

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

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TOLEDO.....OREGON

Letters that may hurt in later years are never burned or lost.

If you wish to use a higher priced medical term for "brain storm" call it psychoknesia.

Grover Cleveland is 70 years old. How these boys do grow up, as Henry G. Davis of West Virginia would say.

Yellow is a favorite color this year, and suicides who insist upon taking Paris green will not be considered at all fashionable.

That Philadelphia man who is accused of marrying 150 women must have been spending a tidy sum for marriage licenses and ministers' fees.

A Michigan mother broke her arm the other day while spanking her son. In her case it must have been true that it hurt her more than it did the boy.

Pretty girls always look well in clean white waists, and Atlanta girls seem to appreciate the fact. One of them has eloped with a Chinese laundryman.

Prof. Brander Matthews thinks Shakespeare is out of date. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "East Lynne" continue, however, to go on in the even tenor of their ways.

Henry James insinuates that American women are poor talkers. The trouble with Henry is that he saw the ladies only when he was on the platform and they had paid for the privilege of listening.

Both houses of the Transvaal parliament have passed an ordinance providing for the exclusion of Japanese and other Asiatics who are emigrating to South Africa in large numbers. There are so many blacks there that the whites evidently regard one race problem at a time as quite enough.

Mr. DeGraw, the fourth assistant postmaster general, having examined the records of all the rural carriers in the country, awards the palm to a Maine woman, who has made her trips "in the face of rain and snowstorms which kept the entire community within doors."

Citizens of a New Hampshire town which is infested with moths have shown that they know what patriotism means and what the flag stands for. One article in the warrant for the town meeting called for an appropriation to exterminate the moths, another for money with which to buy a new flag. The first was accepted, the second rejected. The people agreed that the old flag could serve every purpose of a hard-working and able-bodied flag for at least one more year; but they knew that the moths would not wait.

America now leads the world in the manufacture, sale and use of automobiles. This is the declaration of a French expert who has been keeping a record of the automobile business. Five years ago the United States built only 314 automobiles of all classes, while at the same time France built 23,711 machines. Last year the production in the United States was 60,000, in France 55,000, in England 28,000, in Germany 22,000, in Italy 19,000 and Belgium 12,000. In nine years in the countries named there have been manufactured, sold and used 550,000 automobiles, representing more than \$1,000,000,000 of money.

New York City is making an experiment in the disposition of street refuse. Most of this is always paper, which is unsightly, and when loaded on the street-collecting carts, easily blows away to litter other streets. The garbage-gathering cans are moved about on a pair of wheels to which is attached an iron rack or frame for holding the can. The experiment consists in putting two sheet-iron cans together, one inverted above the other. The lower one contains a grate and perforations for draft; the upper one a door for the receipt of the refuse. A constant fire is maintained in this furnace, as it is wheeled about, and the refuse is consumed as it is thrown in. Besides insuring more thorough work, this plan enables a cleaner to cover a much larger territory, for he has to make no trips to the dump.

English grammar is a subject which teachers in common schools have always found difficult and for that reason it is neglected in a majority of the schools. The public school pupils of one generation are the teachers of the next and because their own education in English has been neglected they cannot teach the subject properly if they would. Poor instruction in grammar in common schools is followed by a scant attention to the subject in high

school and college. Having received a poor start in common schools, students dislike the subject and avoid it if possible, with the acquiescence, too often, of college professors. What is needed is a revival of interest in the teaching of English grammar and composition from the common school up through the high school and college. Not only is a knowledge of rules essential but there is need of that frequent practice in writing through which alone can be acquired the power to write clearly and correctly.

Again a learned college professor has been warning young men against the "irreparable mistake" of falling in love and marrying before becoming established upon a solid footing in life. It is not worth while to repeat his arguments. They are as old as the hills and as prosaic. If there is anybody in the world absolutely unfitted by temperament and training for sympathetic opinion on the question of love, it is the typical college professor, owl-eyed, stiff-jointed, bald-headed and emotionally dried up from poring over musty books. Flesh and blood feel that there is no time for falling in love like the first opportunity. If one's first love affair "takes" and lasts—good! If the first one fails, the sooner there is a second the better. There is no more inspiring spectacle than that of an old couple, with their children and grandchildren gathered about them, celebrating their golden wedding. Thus to face the sunset of life with serene face and heart full of the cultivated and garnered emotions of years one must begin loving early and keep it up. Discussion of love is tabooed by a good many well-meaning people. They think it a subject only for shallow "spoonies." And yet it is the subject that comes closest home to all of us, that we all think about a great deal at some period or other, and that we each have to settle. To love a worthy woman is a man's first duty. And he will be wise if he undertakes it early in life, when he is wide awake to woman's faults, when he has ceased to look upon woman as a divinity and begun to regard her as a loving and lovable human creature—a being neither too faultless nor too full of faults, but one whom it is his duty to love and caress, to guide and chide. It is a man's first duty to himself, to a woman and to their posterity to love and be loved while yet both he and she may be molded to each other's ways and feel that whatever may be the achievements of their lives they are in common. A man's first business in life is to know that you have assured yourself happiness in a wife—that the firm friend, the sympathetic counselor is yours—that, like a second Anteus, you have secured one who in your struggle with the Hercules, this brawny world, will endow you with new strength every time you are thrown upon her bosom. For you may sport awhile with Fortune, and lose money and recover it again; you may coquet with Fame, make a place and lose it; you may play even with reputation, in spite of malicious and foolish tongues, and outlive the ashes of a mistake or a questionable name, but you never can trifle with Eros, King Love, eldest and most jealous of the gods, ready to wound even Aphrodite.

April Nineteenth.

It is an interesting coincidence that many events important in the history of the country have occurred on April 19th. On that day, in 1775, the first blood of the Revolution was shed at Lexington, Massachusetts—the first battle of the war for American independence.

Just eight years from the commencement of the war, or on April 19, 1783, cessation of hostilities was proclaimed in the American army.

John Jay was confirmed by the Senate at Philadelphia on April 19, 1784, as special envoy to England.

On April 19, 1847, during the war with Mexico, the American troops entered Jalapa.

On April 19, 1850, the famous Bulwer-Clayton treaty was signed, which provided that neither England nor the United States should obtain exclusive control over the Central America interocean canal, or erect any fortification in the canal zone.

On April 19, 1861, the first blood of another war was shed, when the Sixth Regiment of Massachusetts, while en route to Washington, was fired upon by a mob in Baltimore. On that same day the ports of the seceding States were proclaimed to be under blockade.

The battle of Coldwater, Tennessee, took place on April 19, 1863.

On April 19, 1865, the funeral services of Abraham Lincoln were held at Washington in the White House.

It was April 19, 1898, when Congress passed the joint resolutions demanding the evacuation of Cuba by Spain, and empowering the President to use the army, navy and militia for the enforcement of the resolutions.

April 19th could properly be set aside as a national holiday and rightly called "Patriots' day."

Every man likes a large, rolling lawn until it comes time to start the mower.

THE WEATHER PROPHETS.

When they say a blizzard's blowin',
An' they're prophesyin' snowin'—
That the country will be freezin', te:
a man,
Jest git yerself tergether—
Prepare fer summer weather—
Git a lengthy linen duster an' a fan!

Fer weather—this weather—
Is fickle as a feather,
It's built upon a mighty curious plan;
An' when they talk o' blizzards,
Look out fer spring an' lizards—
Git a lengthy linen duster an' a fan!

When you hear the watchman callin':
"Thermometers air fallin',
An' they're freezin' up from Beersheba
ter Dan,
An' the pipes in which you trusted,
Fore the mornin' will be busted"—
Jest buy a linen duster an' a fan!

Fer weather—this weather—
Is fickle as a feather,
It's built upon a mighty curious plan;
So, never min' the blizzards,
But look fer spring and lizards,
An' keep yer linen duster an' yer fan!

PINK CHIFFON AND TEARS

"I love him—I do, and I will love him!"

Lady Peggy stood by her mirror, thinking about a cabinet minister.

Then she brushed back the strands of curly brown hair that never long kept the decorous temple waves into which her maid trained them, and added, in her thoughts:

"Other girls marry boys, or ordinary menfolk, and are happy enough, I suppose; I've forfeited all that sort of prospect by caring for Lord Montleithon; but I'm glad, and proud—not sorry!"

The last two mental words were accompanied by a stamp of a small right foot; then Lady Peggy tripped downstairs into the hall, a triumph of sweetness, complexion and pink chiffon.

She patted her mother's knee as they sat in the hired motor-brougham.

"Aren't I nice, mummy? It's marvelous how I found such a new uncrushed bargain as this frock. Messrs. Oakley & Lemercier have never before offered anything so good!"

There were hundreds of minute ruchings, with lace insertions, and the wild rose shade was quite rapturous.

"I wish I could make a great success to please you, mums, but if I can't,



AN ANGEL OF GOODNESS.

why I can't. You know it mustn't be for position only."

"No, little daughter."

"Though it is hard to be so poor, especially for the descendants of kings. If, in future years, I should take Jack after all, because I don't love him, you must not be unhappy about me. A secondary sort of liking would please him well enough, poor boy; we should just be married cousins, not cousins who wanted to marry. I don't think I've the least, weeniest hope of anything beautiful."

Lady Melrose sighed.

Directly they entered the ballroom Peggy saw Lord Montleithon; he was bending over cynical Mrs. Groombridge and the expression on his clear-cut features was, as usual, enigmatic.

The minister, looking up, saw the entry of the girl in pink chiffon. For a second his gaze lingered well pleased, then he frowned. Nevertheless, he came to talk to her later.

A frank smile greeted him.

"You are wonderful. How can you spare time for scenes of this sort?"

"I have a boy's liking for pretty pictures."

Then the minute ruchings on her sleeve puffs caught his eye, banishing his indulgent smile.

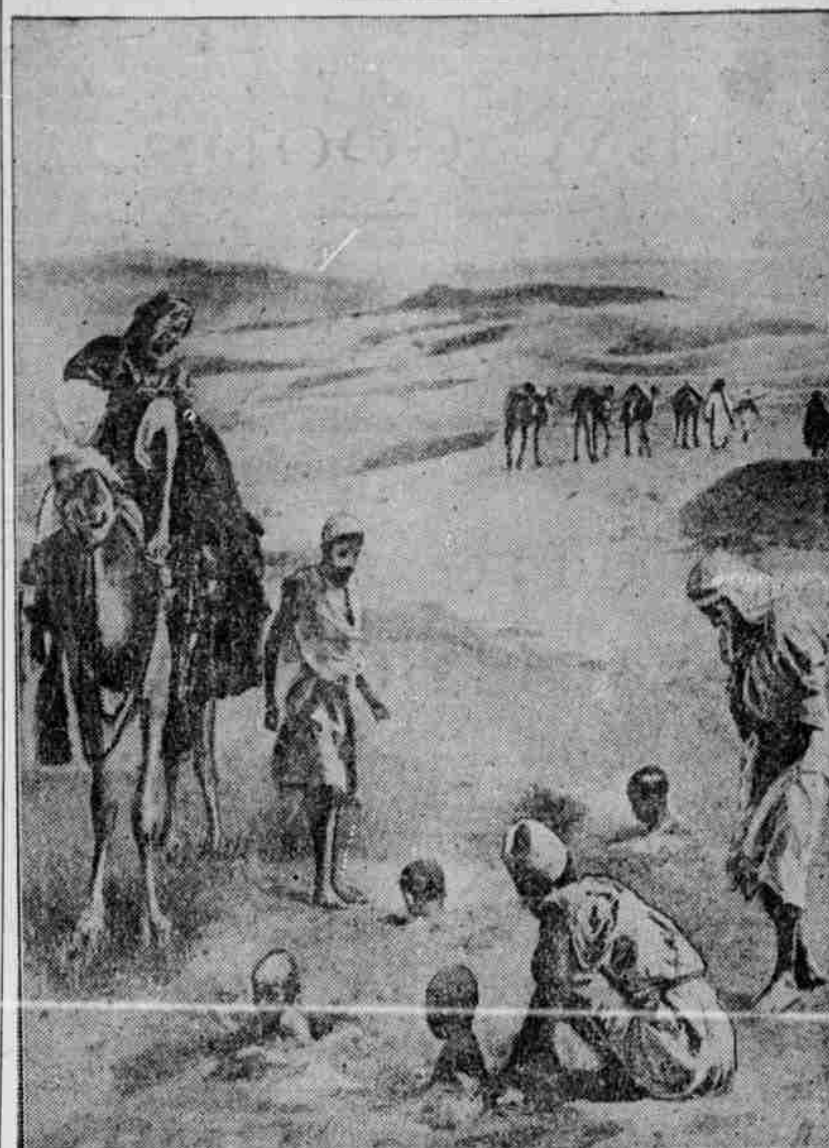
"Sometimes my favorite crusade—my craze, as my colleagues call it—can be furthered even in a ballroom. Let me ask you—are you a sympathizer?"

"With poor working women?"

"Yes."

"I would be, if I knew what to do; mere sentiments are not real sympathy. I only play with children some Saturday afternoons and make woolly animals for hospitals. Oh, it's so difficult

METHOD OF CURING FEVER AMONG BEDOUINS.



SAND AS A SUBSTITUTE FOR ICE.

Bedouins that wander in the desert have many rough and uncouth ways, but perhaps the most unique of these is the way they doctor fever patients. They have a rough and ready method of attempting to cure fever caused by the wounds they have inflicted on those they have captured for sale as slaves. Ice baths being out of the question, the patients are buried up to their necks in sand in the hope that the cool soil will allay the raging fever. The victims remain buried for several days until, indeed, it is said they are either killed or cured. Statistics obtained by those who have investigated the matter say that fully 80 per cent of the prisoners succumb to the treatment. The use of medicines is almost unknown among the tribesmen who inhabit the deserts.

to be philanthropic, when one is poor, Lord Montleithon!"

He placed her hand on his arm, and led her out into the dimly lighted corridor.

It was a lace-edged frill he touched. "No, not at all; it was a bargain."

"My afternoon has been spent in getting up facts for the commission—down in Lambeth slums, face to face with the results of bargains. Yet, but for woman's carelessness, woman's luxury in dress might be gloriously helpful."

His voice, that could thrill Parliament even in the calm upper chamber, went deep into the soul of Peggy.

"Teach me," she pleaded.

"I found a woman ill, probably dying, of low fever—merely a nerve collapse, brought on by worry acting upon an emaciated body and brain; her baby girls were playing on her mattress with old tins snatched from some gutter. She told me she had dropped down suddenly, after finishing the last of half a dozen chiffon robes. A message had come for them, but she could not go for payment."

Peggy gasped.

"The wage would represent not a farthing a score of tucks, yet some of this was to be deducted, since, her baby having died, she had let tears fall upon a frill of chiffon."

Peggy caught his arm with both her hands.

"Who were her employers?"

"Messrs. Oakley & Lemercier."

She gave a cry, and the minister understood.

Breaking away from him she leaned against a pillar, beneath a bust of justice, and there she sobbed, in school-girl-like abandon.

The minister did not forget the wearer of the pink chiffon; her sweet, tearful face came between his thoughts and all statistics. Once, indeed, he contemptuously thrust away the profound figure proofs that were to convince his colleagues of the necessity for legislation.

"It is woman's soul that must win this cause—or crush it," was his reflection.

When he next visited the woman of whose case he had spoken there was a fire in the room, the baby girls played with dolls, the mother sat up in bed, supported by the strong, young arms of a girl, the descendant of kings, who had nursed her back to life.

"Lady Peggy!"

"Oh, my lord, she be an angel of goodness!"

The girl and man came out of the house together into the squalid alley. Lord Montleithon had a cab waiting, and helped her in without a word. Indeed, the scene had changed to Bond street before he asked:

"We spoke of tears and misery, but you have created smiles within that home—is there the remotest hope that

you will smile for me, in mine, Peggy?"

"Do you truly wish so?"

It did not seem to him so unnatural a desire.

"I am an awful number of years your elder—a serious enthusiast—but I love you, dear."

"How beautiful—for I lost my heart to you, oh, long ago!"

Peggy Malcolm's wedding gown cost a big sum, but never before had such wondrous needlecraft been shown by any frock. Gratitude had guided every stitch, and blessings, not tears, had been shed over the chiffon.—Manchester Chronicle.

BIT OF SWITZERLAND IN IOWA.

Rugged Beauty of a Home on the Bluffs of the Mississippi.

One of the most picturesque spots in the vicinity of Burlington, and probably in all Iowa and the Mississippi valley, is the Scholer home, says the Burlington Correspondent of the Des Moines Register. It is known far and wide as the "Swiss chalet," and is in fact a perfectly constructed Swiss dwelling place. In every detail the idea is carried out in the unique dwelling, not only on the exterior, but within, where those who have visited Switzerland and been entertained in the homes of that country may see that same arrangement of rooms and conveniences as in the original structures among the Alps.

Mr. Scholer, who was born in Switzerland, and received a good education in the institutions of that country, came to Burlington fifty-three years ago, and bringing with him an intense affection for the rugged fatherland sought to maintain the inspiration in his surroundings. He selected one of the most rugged portions of land just south of Burlington at that time, and on the steep side, overlooking the broad expanse of the Mississippi River, he erected the Swiss home. He did not disturb the wild surroundings of the place except to tidy it up in the good old Swiss way, and to train some vines around the house.

To-day it presents the same rugged and natural beauty that attracted the eye of the mountain climber fifty-three years ago, and is one of the pleasantest views to be obtained from the brow of Crapo Park. Indeed, from the most frequented spots in the park this beautiful old home appears like a picture of Switzerland, with the sweep of the river beyond appearing as one of the beautiful Swiss lakes. Mr. Scholer died the other day full of years and good works and possessing the regard of all those who knew him. He left his picturesque home to his sons, and it will long remain as one of the attractive features of this locality.

While worry may cause a woman to turn to her Bible for solace, its main effect on a man is to make him smoke more than usual.