LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Men love to be admired as much as women love to be loved.

The man who invented gas certainly ought to be the patron saint of the grafters.

An occasional domestic storm is necessary to clarify the matrimonial atmosphere.

It might help some to make the marriage fee as big as the divorce lawyer's fee.

A bachelor farmer says that the quickest way to remove weeds is to propose to a widow.

Now that Editor Bok has set his lance in rest the "tipping evil" may as well dismount and surrender.

Edison says an inventor is a bulldog with a poetic temperament. This is quite a tribute to the poetic temperament.

A Reading, Pa., blacksmith has accepted a call to the ministry. Many pulpits are now filled by hammer experts.

On her wedding day a girl always imagines that she has her mother beaten to a standstill in the selection of a husband.

A new novel is entitled "A Woman's Remedy." It isn't true. There never lived a woman who didn't have more than 3,000 absolutely sure remedies.

Mr. Rockefeller's declination to establish a pension fund for retired clergymen is the product of a recent lesson that they won't keep still anyhow.

If the churches refuse "tainted money" they make it possible that the money may be used in furthering the work of the common adversary. Think well, brethren.

The statisticians have estimated the average number of children in an American family to be two and three-eighths. No wonder there are so many fractious children.

Now we have the "fireless cook stove." When we evolute to the foodless meal and the clothless clothing, we'll not worry so much about the relation of the trusts to the cost of living.

"Laughsome" appears to have been the beef trust's code word for "rebate." The railroads seem to have also used some code word for the same subject, indicating anything from a chuckle to boisterous hilarity.

A Chicago husband has secured an injunction restraining his wife from moving. It is only a step now to enjoining the lady of the house from housecleaning. When that step is taken life may indeed become one grand sweet song.

Ordinary black ink has just been discovered to be a sovereign remedy for scalds. It bids fair to become a cure-all, as it has long been known both as a powerful irritant, a first-class sedative for the removal of freckles from reputations, while as a boosting tonic it stands unrivaled.

Much vital American history is written in the old overland routes, like the Natchez Trace, the Oregon Trail and the Santa Fe Trail. The patriotism which led Kansas to appropriate money to mark the Santa Fe Trail is not merely local, but national. The Appian Way in Italy and the Roman roads in England record the history of a great past; the early American trails led to the present powerful life of the West.

When it became known a few weeks ago that the late Senator Platt of Connecticut was seriously ill, Senator Spooner of Wisconsin, an intimate associate, remarked: "He looked at everything with the nation's interest first, with Connecticut's second, and with his own third." It is too bad that this excellent order should ever be reversed. In the long run a State is better served by the man who puts the larger good first. Probably the individual fares as well, too, if he only knew it.

To have "gras dried linen" is one of the latest domestic extravagances. It has been handed along by word of mouth from one to another who appreciate a good thing, and there has neither need nor inclination to cheapen it by advertising. It was the happy idea of a man who fell heir to one of those New England farms that you can not rent, sell or give away. But the first view of the situation showed that his farm would bring him to speedy bankruptcy if he were to attempt to run it agriculturally. It had plenty of water and broad, wind-swept meadows, where the sun beat all day long. This gave him his idea. From a city friend he cajoled a lot of what housekeepers call the "big pieces" of the family wash. When the sheets and tablecloths and seviettes came home is was not so much that they were clean—that is elemental laundry work, though rarely attained—but they had the breath of country air and the smell of grass. From this beginning the trade has grown until that Massachusetts farm is paying better than it ever did under a system of rotation of crops.

There is a wide and deep philosophy contained in that phraseology of the street—"Forget it." It is as important to forget as to remember. One is as difficult as the other. And ability along one line is as hard to acquire as the other. Both must be cultivated. It is impossible to become an optimist wthout learnng how to forget. Disagreeable things are bound to happen and one must train oneself to wipe them off the mind as the boy wipes the figures from his slate. Having erased the ugly memories, it is easier to write the pleasant things on the slate of the memory. The man who considers himself a nemesis, who treasures up a wrong, who nurses an injury, who lets ignoble hatreds foster in his heart, cannot be a happy man. His soul is like a crouched tiger ready to spring upon the victim of his wrath. Learn how to forget. If it is easier for you to put on record in your memory personal grievances and to hug an ugly feeling it is because you have chosen to do so. If you hoard up in your mind the unhappy episodes of life it is because you have formed the habit of doing so. To persist in that habit of mind will make you miserable and a confirmed grouch. There is nothing nob : in such a disposition to remember. Learn to forget. Let go the uninspiring, the depressing and weakening grievance. Hold on to the memories that cheer and brighten. There is not room for both. Wipe out the resentments. Write in the place of your hatreds the things that are pure and just and lovely and of good report. Let no mean thing ruffle the serenity of your soul. Forget it.

When an author is spoken of as the "man of one book," there is no intention of implying that his other works may not have more or less of the element of greatness. It is a compliment to any author when his or her fame rests upon a single production, though the rest of the same author's work may have large value. It is one of the accidents of fame and fortune that benefits author and readers alike. The "one book" may not even be the best that the author does, but if it is a heart-thrust, and the public accepts it, its intrinsic literary value may take secondary place. So in acting. The late Mr. Jefferson's "Rip" became his other self, and his title to undying fame, because the public willed it. Between the true actor and his auditors there is an elusive chord which, when struck, makes him a character creator for all time. Madame Bernhardt plays characters well, but nine out of ten who have seen her remember her as Camille. It is not certain that it is her best role, but in it she touches the heart. She is Camille. Similarly a singer may become identified with a single song. Those who heard Patti twenty years ago, and not since, recall her "Home, Sweet Home," and nothing else. Jessie Bartlett Davis' "Oh, Promise Me" will live as long as memory of the singer lives. It was a simple lyric, but its simplicity and its heart-interest made the singer famous. The singer has gone, but the song lives. It is like a single rose on the dead singer's breast—more beautiful and eloquent than a myriad of costly exotics. Simple and full of sentiment, the song and the sweet, sympathetic voice of the singer touched the finer chords in the hearts of countless auditors. In Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," the player's hand wanders many times oveer the keyboard until divine harmony is reached. Jessie Bartlett Davis' "Oh, Promise Me" was a lyric without much literary quality. And yet the singer, who is deeply mourned, will always be remembered by it.

Needed the Basket!

A country gentleman recently took a great fancy to a cob ridden by a butcher's boy who brought the meat to the house from the nearest town. He thought he knew something about horseflesh, and he made a bid for the animal. A price was arranged, and the horse changed owners. The clergyman was also the head master of a grammar school, and he rode his new mount to his daily duty; but to his disappointment the animal had lost all his fire. Neither whip nor spur would get it out of a shuffle, while jibbing and shying brought about one or two spills. In great indignation he called on the butcher, who, in his turn, asked the boy what it meant. "He'll be all right again," said the boy quite seriously, "if you'll only carry the basket!"

Patience is to be applauded always, but, of course, the people who have dealings with you never have occasion to use any.

PEACE ON EARTH.

By Rev. Robert F. Horton.

Text—"Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—Isaiah 2:4.

In the second chapter of St. Luke we are told the angels sang at the birth of Jesus, "Peace on earth, and good will to men." There are things at the present moment which give us a glimpse of hope that these exquisite promises of Scripture may be approaching their fulfillment only a glimpse of hope, I grieve to say.

The real lessons of Port Arthur and Mukden are, that eventually it will be possible to make defensive weapons so commanding that a deadlock will inevitably be reached; a deadlock in which the armies and navies may exhaust themselves without reaching any decisive issue at all. And as that begins to dawn upon my mind there is not only the possibility, but the probability, that the common-sense of the world will begin to recognize that some other method must be found of settling international differences, some other method than war: the nations will learn war no more.

We want our artist, whilst he is painting war as it will be and must be in the future before the nation's eyes, to also paint us our picture of peace. And how shall he paint that picture? He must look into the eyes of Christ, and he must paint on the broad strong lines of humanity. He must be no sentimentalist, he must not paint Christ as the Virgin and the child, or as the Man of Sorrows merely. If he paints what the Prince of Peace wants painting he must show us man really manly because he has learned to love. Our artist must show us the dignity and novelty of nations and men that have found a better way than fighting. Our artist must show us how the nation will employ the wealth and resource which at present are wasted in war. He may show us our army still kept, but used for different purposes. Our armies may be life brigades. And our artist is to show us a great nation using the millions a year that it now spends upon its army and its navy, using it how? Using it in rearing noble hospitals for the suffering, in building in every city great civic buildings decorated with the noblest art, where the music soothes the nerves of the restless population, and the quiet converse becomes possible for the most crowded. With your millions to spend you can bring gardens into the cities that already exist. You need have no ugly buildings; every man, woman and child can be properly fed, and can live in decency and with every prospect of a noble manhood and womanhood. And if you want your army and your navy, our artist will show us a great nation despatching a naval force. What for? To fight and to destroy some other people? No, but to carry to some backward island, or some distressed nation, the resources of our civilization, the gifts and the blessings of our increased knowledge. And our navy sails into those distressed ports as the bringer of a nation's good will, as the giver of the thoughts and the truths which have made our nation great. You can carry the Gospel with your navy, and you can touch the nations of the world, not with guns and rum, but with love and truth of the God of justice and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

SHADY SERVICE.

By Rev. Russell H. Conwell, D. D.

Text.—"It was meet that we should make merry and be glad."—Luke 15:32.

Whatsoever it is our duty to do at all should be done cheerfully. There is no service of God that can be fully and perfectly performed without the spirit of gladness in its execution. Here was this boy, a younger son who had taken his portion of his father's goods, which in that land was but a small portion, as the elder son inherited the larger part and the name, who had taken his portion and spent it in a far country. This boy having lost all, in rags, in hunger, the opposite of what he was when he went forth from that home, came back spirit-crushed to his father.

He had composed a speech and had recited it among the hogs, and had said, "I will go to my father and say, I have sinned against heaven and before thee and am no more worthy to become thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants," and he had only gotten half way through it when his father broke in impatiently, "To the wings with thy speech; away with your recitations; get away from your formalities, my son." Then the father turns to the servants and says, "Bring forth the best robe, put a ring on his finger and shoes on his feet; bring hither the fatted calf and kill it."

But our lesson compels us to get a view of the scene from the father's side.

The father had reached a sanctified state of spirit which neither of his boys understood. The wicked sinner could not understand what it was to be upright and pure and faithful to his God. The other son had been too pious, in the sense of formal piety, to understand.

It is true that he would have clothed his younger brother, he would have fed him, and done those things which were actually necessary, but he would not have enjoyed doing it. He would not have done it with the Christian—the highest Christian—spirit.

It is said that when a lady interested in the cause of the orphans went around to George Peabody, and called his attention to their dreadful suffering, to their sleeping out on the sidewalks in the cold and the fog of London, that Mr. Peabody said, "I am glad that you came. I wonder why no one came to me about this before. This is a magnificent opportunity." I heard Mr. Peabody refer to the establishment of the Peabody Institute in Danvers, Mass., as being one of the most blessed privileges of his life. It is not enough to give. Oh, no. Any ordinary, pious man, trying to live right, will give. But to get joy from it, to find in it the service of God delight, that is the sanctified position into which this father was striving to bring both of his sons.

THE WAR WITHIN.

By Rev. Alexander Hislop, D. D.

Text.—"I find then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present with me."—Rom. 7:21.

A great French preacher was once asked how it was that he who never mingled with society, that he who lived the life of a recluse, knew so much of the life of the world, and so much of men. His reply was that he looked into his own heart and studied men there. That was a very wise and very true reply. For in describing his own experience, and failings, and doubts in full the apostle is reflecting very faithfully and very graphically your own experience. What a vivid portrayal of the deep secrets of many human hearts is contained in these words: "When I would do good evil is present with me."

We determine that we will live a humble life, and in a moment of careless self-confidence pride enters the life. We determine that we will keep our temper under control, but at some unexpected provocation hot anger surges in our hearts, and the hot and bitter word springs from our lips. This, indeed, is not a battle which we can fight and win all at once. Just when we think the battle won there often is one besetting sin more alive and alert than ever.

Men have often the defects of their good qualities. You often come across one of those severe earnest men whom you cannot help admiring for his moral hardihood, but whom you would find is difficult to love because of his very severity and harshness. Then you come across a kindly, genial man who glosses over any sin, and is ever ready to make apologies for any form of evil. Always in this world you find tares mixed with the wheat. Evil comes and stings and wounds the heel. If you read the story of your life you will find that since your childhood these two conflicting powers have been matched against each other, and you find how true is St. Paul's experience, when he says, "when I would do good evil is present with me."

If a man should say, "I have no beliefs to mourn over," "I know nothing of this struggle ever going on in the human heart"—is that a matter for congratulation? Does it not mean that sin in some form has become domesticated in that man's heart? Better, surely, to have this ceaseless strife within; better the sharp pain of curable disease than the presence of mortification!

In connection with all Christian work the explanation of our perpetual perplexity is that when we would do good evil is present with us. But the purpose of God cannot be baffled, and His purpose is simply this—"God sent not His Son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved."

SHORT METER SERMONS.

Love leads to likeness.

Richest joys are often nearest.

There can be no truth without liberty.

The size of a saint does not depend on his sighs.

REAL MEERSCHAUM PIPES.

Test to Distinguish the Genuine from the Spurious.

Once upon a time there was a smoker who spent eight of the best years of his life coloring a meerschaum pipe, only to find at the end of that period he had been nursing a piece of "massa-kopfe" instead of the genuine "ecume de mer." The "massa-kopfe" is a composition made of the parings of genuine meerschaum and a mineral clay, says the New York Press. The parings are triturated to a fine powder, boiled in water and molded into blocks, with or without the addition of clay; each block is then cut into a bowl, but as it contracts considerably it must be left some time to dry. These bowls are distinguished from the genuine meerschaum by their greater specific gravity, but there is no absolutely certain test by which the real meerschaum can be told from the composition.

In forming a pipe from "ecume de mer" the silicate of magnesia is prepared for the operation by soaking in a composition of wax, oil and fats. The wax and oil absorbed by the meerschaum are the cause of the color produced by smoking; the heat of the burning tobacco causes the wax and fatty substances to pass through the stages of a dry distillation and, becoming associated with the products of the distillation of the tobacco, they are diffused through the substances of the bowl, producing those gradations of tint which are so much prized. In some cases the bowls are artificially colored by dipping them, before being soaked in wax, in a solution of sulphate of iron, either alone or mixed with dragon's blood.

Good meerschaum is soft enough to be dented by the thumb nail. It yields readily to the knife, especially after having been wetted. There are various densities; some kinds sink in water, others float on its surface. Those of medium density are preferred by the pipemaker, for the light varieties are porous and even cavernous; and the heavier kinds are often made up artificially. Many judges assume that the heavier kinds are spurious, but there is no absolute proof that such is the case. A negative test may be mentioned; the composition bowls never exhibit those little blemishes which result from the presence of foreign bodies in the natural meerschaum. Therefore, if a blemish occur in a meerschaum bowl—which is frequently the case—the genuineness of the bowl is rendered most probable, but as blemishes do not show until after the bowl has been used for some time the test is not of much value.

A BALZAC ANECDOTE.

French Author's Great Liking for Fenimore Cooper's Works.

In a recent volume upon "Aspects of Balzac," says the Philadelphia Record, appears this characteristic anecdote: "On one young English woman, at any rate, Balzac himself made a strong—if maybe a temporary—impression, according to his friend Gozlan, as recorded in the entertaining 'Balzac on Pantoufles.' Gozlan met the novelist one afternoon in the boulevards, hungry for dejeuner. Balzac took him into an English confectioner's in the Rue Royale. Having ordered some macaroni pates he laid down on the table some volumes he was carrying. 'Do you know what that book is?' he asked Gozlan. 'No, my dear Balzac!' Hearing Balzac's name, the English girl behind the counter started as if fascinated by it. Balzac did not notice her. 'It is "Pathfinder" of Fenimore Cooper.' And he poured out an enthusiastic appreciation of the American novelist, forgetting his hunger, forgetting where he was and everything but his subject. 'But you are not eating,' said Gozlan. 'True,' replied Balzac; and in three or four gargantuan mouthfuls, eating, laughing and praising Cooper at the same time, while he walked up and down the shop, he gobbled up four macaroni pates, to the immense astonishment of the girl, who was amazed that a man who, as she had thought, would feed upon flowers, air and perfumes, should eat so greedily. 'What do I owe you, mademoiselle?' said Balzac, at length, satisfied. 'Nothing, Monsieur de Balzac,' answered the girl, in a tone which admitted no contradiction. Balzac looked at his friend, hardly knowing how to reply to this delicate attention. And then, after a moment's pause, he presented her with Cooper's romance, saying: 'I have never so much regretted, mademoiselle, that I am not the author of it.'

"We do not know whether Balzac ever saw the girl again. He was not of the nature of Sterne. This incident reminds one of the buffet scene in the first act of 'Cyrano de Bergerac,' with this one immense difference, that Cyrano refused to accept more than a grape and macaroon, while Balzac—intending to pay, however—had eaten his fill."

Not Inherited.

Madge—What beautiful hair Dora's baby has. Where did she get it?

Polly—I don't know, but I know where Dora got hers. I was with her when she bought it.—Detroit Free Press.