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C. G. COPELAND,

TOLEDO, OREGON.

LINCOLN COUNTY, OREGON.

THE YOUNGEST COUNTY IN THE STATE.

A Brief Description of Lincoln County, Oregon. And its Rich, Undeveloped Resources.

LINCOLN COUNTY was created by an act of the Legislature on February 13, 1883, and was formed from territory detached from Benton and Tillamook counties. It is bounded on the east by Benton and Polk, on the south by Lane, on the west by the Pacific ocean, and on the north by Tillamook and Polk. The county has a coast line of fifty miles and an area of 1,440 square miles, and a population of about 5,000 inhabitants. The temporary county seat is Toledo. The permanent county seat location will be finally determined at the regular June election in 1886. The act creating the County provides that the candidate for the county receiving a majority of all the votes cast shall be the permanent county seat. At the regular election in June, 1881, there were four candidates in the field for permanent county seat, and no place received a majority vote, hence there was no election. At the next election the two points receiving the highest vote at last election will be the only candidates, and therefore a decision will be assured. The two contesting points will be Toledo and West Yaquina.

There are four bays within the limits of Lincoln County, all abounding in fish of all kinds. Salmon river, or bay enters the ocean near the northern boundary of the county. Along this stream are fine tide lands and rich bottom lands, soon to be opened to settlement.

Seven miles south of Salmon river the Siletz river, or bay empties its sparkling waters into the old Pacific Ocean. This stream drains a large scope of country and affords the largest volume of fresh water of any river in the county, having many feeders. For this reason it is said that more salmon enter it than both the Alsea and the Yaquina combined. The Siletz river heads in and near the summit of the coast range of mountains in Polk county and runs nearly all the way through the rich valley of the Siletz, now an Indian reservation, soon to be thrown open to settlement.

Twenty miles south of the Siletz Bay the now famous Yaquina Bay bangles her ever-laden waters with the old Pacific. Yaquina Bay proper is about 14 miles long, but is navigable for small crafts for thirty miles from the mouth. There are many tributaries emptying into the Yaquina, and many fine farms dot the valleys and hill sides. Eight miles above Newport are large bodies of rich tide lands extending on up the Bay for six or seven miles, many acres of which are being dyked, reclaimed and cultivated, and when once cultivated are said to be the richest lands in the world, the soil in many places being sixty feet deep. The lands are admirably adapted to raising all kinds of beets, roots, mangel wuzzels, etc., and particularly to the culture of sugar beets. The analysis of beets raised on the tide-land near Toledo showed 16 per cent of saccharine matter, being the highest percentage obtained in the state.

Leaving the tide-lands and for ten miles on up the Bay, or now the Yaquina river, are large sandy bottoms in and around Elk City, the garden spot of the county. Above Elk City and on up the Yaquina river and along a line of the O. P. R. R. are fine bottom lands. On these bottom lands fruit of all kinds do remarkably well. Several hop yards have been planted on these bottom lands and the result has been very satisfactory. Hop culture promises to be one of the prosperous and profitable industries of the county at an early date. At Nashville, near the east line of the county, are large orchards of pears, apples and pears, showing that fruit will do well even so near the ocean as of the Coast range.

Eighteen miles below Yaquina Bay the Alsea river and Bay empties into the Pacific ocean. The Bay is of a considerable size, and the entrance is deep enough to permit coasting vessels to enter and carry away the products of the fertile valley of the Alsea river. The country contiguous to the Alsea river resembles that of the Yaquina very much. It is settled with industrious and thrifty people, and promises to develop rapidly its latent resources.

The Dairying Industry.
Lincoln county is admirably adapted for dairying. With our mild climate, where snow never lies on the ground to exceed one day, cool nights and abundance of pure spring water, it is an ideal dairying country. The climate is such that grass never dries up but remains green during the entire year, thus affording annual grazing and reducing the cost of feeding to a minimum. Clover is naturally adapted to this country, growing on the highest hills or the lowest bottoms, wherever the seed is scattered. Frequently our farmers cut two crops of clover from their meadows in one year, and have been known to cut three. Silos can be built and three crops can be obtained annually for ensilage. Steps have been taken to establish a creamery plant at Toledo, and there is but little doubt but that a creamery will be in successful operation here at an early date. With the creamery business once established at some place within the county, the industry will rapidly develop. It is admitted in all markets that butter and cheese produced from the milk of cows that graze upon the succulent grasses of our country exceeds that of any other region. The day is not far distant when the dairying resources of our surrounding country will be a source of large annual income to our people.

Timber, Coal and Granite.

Commencing three miles north of Toledo and extending on through Lincoln county is the famous green belt of fir, spruce, hemlock, larch and cedar timber, only awaiting capital and enterprise to manufacture it into lumber and place it on the markets of the world.

Two and one-half miles from Toledo, on the headwaters of Depot Slough are the richest undeveloped coal mines in the state of Oregon. A local company have thoroughly prospected this coal belt, and numerous assays have been made, the last by California experts, who pronounced it as being the only coal on the coast suitable for steel works.

North and east of Toledo are located granite mines in unlimited quantities equal in quality to the Maine and Vermont granite, with water power on the premises sufficient to run all machinery necessary to furnish rock for building and monuments.

Towns and Villages.

YAQUINA CITY is the terminus of the Oregon Pacific railroad. It has two hotels, three stores, a church and a school house. An academy has recently been instituted there, and promises to be a successful institution of learning. A considerable volume of business is transacted at Yaquina City. At this place are the wharves and warehouses which are used by the ocean steamers, two of which ply regularly between that port and San Francisco. The town-site is owned by the railroad company and has never been placed on the market.

WEST YAQUINA is across the Bay from Yaquina City and is well located on deep water. It will make a good town as it will have a part of the trade from the south and of the county in the ocean.

NEWPORT, "Down by the Sea," is the largest town on the Bay. It has a population of 100

inhabitants. It has three fine hotels, numerous stores, a fine public school, one weekly newspaper, one sawmill, and many other lines of business. The government works are located here and the town enjoys a good trade. Newport enjoys the reputation of being the finest summer resort on the Pacific coast, and during the summer months thousands of people visit Newport.

South of Newport ten miles is the Seal Rocks Summer Resort, owned by James Brasfield. Here are located good hotels, fine grounds and many neat summer cottages.

On Alsea Bay are located two nice little villages, one on the north side and one on the south. Good hotels and stores are found in either town. At Waldport on the south side is a good saw mill, now engaged in sawing lumber for the San Francisco market. On the north side are located the salmon canneries where annually are canned and shipped from five to ten thousand cases of salmon of fine grade. The Alsea Bay is navigable for steam crafts for twelve miles. This part of the County is rich in lumber, both fir and cedar, and is the ideal dairying country. The Alsea harbor although it remains tide without ever having had a dollar of money spent on it, is a better harbor than many other harbors on the coast. Coasting steamers enter and depart regularly without a tug or pilot. Cranberries raised on the Alsea marshes by Mr. J. O. Stearns, are pronounced by experts to be of the finest flavor of any raised from Oregon to Maine.

ELK CITY is the oldest town in the county, and is nicely located at the junction of the Elk and Yaquina rivers. It has a good hotel, two stores, a blacksmith shop and postoffice, and being the center of a large farming district enjoys a good trade. Thousands of bushels of potatoes and many bushels of fine apples are shipped annually to San Francisco.

TOLEDO, the temporary County seat, is well located 12 miles above the mouth of the Bay, on the line of the O. P. R. R., and easily in the center of the county, being the link to the compass. Toledo enjoys the undivided trade of the Siletz Indian Reservation. It is the center of the famous tide-land belt, and will hold her own by reason of her splendid location. Toledo has one first-class hotel, four good general merchandise stores, one drug store, two weekly newspapers, one steam saw-mill, blacksmith shop, a fine large public school building, two churches, and other minor businesses.

PIONEER, or MORRISON, is a station on the O. P. R. R., about three miles from Elk City. At this place is located the famous Pioneer Sandstone quarry. The products of this quarry is becoming justly celebrated all over the coast. As a building stone it is unexcelled. Large quantities of it are being shipped to San Francisco where it is used in the construction of some of the mammoth buildings of that city. The quarry employs a large number of men and is building up a large industry.

On up the railroad are the stations of Chitwood, Elderville and Little Elk, all of them trading points of some importance.

The Siletz Reservation.

In the north part of the county lies the famous Siletz Indian reservation, now soon to be thrown open for settlement. This reservation is among the last of the Indian lands to be opened to the whites, and offers about the last opportunity the prospective settler will have in securing a home from Uncle Sam. The Indians having been allotted their lands and one hundred and eighty thousand acres remaining which will be turned back to the general government and be homesteaded and taken under the timber act. The Siletz river is navigable for twenty-five miles up from its mouth for all classes of river boats. Along the river on either side for three miles inland are large bodies of rich tide land, and for the next twenty miles large sandy bottoms extend from the river's edge, varying in width from two hundred yards to a quarter of a mile. This territory has never been visited by a fire and there are millions of feet of fine fir, larch and cedar timber. Large deposits of coal are known to exist, the quality of which is the same as that of the magnificent Depot Slough coal. On this reservation can be found some of the best agricultural and grazing land on the coast. All the preliminary work looking to the opening of the reservation has been done, and it is only awaiting the President's proclamation announcing it open for settlement, when the pioneer's ax will startle the wild elk and deer from their natural haunts; when capital will take up the echo and soon, where but a few months before nothing but the wild and harsh notes and wailing chants of a few old Indians, the remnants of a once powerful tribe, was heard as they paid their tribute to old Medicine Rock, will be heard the music of the saw and hammer. Civilization shall conquer the earth.

Miscellaneous.

Owing to the mild climate and absence of frost, fruit of all kinds that can be raised in Oregon do exceedingly well here. Large orchards of pears, apples and pears are being set out and so far have proved to be perfectly free from all fruit pests, common in the Willamette Valley and California. Lincoln County will be the banner fruit County in Oregon.

The Oregon Pacific Railroad which has its terminus at Yaquina City, has reached the Cascade mountains and is operating one hundred and forty miles of road. And as soon as this road makes connection with an eastern road and becomes a trans-continental line opening up the great wool and wheat belts of eastern Oregon, Yaquina Bay will then become a formidable rival of other ports on the Pacific coast of known fame.

Lincoln County offers better inducements than any other county in Oregon for capital.

Lincoln County offers good inducements for homeseekers.

Lincoln County has many undeveloped resources only sleeping for the want of capital.

Lincoln County wants business men, working men, farmers and capitalists. It takes all kinds of people to make and develop a country. Take Horace Greely's advice and come west, where blizzards and cyclones are unknown; where every man's latch string hangs on the outside; where the warm breath of the grand old Pacific wafts brilliant colors on mid-winter flowers; where Ayres Agave (cure) is of no more value than a bushel of sand; where fever and malaria are strangers and outbreaks; where an honest, industrious man can make him a home and be as free and independent as Governor Penneyer.

If you are an old man come and view a sunset down by the sea, rest your mind and be care free for a while. If you are a young man come and grow up with the country. If you are a moneyed man come and double your capital. If you are a single man come and get your health. If you are a tourist come and see our evergreen hills, our Newport, our Seal Rocks, agree and stand on old Cape Ford-weather, the farthest point west, and rest your eye out on the forest, rolling, cool, sparkling, breaking, bubbling waves of the sea, and on the town of Newport, always striving to reach the Pacific and Lincoln County.

ON A NEBRASKA FARM.

Life Was Only a Dreary Waste When the Grasshoppers Came.

It was well on in August, and the drought had done its worst to the corn. It was a hot, sultry day, as parched and dry as all the days before. The sky was clear but for the usual haze that never left it, the haze of wearing heat. About noon my father came up from the field and summoned us to see something that looked like snow. The air about the sun seemed filled with snowflakes, thick, innumerable, and flitting rapidly, as snowflakes do. But snowflakes and the clear atmosphere and the hot day were quite incompatible things. They could not be snowflakes, but what else could they be? We racked our brains in vain to imagine. Perhaps it was some kind of a cyclone which had lifted leaves and dust and other such things into the air. But there was no sign of that, and every one of the snowflakes was of regular size, with no such irregularity as sticks and branches and leaves carried into the air would present.

We ate dinner in puzzled uncertainty as to what was hanging over us. But two hours later it was painfully apparent what the snowflakes in the sun really were. They were full grown grasshoppers. By 4 o'clock the air was clear and serene, and the grasshoppers were with us. They were not a few thousand insects, miserable little pests, flitting about in the air and getting into your face when you were out of doors. They were millions upon millions. The trees became brown with them. They covered the corn as some insects will literally hide from view a leaf sometimes. They were hungry, too, and began to eat leaves, cornstalks, the bark of trees, anything and everything was needed to fill this ravenous army that had fallen upon us from heaven. One went out of doors and stepped on scores at each stride. They crawled up your trousers legs and under women's skirts. They made holes in the cloth fly netting and came into the house. They plumped hard into your face with a little whacking sting wherever you went or did not go. Everything seemed alive with them.

I was young then and was filled simply with a curious wonder. But as I think of it now I am sure my father must have been quite overpowered with discouragement when he saw what the grasshoppers really meant. He saw on the first day that they had alighted to get a square meal and certainly meant to have it. But day after day they lingered, and new terrors developed in them. They had alighted to lay their eggs. The soft earth in the plowed fields seemed to please them for this purpose, and each day you might see grasshoppers 1½ or 2 inches long boring their tails into the ground until only their heads remained above. There they would stay from morning until night and then go away. If you examined this earth nest when the bird had flown, you would find a soft, silky cocoon filled with innumerable small, pulpy eggs which meant a whole crop of grasshoppers the following spring.—Alpheus Sherman Cody in Independent.

Fly Catchers.

A gentleman who went into the woods region on a hunting excursion and "put up" at a farmhouse in a remote clearing was annoyed during the daytime with the abundance of flies that found access to the house. But when twilight of evening came he was treated to an exhibition of fly catching that more than repaid him for his vexation. The windows were opened as the darkness settled down, and the hostess' tallow dip only partially dispelled the gloom in the old fashioned kitchen, when he suddenly became aware of odd creatures darting to and fro in the room, often coming almost into his face, while a queer little noise of "snip, snip, snip," seemed to follow their velvety fluttering motions. For an instant he was startled, not knowing what to make of such intruders.

"It's only the bats," said the lady quietly as she pursued her work. "They are catching flies. Don't you hear 'em snip off their wings? There'll be hundreds of fly wings on the floor here in the morning."

The gentleman arose early and looked for the wings, and sure enough the floor and tables were littered with them.—Leviston Journal.

The Fortune Hunter's Dilemma.

"Well?" said the handsome fortune hunter to the rich man's plain daughter. "Well, my sweet?" "It is no good," she sobbed, "no good. Father is hard as iron. He will not hear of the match." "Oh!" "He says that if I marry you I shall not have a penny from him."

"My poor darling!" "But listen. I have made up my mind." "How? What do you mean?" "Jack!" cried the plain girl, throwing her arms around the fortune hunter's neck. "Jack, I intend to marry you in spite of all!"

"Oh, mon Dieu!" groaned the fortune hunter.—Pick Me Up.

Rules to Regulate Our Conduct.

A man should be wise in dispute, a lion in the battle and conflict, a teacher in his household, a counselor in the nation, an arbitrator in his vicinity, conscientious in action, content with his state, regular in his habits, diligent in his calling, faithful in his friendship, temperate in his pleasures, deliberate in his speech, devoted to his God. So he will be happy in his life, easy in his death and an esteemed example to his successors.—New York Ledger.

A chapel in honor of St. Paul gave a new name to the Minnesota city. It was originally called Pig's Eye, from a nickname given to a cowboy Frenchman who kept a drinking shanty at the place.

It took its name from its shape, which resembles that of an earring.

MEN'S ERRORS IN DRESS.

A Young Woman of Observation Says That Such Solécisms Are Common.

"It is surprising," said a young woman of observation, "how near some of you men fellows come to being properly dressed and don't quite get there. I've heard a good deal of talk and read a good deal of writing about the fine art of dressing well, but my idea is that it's just a question of the preservation of the entitles. It's just like apple sauce with roast pork and currant jelly with canvasback duck—the proper thing goes with the proper thing. Yet a man may be better perfect in his condiments, or may have a fit at seeing a water color in a velvet frame, and still wear a silk hat and a sack coat. Oh, you needn't laugh. I've seen it, not only on Broadway on a Saturday night, but I have seen it on Fifth Avenue on a Sunday morning. Yes, and worse than that. I saw one young fellow going to church with two swell girls, he wearing a black silk hat and a brown sack suit. Now, do you know I call that impious."

"There are two other sins of attire that men are often guilty of—one a sin of commission, wearing an overcoat with a straw hat, and the other a sin of omission, wearing an overcoat and no gloves. These things are done all the time in their season, and yet you sinners in costume think it a good joke to see a woman in white gloves and a mackintosh—and so it is."

"There's another thing you men get woefully mixed up over—spats and gaiters. Any fool girl knows that the gaiter is used for warmth, and therefore is a part of a winter costume, while the spat was designed as an article for summer attire to keep the bottom of the light trousers from being soiled by black shoes. It is quite as awful a solécism to wear spats with dark trousers as it is to wear a gaiter over a tan shoe, yet both are committed constantly here in New York, and by men who ought to be ashamed of themselves for not knowing such facts better."

"And, talking of tan shoes, you never will convince me that it's either correct or convenient to wear tan shoes in winter or in stormy weather. That's the time for rubbers, and goloshes over tan shoes are an incongruity that gives me the horrors. It's the same sort of de-based taste that leads a man to perill his soft palate by using a cigar holder, or that leads him to outrage decency by sticking a cravat pin in a sailor's knot. And don't think for one instant that all the rest of us don't observe these things just as I do. If a man's dress is trig and trim from top to toe we admire him, even if he's as homely as sin—that is, as sin is supposed to be—but if he mixes the seasons or falls down in the nice details of completeness we have our little sneer at him after he's gone, even though he's as good looking as you'd like to be."—New York Sun.

THE JUDGE'S MENTAL SPREE.

Lucid Indian and Detective Novels as a Means of Mild Dissipation.

The sale of 5 cent novels, descriptive of the improbable adventures of Indian fighters or the superhuman sagacity and adventure of impossible detectives, is by no means confined to the small boys of New York. A reporter loitering in a Park row book exchange was surprised to observe one of the most eminent jurists of the day overhauling a pile of this trash. He had laid aside "Broken Plume's Last Shot," "Old Cap Collier Among the White Caps," "The Boy Magician in Madagascar," "The Young Nihilist" and "Frank and the Aztec Treasure."

"What are you going to do with that stuff, judge?" the reporter asked.

"Going to read it all. It is my way of going on a spree. When I get actually worn out and run down over the study of abstruse legal problems and reach that stage when I carry my professional labor into my dreams, I just knock off for a day or two, lay in a lot of this kind of rubbish, run down to my Long Island home and just lie back and revel in the absurdities of this class of literature. It requires no mental effort whatever to peruse them, and the amusement afforded is unbounded. I get clear away from the world of deeds, mortgages, bonds, partitions, trusts and other vexatious and simply allow my mind to go off on a little spree. No bad effects follow this mild form of dissipation. In fact, I am really rested by it. Try it yourself some time."—New York World.

Chinese Pawnbrokers.

Among the Canton houses there are occasional exceptions to the general one storied or low constructions. Some of these are built like square towers four or five stories high, with no outside windows save at a considerable distance above the ground and no outside projections by which thieves might climb up. These establishments are called pawnshops, but they appeared to me more to resemble our banks where we place deeds and other valuables for safety. I understand it is usual among the Chinese to deposit their possessions of value, when not in use, in these establishments. The people also store there during summer their winter clothing, and loans may be obtained against the goods stored. To have dealings with a pawnshop is in no way considered derogatory to a Chinese gentleman's dignity.—Florence O'Driscoll, M. P., in Century.

A Case of Necessity.

Gothamite—I hear you have a Vassar graduate for a cook. Isn't it rather expensive? Harlemite—Not very. She works for her board and clothes. Gothamite—Why, how does she come to do that? Harlemite—Gotta. She's my wife.—Harlem Life.

Basile Morality.

Reader (going his rounds)—Fine pig that, Mr. Bibber, who owns only that? Contemplative Villager—Ah, you sir, at the London Tivoli.