

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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

TOLEDO.....OREGON

King Alfonso's bride is eighty-six pounds heavier than he. Wooh! Think of her at 40.

Mr. Rockefeller is now able to eat a square meal, and he is almost as happy as a tramp.

Rev. Dr. Crapsey doubtless recognizes by this time the danger of preaching what he thinks.

In the case of automobiles denatured alcohol should be able to effect a pleasing change of odors.

Among other things the Czar must hate about it is losing that high-sounding title of "autocrat of all the Russias."

King Alfonso says he expects to be assassinated, but he will resolutely stick to his job. What a fine baseball umpire he would have made!

Scientists say that players of musical instruments live longer than any other people. That simply goes to show how compassionate the public really is.

Other railways may be guilty of doing unseemly things, but Mr. Boer's is a good little railway, with a certificate to that effect from its Sunday School teacher.

King Alfonso predicts that the bomb throwers will get him some day, but takes it philosophically. Alfonso has grown several years older in the last few days.

To those who have insisted upon the opposite it must come as a distinct shock to be told that Mr. Rockefeller weighs nearly 200 pounds and is hale and hearty.

Fifty or more kinds of headache have been discovered and catalogued by experts. Some of the varieties are worse than others, but none can be recommended for steady use.

The income of the average American, according to United States census reports, is \$650 a year, but the meat, ice, milk, grocery and other bills indicate that his outlay is much more.

This problem of saving Niagara Falls is simple. All that is necessary is to make the corporations who are taking the water carry it back and put it in the river again above the falls.

"Every man should stick to his job," said John D. Rockefeller just before he sailed for Europe. A good many people claim that they would have been glad to stick to theirs if John D. hadn't pushed them out.

A Texas paper proudly declares that "Andrew Jackson never called a man a liar by telephone." We might add that John Quincy Adams never used a planola and that Aaron Burr never ran over anybody with an automobile.

In the extremely elevating personal column of a New York contemporary a certain woman described as "magnetic" declares her ability to foretell the present and future. With such powers she ought to be able to foretell the past, too.

The Leavenworth Post makes a practical and luminous suggestion in regard to the Isthmian canal. Instead of digging through the strip of land at the cost of great labor and much time, why not pump enough water into the two oceans to submerge the isthmus? And this simple solution of the great problem never once occurred to the high-priced engineers who have been working at it for so many months.

Some of the London newspapers are urging King Edward to "take a run" overseas, tour Canada and take in a little of the United States. He has developed into one of the most astute, far-seeing, liberal-minded and influential of the world's rulers, entirely abreast with his age. He would be immensely interested in comparing both these American countries now with what they were when he saw them forty-six years ago, and few foreign potentates would be quite so warmly and impressively welcomed in the United States as he who as a slim youth was feted and feasted and danced with and genuinely liked away back in 1850.

We do not have all the humors of automobiling to ourselves in this country. There was a race recently in Italy from Milan to the "toe of the boot," in which forty-eight machines straggled down the long road. As each neared Brescia its occupants saw at the roadside a stalwart peasant woman surrounded by full pails of water and men to keep them full. They fancied she was there to offer refreshment, but they did not anticipate just how, for as each came near she dashed

the contents of a pail full into the chests and goggles of the occupants, while lingual consequences no graphophone or other phone could put on record. This is a refreshing illustration of the esteem in which "the masses" hold the machine which in this country alone since June 1 last is said to have killed more people than were killed in our war with Spain.

It was inevitable that the prolonged and exaggerated revelations concerning life insurance should be followed by "exposures" and abuse of other commendable interests. The Salvation Army has now been attacked, probably unjustly, as corrupt and we may soon expect to hear that orphan asylums are honeycombed with graft, savings banks no good and old people's homes mere hotbeds of rascality. There has never been a day since the outbreak against life insurance when it was not perfectly well known that there were plenty of States and companies in which the policy holders' rights were thoroughly protected, nor a day in which even the worst berated of the New York organizations were not known to be meeting every obligation and paying hundreds of thousands of dollars to policy holders or their beneficiaries. But the stream of printed abuse has been so steady that thousands of otherwise discerning men have been led to half believe that life insurance is all wrong in theory and management, while great numbers of policy holders have been wantonly scared into letting their contracts needlessly default. Life insurance is peculiarly sound and safe and the sum due on each matured policy is certain to be paid. Slamming it will doubtless continue, but the parties who are fond of that sort of thing will in due time find other interests to maltreat and people may be allowed to protect their families through the beneficence of life insurance with only a modicum of terrorizing.

Love and royalty make a sweet-sounding combination apt to excite envy. The lovers without wealth or station and the rich nabobs without love may alike look upon the young King of Spain and his noble bride, whose hearts are joined, as well as their hands, as singularly blessed. If there are any especially favored on earth it would seem it must be this pair of royal young lovers, who, in addition to their love, have all material environment to which human ambition could aspire. But it is well for us humbler folk to remember that happiness in love is not dependent on high station in life. Love, like the sunshine, is for all, and is sweetest perhaps to those whose lives are ordinarily in the shadows. Anyway, the smiles seem more soulful and the laugh rings more true at the weddings of the poor or humble than of the rich or exalted. If history teaches us anything it is that the past sovereigns of Spain, with all the splendor of their environment and all the fire of their love, have never been happy in their marriages. Ferdinand VII, while still crown prince, married Marie Antoinette Therese and thereby gained the imperial wrath of Napoleon, and after her death his love intrigues lost him his kingdom. After his restoration he married Maria Christina, whose very name is still hated by the Spanish people. Largely through her influence he issued the Pragmatic Sanction which abolished the Salic law, made Isabella the crown princess and gave Spain its terrible heritage of Carlist conspiracies. Alfonso VII made an unpopular marriage with his cousin, and Mercedes died a few months after marriage. Then he took the Archduchess Maria Christina of Austria—a marriage doubly hateful to his subjects. She has conducted herself wisely during her regency, but has never won the favor of the Spanish people. The marriage of Alfonso XIII, and the Princess Ena is one of love, but the heritage of complications and disasters which cling to their throne is a terrible thing to live under. Are they to be envied? Envidable rather are the thousands of humble couples who have nothing in the world but their love and their hopes.

Bake Your Sausage.

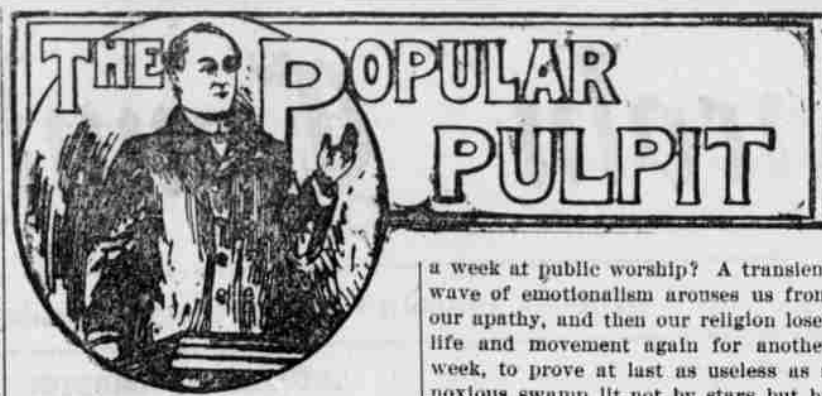
Henry Ward Beecher once spoke of the frying pan as "the modern inferno that fell from heaven that all men are in duty bound to worship."

At the risk of dethroning this idol we strongly recommend that sausage be baked in the oven and not fried in the pan. Our selected casings are exceedingly delicate and burst in frying, and the sausages do not present a nice appearance; besides, they are not as well cooked and the flavor is not as good when the sausages are fried. If you want perfect sausages, bake them in the oven.

When Gladstone Was Wrong.

Mr. Gladstone knew how to admit that he was in the wrong. On one occasion he did so, candidly and handsomely, as became a gentleman. But he preferred to keep clear of the necessity for apologies and had scant belief in their efficacy.

"You can't unpull a man's nose," he once said to his private secretary.—Exchange.



THE BROOK IN THE WAY.

By Henry F. Cope.

He shall drink of the brook in the way; therefore shall he lift up the head.—Ps. cx., 7.

Nature has a prodigal way of scattering rivulets down the hillside and along the pathways, little heedful whether men walk there or not. The practical eye sees waste; these streams might have been made to turn wheels; the needs of the traveler, weary with the way, might be met by faucets at regular intervals.

It is well for us all that the power of the practical man finds its limitations, else all poetry would have gone from the world, and great and glorious as might have been our physical perfections our bodies would be but the empty habitations whence souls had long since fled. The utilitarian would have stoiled from us the bliss of the deep draft from the pebbly brook.

The man who is proud of being practical tells us we are wasting time and nervous energy in stopping to think of ideal things; we must take the world as we find it, he says, forgetting how fair and poetic we once found it and how bleak and ugly we likely are to leave it. But to him trees are always lumber, grass and flowers but hay, bird songs spell poultry, wind and waters energy. Many are too busy making things ever to enjoy anything that is made.

In this steel age it may seem foily and waste to stop and think of sacrifice and courage and love, to admire and answer to the thrill of human passions; but alas for him who never sees the light of heaven in another's tear, nor hears the brush of angels' wings when men and women fly to their fellow's aid.

If you haven't time in your busy life to turn aside to drink of the brook of human affection, to look deep into the eyes of friendship, to sympathize, to comfort, to taste this strange, sweet and bitter cup of our common fellowship, then is your heart going dry and thirsty and life becoming a whitened road that knows no wells or springs.

But something there is in man that calls for drafts at yet deeper streams than these. Foolish and unlearned he may be, ignorant of the wise conclusions of philosophers who have looked into these things with their lanterns, but through the ages he has been drinking eagerly at the waters of eternity. In every man there is a thirst after the deep, immeasurable things divine; the deeper the nature of the man the greater his necessity for drinking often here.

The consciousness of the great life that embraces all life, the sense of its nearness to us all, has been a perennial refreshing to all great hearts. In some way to bring the life into touch with the infinite is to take down its limitations, break its barriers, and give it a sense of infinitude, to lift up the head in vision of the divinity of our lives and of every life. We who walk in the dust often need to be filled with the divine lest we become ourselves but dust.

This world of things is hungry for the life that is more than things, the life of the spirit; that is why so many love to sing of heaven and dream of a fair world peopled by strange and glorious celestial ones. Heaven is nearer than we think; like the brook by the way, the life of the spirit flows beside this life, happy they who drink of its waters, who already enter into eternity, who find strength for this life's way and work by the contact with the life that is life indeed.

Is it any wonder that life is a wearisome thing, a dead drag, when you are starving its very sources? You neglect the soul at the peril of all. So anxious are you to run this race that you have no time to allow him who rides in the chariot to drink of the water of life. This is not utilitarianism; this is suicide from the center out.

The most practical common sense demands that you feed the inner places of your life, the heart that has gone so long thirsty and longing for love, for things too deep for words, for things that cannot be used, cannot be quoted in dollars. Give your inner life its deep drafts of the infinite life and your outer life shall take its place and do its work in the world.

LIVING RELIGION.

By Rev. Aram S. Isaacs.

The dead praise not the Lord.—Psalms 115: 17.

How many of us consider ourselves religious, although ours may be but a stagnant kind of religion, stirred once

a week at public worship? A transient wave of emotionalism arouses us from our apathy, and then our religion loses life and movement again for another week, to prove at last as useless as a noxious swamp lit not by stars but by fireflies, and within whose bounds nothing sweet or inspiring can endure. Such dead souls and characters cannot praise the Lord.

Some of us, however, make our religion a living factor, which finds not its sole satisfaction in formal worship, but demands the translation of that religion into life as well, so that in our daily work we may show its influence as a motive force for good. Can it not be said of such people that their life is a religion and their religion is life—not merely a prayer, a ceremony, a bending of the knee, a folding of the hands, but a radiant, useful, consistent life, a blessing to God and man? They truly praise the Lord.

For that, after all, is the test of our religion. Does it impel us to right thought and action and help us to realize the highest ideals of manhood and womanhood? Does it make our character firm and genuine and mold into harmonious growth the hidden powers of our inmost soul? All else is largely sentimentalism, upon which no edifice can be securely built.

Religion must not be limited to our relations to the Almighty, but it concerns as vitally our relations to our neighbor. Does it enter our home and make it more helpful and loving? Does it enter the shop, the office, the mill, the market, and promote justice and mercy between debtor and creditor, employer and employe, the humblest wage-earner and the lordliest proprietor? Does it aid in banishing trickery, dishonesty, graft? Does it help in enforcing righteousness as a vital element in society?

If men and women would regard religion as a living force extending over the whole range of individual activity in every relation there would be nothing visionary in such a readjustment of conditions as would make the atmosphere of business as fragrant as the atmosphere of worship. Did not the monk who wrote that "To work was to pray" suggest the ideal side of our daily calling?

There is something inspiring in a living religion that appeals for breadth and symmetry, not narrowness and one-sided growth, which makes the church doors swing outward and sees through the synagogue window a wider stretch of sky, which views all life as its altar and every field of human effort the seed ground for highest endeavor. How the world would sweep exaltingly into the newer day with such religion exemplified and earth be made the heaven of heavens, as justice, mercy and peace abide forever with men.

Make your religion, then, a living one. Be satisfied with no other. Let your religion have the genuine stamp. Translate your creed with your life.

Short Meter Sermons.

Kindness makes all kin.

Character is made in conflict.

Every loss met by love leads to gain. All we get from heaven we owe to earth.

The proof of the cathedral is in the kitchen.

People who are always in a pickle soon get soured.

Pain is a small price to pay for the joy of sacrifice.

A strong breath often indicates a weak backbone.

You never get your rights by advertising your wrongs.

There are too many people playing poker in their prayers.

Packing water on both shoulders makes a slippery trail.

He who gives on feeling generally begrudges in fact.

He alone is faithful to old truth who will forsake it for the new.

The immodest may be virtuous, but no one ever accuses them of it.

The man who tries to humiliate others is not the best friend of humility.

A good many men never will take a stand on a question unless it be a band stand.

The pessimist always picks out a broken chair before he attempts to sit down.

The admiration of virtue may be rewarded by a chance to admire heaven from afar.

The man who has crawled under the fence usually wants to umpire the church game.

No man can escape responsibility for the sins of the city by ignoring their existence.

No man ever sowed wild oats and succeeded in keeping them confined to his own field.

LEGEND OF THE GARTER.

Contradictory Versions of the Foundation of the Order.

I know, as every schoolboy knows, the legend that a certain countess of Salisbury dropped her garter at a ball, and that the king, picking it up amid the smiles of courtiers, handed it to her with the happy and now immortal phrase, "Honi soit qui mal y pense." But this legend, I recalled, had to go the way of the story of King Alfred and the cakes, the story of William Tell and the apple, and many another pretty fairy tale of history, says a writer in the Sphere. At last I went to Sir Nicholas Harris Nicholas' "History of the Orders of Knighthood," where I found a delightful mass of contradictory authority produced.

The tale of the ensign and name of the order were first told by Polydore Vergil (1470-1555), who wrote in the time of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., and who said that the lady was "the queen or the king's mistress." Segar, whose work, "Honor, Military and Civil," appeared in 1602, 250 years after the order was founded, was the first to say that it was the Countess of Salisbury. Other writers say that it was the Countess of Kent, John Anstis (1669-1744), garter king of arms, who published several heraldic works, ridicules the whole story. He confesses that an author of Henry VI.'s time, who wrote in Latin and whose work is now entirely lost, upheld it.

Raphael Hollnshed, a chronicler who died in 1530, tells the story in detail and says the lady was the queen, which surely rather spoils the significance of the legend. Sir Harris Nicholas himself thinks the story is not improbable, although he urges the fact that Jean Froissart, who is the best contemporary authority on the reign of Edward III., while he has much to say about the order in his hundredth chapter, does not refer to it, and Nicholas admits that this tells very much against the supposed origin of the story; but Froissart may have thought the matter too trivial to relate.

It is not, I may add, claimed that the incident caused the foundation of the Order of the Garter, but only that it gave Edward III. the idea for naming the order which he had resolved to found in any case. In the absence of any other solution than that which rests on these shadowy foundations I think we may still go on accepting the pretty legend; but I repeat my expression of dissatisfaction with the popular histories that they should leave such matters as this severely alone.

BOYS' ENCOUNTER WITH TIGER.

Man Eater Overpowers Them, but They Live to Tell the Story.

Jhulan Gaur and Nila Gaur, his brother, were grazing bullocks in light jungle near San Shai Bhabal village, about half a mile from the basti about 9 a. m. The cattle were in front, then came Nila Gaur and then about fifteen paces behind him, Jhulan Gaur. They had just crossed a "nala." Nila was to one side, when from the other side suddenly a tiger rushed at a cow, slapped it aside with a blow on the rump and in the same stride jumped on Jhulan Gaur, bore him to the ground doubled up in the position of a Mohammedan saying his prayers or a Chinaman "kowtowing"—the hind paws on his back and the forepaws on his head.

Jhulan was quite conscious and knew his doom was sealed. At the time he was borne to the ground he called to his brother to help him. But when the tiger began to shake his head from side to side consciousness left him. Nila heard his brother's shout for help and ran to him at once. The tiger was on his brother's head and Nila struck the tiger two blows on the head with a light drover's stick he had in his hand. The tiger had his mouth open and was growling and lashing his tail. Nila went in front of the tiger's face and when he struck the tiger the brute sprang off his brother onto him. He did not slap, but pushed him backward.

He lost consciousness at once. Jhulan, as soon as the tiger left his back, regained his senses, and saw the tiger on his brother. His brother was on his back with his face on the right side and one forepaw of the tiger was on his face and the other forepaw on his chest. He struggled up and with the light stick in the hand (which he had never relinquished) he struck the tiger three times on the side of the head. The tiger let go his brother and took a circle round, then saw Jhulan and threatened him again by growling, and made as if he meant to attack again, but on Jhulan raising his stick the tiger slunk into the "nala" and disappeared. I saw them ten days after admission into hospital and they were both doing well, but seemed quiet and subdued.—Sambalpur Cor. Indian Field.

The Proper Place.

"Where shall I put these stock phrases?"

"Put them under the head of 'Market Quotations.'—Baltimore American.

He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day, or draw a pension, so they say.