LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

J. F. STEWART, Editor and Proprietor.

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Official County Paper.

THE RUIN OF THE YEAR.

Along the hills and by the sleeping stream
A warning falls, and all the glorious trees—
Vestures of gold and grand embroideries—
Stand mute as in a sad and beautiful dream,
Brooding on death and nature's vast undoing.
And spring that came an age ago and fled,
On summer's glory long since drawn to red,
And now the fall and all the slow, soft ruin,
And soon, some day, sweeps by the pillaging wind,
The winter's wild outrider, with harsh roar,
And leaves the meadows sacked and waste and thinned,
And strips the forest of its golden store,
Till the grim tyrant comes, and then they sow
The silent wreckage, not with salt, but snow.
—Archibald Lampman in Scribner's.

TRANSPLANTED.

The cab was piled with luggage, and within sat a young matron, her cheeks fresh as the meadows she had quitted but a few hours ago. Long Bill, lurking on the limits of the railway station, caught a significant nod from the cab-drive, and at once started in pursuit.

Long Bill was not very tall, but had limbs so excessively slender and so meager a trunk that his acquaintances naturally thought of him in terms of length. When unoccupied, which was generally the case, he let his arms hang straight and close to his sides, as though trying to occupy as little room in the world as possible. He walked on his toes, rather quickly, and almost without a bend of the knee; his back was straight and the collar of his filthy coat always turned up to shield the scraggy, collarless neck. Observe him in motion at a distance, and you were reminded of a red Indian on the trail. Catch sight of him suddenly close at hand, and his sidling, furtive carriage made you anxious about your pockets or watch guard. By his own account Bill was 10 years old, but he had the wizened face of senility; his hairless cheeks hollow over tooth gaps, his nose mere cartilage, his small eyes a-blink, yet as eager as those of a hungry animal.

For more than a mile he ran along by the laden cab, and seemingly, without much effort; when it drew up in front of a comfortable house, Bill sprang to the door of the vehicle.

"You'll let a pore young feller help with the luggage, lydy? I've ran all the w'y from Victoria."

He panted his mendicant humility, and with a grimy paw shook drops from a scarce visible forehead. The fair young matron regarded him with pained, compassionate look.

"You have run all the way from Victoria? Certainly you may help, of course you may!"

She alighted, entered the house, and stood there in the hall watching Long Bill as, with feverish energy, he assisted a servant to transfer trunks and parcels. Relatives pressed about the lady, but she could not give them due attention.

"Look at that poor creature! He has followed my cab all the way from Victoria, just to earn a few pence. Oh, these things are too dreadful!"

The simple heart of this lady was a law unto itself. She had possessions, and spoke with authority. In happy moment, Long Bill had pursued the wheels of her cab. Holding money in readiness, she talked with him. Could he not get work? What was his story? Where did he live? To every question Bill made fluent reply, panting off, and squeezing the rag which served him for headgear. Work! Only give him the chawnce! See what it was to be rigidly honest; not since yesterday at this time had a morsel of bread passed his lips. Work! He threw up his eyes in appeal to powers supernal.

"Come and see me tomorrow at 12 o'clock."

His immediate wants provided for, Bill passed the evening in contemplation. He felt no prompting to impart to any one the wonder that had befallen.

Very punctually next day did he present himself at the area door of the comfortable house, and silently he was led to a room where the lady waited for him. To various searching questions he again answered with a tremulous candor which had its full effect. Then, bidding him listen and perpend, the lady offered her suggestion. Far away from London, in a very beautiful country, she had a house, with gardens and fields, and there, if so it pleased him, William could support himself honorably by the labor of his hands—could learn the rural life, could gain health and strength, could forget the horrors of his early years. Was William disposed to consider this? The head gardener, an estimable man, would direct and encourage him. He would receive wages, and eat the bread of independence. Who said he?

William once more threw up his eyes, and, in very truth, knew not how to respond, but his face answered for him. Very well, he should have this chance of proving his sincerity. In a day or two the arrangements would be complete. Let him come again, at a time suggested, and be in readiness to quit London. Meanwhile he must purchase the proper clothes of a laboring man; herewith money for that purpose. Let him be faithful, and the sun of happiness would henceforth shine upon him.

In less than a week behold Long Bill, outwardly, now to the name of William Higgs, transplanted to quite a new sphere of existence. His lodging was in the cottage of a farm laborer. His duties led him to the kitchen gardens of the old manor house, where Mr. Brown, above all suspicious, set him primitive tasks with the fewest possible words. William looked as though he had fallen from the moon. He was vastly uncomfortable in his clean, new clothing. He stared at everything and everybody. He stood on guard against possible attacks and kept wondering whether if he climbed to the top of a hill not far away he would be able to see London. The fact that he had traveled for three hours by an express train did not affect this speculation. Never in his life had William felt so hopeless, so purposeless.

By the directions of his benefactress he was abundantly fed, and such advantage did he take of this novel experience that on the second day he began to suffer from an alarming disorder. A severe pain oppressed his breathing, and his heart throbbed violently. At length, utterly overcome, he lay gasping as if for life. A doctor had to be summoned. Soon there followed a second and no less violent attack. William had secretly eaten two large cucumbers and a pound of cheese. He paid the penalty. Work, from the first not only distasteful, but difficult, was for some days impossible.

Presently it appeared that he had caught a very bad cold. He was threatened with congestion of the lungs. Writing to the lady of the manor, the doctor explained to her that William's constitution had suddenly broken down in consequence of the great and sudden change. There would have to be care. Figuratively and literally this poor fellow had as good as no legs to stand upon. He seemed ripe for all manner of diseases. If his diet and habits were not strictly regulated, the result might be lamentable.

A month went by. William had pretended to work, but always gave up on the plea of weakness. He looked very miserable and did not talk much. His cough was bad. One day, after spitting on the gravel walk, he showed the gardened a red stain. Mr. Brown, though he did not like William, looked troubled.

"Ever seen that afore now?"

Ruefully and resentfully the other declared that he had never known what it was to have anything the matter with him. Then he went apart into a quiet spot and lay on the grass and was beset with terrors. Moreover, a great wrath awoke in him. He cursed the place and the people and above all the well meaning lady who had sent him into exile. Once [illegible] irresistible lure. He longed for the streets, the noises, the smells, for his old companions, for the lurking places of his homeless nights. Money he had none. As yet his weekly wages only paid for board and lodging. But, with or without money, he would get back to London. His purpose must be secret. If the enemy got wind of it, he would be forcibly detained.

That evening he contrived to make a stealthy entry into the grapehouse and to cut the roots of all the vines. Early the next morning he did the like damage to a number of rose trees. A poor revenge, but it soothed him. Suspecting that his malfeasance among the vines must soon be discovered, he held himself in readiness for flight at any moment, and while listening eagerly for every word spoken by the people about him he sought new forms of mischief. His troublesome cough kept him in mind of the wrong he had suffered. It urged him to malicious activity. But before he could do anything worse than pinch blossoms off certain valuable plants the alarm struck upon his ear.

"Hoy, London Bill! Mr. Brown wants you, and look sharp."

It was one of the undergardeners shouting from a distance. In sudden terror, in a mad desire for liberty and home, he slunk rapidly out of sight, then took to his heels.

In the night, at a village some 20 miles away, the constable came upon a tramp who lay helpless by the roadside. "Severe hemorrhage from the lungs," said the doctor. And, but a few days later, William Higgs was again transplanted, this time to a yet more quiet locality where no work would ever be asked of him.—Sketch.

Just Like a Woman.

A young and well dressed woman entered Charing Cross telegraph office the other day and wrote out a dispatch to be sent to Manchester. She read it over, reflected for a moment, and then dropped it on the floor and wrote a second. This she also threw away, but was satisfied with the third and sent it off. The three telegrams read:

First.—"Never let me hear from you again."

Second.—"No one expects you to return."

Third.—"Come home, dearest. All is forgiven."—Pearson's Weekly.

Realism.

"This picture belongs to the realistic school."

"Ah!"

"Yes. Notice that atmosphere? It is supplied by an air pump in the basement."—Detroit Tribune.

Derivation of Fad.

The derivation of this word is possibly traceable in the Welsh language. By the law of mutation of initial consonants peculiar to that tongue the root words ffedd and medd are convertible terms. Their essential meaning is possession; transitive or intransitive, possession of something, or the act of being possessed or engrossed by some occupation or vice. Welsh medd, and Irish, Sanskrit, and English mad, have similar meanings and are probably kindred words.

The word mad is not common in Teutonic idioms, so that the Anglo-Saxons probably borrowed it from the Welsh. Fad is therefore equally derivable from ffedd. Proximately, of course, it comes from the midland dialects and ultimately from some root word common to many members of the Aryan family of speech. It would be strange if the two words, mad and fad, having a similar meaning, should be traceable to the same root.—Notes and Queries.

The Chinese.

The merchant class of China is composed of polite, patient, extremely shrewd, well dressed pattern shopkeepers. The leisure class is graceful, polished and amiable, but the peasantry remind one of the country folk of Europe, excepting Russia.

As compared with Japan, one feature of every view is strikingly in favor of China. The dress and behavior of the Chinese will not offend Europeans. The women are modest and dress in a baggy garment which completely covers them.

In spite of their modesty Chinese girls do flirt and in proper European fashion. At church they make eyes at the young men and on the way to school.

The most beautiful women of China are of Soo-Chow. They are, as a rule, prettier than the women of Japan.

The Chinese thrash rice by taking a handful and beating a log with it to scatter the kernels on the ground. The farmers break up the soil and punch holes in it for seeds with a stick.

Women who are married wear their back hair in a coil held in place by a narrow bar of gilt metal or imitation jade stone. The young girls wear the coil at one side of the head and stick a white flower in.—Exchange.

The Thorough Woman.

Thoroughness would be a good onward cry for the advancing women—I say advancing with emphasis, for really the advanced women are not on hand in any considerable number.

To a large extent those who are to be of value when they arrive are holding back for good equipment.

They know that men require proper mental habiliment for the war of life, and the first rate women who expect to cope—not fight—with first rate men in the struggle of the world realize that they must be prepared to halt for repairs. And thoroughness is a mighty fine battleax.

Putting on a little veneer and pretending to know never deceives ourselves, and rarely any one else, save for a very short time. Life, like love, is a leveler, and if we live among folks they soon find out just how much we don't know, and the weak spots in our armor become the bullseyes for their shafts.

I tell you the trumpet blast of progress isn't "all cry and no wool!"—Polly Pry in New York Recorder.

Vultures at a Dead Tiger.

The vulture is seen at its best when a dead tiger, brought into camp to be skinned, is exposed in the open. Overhead is a cloudless sky, and not a bird to be seen in that great void by the human eye. The tiger's body is thrown from the pad to the ground, and before the skin has been removed there above one and always nearing the earth are the vultures circling, poising like things of air, now a dozen of them, in a few minutes a score or two and then a hundred strong. Then, when the flayed carcass of the tiger is left by those who skinned it, the vultures descend. Down they come like feathered thunder out of the sky, and from east and west and north and south, the very embodiment of power while they whirled aloft and in their quick descent to earth, and now, as they waddle around that carrion beast, misshapen ghouls, whose only apparent strength is that of the ravening jaws which tear and gorge the tiger's flesh, until within the hour naught of that splendid brute remains but a clean picked skeleton.—Sir Edward Bradden's "Thirty Years of Shikar."

Doctors' Bills.

The Chicago Tribune publishes an account of an interview with a member of a firm in that city whose business consists chiefly in the collection of doctors' bills. He was asked if the majority of patients paid their accounts and said that they did not. From this it would be inferred that in Chicago over one-half of the patients failed to pay their doctors' fees, a statement that is extraordinary and improbable. We believe that in most American cities from 70 to 80 per cent of the fees charged are paid and collected, and probably a larger percentage would be obtained if doctors rendered better service or managed the business side of their profession in a more rational manner.—Medical Record.

Absentminded.

Waiter—What shall I get for you?

Professor (absentminded, reading the bill of fare)—I am busy now; ask me after dinner.—Fliegende Blatter.

The Americance Language.

The prevalence of lower jaw rigidly among our men of all callings and degrees of culture is amazing. The following report of a conversation in a street car between two prominent, well educated business men does them no injustice:

"Wyeh." (How are you?)

"Whaheh." (How are you?)

"Ine deh." (Fine day.)

"S, uh call ut s." (Yes, I call it so.)

"Wah thing gen1?" (How are things in general?)

"Weh, weh don alil, tmuch, thuh; sar kee this tirn these tie.' (Well, we're doing a little, not much, though; it's hard to keep things stirring these times.)

"Suh. Bout rye. Fine suh." (That's so. You're about right. I find it so.)—Forum.

Where Millions Are Made.

There is a gray, severe building towering up from the foot of Broadway. There are no signs upon its walls. Its windows are not lettered. It preserves an air of mystery. The only outward clew to the solution of it is the rubber doormat, for in the intricacies of its design one can cipher the letters "S. O. Co." The building looks toward the North river and over the vast oil yards and refineries of the Kill von Kull. It is the headquarters of the most powerful trade combination in America—the Standard Oil company. It is here that the Rockefeller brothers toil and spin their millions.—New York Advertiser.

White Leghorn Eggs!

I have pure blood White Leghorn eggs for sale for $1.00 for setting of fifteen eggs, delivered at nearest express office. These eggs are from pure blood chickens imported from the east. Address,

P. A MILLER, Chitwood, Or.

Bear in Mind

There is a store on Yaquina Bay where you can, at any time, find a full stock of Groceries, Flour and Feed, and the same will be sold at very reasonable prices.

PETER TELLEFSON, Prop'r,
Yaquina City, Oregon.

Great Toledo Blade Offer.

We have made arrangements with the Toledo Blade to furnish that paper and the LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER for the remarkably low rate of $1.60 per year, payable strictly in advance. The Blade is one of the leading family papers of the United States. The coming campaign will make it particularly interesting to a great many of our readers. This low club rate is only for a limited time and is liable to be withdrawn at any time. If you want the Toledo Blade and the LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER for $1.60 per year subscribe at once.

Democratic County Convention

The democratic county convention is hereby called to meet at the court house in Toledo, Oregon, on Tuesday, March 31, 1896, for the purpose of electing three delegates to the state convention, and to nominate candidates for the various county offices to be filled at the election on June 1, 1896, and for such other business as may come before said convention. The representation will be one delegate at large and one delegate for each five voters, or major fraction, cast for Hon. A. S. Bennett, for supreme judge in 1894. The various precincts are entitled to the following representation:

Toledo,	7	Yaquina	6
Siletz,	6	Newport,	7
Elk City,	4	Beaver Creek,	2
Alsea,	4	Drift Creek,	1
Little Elk,	5	Nashville,	2
Big Elk,	1	Tidewater	2
Yahats,	1	Lobster,	2

It is recommended that the primaries be held at the usual places in the various precincts on Saturday, March 21, 1896, at 2 o'clock p. m.

B. F. JONES, President,
LEE WADE, Secretary.

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Corvallis, Or.

CHAS. CLARK, Supt.
Corvallis, Or

YOU GET

All the County news, and you get it straight, without bias or prejudice in the LEADER.

The cost is only nominal. One year for only

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Sheriff's Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF AN EXECUTION AND ORder of sale, duly issued by the Clerk of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln county, dated the 7th day of February, 1896, in a certain suit in the circuit court of said county and state, wherein A. E. Laws was plaintiff, and Wm. Grant, and Joseph Greenberg and Leon Greenberg, co-partners doing business under the firm name of Greenberg & Sons, were defendants, in which said suit said A. E. Laws, plaintiff, recovered a judgment on the 26th day of July, 1895, against the defendant Wm. Grant for the sum of $1,144.46, with accruing interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from the 26th day of July, 1895 until paid, and for the further sum of $125.00 attorney's fees and interest thereon at the rate of eight per cent per annum from the 26th day of July, 1895, and for the further sum of $20.40 costs and disbursements of this suit, and accruing costs, and ordering, adjudging and decreeing that the real property described in the plaintiff's mortgage and complaint, towit; Lots seven (7) and eight (8) in block four (4), of the City of Newport, Oregon, and also subdivisions forty-three (43), forty-four (44), forty-five (45) and forty-six (46) of the town of Far Far, in Lincoln County, Oregon, be sold to satisfy said judgment and all costs and accruing costs;

Notice is hereby given that I will, at the hour of One o'clock P. M., on the **21st day of March, 1896,** at the front door of the Court House in Toledo, Lincoln County, Oregon, offer for sale at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the real property in said order, decree and herein above described, to satisfy said judgment and decree and all costs that have accrued, together with the costs and charges of making said sale.

Dated this the 17th day of February, 1896.

GEO. A. LANDIS,
Sheriff of Lincoln County, Oregon.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
February 20, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed his intention of making final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln County, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 2nd, 1896, viz:

P. N. LATHROP, H. E. No. 9,425,

for the southeast ¼ of the northeast ¼, east ½ of southeast ¼ of section 6, and southwest ¼ of southwest ¼ of section 5, town 12 south, range 9 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: J. E. Dixon, W. H. Daniels and Harvey Parks, of Elk City, Oregon, and Jesse Craft, of Salado, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
February 10, 1896.

Notice is hereby given that the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln County, Oregon, on March 31, 1896, viz:

ALBERT L. CHITWOOD, H. E. No. 7,943,

for the north ½ of northeast ¼ and north ½ of northwest ¼, section 26, town 10 south, range 10 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Thomas F. Lewis, Dudley Trapp and Joseph E. Wilson, of Chitwood, Oregon, and James Williams, of Toledo, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
February 25, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 2, 1896, viz:

EDWARD J. DUNN, H. E. 11,505,

for the southwest ¼ of northeast ¼, south ½ of northwest ¼ and lots 6 and 7 of section 20, township 10 south, range 9 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Dudley Trapp, Thomas Lewis, Albert Chitwood and James McDonald, all of Chitwood, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

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Three Sizes—25c., 50c. and $1. All Druggists.

ACKER MEDICINE CO.,
16 & 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
February 27, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-name settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 7, 1896, viz:

ABRAHAM L. McFADDEN, H. E. 8,755,

for the northeast ¼ of section 6, township 11 s., range 9 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: P. A. Miller, D. J. Chitwood, James McDonald and W. J. Hollister, all of Chitwood, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
March 2, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Lincoln county, at Toledo, Oregon, on May 7, 1896, viz:

MARCUS ROWIN, H. E. 8,603,

for the northwest ¼ of section 9, township 13 s., range 11 west.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: William Tullock, of Stanford, Oregon; T. N. Coombs, of Ona, Oregon, and Fred Yost and P. Myers, of Stanford, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.

Administratrix Notice.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County.

In the matter of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased:

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County, administratrix of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present them, duly verified, to me at Toledo, Oregon, within six months from the date hereof. All persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to settle the same at once.

Dated this 26th day of February, 1895.

ANNA E. PARKER,
Administratrix of the estate of Thos. E. Parker, deceased.

Citation.

In the County Court of the State of Oregon, for Lincoln County.

In the matter of the estate of G. W. Jackson, deceased.—Citation.

To May J. Rhode, Greeting:

IN THE NAME OF THE STATE OF OREGON, You are hereby cited and required to appear in the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lincoln, at the court room thereof, at Toledo, in the County of Lincoln, on Monday the 4th day of April, 1896, at 10 o'clock, in the forenoon of that day, then and there to show cause, if any there be, why F. M. Stanton, administrator, should not sell the real property belonging to the estate of Geo. W. Jackson, deceased.

WITNESS, the Hon. S. V. Burt, Judge of the County Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lincoln, with the seal of said Court affixed, this 4th day of March, A. D. 1896.

{L. S.} ATTEST: B. F. JONES, Clerk.

Sheriffs' Sale of Real Estate.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Lincoln.

C. A. Parker, Plaintiff, vs. Addie Whitney, individually and as administratrix of the estate of G. A. Whitney, deceased, Ella Whitney, Dessie Walker and James C. Walker, her husband, G. E. Henkle, G. W. Henkle, J. E. Henkle, Jacob Henkle, John Kitson, Allen Parker, The Willamette Valley & Coast Railroad Company, Mary E. Wyatt, and Mrs. O. D. Miller, J. J. Whitney as administrator of the estate of G. A. Whitney, deceased, Defendants.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, THAT BY VIRtue of an execution and order of sale in the above entitled cause in the above entitled Court, issued out of said Court on the 5th day of March, 1896, and to me directed, commanding me to sell the premises herein below described, for the purpose of paying plaintiff's judgement in said cause, for $614.29, with interest thereon at the rate of 10 per cent. per annum from the 31st day of January, 1896, and the costs and disbursements of said suit taxed at $69.65, and accruing costs less the sum of $100.00 paid on said judgment February 3, 1896. I will sell on Saturday the 11th day of April, 1896, at the hour of one o'clock, P. M., at the front door of the County Court House in the Town of Toledo, Lincoln County, Oregon, at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, the following described premises, situated in Lincoln County, Oregon, to-wit: The South half of the Southwest quarter of Section Thirteen, and the Southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of Section Fourteen in Township eleven, south of Range eleven west of the Willamette Meridian in Lincoln county, Oregon.

Dated the 10th day of March, 1896.

GEO. A. LANDIS,
Sheriff of Lincoln County, Oregon.

Notice for Publication.

Land Office at Oregon City, Oregon,
February 25, 1896.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the County Clerk of Benton County, at Corvallis, Oregon, on May 2nd, 1896, viz:

JAMES H. NORRIS, H. E. 11,605,

for the north ½ of northeast ¼, and east ½ of northwest ¼ of section 12, town 12, s., range 7 w.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz: Wm. H. Green, Charles Herren, Charles L. Wood, and William Herron, of Philomath, Oregon.

ROBERT A. MILLER, Register.