

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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TOLEDO.....OREGON.

The pessimist always bites the spots on the apple first.

What has become of all the people who used to yearn to discover the north pole?

The value of a man's principles depends on what it costs him to cash them in practice.

It's a good deal easier to sit up straight in church than it is to walk upright in the world.

A man's clothes are less apt to make him than his wife's dressmaker's bills are to break him.

The palm for neat and complete modern naval victories will remain in the possession of the American admirals.

Abdul Hamid declares that he regards the United States in the light of the "most favored nation," but it is suspected that he does not really think so.

The stork which brought the Czarevitch also brought along a nicely upholstered seat to be placed in the rear for the occupancy of Grand Duke Michael.

The Czarevitch is reported to be taking his nourishment naturally and sleeping regularly. He has not got far enough along to fear poison and dynamite.

A colored man who dropped a watermelon in order to rescue a child from being run over by a street car has been mentioned as deserving a slice of the Carnegie hero fund.

It is understood that the New York sports are now arranging to have some good bishop dedicate a model gambling den, where the poor man can listen to the doxology while blowing in his week's wages.

Wilhelm's epigram, reported by Miss Anthony, that woman should concern herself only with the three K's—kinder, kueche und kirche—is a remarkable concession on the part of his imperial self. It has been supposed that there was only one K in Germany.

The season's drowning accidents revive the old question whether persons who know how to swim are really safer than those who are without that accomplishment. The answer is simple. With an equal amount of prudence the swimmer is far more secure, and learning to swim should not result in unlearning any of the older precepts of caution.

The English Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals recently felicitated itself and the country on the universal advance which the cause is making, and one of the evidences cited of this humane spirit was the fact that sympathizers in a Spanish town were so enthusiastic that they organized a bull fight in aid of the local Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

We hear much of the insanity plea, but in a large number of cases the plea is brought forward after the prisoner has been convicted. The public sympathy gained for it is largely attributable to a shrinking from capital punishment and the desire to keep a mooted point open to decision on developments, whereas hanging shuts out all. The best interests of the community aside from any consequences to the criminal, in his favor or against, require the most scrupulous avoidance of all appearance even of injustice or passion or haste in the infliction of penalties.

An English-speaking nation has grown up on the west side of the Atlantic which has done and is doing more than the parent country to give the tongue a world vogue. Two-thirds of the people who speak English live in the United States. The industrial and commercial conquests which this country is gaining tell in favor of its people's tongue. A century ago French, Spanish and German were far ahead of English in the number of persons who used them as a vehicle of speech. But in the lapse of time English has passed all of them and is spoken by more people to-day than is any other civilized tongue.

The piteous appeal of the dispatch which says that 40,000 domestic servants are immediately needed in New York touches a sympathetic chord in the heart of every housewife. Never in New York's history has there been such a demand and such a failure of supply. More women than men arrive every week from Great Britain, Germany, Norway, Sweden, Holland and Belgium, and still there are fifty ap-

plications for help for every servant that is to be had. It is a serious situation—more serious than appears on the surface. It is a threat against domestic happiness, portentous of the destruction of family life, indicative of a social evolution.

One by one the most cherished traditions of mankind, or perhaps in this case we should say of womankind, are torn asunder and tossed upon the scrap heaps where lie the forgotten centuries. Through all the ages up to a few days ago woman has had what she considered a refuge when thunder crashed and lightning flashed. She has believed herself to be safe from the forked tongues of flame emitted by the clouds as long as she could roll up in the intricacies of a feather bed. To be able to crawl under a feather bed was supposed to afford immunity from the ravages of lightning. But at Kansas City the other day a thunderstorm which swept in from the sunflower plains proceeded to knock the feather bed theory into something that was of much less account than a cocked hat. At the home of Nathan Koffman a bolt of lightning butted its way through a window and, having found Miss Becky and Miss Anna, the daughters of Nathan, huddled together upon a feather bed, ripped it from under them and scattered the feathers all over the house. The young ladies were so badly shocked that for several hours they couldn't have told the difference between a feather bed and an elegy, but they have now fortunately recovered, and in future will make no effort to escape the wrath of heaven by reposing on or hiding under feathers. What remained of the feather bed to which they had flown for safety convinced them that as a lightning arrester the feather bed is wholly unworthy of confidence. While it is unfortunate that woman may not hereafter flee with confidence to the feather bed when a thunderstorm arrives in town and opens up for business, it may be a good thing after all that the theory concerning the protective quality of feathers has at last been exploded. If the feather bed will not insure people against the ravages of lightning there can be no further excuse for its existence, and it should be abolished. With its passing will disappear a most fertile breeding place for germs, and there will be one thing less in the world to distress the blameless victim of hay fever.

It is the steady-going sort of worker who gets the most done in the end. It is with men as it is with watches—the most reliable and serviceable are the ones that are steadily at work. There is a Pennsylvania engineer who has retired on a pension after forty-eight years of service. "I have carried one watch for more than twenty-six years," he says, "and it always kept the right time." Needless to say he has been a sober, orderly man. For forty years he has not touched a drop of liquor. He never even smoked or chewed. His health has always been good. The fact that this man has been able to carry one watch so many years is not surprising, although its "life" has been much longer than the average timepiece. All watchmakers say that a watch partakes of the traits of the one who carries it. If the owner is steady, even-tempered and reliable and never flies off the handle, his watch behaves itself in the most proper manner. If the owner is a genius, with an erratic, excitable, uncertain temperament, the watch cuts up all sorts of pranks and is too fast or too slow, or else will not run at all. Watch repairers look with considerable suspicion on men whose watches always need regulating. The man whose watch is always right, "just to the tick," is sure to be one who keeps regular hours, does not eat or drink to excess, conducts everything in a methodical manner, and consequently enjoys good health. Men who partake of wine suppers, eat Welsh rarebits and stand off their tailors are always complaining that their watches do not keep good time. The watch, or the man, that is kept running regularly lasts the longest and is of best service while it lasts. The stingy old miser who stops his clock every night so it won't be wearing out while he is asleep gains nothing for his trouble. This old engineer's watch has kept good time for twenty-six years for the reason that the man himself has kept his habits correct all the time. Had he ever gone out, just once, on a high old time and wound up by pawning his watch the next morning, we never should have heard of his wonderful timepiece, for no watch was ever known to keep good time after being subjected to such humiliation. The retired engineer is old in years, but young in spirits. He has kept himself as he kept his watch. He enjoys the admiration and gratitude of all the officials over him, for the reason that, whatever the run assigned to him, he made it on time and had no worries left over. The watch that works only by fits and starts is never to be trusted. Nor is the man who does his work only in the same way ever capable of the highest moral achievement possible to his station.

ALONG THE WAY.

My path is lost, is lost to sight,
My way is gone;
Grant me, O God, strength yet to fight—
To struggle on.

Although no more I see the light
That guided long,
For its own sake to do the right—
To hate the wrong!
—Leslie's Monthly Magazine.

WHAT HAPPENS IN BOOKS.

"I'm sorry it's over," she said. "It's been such fun." She laughed softly. "Such fun! Oh, you don't know."

He glanced at her a little uneasily in the gloom. They were standing under the trees, and there was no one near. He slipped his arm round her and kissed her.

"Are you really sorry, darling?" he said.

She laughed again. "Yes, dreadfully. To-morrow, it'll all be cleared up—"

"Cleared up?"

She put her hand on his arm and drew him further under the trees.

"Yes. Come. I'll tell you all about it. . . . Who's that?"

He peered at two figures in light dresses vanishing in front of him.

"Miss Vining and somebody I don't know. They're gone now."

She laughed again. "Miss Vining! . . . Oh, it's too lovely!"

He glanced at her suspiciously once more.

"Too lovely—what's too lovely? I thought Miss Vining was a great friend of yours."

"So she is. Don't you think it's very nice for me to have a friend like Mamie Vining—such a rich friend—to take me about and be nice to me?"

"I suppose so," he said, without enthusiasm. "She's very rich—of course."

"Immensely! Money's nothing to her. She's a dear, too—a real dear," she added, affectionately.

He did not answer. The subject seemed to embarrass him.

"At least," she amended, "she is, you know, only—I'm getting mixed. But I must tell you to-night, somehow."

"What?"

She patted his arm softly with her fingers.

"I should have liked to have kept it a secret until the last moment," she said, "until I had to give you a wedding present, you know." He winced under the light touch of her fingers. "Why are you squirming about like that, Dick? I shall have to give you a wedding present. It's quite the proper thing. Bride to bridegroom—a for—"

She broke off with a little triumphant smile. "I'm not sure I can tell you—it's so delicious to think you don't know."

He was silent for a minute. She was really very puzzling—and distractingly pretty. He bent and kissed her again.

She looked up suddenly.

"You do care—don't you, Dick?" she said. "You do really care?"

"I care more than anything in the world," he said earnestly. . . . After all, there was time to break it off quietly before. . . .

"Yes, I know you do," she said softly. "That's why I'm going to tell you. You see, we are good friends always, and one of us was rich, and one of us was poor, and the one that was rich decided to come to England, and take the one that was poor with her."

"Yes?" he said, incomprehensively, as she paused.

"Well, you know, in books, when there are two girls like that, they play a trick. . . . At least, they did in a book we were reading just then."

"What trick?" he said, with growing uneasiness.

"They change places. The rich girl takes the poor girl's place, and—"

His quick movement startled her. She looked up, but it was too dark to see his face clearly.

"What's the matter, Dick?"

"Nothing," he said, in an odd voice. "Go on."

"And I said, 'Oh, do let us do that,' and she didn't mind—she said it would be rather fun. So we did."

"Did what?" he said, desperately.

"Changed places—what a dear old stupid you are! Changed names. I'm Mamie Vining."

There was a dead silence. The man's face wore an indescribable expression—if she could have seen it.

"Do you mind my having such a lot of money?" she said. "I know you don't think much of money—you've said so more than once. Don't you remember what you said about people who marry for money? Well, you won't marry me for mine, at any rate."

There was a light step behind. They turned to find the girl who was not Mamie Vining standing beside them. Her friend held out her hand to her.

"Oh, Helen, I want to tell you—I

POPE PIUS IN THE VATICAN GARDENS.



Pope Pius is more fond of exercise than is recorded of any of his predecessors. While he is bound in the nature of his office to go no further from Rome than is possible in traversing the Vatican gardens, he penetrates to the remotest parts of these grounds and spends a great deal of time in the open air. He is generally accompanied in his walks by Cardinal Merry del Val, with whom he is on the most intimate terms. The Pope recently announced his intention of procuring an automobile, as with this means of transportation it will be possible for him to visit any part of the spacious grounds without undue exertion.

want you to be the first to know," she said. "I'm engaged to Dick. Will you congratulate us, please?"

Helen stood still and looked at them. There was a great pity in her eyes.

"No," she said, slowly; "I don't think I will."

Mamie Vining stared.

"Why not?"

Her friend put an arm around her, and drew her away from the man, who stood motionless under the shadow of the trees.

"Because Mr. Vance proposed to me this afternoon," she said, "and I was fool enough to—accept him. Forgive me, Mamie—I didn't know. You needn't mind it—it was the money he wanted—not me."

"You did that!" she said. "Oh, Dick—you did that? You were playing with me; and all the time you didn't mean anything?"

"I loved you," he said, desperately. "And you meant to marry her."

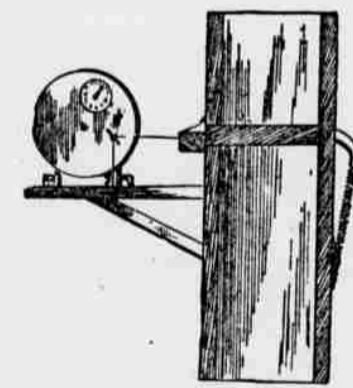
"She put out her hands with a sudden gesture of dismissal, of farewell. 'Please go,' she said. 'It's all you can do—please go.'"

"It was my fault," she said to Helen, when he had gone. "It was a trick, after all—it wasn't fair. But in a book—"

"They manage things better in books," said the girl who was not Mamie Vining.—The Bystander.

FEEDER FOR STOCK

One of the disagreeable tasks in relation to the care of horses, cows or other cattle is the necessity of arising early and supplying them with feed. This is especially true with milk dealers, bakers and many others who are compelled to get up an hour or two before serving their route in order to feed their horses. This is also the case



ALLOWS THE FEED TO FALL.

on Sundays with all drivers of teams. Automatic time stock feeders are not new to the trades, by any means, but few are as simple as the one shown in the illustration. This is so constructed that the feed may be automatically released at a predetermined moment by attachment to an alarm clock and fed into a trough or manger. A chute, through which the food is to be passed, is shown here, with a hinged door at right angles to the inner wall thereof, the door being connected with an arm which projects

through the wall of the chute. This arm is fastened to a spring held to a pin in the outer wall of the chute. A bracket supports a clock upon the other side of the chute, the clock having an alarm attachment. The key which winds the alarm apparatus is connected to a spring-pressed bolt which is mounted in the wall of the chute and designed to support the hinged door when the same is weighted down with food. As the clock runs down the cord withdraws the bolt, and when the proper time is reached the door is released and the food falls down to the manger. After the door is relieved of its weight the spring will cause it to resume its normal position. This would also be very useful in large establishments.

The patentees are John R. Ray and William E. Sankey, of Salem, Mo.

FOLLIES IN MEN'S DRESS.

Male Attire Falls in Even Distribution of Protective Warmth.

That a dress reform for men from a practical and hygienic point of view is badly needed there is no doubt. What can be more ridiculous than cutting the front of the vest and coat away and thus expose chest, lungs, throat, etc., to the inclemency of the weather, giving rise to serious illness? What sense is there in constructing the back of a vest with a mere, thin lining? Do tailors imagine that the spine requires less protection than any other part of the body. What practical use is there in wearing collars high enough to outshade the old-fashioned "father-murders," collars that prevent the free movement of head and neck, and tight enough to seriously interfere with the proper function of several organs?

It is ignorance, pure and simple, and it is one of the physician's duties to enlighten the public on the necessity of considering their health before fashion, ignorance, and folly. Wherein the male attire falls is the even distribution of protective warmth. One part of the body should be as warm as the other. But not enough that the present style of dress makes this an impossibility, to flatter man's vanity (presumably), tailors have acquired a habit of padding the coats "to improve the figure," and thereby introduce another element of unequal distribution of protection.

As a proof of how little men care about this "improvement," it may safely be stated that nine men out of ten do not know where their coats are padded, or that they are padded at all, and then they wonder why in a biting wind they should feel cold in one shoulder and not in the other. If physicians called the serious attention of men to these anomalies in their clothing and inculcated in them correct hygienic principles of dressing, they would take a great step in the direction of preventing disease.

For Sealing Envelopes.
An improved machine for sealing envelopes has been invented by a man in Topeka, Kan. The machine, it is claimed, will seal from 8,000 to 15,000 envelopes an hour.