

## LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER

C. F. SOULE, Publisher

TOLEDO.....ORB:JON

New York detectives found \$20,000 in a mattress. It was well feathered.

Incidentally, it will be noticed that Alfonso XIII has put a decided crimp in the thirteen hoodoo's record.

Now that the Corey-Gillman wedding is over the earth will resume its normal and regular rotation upon its axis.

Every man hopes some day to run across doughnuts as good as the ones he used to steal from the pantry shelf when he was a boy.

Perhaps it will please you to hear that England has erected a statute to the memory of your old friend and neighbor, John Smith.

When a man is caught in the act of picking a woman's pocket and arrested it seems perfectly safe to speak of him as an "alleged pickpocket."

Berlin is to have a world's fair in 1913. How does it happen that Japan has not demonstrated her progressiveness by having a world's fair?

The way some of the doctors of the country are talking about the incompetency of other doctors is enough to discourage one from getting sick.

That woman who married a burglar she captured in her home has probably done more to frighten burglars away from the city than all the courts have been able to do.

A soldier of fortune who had fought under eighteen different flags died a few days ago from overindulgence in dumplings. Peace hath her dangers no less terrible than war.

An insane woman who had \$67 was throwing it away on a street corner the other night. Why don't you ever get around when something like this is going on, instead of waiting to read about it?

John L. Sullivan's definition of a molly-coddle is "a feller who says 'Oh, fudge,' when he should land left or right to jaw." Still, to men about the size and heft of John most of us would prefer to say "Oh, fudge."

Algernon Charles Swinburne, the English poet, who has recently celebrated his 70th birthday, is writing a tragedy, with Cesare Borgia as the central figure. Evidently Mr. Swinburne's taste for cheerful subjects has not increased with his years.

Whatever others may think, a small boy of New Hampshire has the proper opinion of his mother. He has sent a photograph of her to the managers of a New England beauty contest, with a brief note declaring that she is not only the most beautiful woman, but the best mother in the world.

The conviction at Wilkesbarre of eleven undoubted members of a society known as the "Black Hand" should serve a good purpose. Too long have the members of such organizations been assured of immunity from punishment because of the supineness of American police departments as long as the crimes of violence were committed only upon the persons and property of fellow countrymen of the perpetrators.

It is said of the late Dean Huffcutt, Governor Hughes' legal adviser, who committed suicide as a result of a nervous breakdown from overwork, that he was one of the most brilliant men ever graduated from Cornell University. And in his comparatively brief career since his graduation he has fulfilled the bright promise of his youth. He seems to have had one conspicuous failing, however, and that was his inability to appreciate the importance of occasional rest and recreation from exacting intellectual pursuits. It is said of him that he never took a vacation. They reckon ill who count on Mother Nature's carelessness as a bookkeeper.

Antiquities have to give way to the needs of the present. The Egyptian Council of ministers has approved the plan for raising the Assouandam across the Nile, a change that will increase by two and a half times the amount of water that can be stored in the irrigation reservoir. The raising of the dam will result in the submerging of the island of Philae and the flooding of the ruins of the temples. The island itself is a small granite rock about a thousand feet long and 500 feet wide. It was the scene of the worship of the goddess Isis. Many pilgrims from various parts of the ancient world visited the shrine when the religion of Isis was most widely spread. The worshippers of other gods built temples

near that of Isis, so that there appeared on the small island a splendid collection of examples of the best architecture of the various periods in which they were erected. The enlarged dam will make possible an annual increase of the cotton crop of Egypt amounting to between eighteen and twenty million dollars in value.

Four boys left their homes suddenly and clandestinely, with the avowed purpose of seeking their fortunes in Nevada. They did not let their parents know their destination until two days after their disappearance, for fear they would be recalled. It is presumed that by this time they are tasting the first fruits of liberty. We wish them well. It is highly proper for older and wiser heads to wag dolefully and predict all sorts of "bad ends" for boys who run away from home, but what man is there of full stature who can blame them? We all know what the boyish wanderlust is and how it gets into the blood at the springtime of year. Many staid old codgers even to-day look about at the trees and the meadows and feel the call of the wild, and long for the exultation of the open places. And many and many more staid old codgers remember in a mist of sweet memories times when they themselves started to "run away" and seek their fortunes in the big wide world. A little more misty and a little more sweet is the memory of those futile enterprises which left the dirty and penitent boy on his knees with his head in his mother's lap sobbing for the very joy of being home again. We all know the wanderlust of boyhood. It is a very natural and a very commendable emotion, for it indicates spirit and enterprise and ambition to do great things alone and unafraid. We have all felt the wanderlust in maturer years that called us out into life, sometimes alone and sometimes in the companionship of a loyal friend who shared our timorous adventures. And how many are there of gray-haired old men in the world to-day who would not feel that the price of the long struggle was not too dear if they could only return again along the weary years to sob for joy at being in the old home and penitent at a mother's knee. Those boys are all right. They do not now realize the aching hearts they have left behind, but the heritage of liberty is theirs and they are off to the fishing pools, the swimming holes, seeking whatever adventures may lie in their paths. Mark Twain understood the wanderlust when he told us about Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn. It is boyish nature. If all goes well, those boys will be back again not a bit the worse for their premature contact with the world of selfishness and hunger. But under whatever skies they wander we sigh for their opportunities. We, older grown, still know the fascinations of the wanderlust.

### Big Ghost Hunt.

The attention of all persons cognizant of the whereabouts of reputable and well-connected spooks is now directed to the American Institute for Psychical Research, which is shortly to embark on a grand ghost hunt, which will eclipse any similar expedition ever attempted. For a long time the American Institute has viewed with feeling akin to disgust the large sums which are spent annually in abortive efforts to discover the North Pole, for explorations in Africa and elsewhere, for missionary work among the benighted of foreign lands and for other purposes which to the officials of the Institute seemed foolish. They yearned mightily for opportunity to explore the realm of the supernatural and to secure genuine ghosts. Whenever a yarn about some supernatural vision has been given space in the newspapers, these gentlemen have groaned in spirit to think that they had not the money with which to proceed to the spot and tree the apparition. At last their dream has been realized. An endowment of \$25,000 has been established, which will provide sufficient money, it is believed, to run to cover every authentic ghost now prowling about the United States.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

### Her Mourning.

Maud—Why is that lady over the way in black? Is she mourning for any one?

Bess—Yes; a husband.

Maud—I didn't know she'd been married.

Bess—No, but she's mourning for a husband all the same.

### Of Course.

Professor (a little distracted)—I'm glad to see you. How's your wife?

"I regret it, professor, but I'm not married."

"Ah, yes. Then of course your wife's still single."—Fliegende Blätter.

### How They Were Constructed.

"What kind of a man is he?"

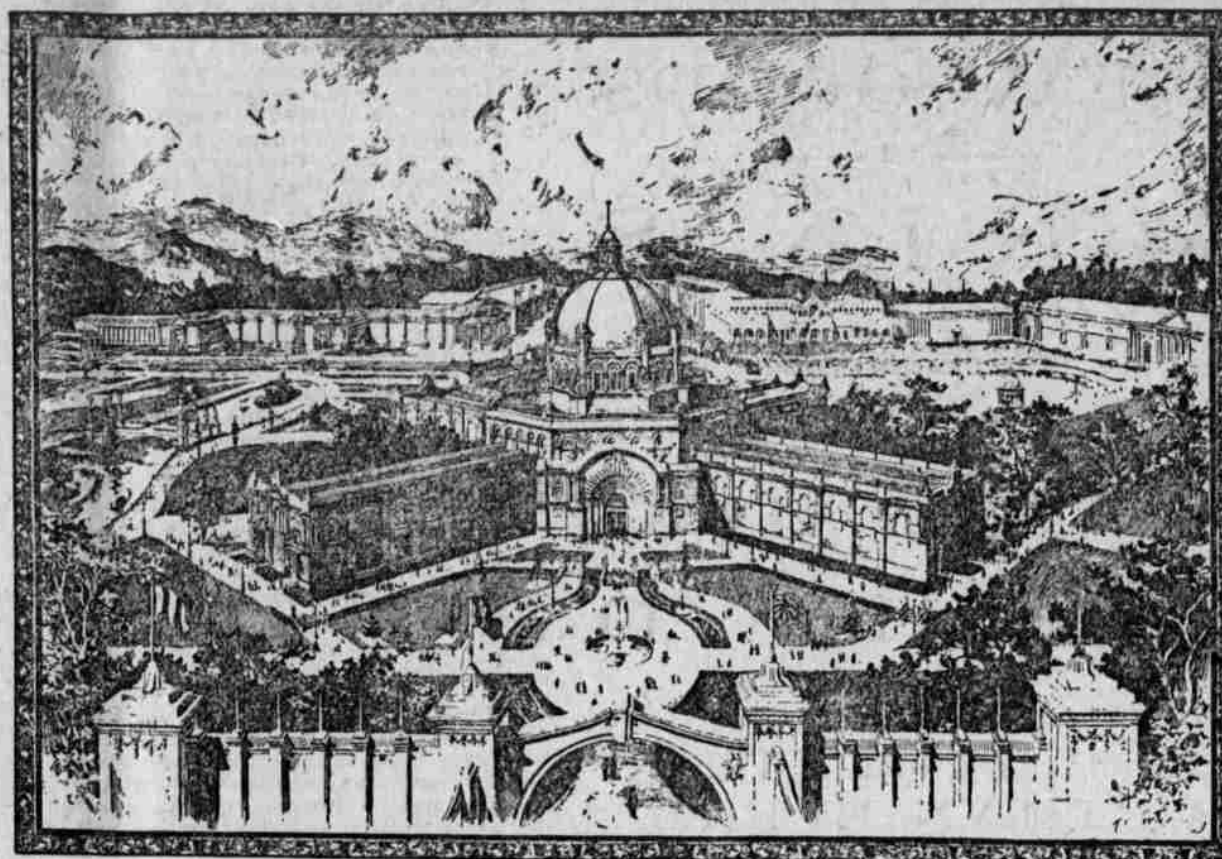
"Self-made."

"And she?"

"Tailor made."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

The only time a boy has any use for a peace conference is when he realizes it is up to him to cry "Enough."

## VIEW FROM THE MAIN ENTRANCE OF THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION BUILDINGS.



The Dublin International Exposition, which was opened by the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, contains a notable display of industries and manufactures. The art exhibit includes paintings loaned by King Edward and by the Russian Emperor, and the entire collection on view is valued at \$3,000,000. Japan has a special building on the grounds; so have Canada and New Zealand, and the Irish industries are housed in a magnificent structure. The historical section is of unusual interest, and the

palace of industrial arts is an object lesson of Irish progress in recent years. A stringent rule is enforced that no goods shall be sold on the grounds. No exhibitor may do more than book orders. By this means the management is endeavoring to make it comfortable for visitors, saving them the annoyance of the persistent attentions of peripatetic salesmen. Fine trees and lawns beautify the grounds.

### THE PICTURES.

My little son, with puzzled, questioning eyes,  
Brought pictures for my wisdom to make plain,  
And slowly voiced his need in childish wise,  
Asking the meaning he had sought in vain.

And some, by symbol, and by holy sign,  
I could translate, and set his face aglow;  
But there were others I could not define—  
I knew the meanings, but he could not know.

My little son fares forth to realms of sleep,  
While I sometimes unto the depths of night  
See pictures of God's children sinking deep  
Beyond men's love—beyond their Father's sight.

But still I hope that where my faltering mind  
Is filled with pity and with dull despair,  
God reads the meaning with a purpose kind,  
And does not cease to know, and love, and care.

### THE NEW OWNER

"Well," whispered Marion to me, "I guess it doesn't make any difference if we did have to wear silk gowns that you washed, turned, mended and made over. Guess what I just heard."

"What did you just hear?" I asked.  
"Why," proceeded Marion, delightedly, "I was standing over by those ferns a minute ago and just round the corner I heard Mrs. Lewis say to Claudia Brooks: 'I don't see how the Harcourt girls manage to dress so well,' and Claudia—spiteful old thing—said: 'I think they ought to be ashamed; everybody knows they can't afford it.' But just then that grand looking Mr. Maxwell came over to them and it wasn't two minutes before I heard him ask who that striking girl with the red roses in her hair was. That was you, Eleanor. Now, aren't you flattered?"

"Dreadfully," I answered. "Anything more?"

"Yes, indeed," whispered Marion. "The best of it all was that he asked right away if you were one of the Harcourts who had owned the old place up town, and he asked her—Oh, look!"

Marion's volubility was checked at this point by the appearance of the already mentioned Mr. Maxwell with our hostess on his arm. He was a grave, handsome man, about 30, I thought, and after Mrs. Lewis had presented him he sat down beside me. He had talked about a good many things and had almost wearied of my monosyllabic replies, I fancy, when he finally brought up Harcourt, and I proceeded to astonish him by forgetting that we were strangers, and telling him the most ridiculous things with characteristic recklessness. I told him how we, Marion and I, went a round about way to avoid passing the dear old place, and how, when there was no way out of it, we went by with our heads turned away, because we loved it so. I told

him we had been born there, and that every big room and every dingy panel brought up a memory that we loved. And it was not until Marion came for me to go home that I realized that he had listened to me silently for about an hour, and that Mrs. Lewis was angry with me for monopolizing the lion of the evening. I went home terribly ashamed, and convinced that, notwithstanding that he looked very sympathetic, he was probably shocked.

But some days later, after Mr. Maxwell called with Mrs. Lewis and was so nice, I guess he didn't mind after all. And in the weeks following he came frequently and we met at several places. Somehow I told that man everything—I couldn't seem to help it. He always knew just when to smile, and I never said a silly thing to cover up a deeper feeling in all those weeks that I did not see sympathy and understanding in his face. Well, it was a pleasant time as I remember it, and I got to thinking a good deal about him and to liking him very much. There was only one thing to dampen our pleasure; one day the news came to us that Mr. Griffin, who held a mortgage upon Harcourt, had sold it to strangers, and Marion and I told ourselves that from that time our claim upon it would be only that of any other outsiders, who might look at its dear old walls and pass it by. As I say, this darkened our lives a little, but there were still Mr. Maxwell's visits to look forward to, so it was worth while existing. But one evening, when he called, he said: "Miss Eleanor, I am going away to-morrow and want you to do something for me. Will you?"

"I don't know," I answered in a low voice. Somehow I couldn't for the life



"WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?"

of me manage anything else. But he didn't seem to notice that I said nothing about regretting his going away. He simply asked me if I would go down to Harcourt with him. I was too miserable to resist, and we went.

My heart beat heavily as we walked up the dear old oak avenue, and when we had mounted the broad steps and opened the door I could not see the familiar dim old hall because my eyes were blinded with tears. "Oh, well," thought I, as I stealthily dried them away, "you're a dear old place, but you're nothing to me now, and I've got no right to cry about you." But later, when we went up to the long hall above and found that some impudent person had removed our few remaining pieces of old furniture and had hung new paintings there over crimson hangings, I felt I couldn't stand any more. "What does this mean?" I cried.

"The purchaser hopes to live here," explained Mr. Maxwell, "and he is getting it ready for occupancy."

Here, I suppose, the poor man was bewildered enough, for I had restrained myself as long as I could and I rushed to the one place where the hateful crimson did not cover the panels, laid my head against their friendly support and burst out crying.

"Oh, why did you bring me here?" I said. "I can't stand everything. I would rather have this old place burned to the ground with only its poor old chimney left to show where it stood than to see it fitted with the most beautiful things in the world by strangers. Everything I care about turns out wrong," I concluded with a sob. "I am losing my home, and now you—"

I stopped, frozen with horror. What had I said! But Norman Maxwell suddenly put me into the window seat and sat down beside me. "Eleanor, look at me," he said. But I absolutely couldn't lift my head, so he put his hand under my reluctant chin and turned my face toward him. "Eleanor, he went on, "don't you know I've loved you all the time and that I was going away with the heartache, confident that you did not care for me? Don't you care just a little more about me than for an ordinary friend?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, very much afraid that my stupidity had forced him into it. "I shouldn't have said—I didn't mean to—"

But he put his arms around me and then I knew it wasn't because of what I had said. Well, I was so happy that I cried and laughed in my own ridiculous fashion, and when we went home Marion says it was difficult to tell which beamed brightest, my eyes or my nose. But I think I have wept the last sorry tears I shall ever shed, for the best man in the world has bought Harcourt for me and it is to be our home when we are married.—Boston Post.

### THE AMBER OF SANTO DOMINGO.

Found in Considerable Quantities—Conditions Under Which It Occurs.

It is an interesting fact that Santo Domingo is one of the few places in the world where amber occurs in any considerable quantities. As is well known, the bulk of the supply used in the arts comes from the neighborhood of Königsberg, on the Baltic seacoast.

There it occurs in the lower oligocene, and appears to have been deposited originally in glauconitic beds of clayey nature, which was afterward eroded by wave action and the amber distributed, though much of it is taken from beds in which it was originally entombed.

Amber is simply fossilized rosin, derived apparently from certain coniferous trees. The conditions under which it occurs in Santo Domingo do not appear to differ substantially from those on the Baltic seacoast.

It is found near Santiago City, associated with lignite, sandstones and conglomerates. These beds probably belong to the oligocene formation and are found containing amber at a number of places on the north coast, as well as on both flanks of the Monte Cristi range. It also frequently occurs in the streams flowing through these beds.

The amber is usually in ovate lumps, ranging from the size of a pea to a man's fist, often flattened, dull on the exterior, being covered with a kind of a brownish crust. None of these deposits has been studied scientifically, although several abortive attempts have been made to operate them for commercial purposes.—Cassier's Magazine.