

first of the week to be examined by the examining surgeon, with respect to his application for a pension.

Mrs. C. G. Copeland has just received a nice lot of new goods in the shape of ladies' and gents' furnishings, and men's overalls and working clothes.

There has been a rush of taxpayers to the sheriff's office all this week. This is the last week for paying taxes and the people are taking advantage of it.

There will be a public meeting, under the auspices of the Theosophical class, at the old school house in Toledo next Sunday, March 31st, at 3 p. m. Subject of lecture: Esoteric Basis of Christianity. All are invited.

John Richardson, John Moore and L. F. Russell, three boys who have been working on the government works at Newport for some time, left last Monday for the Cascade locks, where they expect to get work.

The steamers Scotia and Homer were in from San Francisco and way ports last Monday. The Scotia took a cargo of Pioneer rock to Frisco and the Homer took miscellaneous freight. The Bendorille was also in at Newport.

From a private letter to Capt. Robertson we learn that Mr. Geo. W. Roper, county clerk of Red Willow county, Nebraska, left that place for Lincoln county about the 20th inst. He comes as a kind of advance guard to spy out the land for several prospective settlers from that part of Nebraska.

Mrs. M. E. Peairs left for Astoria last Tuesday morning. Her father at that place has been afflicted for some time with a malady that has resisted cure, and it has been decided to perform a surgical operation on him. He is quite old, and it is doubtful if he can withstand the shock of the operation.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Thos. Coleman came over last Friday and placed another libel on the tug Resolute. This time it is for the wages of the deck hands that were employed on her when she was in service. The Resolute is advertised to be sold at Marshal's sale at an early date to satisfy the numerous claims against her.

Capt. J. A. Olsson was up from Newport last Monday to pay his taxes. Mr. Olsson is about the largest individual resident taxpayer in the county, and what is more to the purpose he is always prompt to pay his taxes before they become delinquent. This year his total tax amounted to \$252.76, and as hard as the times are it was paid and he went home with a tax receipt from Sheriff Landis nearly as large as one page of the LEADER.

Jefferson has, we believe, shipped more potatoes this year than any other town of like size in the state. At the present time one of our buyers has an order for twenty-two cars. The potato crop has put more money in circulation hereabouts the past season than the wheat crop.—Jefferson Review.

Dr. Wakefield, of Little Elk, came down to Toledo on business last night. The doctor reports several of his friend in Minnesota contemplates an early removal to Oregon. They are tired of the long cold winters of that region and hope to find a better climate on the Pacific coast. They will be homeseekers and homebuilders, and we would be glad to see them locate in our beautiful country.

Daniel Kern, of Portland, was on the Bay this week. Mr. Kern is a government contractor, having contracts at Coos Bay, Siuslaw, and the Columbia. He states that he has a steam dredge which is not now in use. He will bring this dredge to this Bay to do dyking with if he can get a sufficient amount of work to justify it. He would dyke for cash or on the shares. It might be to the interest of parties owning bodies of tideland on the Bay to communicate with Mr. Kern.

C. B. Crosno and M. E. Peairs are making a set of abstract blanks of Lincoln county. They have a force consisting of Misses Jessie Alexander and Effie Crosno and Mr. Peairs going through the record books in the clerk's office taking transcripts of the various transfers made in the county. It is their intention to spare no pains to make these abstract records complete and absolutely correct. It is expected that it will take them about three months to complete the work. When done they will be a valuable set of blanks.

The Lincoln County Record is the name of a new paper soon to be issued at Newport. It is to be published by B. F. Jones, of this place and S. G. Irvin, of Newport. It will be a weekly six-column folio, and will be devoted to the interests of Lincoln county, particularly to the real estate and immigration interests. Mr. Irvin and Mr. Jones are both wide-awake rustling men and no doubt will make the Record a power in the settlement and advancement of the county. We wish the Record success and speak for the first place on their exchange list. The mechanical work will be done at the News office in Newport.

Dr. Jennings, of Newport, will be at Yaquina on Friday and Saturday, March 29th and 30th; Toledo, Wednesday and Thursday, April 3rd and 4th; Elk City, Wednesday and Thursday, April 10th and 11th, 1895. I-W.

Silent Items.

Winter seems to be just now arriving here, and it seems pressing it harder toward the end of the month.

The ferryboat has not been running for the past week, for the reason that the boys who went to haul the boiler over took the blocks and the ferryman thought it unsafe without them. Scott Lane went over and got the blocks Tuesday and the ferry is now running, so the mail carrier won't have to carry the mail bag on his back from the river any more.

The rain has delayed the boys getting in their oats. They have their ground ready and as soon as a few nice days come they will crowd them in.

Miss Alice Vinyard is somewhat better. She has been in bed nearly two weeks. She has been moved away from Logan's store because there was so much noise there, and since then she has been resting much better. We hope she will soon come out all right and be able to know what she's about.

There is to be a lawsuit before Justice Grant Thursday. The suit is Larkey Logan vs. Mrs. George Harris, for the recovery of money.

A BIG SNAP.

Two lots in Toledo for \$55 if taken this week. These lots are easily worth double the above amount but the owner must have money. Enquire at this office if you mean business and want a big snap. Don't talk unless you mean business.

Notice.

Parties knowing themselves to be indebted to me are requested to call and settle at once. My books are closed and all accounts will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection April 15th.

P. TELLEFSON.

Farms For Sale.

I have two good farms for sale near Elk City. The first is a good farm of 123 acres joining the town has good house, barn, and out-buildings; good orchard and plenty of all kinds of fruit; good farm and meadow land. Also a good ledge of sandstone on the place.

Also 80 acres 1/2 mile from Elk City, house, barn, etc., good orchard, and a good piece of land. These places will be sold at bed rock prices and on good terms. Must sell out on account of old age. Enquire of

J. H. BEVINS, Elk City.

Notice.

Any one wishing to take advantage of any of the following great bargains call on or address the undersigned.

One of the finest residences in Toledo, a fine house, barn and other improvements; two blocks from the depot; the handiest place in town. Price only \$1,500—1/2 cash.

A 5 acre ranch 1/2 mile from Toledo, on O'Halla; house, barn and other improvements; a neat little place. Price only \$350.—1/2 cash.

One lot 50x100 feet, one block from court house. A good investment. Price \$75 cash.

COLLINS & HALL, Toledo, Oregon.

For Sale.

The undersigned offers for sale land near Chitwood station, as follows:

One tract, 67 acres; good orchard and barn; about 10 acres in cultivation. This is a splendid location and will be sold cheap for cash.

Also several small tracts, good fruit and garden land, well located. Will be sold at reasonable rates, and purchase price taken either in work or money.

A good stone quarry lying close to the O. P. track and convenient to work and load on cars, will be leased or sold to parties who will work it.

Call on or address

M. T. WHITNEY, Chitwood, Ore.

JOB PRINTING.

The place to get your

CARDS, ENVELOPES, LETTER HEADS, BILL HEADS, STATEMENTS, ETC.,

And all kinds of

PRINTING.

Is at the

LEADER OFFICE.

Price and Work Satisfactory

Wanted to Buy.

Dr. J. I. Drying up and down the room of the Grand Central hotel, and neither seemed inclined to do 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 newsstand, where he purchased a paper. Returning, he conducted his companion to a seat.

Hardly were they seated before one of these 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 there 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 fired 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 exerts 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 "Hawthorns."

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 Fifehire, 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 overhauled 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 branches used in Rome during the first and second centuries very often had a martial appearance. They were fashioned after swords, helmets, battleaxes and bows.

CIGARETTES AND THE TEETH.

A Dentist Says the Nerves in Them Are Killed by Nicotine Poisoning.

"There is one bad result of constant cigarette smoking that very few people know anything about," said a Brooklyn dentist. "The result itself has been parent to me and to all dentists a long time. The cause has been very until very recently. For years nerves of teeth in every other way feet have been found dead. A careful examination of a dead nerve found in an unexposed tooth recently revealed the fact that it had been poisoned by nicotine, and thereby the mystery referred to was solved. Nicotine poisoning from cigarette smoking is killing the nerves in the teeth of smokers. It is a most serious state of affairs, although most people will not understand. They think a dead tooth is as good as a live one. They will find their mistake some day."

"A young woman whom I have known for some time came here the other day and wanted a tooth attended to. I worked on the tooth some time, and some of the instruments I used should have made her scream a little bit. But she never made a sound, and I naturally concluded that the nerve of the tooth was dead. It surprised me because the tooth was a good one and the nerve unexposed. Well, I extracted the nerve, and the minute I saw it I knew what was the trouble."

"Do you want a live nerve left in your head?" I asked.

"Why, of course," she replied.

"Then stop smoking cigarettes," I said.

"Why, doctor, what do you mean?" she began. Then she was on a great show of indignation.

"My dear young lady," I said, "what's the use of talking so? I'm a dentist, and I know a thing when I see it. You have been smoking cigarettes for a long time, and my advice was given in a perfectly friendly spirit. Well, she collapsed then, acknowledged the truth of what I had said, and that ended it. I don't think that cigarette smokers figure this result of nicotine poisoning in with the many other injurious effects of the weed, but in my mind it is the most dangerous."

—New York Sun.

THE MONEY ISN'T THERE.

A Pickpocket Who Was Foolish Enough to Steal a Lady's Pocketbook.

"I just swiped a leather, Jim," said a pickpocket to another of his profession as he came across him sitting on a bench in Union square.

"Was it one of them party ones where the women carries round de street in der hands?"

"Yes, I swiped it up on Fifth avenue when she was lookin' inter er windy."

"If yer'd been in de bizniz as long as I hev, yer wouldn't er took it."

"Why?"

"A feller might strike er big hand, though, that way some time."

"Not on yer life he wouldn't. I've swiped a load on 'em, an I never got one yit that I could git a beer out on. Dey don't carry money in dem leathers. Dey's only er bluff. Try dat one yer've got and see if it's anny good."

Glancing about him warily to make sure that no one was watching him, the pickpocket opened the purse. He found three samples of silkoline, a patent glove buttoner, a card advertising a lotion for removing blackheads from the face, a sheet of flesh colored court plaster, some samples of scrim and Madras, a list of prices of carpets, a circular showing an illustration of a patent hose supporter, a card of small safety pins, two slabs of chewing gum warranted to cure dyspepsia and a card bearing her address and instructions to take her there if she met with an accident.

"That's all dere is in it," said the man who had "swiped" the pocketbook as he turned it upside down and shook it, with a look of disgust on his face.

"Didn't I tell yer," remarked the other. "I've 'swiped' dem 'tings till I'm tired. Dey're all de same. De women don't carry nothin but trash in 'em. De money ain't dere, never!"

New York Herald.

Do Not Sleep on the Left Side.

There is little doubt that an immense number of persons habitually sleep on the left side, and those who do so can never, it is said, be strictly healthy. It is the most prolific cause of nightmare, and also of the unpleasant taste in the mouth on arising in the morning. All food enters and leaves the stomach on the right side, and hence sleeping on the left side soon after eating involves a sort of pumping operation which is anything but conducive to sound repose. The action of the heart is also seriously interfered with and the lungs unduly compressed. Hence it is best to cultivate the habit of always sleeping on the right side, although Sandow and other strong men are said to invariably sleep on their backs.—Philadelphia Times.

Animals Respect One Another's Rights.

Truth forces the observer of nature to admit that birds and other creatures apportion the earth among themselves just about as man does. A bear has his boundaries beyond which his fellow bear does not trespass with impunity—the wild rabbit you see on your lawn in the moonlight is the same innocent little creature you have been seeing every night all the summer time—and even the robin that gathers the early worms for his breakfast from your garden 'd show fight when another comes meddling on his preserve. Nor does this year only, for there is good evidence of the same bird will come a good ranch claim it staked off the year before. Meehan's Monthly.

A Devotee of Brown's Ranch.

ed the gentlemanly "and City."

"Oh," said Mrs. "wrap me up a quilt."

Chicago Record.