

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Mr. Depew has not lost his memory. He is simply working his forgettery.

Nicholas Romanoff doubtless wishes there were more in this than a name.

The American residents of the Isle of Pines should remember that Uncle Sam is not in the land-speculating business.

The government crop report shows an aggregate corn yield of 2,707,993,540 bushels of corn. Whew! What a husky crop!

It is seldom that a delegation of kickers goes to the White House and gets away without bearing some marks of the encounter.

"Melancholy pessimism," is one of Mr. Cleveland's latest. Mr. Cleveland's command of language is absolute, and sometimes despot.

It isn't wholly safe for a minister to suppose that the popularity of "David Harum" justifies him in engaging in horse-trading.

In erecting a statue to his Satanic majesty the Detroit man has only given public expression to views which others hold secretly.

The new King of Norway will get a salary of \$200,000 a year. Chauncey M. Depew will no doubt feel that the young man is worth it because of his great abilities.

John A. McCall will be likely to regard the Czar as a pitiful weakling since the autocrat of all the Russias has begun to give back to the people some of their land.

As a concession to the policy holders Mr. McCurdy voluntarily offers to work hereafter for a salary only 50 per cent greater than that of the President of the United States.

A Western woman gives a million dollars to found a university devoted to the occult. The hypnotist who got hold of that million is in the Cassie Chadwick class of money charmers.

A university education may unfit a man for business, as Mr. Carnegie says; but, then, it should be remembered that a great many men are in business to give their sons a university education.

A man suffering from appendicitis drove a brace of burglars out of a grocery store. Great care should be taken in approaching a victim of appendicitis. He is almost sure to be irritable and dangerous.

Hetty Green is going to buy an automobile, and she says she intends to run it herself. Possibly she believes she knows how she will be able, by exercising care, to save 15 or 20 cents' worth of gasoline per season.

In Chicago is a man who claims to be the rightful heir to the throne of England, and Michigan has a citizen who has a family tree which shows that he ought now to be the King of Norway. We don't believe there is anybody in these parts, though, who is anxious to prove that he should be the Czar of Russia.

Patrons of a small public library in New England who fail to find in its books of reference information that they seek are invited to write their question on a slip, which is pasted on the bulletin board. Any reader who can answer the question is expected to do so, and question and answer are displayed together for the general good. High schools might use the system profitably. Indeed, it might be taken up in families. When his inquiries are not merely frivolous, the person who "wants to know" is a person to be encouraged.

It is worthy of note that all financial institutions of any responsibility regard good character as the best basis for successful business operations. It is the fundamental basis of present business methods and of all commercial intercourse. Integrity and confidence are necessary to modern dealing. In fact, it is by integrity and confidence that the great volume of daily transactions is carried on. Paper is accepted whose value depends wholly on the integrity of its maker. A system of checks enables business men and banks to pay a vast amount of obligations every day with a correspondingly small use of actual money. All of these transactions are based on integrity and confidence.

The self-made man is always a person of brains, resourcefulness and ambition, otherwise he would never be heard of. He may lack the advantages of a collegiate education, but he learns

in the school of experience, and thus becomes educated in those things that are necessary to success. The business world is full of men to-day—men who are known as "captains of industry"—who never saw the inside of a college or a high school. Of course, it is recognized that, all things else being equal, the man with the best education will make the most rapid strides in advancement. But at the bottom there must be natural ability. The era of the self-made man will not be past until the time comes when children of the poor are born with less brain power than children of the well-to-do.

Dig is a short and forceful word that has been used with good effect in the Panama debates, but that has led of late to not a little misplaced satire. Sticklers for exact definitions who have sneered at the canal project from the first are intent now on holding that the command to dig called for the immediate employment of shovels in the work of excavation. The simple and obvious method was to line up the shovels along the route and set them going, after which we might take up the inferior questions of means, supplies and preparations. The government, however, has begun with the preparations, according to Secretary Taft. Pools are being drained, swamps relieved of water, and in every way the stagnant water surfaces and the propagating ground for the deadly mosquito are being reduced. This is an absolutely necessary sanitary precaution. All but nine miles of the Panama railroad have been equipped with heavy rails. This is an indispensable preliminary to a gigantic task of transportation. Employment has been given to 13,000 persons. This is at least presumptive evidence that something is doing. Twenty-nine modern steam shovels are now on the ground, and sixty more have been ordered. Apparently the shovels have not been forgotten, even though they have not anticipated all the needs of the work and the workman. Possibly there may have been mistakes that justify criticism. It would certainly be very surprising if in an enterprise of such magnitude there were no faults to correct. But if we consider the subject in the proper spirit it is clear that all the things that have been done are just the response that should have been expected to the command to dig if that were obeyed in good faith. What was wanted was action, and prudent preparation is action of the best kind.

By future generations Oct. 30, 1905, will be bracketed with June 15, 1215, and July 4, 1776, for it will be regarded as the date of the Russian Magna Charta, the Russian Declaration of Independence. Before that day the general discontent, fomented by the Radicals and the Moderate Liberals, had manifested itself in many minor outbreaks, and had finally culminated in a very widespread strike. Railroads were tied up, factories shut down, the telegraph was silent and the newspapers ceased to appear. Although there was serious rioting at many points the violence was less than might have been expected. On the whole the Russian people seem merely to have sat down, folded their hands, and waited until the substantial concessions they asked for were granted. What violence and intimidation had failed to accomplish, this passive resistance succeeded in bringing about. The Czar, after a long conference with Count Witte, signed a rescript which ends the rule of autocracy and establishes in Russia a constitutional and representative form of government. The very word Czar has forever lost its meaning. It is too early yet to predict how the new form of government will work itself out; but it is enough to know that the imperial rescript grants the inviolability of the person, and freedom of conscience, of speech, of union and of association—the things which all free people have come to regard as the foundations of liberty; and the coming Douma, or national assembly, from being merely an advisory body, is made supreme. These are great changes for Russia, in which no nation will rejoice more heartily or more sincerely than the people of the United States. "God speed and God guard you!" will be the greeting of the world to this great nation thus suddenly set free.

Her Miserable Luck.

First Summer Girl—Did you hear about the miserable luck I had yesterday?

Second Summer Girl—No; what was it?

First Summer Girl—While in bathing a man rescued me from drowning.

Second Summer Girl—Why, I'd call that good luck.

First Summer Girl—But the man in the case is married.

Information Wanted.

Dr. Price-Price—You've just got a common fever, that's all. Five dollars, please.

Patient—Pardon me, doctor, but—is the fever as high as the fee?—Philadelphia Press.

POLICE SURPRISING A SECRET MEETING OF REVOLUTIONISTS.



St. Petersburg is just now one vast hotbed of plot and intrigue. Every craft and occupation and every social circle has its secret committee, and these committees in turn are represented in larger committees, and these again are represented in the great "Union of Unions," an organization that is practically in control of Russia, and that is feared by even Count Witte and the Czar. Although the Czar's

manifesto of liberty gave, among other things, the power of free meetings and free speech, the police are still breaking up all meetings, arresting the participants and attempting to terrorize the people into obedience of orders. The picture shows the police in the act of surprising one of the smaller committee meetings in the metropolis. In all probability the informant was a member of the committee, as the police have spies at every turn and in every gathering.

MY ANGEL.

O little child, that once was I,
And still in part must be,
When other children pass me by,
Again thy face I see.

Where art thou? Can the Innocence
That here no more remains,
Forget, tho' early banished hence,
What memory retains?

Alas! and couldst thou look upon
The features that were thine,
To see of tender graces none
Abiding now in mine,

Thy heart, compassionate, would plead,
And, haply, not in vain,
As Angel Guardian, home to lead
The wanderer again.
—Harper's Magazine.

ON THE STREET.

THE young man with the broad shoulders and the air of having at last reached the one spot on earth where he was really happy settled himself in the weathered oak rocker. "Well," he asked comfortably, as one asks who has the right, "what have you been doing with yourself to-day?"

The girl on the opposite side of the library table had one of those mouths



"I DON'T UNDERSTAND."

with tantalizing dents at the corners that eternally threaten to become dimples. She also wore the innocent, pleading look which has worked havoc since time began. She fingered the paper cutter and considered.

"I went down town," she admitted, carefully.

"Indeed!" He was vastly amused, as at a child. "How exciting! What happened?"

"Oh," said the girl, cheerfully, "I had so many surprises. Finding that the silk wasn't all gone was one—and my luncheon was another. You can't imagine—" She hesitated.

"Luncheon?" repeated the young man. "Some of the girls, I suppose?" She shook her head. "Oh, dear, no. It was very funny—I know you'll think so. You see, I met the man so oddly—we each had our umbrellas raised and on rounding a corner we ran straight into each other. That is, the umbrellas did. Mine was smashed, really smashed. He was so sorry."

"I should think he would have

been," retorted the young man, warmly. "Clumsy brute! But you said luncheon—"

"Oh," the girl explained, casually, "of course, it was only natural, seeing he had deprived me of my own umbrella, that he should offer me the shelter of his—now wasn't it?"

"I suppose so," admitted the young man, doubtfully. "But—"

"He was very gentlemanly. I didn't feel strange at all. He asked where I was going and inquired if he couldn't take me to some place for luncheon. He was so nice about it that I said yes."

The young man appeared to have swallowed several ramrods, so straight did he sit up. He struggled for speech. "Why, Elizabeth!" he cried, incoherently, gazing at her as she sat, the picture of pleased reminiscence. "Elizabeth!" more bewilderedly. "I don't understand! It is so unlike you! Do you mean to say you went to luncheon with a strange man whom you met by accident on the street corner and thought it was all right?"

She regarded him anxiously. "Of course I never had been introduced to him," she admitted. "But these foolish conventions—"

The young man got to his feet and came around to her side of the table. He looked very solemn. "My dear girl," he began, "I suppose it is only natural that any one as trusting and innocent as you are should not realize what a risk a girl runs who does not observe these same conventions. You say he seemed a gentleman—why, the worst villains on earth can appear the most charming of men if they choose. How could you tell? He was probably amused at his flirtation, as it seemed to him—"

"Really, I don't think so," cried the girl. "Truly, Tom, he seemed an awfully nice man and we had the loveliest lunch—brolled lobster that I love and—"

"Elizabeth," the young man said, almost sternly, "you are such a child! I want you to promise me for my own peace of mind that you'll never do such a thing again. I can't rest easy till you do! I—"

"And after luncheon," the girl broke in desperately, as though to get the worst over, "he insisted on taking me to a store and letting me pick out a new umbrella. It is ever so much handsomer than the one he broke. He—"

The young man got down heavily and regarded her in amazed silence. "You and he seem to have got on famously," he remarked, bitterly.

"I'm sorry you don't approve," said the girl, meekly.

"How could you expect me to approve of such remarkable actions?" he asked, with more bitterness.

"I don't see that I did anything so very dreadful," she protested, mutinously. "I just went to lunch with him and let him replace the umbrella he ruined. What is there to object to that?"

The young man threw up his hands in expressed despair and glowered into the fireplace savagely. "What did he look like?" he burst out. "I want to know him if I ever run across him. I'd like to tell him what I think of him."

The girl donned her most superlatively appealing look. "Oh, Tom," she insisted, "I thought you liked him. You see the man I ran into turning the corner was—was just father!"

"Chocolates are the kind you like

best, aren't they?" the young man asked after he had got his breath back.—Chicago News.

MARRYING PREACHER DIES.

Chicago Clergyman Who Performed 17,000 Marriage Ceremonies.

Rev. J. Z. Torgensen, 64 years old, died the other day at his home in Chicago, after having performed 17,000

marriage ceremonies during the 35 years he was a minister. Most of the couples were married in the western metropolis and they went from all parts of the country to secure his services. This is believed to

be the greatest number of marriage ceremonies ever performed by one man.

He was ordained to the gospel ministry in June, 1869, and in 1877 he withdrew from the Hague Synod and organized the Independent Evangelical Lutheran Church. It was in Chicago that his career as a tier of matrimonial knots really began. It made no difference to him who the persons were who wished to get married, or what religious faith they professed. At his home in Chicago he always had the front room fitted up for emergency marriages. There were mirrors for the bride and everything was in readiness for a marriage on a moment's notice.

As the minister grew older his abilities were not impaired, but seemed to grow with his popularity. Several times, it is said, he was kept so busy marrying people that he had not time to prepare his Sunday sermons, but his excuse was always well received by his congregation.

He had no stipulated fee for performing a marriage ceremony. If the bridegroom happened to have much of this world's goods, the fee was large; if the couple was poor, probably needing the fee more than the minister, the ceremony was always performed gratis. It was his chief aim to encourage matrimony, he said, and the matter of a few fees was nothing.

After he took to his bed from an illness caused by overwork his greatest regret was that he was unable to continue his work. Hundreds of couples came to him in the last three months of his life, but all were sorrowfully turned away by his wife. On the day he died three couples came to be married.

He was born in Bergen, Norway, and was taken by his parents to Wisconsin when he was 6 years old. He was educated at Lawrence University, Appleton, Wis., and Chicago University.

The Operatic "Star."

It is the star system that kills or cripples the smaller undertakings that might lead to the establishment of permanent operas in every part of the country, the money that should be reserved for these smaller undertakings each year being eaten up by two or three stars. Every one suffers. Ninety-nine impresarios in a hundred go bankrupt; consequently they are growing more and more afraid of speculating in stars, and it may be hoped that some day the stars will no longer be able to do their starrng—at least not at another man's risk—and even the public that likes to hear stars will have no opportunity.—Saturday Review.