

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

All the world loves a lover—loves to josh him, that is.

Why is it that the higher prices an author gets, the poorer stories he writes?

To obtain real parlor-like football, future contests might be referred to The Hague tribunal.

Now that the chorus girls have formed a union, will the "Johnnies" have to combine for protection?

The Russians are inventive enough to discover the merits of the universal strike as a political weapon.

If a Congressman wants to appear peculiar, he will not introduce a single bill to regulate railway rates.

In selecting his future "young partners" Carnegie should remember that boys will sometimes be old boys.

In his capacity as a physician Dr. Osler seems to have been present at an alarming number of death beds.

It is rather doubtful whether the double-headed eagle or the red flag is the present national standard of Russia.

It has been nearly a century since a Russian Czar said to an English diplomat: "There is a sick man in Europe;" and Turkey is still alive.

By abolishing free transportation the railroads will sidetrack some politicians who are deadheads in more than one sense.

Mr. Root has an idea that the consular service could be used to better advantage than as a refuge for played-out politicians.

A statement of the steps to be taken to prevent a recurrence of slugging at Annapolis, under the "code," would be grateful to the public.

Only twenty boys were killed and 205 badly maimed in the recent football season, yet there are some people who think the rules ought to be reformed.

While the gift made for President Roosevelt is the first gold heart Colorado has ever given, she has in times past distributed quite an assortment of marble hearts to other statesmen.

There is a Kologoropoulous in the new Greek cabinet. Probably he is a cousin, several syllables removed, of the celebrated James J. Pappatheodorokoumountourgeotopoulous of Chicago.

The hazers must go, and the sooner they go the better it will be for everybody but the hazers. It will not make much difference to the world what happens to them after they are put out.

It was something of a shock to hear that a man who could earn Jimmie Hyde's enormous salary in the insurance business was not regarded as having the intellectual equipment needful for an ambassador.

Dr. Osler, late of Baltimore and now regius professor of medicine at Oxford, appeared on the same platform with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain recently. According to the professor's pet theory Joseph ought to have been asphyxiated some thirty years ago.

The announcement that Columbia University has decided to abolish football after this year will cause the football world to sit up straight in astonishment. It demonstrates better than anything else the degree to which public condemnation of the game as now played has gone. Well may the advocates of the gridiron game cry aloud, "Reform, reform or we perish!"

Bad water is said to kill more soldiers than are slain by bullets, and it is not improbable that if statistics were obtainable they would show that more sailors perish in accident of one kind or another—including shipwreck—than are lost in battle. Disasters like that which overtook the Bennington are by no means rare and their victims aggregate a great number of men. When the hazards of the sea are added to the peril of explosion of magazines and steam boilers the sailor takes almost as many chances in peace as in war.

All over the United States men are talking of graft and grafting and grafters. They don't have to explain what they mean; everybody knows. Webster may be ignorant of the words, in the new American use which makes them so useful; the Century may acknowledge them not; it isn't of the slightest consequence. They are fresh

from the people's mint, they were needed, they pass current and they have come to stay. Only the other day the interdenomination conference in New York refused to weaken one of its resolutions by striking out "graft" and putting "dishonesty" in its place. "But it is a slang term," objected Rev. H. H. Oberly of New Jersey. What if it is? A word that "makes good" in the common speech of to-day will be in the dictionaries to-morrow.

Wisconsin and California have each established a "legislative reference library," a department of the Legislature in charge of experts in finance, law, economics, history. Its function is to furnish to the legislators impartial information bearing upon any bills, enactments or measures which the lawmakers have under consideration. If a legislative committee is considering a bill, the librarian finds out what has been done in other States and other nations, discovers all the legal relations of the problem, and helps to phrase the bill so that it will work if it becomes law. Thus much blundering, much unnecessary legislation, many evils that result from hasty, inexperienced legislation will be checked. The courts are always struggling with ill-phrased, ambiguous, contradictory laws. Indeed, the judiciary departments waste much time gathering up loose ends left by the legislative bodies. The idea of the reference library is not to interfere with or influence legislation, but to assist it, clarify it, and relate it at its inception to the legal experience of the world which it must encounter later. This work is somewhat like the duties of the British treasury counsel and government draftsmen, to whom bills are submitted for phrasing and collating before they are presented to Parliament for final vote.

"Marriage and home ties are detrimental to the artist's work," says the head of the French Academy of Fine Arts. "One must choose between the married and the intellectual life," maintains a woman official of the University of Chicago. There would be no sound if there were no ears to hear, and likewise art and literature would be without value if there was no posterity which had inherited literary and artistic appreciation. Man's work is but half done if he gives only art and no artists, only books and no writers to the world. Intellectual strength and artistic temperament must be perpetuated in blood as well as on paper and canvas. No muse, however alluring, is as powerful to spur a man on to great effort as the clinging dependence and loving faith of wife and children. He works best who works for someone else that loves him. Love is the great source of power throughout all the universe. Harriet Beecher Stowe rocked the cradle or made bread between the lines of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yet it stirred a nation as few books have. What artist may decide that his art has reached the highest point of perfection; that it is the exponent of highest inspiration and greatest possible skill? Mountains do not rise abruptly from the plains. He may be only one of the foothills in a chain, which, if unbroken, will at last blend with the sky. That glorious crown of horticultural art—the American beauty rose—did not bloom in the fullness of its deep-hearted loveliness on the humble parent wild bush. Generations of patient pruning and trimming, of preserving the best and casting out the worst, of combining and thus strengthening the fine qualities, lie between the simple, dainty, wild rose and the mature, perfect American Beauty. And the end may not yet be. So it is with men. It took seven generations of ministers to produce an Emerson, and it is written of Raphael's father that he might rank as a great artist had he not been so unfortunate as to have a son who outclassed him. The vital truth is larger than literature and art alone. Goethe sounded the deeper and broader worth of a man when he said: "Whoever has best served his own people in his time, he has lived for all time." Men become immortal through their children more often than through their work.

Hot Shot.
"Hello!" said the country editor, by way of greeting, "what are you filling that saw for?"

"Cause it's dull," retorted the grouchy old farmer; "what'd ye s'pose?"

"Ah! do you always file things that are dull?"

"Wal, no; I never file that fling-batted paper o' yours."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Treachorous Memory.
"I have such a wretched memory. Now I have an appointment with my dentist to-day and I've just thought of it."

"Well, you've remembered it in time."

"But, blame it, I wanted to forget it!"—Cleveland Leader.

The good things of life grow slow, but it is different with bills and scandal.



THE DARK ENIGMA OF LIFE.

By Rev. W. G. Elmslie, D. D.

Text.—St. John xi.

The rulers of the Jews at Jerusalem had resolved on Christ's death, and the mass of the people sympathized with them. The Master's life had been threatened by a popular outburst. When Jesus received the message He behaved in a very strange fashion. Apparently He just did nothing, but went on with His teaching and preaching.

Christ said the end is first of all death, but that is not the termination. Through death sickness, struggle of doubt and faith, should end in the glory of God. He meant this; in the preparation of His life and His death the death and resurrection of Lazarus held a central position. It was the turning point, the thing that determined His crucifixion on Calvary. That tremendous miracle compelled the rulers of Jerusalem to resolve on and carry out His death. That miracle of Lazarus' resurrection gave to the faith of the disciples and of Christ's followers a strength of clinging attachment that carried them through the eclipse of their belief when they saw Him die on Calvary.

Now, what would you say? Was it cruel of Christ to allow His friend Lazarus, His dear friends Mary and Martha, to go through a period of suspense, of anxiety, of sickness, of death, and of the grave, that they might do one of the great deeds in bringing in the world's Redeemer? Oh, men and women, if God be wise, and if God be great, then must it not be that somehow or other the structure of this world is the best for God's end, and our tears and partings and calamities but incidents in the grand campaign that shall end in the resplendent glory of heaven?

Death cannot ultimately be an evil, since it is universal—the consummation, climax, crown, of every human life. Ah, if we had the grander majesty of soul to look at it from God's attitude, we should call death, not a defeat, but a victory, a triumph. I think sometimes that if death did not end these lives of ours, how weary they would get. Think of it—to live on forever in the sordidness, in the littleness, in the struggle, the pain, the sin of this life of ours. Oh, we need that angel of death to come in, and now and then stir the pool of our family life, that there may be healing in it, that there may be blessing in it. Death, holding the hand of God through it, death, to those that stand by and see the sweetness of human love, the triumph of faith celestial, has a grandeur in it, like Christ's doubt creating features and elements of its external impediment—death becomes God's minister. It is going home to one's Father.

AMBIGUOUS CHRISTIANS.

By Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

Text.—Ye are our epistle, written in our hearts, known and read of all men.—II. Corinthians iii: 2, 3.

The root meaning of the word "ambiguous" is "to wander about with irresolute mind." It has come to mean in general use the state of being doubtful or uncertain, particularly as to signification. But people, as well as words or epistles, can be ambiguous. The contrasts between their words and their acts, their professions and their conduct, their beliefs and their character may be so great that we really cannot make them out, our thought of them is doubtful and uncertain, to the signification of their lives it is difficult to assign a real, plain, definite meaning. It is a sad fact that there are so many so-called Christians who must be placed in this class.

One thing is certain, either you are a Christian or you are not a Christian. If you are not, then you show plainly that you know your duty and deliberately choose to do it not. If you are, then, like Peter, you are deliberately denying the very Saviour you love and in whom you hope. If you are not, then you have been in the garden with Christ, have listened to his teachings, have heard and understood the way of life, have come to know the value of eternal life, wish your friends, your children and all dear to you to accept this great salvation, and yet for yourself you are deliberately rejecting Christ. This is certainly sinning against great light. If you are a Christian, then you have been in the garden with Christ; you do love him; you have heard his gracious words; he is your best friend and

your only hope of eternal life, and yet, like Peter, you are either afraid or ashamed to confess that you ever knew the Saviour. You surely cannot take refuge in the thought of confessing Christ by your life, while you are warming yourself at the fire with his enemies, or while standing at the door without. You may be a disciple, but while you stay in this position you are denying Christ. The very best that can be said of you is that you are an ambiguous disciple. Like Peter, you must be quick to repent.

Be no longer, I pray you, be no longer an ambiguous Christian from lack of an open confession of Christ. "With the heart man believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation." Confess him. "Let the redeemed of the Lord say so."

THE CROMWELL OF ISRAEL.

By Rev. Samuel Horton.

Text.—"For the time would fail me to tell.....of Jephthah."—Hebrews xi: 32.

Jephthah's life was a tragedy and a triumph. From his birth he was an ill-used child. He came into the world unwanted. Jephthah had a hard time of it in Gilead's household. His father's son treated him vilely. The iron entered his soul very early. They made him their drudge, the butt of their wit, and scapegoat for their wrong doing, until at length he ran away. Better the coldness of the world than the mockery of a loveless home.

The lad who ran from home to push his own fortunes into the world had the making of a kingly man in him. He had a chieftain's brain under his hat, and a noble heart under his coat. He had grit and courage, and in the day of adversity turned his face to the north wind with a brave heart. He was of the stuff out of which the world's pathfinders are made. He gathered to him all sorts of wild men like himself, the outcasts of society; adventurers; runaways, vagabonds, and broken men; and out of this unpromising material Jephthah moulded an army that was well nigh invincible. He proved himself to be a military genius of the first rank.

"We cannot," says Carlyle, "look, however imperfectly, upon a great man without gaining something by him." And this we gain from our study of this Hebrew hero, that the despised child, homeless and friendless, may be the most valuable asset the nation possesses, that to neglect such a child is to sin against the future, and that pluck, energy and faith may set at defiance the most discouraging circumstances. Among self-made men Jephthah has an honored place. To all young men who need a nerve tonic I commend this history. Everything is to the man who dares. Nature's nobles may have to wait for their blight, but it will surely come. God can do nothing for the man who sits and whines, but will turn the very stars out of their courses to help him who is worthy. The kingly soul will come to his crown, though his throne be his own tombstone. Then, if it must be so, God and I against the world. Time and eternity are on the side of the hero.

Short Meter Sermons.

Good cheer chokes many a fear.

You are never rich enough to spurn love.

Sacrifice gives a heavenly grace to any gift.

The glowing vision comes in lowly service.

The salt of the earth will have no sour virtues.

True charity knows nothing of absent treatment.

Angels are always singing where love is working.

God has only one school for character, that of daily life.

The happiness reaped to-day depends on that sown yesterday.

There is no hiding from the subpoena of the court of conscience.

Tears in the eyes are often telescopes that bring heaven near at hand.

There is no happiness in all this world if there is none in the heart.

The outgoing of the heart to another means the incoming of heaven to yourself.

There is something wrong with the heart when it hurts you to see others happy.

You cannot tell much about the breadth of a man's mind by the width of his mouth.

Some men think they can put cash in one pocket and conscience in the other, and by keeping the left hand ignorant of the deeds of the right live happy ever after.

THESE TWINS ARE 80.

Most of the Lives of the Brooks Brothers Spent Afloat.

Ezekiel and Ephraim Brooks recently celebrated their 80th birthday—they are twins—by pulling a load of lobster in a boat to New London and returned home the same day—the distance they covered being nine miles, with rough water prevailing. Born on the shore of Connecticut and winning a livelihood by hard tasks at sea, the Brooks boys never knew what failure of physical strength meant and to-day they take as great hazards as ever they did in early life, thinking nothing of dangers.

From their earliest days the brothers possessed a great desire to follow the water and as boys they shipped as cooks on fishing smacks and followed along until they became full-fledged fishermen attached to the Jordan cove fleet. They fished at Block Island and



EZEKIEL AND EPHRAIM BROOKS.

Nantucket for cod and at Montauk Point for sea bass, in the summer and early autumn, taking porgies from Peconic bay, Long Island, and mackerel at Sandy Hook with hook and line, carrying their catches alive in wells to Fulton Market, New York. When the halibut fishing began to interest fishermen the brothers went to George's bank, making successful trips in a schooner smack. With the building of the railroad through to New York the smacks shipped catches by rail and eventually the old fishermen went out of business and fishing for profit there declined.

The brothers have gone through life shoulder to shoulder and they will be twins in everything that has to do with their lives to the end of their days.—Utica Globe.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

The art of irrigation is, no doubt, a source of grave speculation to the uninitiated; how thousands of acres of growing crops can be successfully watered by artificial means must puzzle a good deal those whose experiments in similar direction do not reach beyond the watering of potted house plants, a bed of flowers in a garden from a watering pot, or the irrigation of a front yard by means of a lawn sprinkler. There are 8,000,000 acres of land in Colorado susceptible of cultivation. Forty per cent of this area is now under actual cultivation. To cover this immense area with water from the irrigating ditches two or three times over during a single season is something of a task. Colorado land, to be well irrigated, should have as much water put upon it during the successive irrigations as would cover it one foot deep were it put upon the land all at once.

In most cases the land and water are conveyed in the same deed or by the same person, in which case the water would have been previously attached to the land and the land would be under cultivation. In a few canals of the West water is rented to the land owner, but the instances of this sort are so few that it is hardly worth while to refer to them. Upon the purchase of a right the purchaser usually becomes an owner in the canal. A contract usually provides that a certain amount should be charged each water-right owner in proportion to the water he buys, for the maintenance of the property and the canal company guarantees that this assessment will not be over a certain amount during its management. This charge for maintenance takes the water from the river and delivers to the headgate of the water-right owner's lateral, pays the salary of ditch-riders and pays for breaks, repairs and general maintenance. The water-right owner then takes charge of the water and conveys it through his lateral, or the lateral in which he has an interest, to his land.—Denver Field and Farm.

The baby is sick, mother is up all night; children get sick, mother is up all night; father gets sick, mother is up all night; but who is up when mother gets sick? Does anyone know of it but the Lord?

About the quickest way for a young man to win a girl's love is to bribe her father to object to him.