was a lighted window at the other end of a fire escape leading across a narrow court to a small apartment, evidently the counterpart of the one Gaffney had just entered. He walked from room to room, taking stock of his neighbor's wares.

"Bachelor quarters," said he to himself, pausing before the dining-room window and looking at a table, which bore traces of distinctly masculine dining. "Not much stuff, but what there is looks good."

He liked best of all what he saw on the dresser in the adjoining bedroom.

When he had satisfied himself that the kitchen was vacant Gaffney stepped out on the little iron bridge and tried the opposite window, which slid up noiselessly. As he passed through the dining-room the burglar slipped a few odd pieces of silver into his pockets, then he crossed the little entry and paused to listen to the voices that came from a front room, which he had not been able to see from his late point of observation.

The lights were very low and the air was dense with rich, fragrant smoke that made Gaffney covetous, for he had known luxuriant living, and just then he wanted one of those big havanas even more than he wanted the watch he had seen on the bedroom dresser.

"I'd give a lot to have you change your mind, Burton, old man," said a pleasant, boyish voice from the fragrant dimness. "You are doing all right, with every chance of steady advancement—in a business that's bound to bring in a fine pile some day. What do you say to pitching camp here with me for a couple of months? Nothing luxurious, as you see, but comfortable quarters and plenty of room for two. Better try to, anyway, won't you?"

"No, Todd, thank you heartily, all the same," came the answering voice. "My mind's made up. I'm going to-morrow."

"I'm sorry. Do you know, Burton, I've got it into my head that some girl is driving you off to the wilderness—you needn't tell me anything about it, you know—because I can't think of anything else that would send a man in your position off on an uncertain and arduous undertaking like that projected trip of yours."

Gaffney was conscious of a mild curiosity to hear the answer, so he waited at the bedroom door until the other voice spoke.

"I don't know why I never told you, Todd," it said, quietly. "Certainly not because I don't trust you. I am uncommunicative by instinct, I think. But I'm rather glad you spoke of it, for I'd like to explain my reason for going away. There isn't much of a story, but it has made a tremendous difference in my life.

"The girl lives right here in New York, where she was born and brought up, yet in spite of her worldly surroundings she's the quaintest, little

old-fashioned woman in the world, and innocent as a rose. It was her quaintness that first attracted me and made me love her more every time I saw her.

"She didn't try to disguise the fact that she liked me—she is the straightforward sort, who is afraid of nothing but concealment. When things had progressed pretty well toward the final point I let her know that I had seen a good deal of the world, of which she knew nothing and cared less.

"My worldliness did not repel her, however, as much as it saddened her, until something happened—the most trivial occurrence which led up to a little difference of opinion. She asked me a lot of questions, and as it seemed both unwise and unkind to deceive her, I told her the whole truth.

"You know, Todd, that while my life has not been absolutely snowy, there are no very black spots anywhere—just little lapses here and there which a wise man would forget. But I was not wise. I knew she cared enough to forgive the mild wildness of youth and set about reforming me—which



THE ROSE AGAINST THE WINDOW.

she had already done, had she but known it.

"On the other hand, I wanted to show her that her view of life was impractical, if not quite impossible, for although I would not have had her change radically, I wished her to see life as it really is, not as she dreamed it to be. Foolish, wasn't it? I should have let things take their natural course.

"Well, she took the whole thing amazingly hard. Thought I was all wrong. And I could not, of course, retract my views at once, though I wanted to fast enough, simply to smooth things over.

"We parted at odds. I fully expected that she would call me back after a day or so, but she didn't. After two of the longest weeks in my life I sent her a letter in which my whole heart was laid bare.

"Todd, I meant every word of that long, contrite message in which I vowed to live up to her ideal as nearly as possible, with her love to aid me, which would have been reward enough for any sacrifice. And finally I asked, as a sign of forgiveness, that she put a rose at the window of the little room in which I had passed the happiest hours of my life.

"I wanted a red rose, because she always wore that flower either in her hair or at her corsage. I told her I should pass that window every evening until the token invited me within. Every night for eight months I have kept my word, always in vain. Twice I met her, and both times she sternly avoided me.

"That is the end of the story. I know I can't forget here while I am so near her, and for that reason I've made up my mind to cut loose from the old surroundings and strike a new trail."

"It is possible that your letter strayed," the boyish voice suggested, hopefully. "I wouldn't let it go at that. Write again."

"I have tried to take comfort in the sorry thought of the strayed letter, but I know the excuse won't stand, for my

own address was both inside and outside of the letter. Even if I had made a mistake in the address—which is altogether unlikely in a matter of such importance—it would have reached her, for every postman on the route knows the Gretners."

"The Gretners!" echoed the unsuspected listener, under his breath. He, too, knew the Gretners, whom he visited surreptitiously on a certain night some years before the coup that led to his capture.

"Why, man, you're foolish. Call on her and have it out; why not?" the other man urged.

"If it was any other girl but Alice Gretners I should do that very thing, but I know better than to ignore her attitude, which has shown me plainly that everything is over between us. Well, I shall pass her window to night for the last time, and if—"

Gaffney hurried away cautiously. Once out on the lighted street, he took out the watch, which was a very handsome one, with a diamond anchor on the back, but he looked at the face only, for the purpose of making a little calculation of his own.

"This is going to be a straight deal," said he, with a comfortable sense of satisfaction. "His pal said he'd give him a lot to make him stay. As I've taken the pay in advance, it's up to me to do the job right."

He stopped at a florist's and bought a single long-stemmed red rose, which he thrust under his coat as he turned down the avenue leading to the well-remembered Gretners house.

He asked the little, old servant who answered his ring for Miss Alice, who heard him from the adjoining parlor, and came into the hall, looking very fair and frail in her thin white gown.

Gaffney apologized for his intrusion, saying that he had been away a long while and had lost track of an old friend, whose address he believed she could give him.

The man's name was Burton. He—Gaffney—remembered that Burton had often called on Miss Gretners, and believed she would be likely to know of his whereabouts.

During the two minutes' conversation that followed Gaffney learned all he wished to know in Burton's favor. He thanked her and bowed himself out, but lingered in the shadow until the door was closed. Then, taking an empty flask from his pocket, he placed in it the red rose, which he set upright against the window pane, where the glow of the lamp outlined it with cameo clearness.

"One good turn deserves another," said he, complacently, as he seated himself on the step of an opposite house to await developments.

People passed and repassed for almost an hour before he spotted his man, who rounded the corner with a brisk, swinging gait that came to an abrupt pause when he saw the nodding rose of promise for which he had vainly waited so many anxious months.

He hesitated so incomprehensibly before venturing up the steps that the man watching him broke into a mild but impatient oath. "How blame foolish some folks act," he grumbled. "Why don't he pitch right in an' finish the job?"

Then he heard the thin tinkle of a bell, and presently the door opened, but a tall, white-clad figure had taken the old servant's place, and the lovers stood face to face for one silent moment.

The burglar knight heard an incredibly joyful voice cry "Ralph!" just as the man stepped toward the girl with outstretched arms, then the door swung in place and the vision disappeared.

"Pshaw!" growled Gaffney. "I'd like to 'a' seen the end o' that. Anyway, his friend needn't worry about his leavin'. I guess this night's job pleased all concerned."

Whereupon he consulted his watch and strolled up the avenue in a pleasant frame of mind.—Utica Globe.

A Beautiful Custom.

In the mountains of Tyrol, it is the custom of the women and children to come out when it is bedtime, and sing. Their husbands, fathers, and brothers answer them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic such a custom prevails. There, the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza, they listen awhile for an answering melody from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well known voices come borne on the waters, telling that the loved one is almost home. How sweet to the weary fishermen, as the shadows gather around him, must be the songs of the loved ones at home that sing to cheer him, and how they must strengthen and tighten the links that bind together these dwellers by the sea!

The Main Consideration.

"Young man, have you stopped to think where you will go when you die?"

"Gad, no—I haven't even thought where to go on my summer vacation."

—Puck.

Beware of keyholes. It was Eve's dropping that caused Adam's downfall.