

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

J. F. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

Our New Year's Directory.

First on our list is T. P. Fish, whose scales are honest and just. He will sell you tobacco and throw in the tag; his coffees and teas are up to the highest degree; he has hardware, tinware, coal-tar and rope; clothes for the naked, boots and shoes to cover your feet, and a good cigar for those he treats; soap to make you lather and towels to wipe it off; sugar and honey to cure your cough; allspice and nutmeg to season your pie, and cayenne pepper that will make you cry, and very nice slickers to keep you dry.

When you cross the street to the other side you enter a door both high and wide, where Mrs. Copeland always presides. She has staple groceries of every kind; flour and feed for those in need; hats and boots of the latest design, and nary a two of the same kind. Oil for your lamps and matches to light, and many other things always in sight. Ribbons for girls and dresses for ladies; warm little stockings for all of your babies. Kid shoes for women, fine shoes for men, and nice silk handkerchiefs already hemmed. Hooks and eyes to fasten your clothes, and nice warm socks to cover your toes; a nice assortment of show case goods that always takes with the people in town, and draws customers for miles around.

Otto Krogstad is the only one in town who handles drugs to make you frown. He will sell you pills to cure your ills, or patent medicines to stop the chills; plasters that are nice, soothing and warm, and if they do you no good they will do you no harm. He will sell you soothing syrup to quiet the baby at night, or Castoria to make it look bright; whiskey on prescription that is strong enough to make you tight; he has toys for the children and books for the grown, and many nice things for your home.

Henry Lewis does business at the same old stand, and will sell you anything down to a clam. He is honest and square in selling his ware; he is up with the times and lakes in the dimes, for his prices are low, it don't make a very big show; his is a mixture of all that is good; his habits are regular, his business is fair, and he merits a share of the public trade.

Snow & Enos have a store of moderate size, where one may go and feast their eyes. They have cased goods, canned goods, barreled goods and nutmegs for pie, and pickles that will make you wink your eye. They have long coats, short coats, claw hammers and nails and a fine brand of axes to split your rails; bucksaws, crosscut saws, washboards and tubs, and spoke-shaves to make wagon hubs.

The LEADER office is just next door. There you get all you want and sometimes more. He publishes all the news of a general kind, and is not afraid to express his mind. He has large type small type and in color red, white and blue; and is always ready to do good work for you.

For a piece of justice, large or small, don't forge, to call on Al. Hall. He will give you law in a business way, and if you take his advice you will find it will pay.

Near the Temple of Justice, Carson and Denlinger may be found; should you get into trouble and want to get out just advance them a V, a retaining fee, and they will draw up your papers in a legal way, and see that you get fair play.

They will practice in all the courts, before judge or jury, and question a witness in a gentlemanly way, and avoid telling him what to say.

At the Hotel Lincoln you may sleep or be fed, and are always sure of a good bed; you can have plain fare of a substantial kind, or the latest served in any style; and obliging waiters with artistic skill, are always on hand to do your will.

The Krogstad Brothers, at the Toledo mill, have lumber rough, lumber dressed, lumber wet and lumber dry; and are sure to sell it by and bye. There prices are as low as any where you may go; they are honest and straight as the day is long, and if you make a mistake

they will tell you that you are wrong.

If you want a carpenter to build you a house, and one who will do it, Rite Dedrick is your man. He has hammers and saws, hatchets with claws; rules and tapes to measure the shapes; and planes to smooth the halls; and plumb-bobs to straighten the walls.

If you are thirsty and water won't do, go down to the bank of the Depot slough; open the door and step up to the bar, and call for the whiskey or call for the gin and you will get either one if you have the tin. They have quantity quality, fine blackberry and port wine, with Davis in front and Winant behind; and the rest of the animal show is Mr. Warren and Fisherman Joe.

If you want any pork or any other meat, call on Bob Campbell and get a treat. He will give you a roast or will give you a fry; and to please you he will always try. His motto is cash, his prices are low, and if this don't suit you, I don't know where you will go.

The Yaquina Post is bright, newsy and gay, and has always stood up for the Yaquina Bay. Van is the editor and chief, and will keep her straight on the republican creed.

If your boots need mending, or your shoes are in holes, go to Joe Ludwig and get new soles.

Harlan Items.

(Received too late for last issue.)

A fine time Xmas.

There was a Christmas tree at Mr. January's old house for the children Christmas Eve. They had a good program consisting of recitations, select reading, etc., and Santa Claus distributed the presents. There was some valuable presents on the tree. Everybody had all the candy, nuts, etc., they could eat, and some to take home. The next day they had a big dinner. It was one of the best dinners I ever saw in Oregon. Mrs. January made a butter tree, and it was nice. They also had a candy pulling at night, and played games until 12 o'clock. Oh, I wish Christmas would come twice a year.

They had a tree at the Big Elk school house. We hear they had a fine time. After the tree the crowd went down to Mr. Young's and played and danced till morning. There was a dance there last night also. Miss Cora Grant danced and overheated herself, then drank ice water, and came very near dying. They think she is out of danger now.

Mrs. Tunison is improving very slowly from her long illness.

Harry Simpson started back to the Valley this morning. He has hired out at Peedee.

George Ray and John Feagles visited at Big Elk over Sunday.

Dated December 27, 1894.
I. N. O.

This was the saddest Christmas Nebraska ever experienced. With its 700 destitute families and the cold which the day brought with it, the greetings were anything but cheering. Much aid is being received in the shape of food and money donations, but, with the great extent of blighting drouth, each district is compelled to be satisfied with barely sufficient to sustain life and keep out the cold. There are many cases of great destitution in the western part of Knox county and the county of Boyd, adjoining. An enterprising citizen of this county, in view of the great need of food and the great number of prairie dogs in this district, has made the following statement public: "As one means of relief to the destitute people of western Nebraska, let me suggest to those who live contiguous to prairie-dog towns that if they will capture these little rodents, misnamed dogs, since they are not of the canine species, but a link between the squirrel and ground hog or woodchuck, they will find them excellent food."

A New York man was sent to jail for ten days for singing "Sweet Marie." Such light punishment for so serious an offense demonstrates the necessity of reform in the police department of that great city.

A FORTUNE AT CARDS.

IT WAS WON BY JOHN SCOTT, THE "GENTLEMAN GAMBLER."

His Winnings at White's, in London, in the Last Century Exceeded \$5,000,000. Though Illiterate, He Was a Man of the Most Precise Methods.

Of all the gentlemen gamblers of the close of the eighteenth century in England a single one is noted for the immensity and the regularity of his winnings. This was John Scott, who, beginning as a penniless captain, wound up his career as a millionaire general. On the subject of the campaigns he conducted history is silent, but contemporary London was full of talk of his marvelous luck with dice and cards, and the marital misfortunes of his later life gave more material for the gossips.

Writing to Richard Bentley, from Arlington street, on Feb. 25, 1755, Horace Walpole says:

"The great event is the catastrophe of Sir John Bland, who has flirited away his whole fortune at hazard. He 'other night exceeded what was lost by the late Duke of Bedford, having at one period of the night (though he recovered the greatest part of it) lost £32,000. The citizens put on their double channeled pumps and trudge to St. James street in expectation of seeing judgment on White's—angels, with flaming swords, and devils flying away with diceboxes, like the prints in Sadler's hermits. Sir John lost this immense sum to a Captain Scott, who at present has nothing but a few debts and his commission."

Sir John Bland, to conclude here the history of that luckless diocler, shot himself dead after losing the last of his fortune in Kippax park.

Captain John Scott was of that branch of the numerous Scott family of which Sir Walter was a member, and his ancestor in the thirteenth century was that famous chemist, Michael Scott, who won the name of Wizard. A later Scott distinguished himself in the time of Charles II by marrying, when he was himself only 14 years old, a lady who was three years his junior. The bride was Mary, countess of Buccleuch, in her own right the richest heiress in Scotland. The marriage was a secret one, and none of the friends and few of her family were informed of it until the day after. The youthful bridegroom did not profit greatly by this match, for his bride died at 13. Her sister Anne, who succeeded to her titles and estates, made a marriage with the son of Charles II, Monmouth, and had a numerous family.

It was 60 years later, or about 1750, that young John Scott, son of the Laird of Scott's Tarvet, entered King George's army. Two years later he was in London and in the midst of the most reckless set of spendthrifts, rakes and gamblers that English society has ever known. Sir John Bland was only one of a thousand rich young Englishmen who threw away his fortune over the gaming table at White's. The one historical fact that was known was that Fox, Pitt's rival, gambled away, all told, no less than \$5,000,000. Scott was the very antipodes of Fox. When he died, at a ripe old age, he left a fortune as great as that with which Fox had begun, and every penny of it had been won at the gaming table. Fox was a ripe scholar. Scott was almost illiterate. Fox said that losing was the next greatest pleasure to winning. Scott never lost, or so rarely that it did not affect the serenity of his career as a winner. Fox would go home in the morning after a night in which he had gambled away £10,000 or £20,000 and immediately lose himself in a study of Sophocles or Æschylus. Scott, like the sensible fellow he was, would button his coat over the portmanteau in which he carried away winnings of an equal or even greater amount and immediately go to bed so as to be fresh for play in the evening.

When Scott found himself in London, and amid the wild young men of his era, he determined that gaming was his only chance of getting money. When he engaged himself to throw a series of mains with Sir John Bland, he had, as Horace Walpole puts it, nothing "but a few debts and his commission." His shrewdness taught him that there was nothing in doing, at which a stupid man has no good a chance as a bright one, and so he speedily gave up hazard and applied himself to whist, at which game heaven fights on the side of the skillful player. Never in the history of play did men gamble for such high stakes as Scott and his victims did at White's between 1753 and 1780. Scott's system was an exceedingly simple one. He gave himself the best of it in every possible way. He never went to the gaming table unless his head and his stomach were in the very best order. He never lost his composure or his good nature for an instant. He played a perfectly fair and honorable game, and at first he made it a rule never to play for more than a fixed sum, which he could afford to lose. He won so steadily that it wasn't long before he was prepared to risk any sum which even the wealthiest or the most reckless of his adversaries would venture to propose.

A story which illustrates capitally Scott's patience in the face of hard luck has been preserved. One night, while he was at the card table, news was brought to him that his wife, the first Mrs. Scott, had given birth to a girl.

"Ah," he said, "I shall have to double my stakes to make a fortune for this young lady."

But in a few hours he was £8,000 to the bad. Retaining his invariable serenity, he said he was sure of his luck returning, and at 7 a. m. he went home the winner of £15,000. That's the sort of play that went on at White's night after night during the years that John Scott was winning the largest fortune ever accumulated by a gentleman gambler.—Exchange.

SAFETY ON THE WATER.

The Inspector's Department's Claim of Efficient Work.

Nearly 700,000 people carried on American steamers during the last fiscal year and only 255 lives lost, of whom but 96 were passengers, is the prominent feature of the new annual report of Supervising Inspector General Dumont of steam vessel inspection service. This is a smaller mortality among the same number of people, we have no doubt, than if they had all staid at home and went regularly to bed, to say nothing of traveling by rail. It proves again what we have often remarked—that travel by American steamers under the system of inspection now enforced is the safest that could possibly be devised. Thirty-five of the 96 passengers above referred to lost their lives in one disaster—the sinking of the tugboat James D. Nicol off Sandy Hook on a Sunday in June last, and General Dumont states that this disaster was solely due to the fact that the tug was being navigated by a person wholly inexperienced.

It is further stated in the report that of the nearly 11,000 boilers inspected accidents causing the loss of life have occurred to but 15 of them, defects in upward of 700 being detected and remedied; also that of 100,374 new life preservers examined only 64 were found deficient. This statement shows that as great care is taken in the inspection of equipments to prevent disaster as in the machinery employed to run them and the men who man them. In regard to the latter no less than 38 applicants for master's and pilot's licenses were rejected during the year on account of color blindness, although 1,544 passed the tests. All of which goes to show that the traveling public and the steam vessel fraternity as well have every reason to repose confidence in the inspection system as at present managed.—Marine Journal.

DANGER IN PERFECTION.

A Prince and a Baron Imitated a Stag Up to the Killing Point.

It would be difficult to find on record a stranger hunting adventure than that experienced by Prince Hohenlohe, son of the German chancellor, and Baron Vittinghoff recently. They went out together to shoot stags and agreed to decoy the animals by imitating their call on a special horn. The hunters separated, each accompanied by a gamekeeper, and went in different directions. During the course of the day they approached each other, and each heard the other's decoy call and believed a stately stag was before him. Imitating the heavy steps of the animal, they noisily drew still nearer. The imitation of the steps and call was so well done that they finally arrived within ten paces of each other without perceiving their mistake.

The thicket was so dense that they could not see through it. Both stood still, repeating the challenge from time to time. Each still firmly believed that he was within a few paces of a real stag. At last the prince, tired of waiting, fired thrice rapidly in the direction of the supposed game. The first bullet glanced off the cartridge belt of Baron Vittinghoff, the second struck his waist and sprang off, the third fell dead from his pocketbook well filled with papers. The young baron, though hit three times, stood unwounded. He was so convinced that not his fellow hunter, but a stag, was before him that he attributed the shots to the explosion of cartridges in his belt and busied himself unfastening his belt for the purpose of throwing it away. The astonishment of both when they at last found out what had happened was great.—Berlin Special.

COMPETING WITH CHICAGO.

Norway Making Arrangements to Supply London With Mutton.

London will shortly have the advantage of another meat supply—this time from Norway—which, according to the London Telegraph, is perfecting arrangements for supplying the English metropolis with as much mutton, alive or dead, as it can spare for exportation. Systematic experiments were made recently under the supervision of the Stavanger Agricultural society, and the results were so satisfactory that in the approaching cold season it is to be repeated on a larger scale.

It appears that 50 sheep, each weighing about 100 pounds, were fattened for a week or so until they turned the scale at from 115 pounds to 123 pounds. They were then shipped to London, where they realized an average price, after deducting commission, of about \$7.50, and as the total outlay had only been about \$6.50 per head there was a net profit of nearly \$1 on each animal.

Forty were also sent over with the skins, hoofs and interior intact, but on these three was an average loss of 10 shillings per head, partly explained by the skins being damaged through bad packing.

Nevertheless the Stavanger society has come to the conclusion that the business promises to be remunerative, and the English people have thus an additional guarantee of an adequate supply of mutton.

A Tyrannical Landlord.

According to Mr. Labouchere in London Truth, the Duke of Beaufort, one of the most tyrannous of the landlords of England, assumes to dictate all the affairs of the town of Stoke-Gifford. His grace took objection to the election of Admiral Close as a churchwarden and served notices to quit on the tenant farmers who voted for him. The duke afterward announced that he would withdraw the notices only on condition that the admiral resigned. In order that the farmers should not suffer, the admiral did resign. It now appears that Admiral Close himself was a tenant of the duke, and he also received a notice to quit his house, which has just expired. He has practically been evicted because he was chosen churchwarden without ducal approval.

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Toledo,

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BARGAINS IN REAL ESTATE.

We have some good Bargains in Real Estate placed in our hands for sale. Below we give a description of a few of them:

Four acre tract on the river 1 1/2 miles from Toledo; well improved house, barn and out-buildings; good young orchard and lots of small fruits; small meadow and pasture. Price, \$850, one-half cash, balance in one year.

159 acre ranch on Big Elk five miles above Elk City; some plowed and 7 acres slashed and in timothy; house, good barn 40x48; on county road, school within 1/4 mile. A good stock ranch. Price \$1,400 on good terms.

120 acre ranch five miles from Toledo; frame house and barn, about 40 acres under fence, orchard

and small fruit. A splendid tract of land with a good body of creek bottom. Price \$600 cash.

Two lots in Prior Scott's addition to Highland; one corner and one inside. Price for the two, \$50, all cash.

Two lots in Stanton's addition to Toledo, well located and close to school house. Price \$75.

A well selected stock of merchandise to trade for a good ranch on Yaquina Bay; must have some tide or bottom land and be well located. A good trade will be given for the right kind of a ranch.

Many other Bargains in Farm and City Property

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