

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON.

But then, no American girl wanted the German Crown Prince, anyway.

Any man who attempts to serve two masters is liable to be arrested for bigamy.

Fortunate is he who has nothing against his neighbor—for neighbors are slow pay.

One-half of the people live for each other. The other half live on each other. There are cannibals everywhere.

The Brooklyn man who lived on grass for six months seems to have succeeded in reducing a meat diet to its first principles.

We hear of a man who recently contemplated suicide, but compromised by getting married. It is to be hoped that he has made no mistake.

A French war correspondent advises Russia to admit defeat and quit. The Czar would no doubt like to call off the war, but he is in the position of the man who grabbed the bear by the tail. He can't let go.

Durham White Stevens says that he will merely advise the Korean government, but as the Japanese government will be behind him with a big stick he probably has hopes that his advice will be accepted pretty generally.

We can not be freed from all the plagues at once—otherwise our cup of prosperity would run over at a riotous rate. If the potato bug deserts us the wheat rust happens along to check any undue inflation of farm-made fortunes.

George Ade has made money out of his humor, and everybody is glad of that. But what is this melancholy news that he has purchased a great farm and will go in for fancy farming? Has the erudite author of "Fables in Slang" forgotten that Biblical warning, "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was?"

Every one who has stood beside a suburban road at night to signal a trolley-car, and has had to run several hundred feet after it while the motor-man tried to stop for him, will appreciate a new device which is coming into use on many lines. It consists of a group of lights mounted on a trolley-pole, worked by a button within reach of one standing on the ground. Turning on the lights informs the motor-man while he is still far off that passengers wish to board the car at the crossing.

Without inviting discussion of this thorny question, I may say that my own opinion is—supposing anybody wants it—that a husband's rights are what he can get. My view of a wife's rights is the same. Whether it is wise for either party to get all that he (or she) can is a question of expediency, to be decided according to circumstances and individual inclination. The governing principle of the situation is that when two people ride the same horse one must ride behind. The question, therefore, whenever a conflict of rights arises, is whether the front seat is worth fighting about, and, if so, how long and how hard.

It seems to us about time for intelligent people to call a halt in the indiscriminate abuse of everybody who happens to enjoy the not altogether enviable position of being rich. The question twelve months of every year, whether it is a presidential one or not, is not whether a man is rich, but whether he is honest. If he is both so much the better for him, but if he is rich and not honest the time to drop him is not when a campaign is on, but when daily business is to be done and social lines are to be drawn. Throw the rascals overboard in commercial circles, banish them from the society of honest folk, and a real cleaning up will be accomplished.

To our notion the most singular detail of the whole green goods transaction is that the public almost invariably sympathizes with the fellow whom the professional rascals succeed in duping. Now such a person is even more contemptible than the open knaves who do for him. He gets out to get counterfeit money for the purpose of working it off on his own friends and acquaintances, the persons with whom he is daily in contact, and so far as he has a character and standing to just that extent he trusts to his good name to help him unload what is bad. He goes in to cheat others and in the end he is cheated himself. He is at least as mean as the other fellow and any sympathy bestowed on him is worse than thrown away.

American sailor apprentices have received a high compliment from the British consul at Tangier. The captain of an American training ship at that

port had promised his crew two days' liberty on shore. The British consul protested that it would be madness to let them land, as the kidnapping of Monsieur Perdicaris had aroused a strong anti-foreign feeling in the city; but the captain kept his promise. When the time was up every man reported on board, sober and punctual. The British consul afterward said to the captain, "Your men are wonders. They went everywhere, saw all the sights, and behaved themselves as well as any party of tourists I ever saw." This comes of the efforts to get sailors who are sound and clean, morally and physically.

London Truth gives us some welcome information as to the cause of the British invasion of Tibet. News—a good deal of it is rather vague—has been received from time to time during the past few months concerning the progress made by Colonel Younghusband's column, but the public has been left in doubt as to the exact mission of the colonel and his men. We are glad to be able, with the aid of our London contemporary, to furnish a full explanation of the matter. This is Truth's exposition: The frontier between British India and Tibet traverses districts where there are mountain pastures, and our main grievance was that certain Tibetan goats which were ignorant of the line of demarkation were in the habit of straying into British territory. What particular harm the goats did by browsing occasionally on British grass is not very clear. In any case, the damage could not have been considerable. In 1739 we went to war with Spain on account of the ear of a certain Jenkins, which, we asserted, had been cut off by some Spanish official, although it was contended that the ear was still attached to Jenkins' head. It has, however, been reserved to this century for this country to engage in a war that promises to be extensive, on account, professedly, of a few wandering goats. No doubt there are carping critics who will declare that it might have been cheaper for Mr. Bull to build a fence, but we need not give serious heed to such people. They are not familiar with the exigencies of statecraft.

Although it is conceded that the early bird catches the worm, it is likewise pointed out that if the worm were not up and about even earlier than the bird he would not be caught. There is something to be said on both sides of the early-rising proposition. An English physician, for instance, declares that "to be forced to get up early grinds the soul, curdles the blood, swells the spleen, destroys all good intentions and disturbs all day the mental activities." He winds up by declaring that criminals are recruited from the early-rising class—an assertion which is measurably sustained by the known fact that the burglar man and his contemporary, the foot-pad, usually choose the very early morning hours for the practice of their respective professions. Setting aside the ethical phase of the question, however, it is certain that early rising is not a source of joy to most people. The average man hates to get up with the lark, and if there is anything in inherited instincts the fact that he hates to get up indicates that it is not good for him to get up. His disinclination to arise is nature's way of telling him that he ought to stay in bed. The father of Frederick the Great permitted his children only five or six hours' sleep, declaring that more than that made people lazy, but it is doubtful whether any one ever had too much sleep. If nature be not at fault a man should sleep until he awakes—not until he is awakened. Nature, that is, did not intend our slumbers to be regulated by an alarm clock. Perhaps, however, the way to get around the "early-to-rise" difficulty is to practice the "early-to-bed" maxim. He who seeks his couch betimes in the evening will experience no difficulty in getting up while the light is still faint in the east. He will have had his sleep out and that, after all, is the desideratum.

Elaborate Prevarication.

This is how the editor of a paper in Peking, China, declines a manuscript: "Illustrious brother of the sun and moon! Look upon the slave who rolls at thy feet, who kisses the earth before thee, and demands of thy charity permission to speak and live. We have read the manuscripts with delight. By the bones of our ancestors we swear that never before have we encountered such a masterpiece. Should we print it, his Majesty the Emperor would order us to take it as a criterion and never again print anything which was not equal to it. As that would not be possible before ten thousand years, all trembling we return thy manuscript and beg thee ten thousand pardons. See—my head is at thy feet and I am the slave of thy servant." The "art of lying" is not forgotten in the East.

It is admitted that only 18 per cent of London's population attend church. Wherever you live, you hear that church going is very common in other towns.

TO MY MOTHER.

Deal gently with her, Time; these many years
Of life have brought more smiles with
them than tears,
Lay not thy hand too harshly on her
now,
But trace decline so slowly on her brow
That (like the sunset of the Northern
clime,
Where the twilight lingers in the summer
time,
And fades at last into the silent night,
Ere one may note the passing of the
light),
So may she pass—since 'tis the common
lot—
As one who, resting, sleeps and knows it
not.
—John Allan Weyth in the Century.

The Intercession of the Child.

ANY luck, Duke?"
She looked up with a forced
smile as her husband entered
their studio, they termed it, but as
a matter of fact it was their garret
and the only room they had.
He shook his head wearily as he
placed the canvases on the table.
"The dealers are full up, and I
haven't sold one."

"Never mind," she answered, tenderly—"luck must change soon."

"Heaven only knows that ours has been black enough since we married."

"Dearest," she said, reproachfully, and she gathered closer to her breast the sleeping child, whose face was so dear to her, with the blue eyes of her husband and its halo of fair, curling locks, "there is little Ruth."

Marmaduke Sefton gazed moodily into the fire. His thoughts were far from pleasant ones. Until four years ago he had never known that dread feeling of want. His father, Sir Marmaduke Sefton, a very wealthy man, had completely spoiled him. Not a wish remained unsatisfied, and his allowance was a princely one.

This bringing up had the usual result. Duke made up his mind that he was an artist and nothing would shake him in this connection.

Not even the threat of his father's dire displeasure would persuade him to throw down his brush.

There is no doubt that in time Sir Marmaduke would have relented and have countenanced his son in his artistic ambition, but as luck would have it, Duke went into the country to paint landscapes. There he met Ruth, his wife, the daughter of the vicar, and at once proceeded to make love. A few weeks afterward he proposed to her and was accepted.

Sir Marmaduke did not rage when the engagement was announced to him. He wrote a few lines.

"Marry this girl and I have done with you. Not a sou will you have. The choice remains with you."

Duke did make his choice and married. The inevitable occurred and little Ruth was the crowning blessing to a happy marriage. Not for two years did they begin to feel the pinch of poverty. The ready money which he had and the realization of his jewelry kept them going for that length of time. But the last six months had been a weary fight with starvation.

Their "studio" cost them four shillings a week—an attic off the Gray's Inn road—and their food cost them often less. Their thin faces and wearied smiles were speaking evidence of their life. But little Ruth's bonny face bore signs of a mother's love and care.

"There is plenty of lard and potatoes, let us fry them," Ruth said, cheerfully, as she placed the child on her bed.

The next morning they were awakened by the child's chatter. The sun was shining brilliantly through the windows of the roof.

"I will go the rounds again," he said, as he took up his canvases. "I will be back soon with your breakfast, I hope, darling. Good-bye, little one."

There were tears in his eyes as he leaned to kiss his little girl.

His wife stood looking at the open doorway, through which her husband had disappeared. Then, with a sigh, she started cleaning their room.

The little one looked on for a while. In a few moments she grew tired and wandered to the landing head. She walked down a few steps.

Her mother went on with her work, now and then stopping for a moment to dash the streaming tears from her eyes.

Little Ruth reached the street.

"Which way did dad go?" she lisped to herself.

After a moment's hesitation she turned to the left. A hundred yards ahead she reached Theobald's road and toddled along in the direction of Oxford street.

"I find him soon—dad, dear dad. He is crying, poor dad," she murmured.

A sudden run to cross the street, a shriek, the pulling up of horses, and the little one lay motionless in the arms of a kindly policeman. A quarter of an hour afterward she was being attended to by the house surgeon of a neighboring hospital.

"A simple fracture of the arm," he

END OF THE STRAW HAT SEASON.



Peregrination Pete—These will come in handy when I go South for the winter.—Cincinnati Post.

remarked to the nurse. "It was a providential escape."

"What's your name, little one?" he asked.

"Ruth Sefton," she answered, obediently.

"Where do you live?" was his next question.

"Far away, up high," she replied, pointing with her hand to the ceiling.

"What is the name of the street?"

"Ruth doesn't know," she answered decidedly.

"What is your father's name?" asked the nurse at a hazard.

"Marmaduke Sefton," she replied, proudly, and then cried and moaned with the pain.

A few minutes later Sir Marmaduke Sefton was called to the telephone.

"Halloo!"

"What?"

"A child injured? Why do you telephone me? . . . Father's name Marmaduke Sefton? Am I the only one in the world? . . . The name is certainly an uncommon one, as you say."

His stern face softened for a moment.

"Yes, I'll come round," he said, at last.

A quarter of an hour afterward he entered the children's ward. His face turned white as he gazed into the child's blue eyes.

"Private ward, please," he said, curtly, and at the millionaire's word the little one was taken into another room.

While little Ruth slept Sir Marmaduke stayed by her side looking meditatively at her face.

Duke Sefton returned in about an hour to his house. There was a smile on his face as he entered.

"One sovereign. We shall have a bust, darling."

But his wife was lying in a faint on the floor. Quickly he brought water for her, but when she came round she began to shriek wildly.

"Little Ruth has gone," was all she could say.

Then ensued twenty-four hours of agony to the distracted parents. In the morning a policeman came and told them where the child was.

They rushed round to the hospital, but when they were received with the utmost respect and taken to a private ward they wondered exceedingly.

With a tearful cry Ruth ran to her child and crooned over her. Duke knelt by the other side of the bed.

"Look!" cried little Ruth. "He says that he is your dad. Why don't you kiss him?"

A tall figure stepped from the corner of the room.

"Duke, forgive me," Sir Marmaduke broke in, eagerly, and there was a tone in his voice that made his son wonder.

For a moment there was silence.

"Kiss him, dad," the child cried.

And the two men's hands met in a hearty grasp, while the mother's tears fell over the child's pillow.—Illustrated Bits.

JONAH AND THE WHALE.

etails of His Experience from Rabbinical Legends.

When Jonah went to Joppa he found no ship, for the vessel on which he intended taking passage had sailed two days before his arrival; but God caused a contrary wind to arise and the ship was driven back to port. In his joy Jonah paid his passage money in advance, contrary to the usual custom, which did not require payment until the conclusion of the voyage. According to some, he paid even the full

value of the ship, amounting to 4,000 gold denarii. When the storm arose the kind-hearted sailors, evidently respecting the rich passenger, first lowered Jonah only far enough for the water to reach his knees. Seeing that the storm subsided, they drew him back into the ship, whereupon the sea at once arose again. The sailors repeated the operation several times with the same result, each time lowering him deeper and deeper, until finally they threw him into the sea.

The fish which swallowed Jonah was created in the very beginning of the world for that special purpose. Therefore this fish had so large a mouth and throat that Jonah found it as easy to pass into its belly as he would have found it to enter the portals of a very large synagogue. It had eyes which were as large as windows and lamps lit up its interior. According to another opinion, a great pearl suspended in the entrails of the fish enabled Jonah to see all that was in the sea and in the abyss. The fish informed Jonah that he was to be devoured by Leviathan.

Jonah asked to be taken to the monster, when he would save both his own life and that of the fish. Meeting Leviathan, he exhibited the "seal of Abraham," whereupon the monster shot away a distance of two days. To reward him for this service the fish showed Jonah all the wondrous things in the ocean (e. g., the path of the Israelites across the Red Sea; the pillars upon which the earth rests). Thus he spent three days and three nights in the belly of the fish, but would not pray. God then resolved to put him into another fish where he would be less comfortable. Cramped for room and otherwise made miserable, Jonah finally prayed, acknowledging the futility of his efforts to escape from God (Psalm cxxxix).—From volume 8 of Jewish Encyclopedia, just published by the Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The Submarine Boat.

One of the earliest suggestions of the submarine was that of a British smuggler, Johnson, who invented a boat that was to travel under or above water. With this vessel he proposed to carry Napoleon from St. Helena, but the emperor died while the boat was under construction. The adherents of the emperor promised Johnson two hundred thousand dollars on the day the boat was ready to start and an immense sum if it proved successful. Some years later Johnson built a boat with which he experimented in the Thames for the British admiralty. In this connection it may be mentioned that one of Napoleon's marshals, Massena, began life as a smuggler on a large scale, and Commodore Thurot of the French navy at that time obtained his knowledge of the British coasts while in the employ of a smuggler.

A Monkey's Intelligence.

An extraordinary instance of the intelligence of a monkey in the Royal Park, Melbourne, Australia, has been chronicled. A monkey in a large cage was trying to reach a nut which had been thrown down on the gravel path. Putting its arm through the bars and stretching as far as possible, it found that the nut was just beyond its reach. There was straw on the floor of the cage, and going to the back, where it evidently expected to find the straw less damaged, it tested straw after straw, discarding them one by one, not thinking them strong enough for the purpose. At last it found a satisfactory one, returned with it to the front of the cage, and very quickly, with this aid, hooked the nut close enough to be picked up.