

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

Ika Lhasa has her Younghusband.

It is said that the Tibetans know nothing of the United States, but neither did Rainsull a few weeks ago.

"Sassatiety" implies a multitude of people and much buzz. Society may include but two people and silence.

Washington is trying to break up the practice of "holding hands" in its parks. What are parks for, anyway?

The physician who advises every one to take a long walk every day hasn't any stock in the rapid transit roads.

Many an American huckster might marry within the 400 had his great-grandfather shoveled coal for a "prince or sumpin'."

To do Gen. Kuropatkin justice, he has executed several difficult slides from one base to the other with much skill and judgment.

A goat in Delaware has partaken of a dynamite free lunch and now no one dares to kick it. Here is a valuable hint for the much-abused hobo.

Mr. Bryan is in favor of letting the people choose the postmasters. We feel certain, however, that this is not the idea he picked up while he was abroad.

The Japanese practice deep breathing until it becomes second nature to them. Gen. Kuropatkin probably has noticed that they never seem to get out of breath.

A New York woman, giving her views in print on the subject of woman suffrage, says: "Every married woman should have a vote without telling her age."

An incredulous public will require the strongest kind of proof before accepting the statement that something just as good as a beefsteak can be made out of cotton seed.

According to Dr. Dowie, excessive atmospheric heat is caused by a multitude of little devils. Now we understand what is meant when it is said that Kansas has a devilish good corn crop.

J. Pierpont Morgan has recently had narrow escapes in gasoline launches and automobiles. Russell Sage will be inclined to think it was good enough for him, as long as he wasn't wise enough to walk and save his money.

Governor Warfield, of Maryland, says his wife was 26 when he married her and he things that is about the right age for women to become wives. When a girl reaches 26 she is so afraid of becoming an old maid that it is an easy matter to get her consent.

A Harvard professor says the moon is full of flowers. The unscientific reader will understand now that those objects on the surface of the moon that look like craters of extinct volcanoes, when viewed through a telescope, are in reality full blown roses of an unusually large size.

In a broad sense the farm is becoming more attractive every year. The telephone and the rural delivery service, the greatly improved machinery for cultivation and handling of crops, the dawn of the township high and the consolidated district school, the formation of debating clubs and women's societies, the building of better churches, and the advent of the inter-urban road—all of these influences have created a new atmosphere for the farmer. The day when the average farmer was a lout has passed, if, indeed, it ever existed.

"A certain municipality in Sweden" is credited by a correspondent of a London paper with securing its income by taxing citizens according to weight. A man who weighs less than 135 pounds can laugh at the tax collector, but one who weighs 200 pounds pays about three dollars a year. Upon one who weighs from 200 to 270 pounds, the tax is about six dollars and a quarter a year. Beyond 270 pounds the tax is nearly two dollars a year for each extra pound. Many a stout man will maintain, with good sense on his side, that the basis of taxation is wrong side up. His bulk is a burden and the tax is another. It is the lean man who should pay for the privilege of being lean.

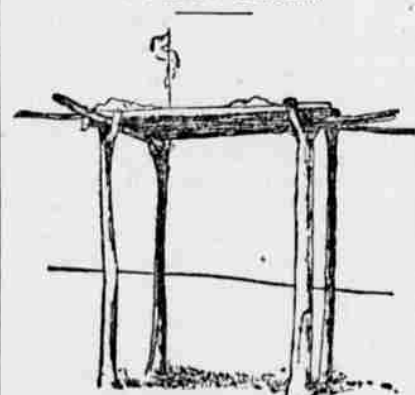
Probably it will be a good while before automatic vehicles will be employed for farm use, yet the trip of the 200 motor car enthusiasts from New York to St. Louis over all sorts of roads indicated that the automobile is approaching a state of development in which it may be used for almost any vehicular purpose. The break-

downs between New York and Chicago were hardly more numerous than could have been looked for among an equal number of carriages drawn by horses. There is no reason, consequently, why automatic propulsion should not be employed on farm wagons. Such a change would have in its favor the additional consideration that it would involve the immediate improvement of country roads.

We talk about the care-free days of childhood. Why do we remember these days with such delight? Was it because we had nothing to do but to play? No. Many of us had errands and chores that kept us busy from morning until night. It was not idleness that gave us happiness. What, then, is the secret of the happiness of childhood? The question is answered in one word, Hope. As children we hoped for something new, something better to-morrow than the good that came to-day. Or if to-day chanced to have more of tears than of smiles we hoped for a brighter to-morrow. As children we believe in people and in the world, we trust that to-morrow will bring right the trials of to-day. Hope smooths out the wrinkles of to-day and prepares for a beautiful to-morrow. Hope works hard at the task at hand and never worries. "Worry is fear. Fear is the devil." Hope finishes up the duties of to-day and believes in to-morrow. Hope goes to bed to sleep, not to toss on a wakeful pillow. Hope has steady nerves and courage. Hope never fears. Hope never weeps. Hope never lags. Hope's efforts are always healthy, vigorous and in some measure successful. Hope is the life-saving quality. Fortunate is he who passes from childhood to manhood with hope. When hope dies, then dies strength and courage. Then do we perish.

A man in one of the Eastern States recently wrote to one of the newspapers that his income was \$50 a week, he had nobody to care for except his wife and himself and yet he could not save anything. He asked for advice as to how he could set aside something for "the rainy day" that every man says he expects, but rarely acts as if he did. He had many replies of one kind or another, but hardly one of them could be called helpful advice. For the most part men told him what they had done in saving out of salaries many of which were much smaller than his. One man with nearly the same income told him flatly that he ought to save one-third of it because he himself had done so, and then showed a schedule setting forth his expenses. Another cheered him with the information that out of an income of \$98 a month he had himself kept house with a table he would not have been ashamed to invite anybody to and had regularly saved \$10 a month. He appeared to think that the inquirer ought to save all of his \$2,000 per year in excess of \$58 a month, which must have been highly encouraging. This inquirer, had he wished to know how he could write as good a play as "Hamlet," would have been as much profited by a letter from Shakespeare informing him that besides "Hamlet" he himself had written divers other plays. The only glimmer of sense was at the end of the first of these two letters, when he was informed that "saving is not in the method—it rests with the man and woman." So it does, but as nobody had told him their method this did not make him any wiser than he ought to have been before. It does indeed rest with the man, and the sooner he learns that truth the sooner each will evolve it for himself and learn how "to cut his coat according to its cloth." If he evolves it he will survive. If he does not he will not survive, and that is the whole story.

AN INDIAN CUSTOM.



THE LAST RESTING PLACE.

A frequent scene on the Rosebud Sioux Indian agency of South Dakota in early days was the funeral couch of Sioux chieftains. The rude raft was raised on tall posts, and presented a weird spectacle in the still, vast plains of the Southwest.

The Man Who Attracts Business.

A sunny man attracts business success; everybody likes to deal with agreeable, cheerful people. We instinctively shrink from a crabbed, cross, contemptible character, no matter how able he may be. We would rather do a little less business or pay a little more for our goods, and deal with an optimist.—Success.

When the sexes have equal rights will men wear \$9.98 millinery creations and kiss each other on the streets?

BATTLE IN A THUNDERSTORM.



JAPANESE AND COSSACKS BATTLE WHILE THE ARTILLERY OF HEAVEN MINGLED WITH THAT OF EARTH.

The battle of Wa-Fang-kau was one of the bloodiest in the Russo-Japanese war, with the possible exception of that which raged around Nanshan hill, in which 4,000 Japanese fell, and was one of the most terrorizing which the mind of man can well conceive. When the engagement was at its height and the Cossacks and Japanese were in deadly and desperate struggle a tremendous thunderstorm broke over the scene, and for a time the artillery of heaven mingled with that of earth in deafening and demoralizing confusion. The heavens seemed to be rent asunder with the awful reverberations and the play of lightning was vivid and blinding.

LIFE.

Give me the strength and height
Of glorious life—
The dawning light,
The straining and the strife,
Love, passion, hope,
In their divinest scope

High winds on mighty seas,
Not sheltered bay;
The storm that frees
Wild torrents, great and gay
With sudden power,
Not the soft spring-time shower.

And if the storm should kill,
The torrent drown—
So be it still.
Still let me snatch the crown
Life has to give,
And cry, but once, I live!
—Harper's Magazine.

TIRZAH'S CHIMNEY.

FIVE years before, when Solomon Green had asked Tirzah Hitchcock to become the second Mrs. Green, she had tartly refused the honor. "I ain't much of a beauty," she had told him, "but no warmed-over affection for me, thank you, Solomon Green."

Solomon had reasoned all in vain. "Why, Tirzah," he pleaded, "it ain't no ways natural fur wimmen to live alone. Every mornin' your chimney is the furst thing I look at, an' if I wasn't to see the smoke a-comin' out of it, I'd be scared to death thinkin' you was robbed, or killed, or sunthin'."

"What's the us in us keepin' up two houses, when one would do jest as well?"

Since that time the two had hardly exchanged a dozen words. Solomon had not married, neither had Tirzah, and now, on the night before her fortieth birthday, she sat looking around her orderly little home with the most desolate feeling at her heart she had known for years.

To-morrow would be her birthday. Mechanically she had gone through a few preparations for that rather dubious festival. The smallest hen from her flock was curled up ready for roasting inside the same pan in which her hens had been roasted for the last fifteen years. A green apple pie sat on the pantry shelf beside a sour cream spice cake, while a plate of mealy tarts was waiting patiently the filling of grape jelly to be theirs on the morrow.

Never before, at that season of the year, had Tirzah's hens been laying so well.

Her cow had never been known to give so large a yield of milk. There were three new kittens in the basket behind the kitchen stove, and her canary bird was the loudest singer in all the village. But for all this Tirzah was not satisfied.

She had heard that day that the widowed cousin, who usually kept house for Solomon Green, had unexpectedly married.

Of course, this was nothing to Tirzah, but still—here she sniffed two or three times, and then, without a particle of explanation to the astonished cat, who had come forth demanding her allowance of milk, sat down in her cane-seated rocker and burst out crying. For five minutes she cried, and then

she dropped her apron and looked guiltily about.

A thought intruded itself upon her which she considered in the light of a secret crime. Over and over again, despite herself, she rehearsed Solomon's proposal; each word as it had been spoken, until, suddenly, like the handwriting upon the wall, there stood forth these words: "Every morning your chimney is the first thing I look at—"

Had he meant it? Did he still turn his eyes with the coming of the morning light down the little hill which lay between them? Did her lonely chimney still claim his thoughtful care?

Five minutes later the dark plot was formed, and Miss Tirzah was hurrying about her preparations for the night with cheeks that burned with fires she had thought long since gone out forever.

The following morning more astonished creatures there could not be than were the kittens, cat, cow, hens and canary of Miss Tirzah Hitchcock. Something, certainly, had gone wrong.

Six o'clock came, and the stable door was not opened by the brisk mistress. Half-past six, and still no fire in the kitchen stove. Seven o'clock, and no breakfast yet for the mistress and her indignant dependents.

Loud and angry rose the protest of Brindle from her snug stall, while the old cat and canary did their best to stir things up inside.

Meanwhile, hidden by the parlor curtains, crouched Miss Tirzah, wrapped in a huge red and green shawl, her heart fluttering between shame and dread, while her eyes, watched with fevered anxiety the house just up the hill.

Oh, how pitifully foolish now looked her deep-laid scheme, when faced in the broad light of day.

Of course, he had forgotten, years ago, to watch her chimney. What was it to him now, whether she had a fire or not? She would go this very minute and build it. She—

Why, what was that? Some one was coming out of Solomon's front door. Some one—why, it was Solomon himself, creeping forth as if he had just been engaged in stealing his own spoons and was now making off with them to a place of hiding.

Where was he going?

The heart of Tirzah stood still for one long and nerve-destroying second, then it went on again with such a hammering and commotion beneath the red and green shawl that a less plucky woman would have fled for the camphor bottle on the instant.

Solomon was coming down the hill straight toward her tiny home. Coming, it is true, not as the conquerors come, with bold and martial tread, but after a timid, slinky fashion of a man who had had his last timid advances in that direction scorned.

When it was certain past all shadow of a doubt that he was coming into the house, Tirzah, the crafty creature, betook herself to the cane-seated rocker, where, wrapped to the chin in the big shawl, she waited with palpitating heart for the timid knock which at length sounded on the door.

"Come in," she then called, feebly, at which the door was opened cautiously, inch by inch, until the entire figure of the middle-aged lover was disclosed to view.

At the sight of Tirzah, bundled up and in the armchair, all of his hesitation vanished.

"Why, Tirzah, are you took sick?"

came in the loud, cheery voice which had not sounded in the room for five years past. "An' it's cold enough in here to freeze the hair off a dog's back. Let me fix you a fire."

In a few moments a cheerful fire was roaring up the chimney. To be sure, there were more chips on the floor than Miss Tirzah would have scattered in a twelvemonth, and the cat was spitting out her indignation in a remote corner over an injury done her sleek tail by the heavy boot of Miss Tirzah's new fireman.

Tirzah, however, noticed neither the chips nor the anger of her cat. Not redder than her cheeks was the blazing fire, for Solomon had taken courage and was sitting beside her, inquiring kindly when she "was took," and if he shouldn't go and "fetch the doctor?"

"You see, Tirzah," he said, with a guilty laugh, "I allers look at your chimney the furst thing in the mornin'—I've kinder got into the habit. I know you don't like it, but—eh—why, Tirzah, woman, whatever ails ye?" "Solomon," cried Tirzah, and she almost screamed it in her excitement, "I—I do like it. I—oh, Solomon—I didn't build a fire a purpose."

And Solomon—
He rose then and there and kissed her!—Housekeeper.

TONS OF BRIGHT GEMS.

The World's Supply of Diamonds Weighs 5,000,000 Carats.

It is estimated that the total world production of diamonds up to date approximates 5,000,000 carats, says the Baltimore American. As we are not in the habit of weighing our diamonds by the ton, we are in some doubt concerning the proper system of computation, whether troy or avoirdupois, long ton or short ton. According to the system used by those who do weigh their diamonds in ton quantities, the result would be in the neighborhood of twenty or twenty-five tons of sparklers now appearing as factors in the joys and miseries of a world which has substituted diamonds for the beads and wampum of its ancestors.

The regions contributing to this supply and the percentage of their contribution appear as follows: South Africa, 81.5 per cent; Brazil, 18 per cent, and the remaining .5 per cent divided among Borneo, India, New South Wales and British Guiana, with North America and Russia supplying specimens. The last two of these countries have furnished just about enough to equip an opera box for a single evening. The deep obligation of society to South Africa is fully apparent. The price of diamonds has been heavily advanced during the last year or two, but it is simply appalling to think what the price would have been without the South African supply. Society, American, English and continental, should daily thank heaven for Kimberley and Jagersfontein.

We are unable to give the cubic measurement of the total collection, but, so far as weight is concerned, it would make a load for a medium-sized freight car.

Not the Same.

He swore he'd go through fire and water
For her, and she was glad,
The way he goes through fire-water
Since they've been wed is sad.
—Philadelphia Press.

A man always likes his mother-in-law among his most distant relatives.