

DRY < GOODS,

Groceries, Hats, Caps, Boots,
Shoes Etc., Etc., At

COPELAND'S STORE.

We have just received from the Famous
SAN JOSE WOOLEN MILLS,

a fine assortment of

MEL'S CLOTHING,

BLANKETS, FLANNELS

AND WOOLEN GOODS.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF LADIES'
DRESS GOODS.

AND REMNANTS.

CALL AND EXAMINE OUR STOCK

We are Selling Cheap for CASH.

Remember that we can please Everybody.

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, 1899, 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 1906. 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, 1899, 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 mingles her commerce-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 crops, roots, mangel warts, 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 the 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 prunes, apples and pears, showing that fruit will do well even so near the summit 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 excels 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 mine 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 townsite 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 enjoy a part of the trade from the south end of the county in the near future.

NEWPORT, "Down by the Sea," is the largest town on the Bay. It has a population of 300

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 today without ever having had dollar of money spent on it, is a better harbor than many other harbors on the coast. Coast-logging 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 Big 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 nearly in the center of the County, drawing the lines 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 unequalled. Large quantities of it are being shipped to San Francisco where it is being used in the construction of some of the new 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 Chilwood, Eddyville 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 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 animals' harsh notes and weird 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 prunes, 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 paints brilliant colors on mid-winter flowers; where Ayer's Cure is of no more value than a bushel of sand; where fever and malaria are strangers and outcasts; 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 see our girls. If you are a sickly man come and get your health. If you are a tourist come and see our evergreen hills, our Newport, our Seal Rocks, come and stand on old Cape Foulweather, the farthest point west, and cast your eye out on the fogging, rolling, restless, breaking, breaking, rolling, angry ocean waves, and see in them a likeness of the human family, always moving, always restless, always striving to reach the Yaquina Bay and Lincoln County.

THE SUNSET LEDGE.

ITS STORY AS TOLD BY THE OLD CALIFORNIA MINER.

The Two Contractors Who Refused to Heed a Timely Warning—Fifteen Years After a Blast Released a Pair of Grinning Skeletons.

In Butte county there is a quartz mine which has been abandoned for many years. Only the oldest residents of the vicinity remember the names of the locators, and scarcely a trace of the shaft and buildings remains. The ledge was discovered away back in the early days, when quartz first attracted the notice of prospectors; when many worthless ledges were worked because the miners had not yet learned how to read the value of such ore by the minerals in it, its location, dip and contact with other formations. The Sunset ledge was small, flinty and absolutely worthless, but the men who discovered it thought it worth development. They put down a shaft 100 feet in depth in wet and treacherous ground, and they used no timbers. Then they let a contract to two men—a Cornish man and an Irish man—to construct a tunnel 100 feet in length from the bottom.

Sometimes untimbered ground will stand apparently firm and safe for a time, and then, with no perceptible cause, suddenly get shaky and fall or close in. This was just what occurred at the Sunset mine. The two men in the tunnel had almost finished their contract and were "squaring up the face" of the tunnel when one of the men employed on the surface was lowered rapidly, ran to them and told them to leave the mine instantly because the shaft was closing in.

Why the men refused, in the face of a certain horrible death, to heed the warning is a mystery. The messenger begged and threatened, but they were obdurate. They laughed at him, told him to sit down and smoke a pipe with them and said they would leave the tunnel only when they had "finished her up in shape." Perhaps they imagined the man was playing a joke upon them or that it was a scheme to get them to leave the mine before their contract was fulfilled. At any rate, they refused to leave the mine, and the man who warned them returned to the surface only just in time to escape the fate of the men below. The shaft, with a roar, closed in, and they were entombed.

No effort was made to rescue the buried men. It was impossible to save them if they were not killed by the cave, and it was supposed that the tunnel had also collapsed. To sink a shaft 100 feet through treacherous ground would take a long time even in these days, when all the "modern appliances" for such work were at our disposal.

The mine was abandoned. Fifteen years went by. The story of the mine and the buried men became an old one. Their names were forgotten. They were like men who go down to the sea in ships and perish in sight of their homes. Their friends know that somewhere in the sea their bones are bleaching, somewhere in a great sepulcher upon which they may look, but into which they cannot see.

Fifteen years after the caving in of the mine some prospectors overran the locality. They were told the story of the Sunset ledge, and they went to its croppings and to the dump where the shaft had been and tested the ore they found there. Whether they found any gold is not known, but they found something which encouraged them. Perhaps they were not well versed in quartz and believed that any ledge would pay if developed. They resolved to reopen the mine. It was their opinion, they said, that the Sunset company had not put their shaft down in the right place nor sunk it deep enough. They (the new company) would choose a better spot, sink their shaft much deeper and tap the ledge on the pay shoot.

Old men who heard of it shook their heads and prophesied failure. They said no luck could come from disturbing dead men's bones, but the new company began and finished their shaft. Then they excavated a tunnel and raised an inclined shaft, hoping and expecting to strike the ledge where their judgment had led them to believe the pay shoot was.

One day, when they fired a blast, there was a rush of water down the incline, and the miners were driven out. After much trouble and expense a larger pump was put in and the mine cleared, and the cause of the sudden flow was explained. The upraise of the new company had entered the old tunnel of the Sunset company about 20 feet from its face. And there on a heap of rock, leaning against the walls, were two grinning skeletons. The bones of the dead contractors who had sat there patiently waiting to be found were removed from the mine and given decent burial. The mine was again abandoned and will probably never be again opened.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Queer Ways of the Toad.

Paternal affection is not perhaps the precise emotion that we should be disposed to look for in the cold blooded frog. But the Surinam toad appears to exhibit this praiseworthy attitude of mind toward his numerous progeny. When his mate lays her eggs, the solicitor father places them carefully upon her back, where in due time their presence causes an irritation that produces numerous small holes, into which the eggs forthwith drop. In these cells, which, from mutual pressure, get to be hexagonal, like honeycomb, the young frogs are finally hatched, and for a bit scramble about their mother's back, hiding in their numbers when danger threatens.—London News.

Newborn, N. C., was named after Burn in Switzerland by Baron de Graefewitz, a Swiss, who founded the town in 1720.

NOT A BRIDAL PARTY.

But the Massachusetts Man Wanted to Know All About It.

They were wandering up and down the waiting room of the Grand Central station, and neither seemed inclined to talk much, although from the glances they occasionally bestowed upon one another it was plain that there was a degree of relationship existing between them. Suddenly the young man left the young woman's side and crossed to the newsstand, where he purchased a paper. Returning, he conducted his companion to a seat.

Hardly were they seated before one of those inquiring individuals who must talk to somebody placed himself in the next seat and eyed them inquisitively, to their visible annoyance. He could not curb his propensity to talk, and thus began:

"Strangers in the city?"
"Yes," said the man shortly.
"Taking a train?" was the next query.
"Yes."
"Maybe you are going my way?" continued he of the inquiring turn of mind.

"Maybe. We are going to Boston."
"Ah, you belong there?"
"I do," was the man's answer.
"Fine city," went on the inquisitive one. "You don't see the papers filled up with divorces and scandals as you do here. I belong to Massachusetts myself. Worcester is my home, and a divorce case or an elopement is a rarity. You seem to have gone into matrimony recently?" looking at them patronizingly.

"Rather," was the tired response.
"Might I inquire your business?"
"Certainly. I am a detective."
"On your honeymoon?"
"No," answered the detective, folding up his paper. "I'm taking back a prisoner."

"Why! You don't mean to say?" looking at the woman in astonishment.
"I do."

"I thought she was your wife."
"So she is, and my prisoner. To save you inquiry, she eloped with another man the day I married her, and I tracked her here."

"And you are taking her back to justice?"

"No, to marry her. I guess the job wasn't properly done, so we're going to do it over again."

"Is she from Boston too?"

"No. From Worcester."

"Oh!" The inquisitive man said no more.—New York Recorder.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST.

A Graphic Pen Picture of Hall Caine and Something of His Character.

Hall Caine is said to resemble Shakespeare in the keen intelligence of his features and in the intellectual height of his prominent forehead. He possesses a highly nervous organization, and his first novel came near bankrupting him in health. His best work is done after midnight in the early morning hours. He is a native of the Isle of Man, a Manxman, and is 46 years old, or thereabouts. Much of his time is spent in travel, when he exercises his powers of observation and gathers material for future use. His home is in the English lake country, overlooking Derwentwater and above the town of Keswick. It is called "Hawthorn."

The novelist is also at times a poet, as he occasionally writes some verses for publication. He has decided religious tendencies, which take the form of investigation. He contemplates writing a life of Christ, and as he excels in terse, epigrammatic sentences his style would be in the direct line of Biblical truths. He is conscientious and painstaking in all his literary methods, and his readers recognize in him one who has sincerity as a superstructure for every romance of which he is the architect.—New York Advertiser.

Meant For the Minister.

A popular minister in Fifeeshire, in the good old times, used at Christmas to be inundated with hampers filled with good things. On one occasion an enormous turkey was sent to him by the thoughtful kindness of a neighboring farmer, but as the minister's family had already provided for the Christmas dinner the bird was sent to the market and sold.

A passerby, seeing this fine specimen of poultry, said, "What a splendid turkey! Just the thing for the minister's Christmas dinner!" To the minister it was again sent.

The provident wife sent it again to the market and sold it again for a handsome sum.

Another friend, similarly struck with the splendid proportions of the turkey, purchased it and sent it to the minister. The good woman, not wishing to fly in the face of Providence, said at last:

"It is clear that the Lord means us to have this turkey," and with the approbation of the family it formed part of the Christmas dinner.—Youth's Companion.

A Clever Woman.

The director of a Chicago bank tells about how his wife overdraw her account at the bank last month. "I spoke to her about it one evening," says he, "and told her she ought to adjust it at once. A day or two afterward I asked her if she had done what I suggested. 'Oh, yes,' she answered. 'I attended to that matter the very next morning after you spoke to me about it. I sent the bank my check for the amount I had overdrawn!'"

Did, Though.

Policeman (to wheelman, who is riding on the side path)—See here, young man, you can't ride there.
"Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me!" And he shot out of sight.—American Wheelman.

The brooches used in Rome during the first and second centuries very often had a martial appearance. They were fashioned after swords, helmets, battle-axes and bows.