

Snow & Son.

WE HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW STOCK OF

Dry Goods, Clothing, Spring and Summer goods.

Our Stock is now full and Complete
all Lines. We invite you to call and
our prices. We know we can suit you.

The Cheapest Store in Town.

Snow & Son,

TOLEDO, ORE.

TOO LATE! TOO LATE!!

It is too late to get an Abstract of Title to a piece of land after you have bought it and found out that there are judgements and tax liens against it. The proper thing to do is to have the

LINCOLN COUNTY ABSTRACT COMPANY,
of Toledo, make you an Abstract of Title before investing your money. A business man now days never buys real estate without first obtaining evidence of a good title. We warrant our work to be absolutely correct. Address.

Crosno & Peairs.

BOOTH'S

CASH - STORE

Yaquina City, Oregon.

Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Hardware, Tinware, Etc.

Goods Sold at
San Francisco Prices.

J. S. BOOTH, Prop.,
YAQUINA CITY, OREGON.

PETER TELLEFSON,

—DEALER IN—

General :-: Merchandise,

Flour and Feed, Staple and Fancy Groceries,

Goods, Clothing, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Hats,
Caps, Rubber and Oil Clothing.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

CROCKERY AND GLASSWARE.

Cigars and Tobacco, Fruits and Confectionery.

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 This low club rate is only for a limited time and is liable to be withdrawn at any time.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.

The Steam Launch "MASCOTTE,"

Commencing Monday, July 13th will make tri-weekly trips between Elk City and Newport, stopping at Toledo and Yaquina, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays. Fare between each town 25 cents. Parcels under 25 lbs. will be delivered at any business place in either city for 10 cts.; packages over 25 lbs. and under 50 lbs. for 15 cts. Excursions or other business attended to when not on regular run.

A. B. CLARK, Master.

Oregon Central & Eastern Ry.

YAQUINA BAY ROUTE

Connecting at Yaquina Bay with the

San Francisco and Yaquina Bay Steamship Company

STEAMSHIP FARALLON,

Sails from Yaquina every 8 days for San Francisco, Coos Bay, Port Orford, Trinidad and Humboldt bay.

Passenger accommodations unsurpassed.

Shortest route between the Willamette Valley and California.

Fare from Albany or points west to San Francisco:

Cabin,	\$5.00
Steerage,	4.00
To Coos Bay and Port Orford:	
Cabin,	\$6.00
To Humboldt Bay:	
Cabin,	\$8.00
Round trip good for sixty days—Special.	

RIVER DIVISION.

Steamers "Albany" and "Wm. M. Hoag" newly furnished, leaves Corvallis daily except Saturdays at 7:00 a. m., arriving in Portland at 4:30 p. m. the same day. Returning boats leave Portland at p. m. the same as above at 6:00 a. m., arriving at Corvallis at 9:00 p. m.

EDWIN STONE, Manager.
J. C. MAYO, Supt. River Div.
WM. SCHMIDT, Agt.,
Occidental hotel, Corvallis.

Two Good Papers

FOR THE

Price of One.

We have made arrangements by which we can offer

THE WORLD FAMOUS

Weekly Detroit Free Press

—AND—

The Leader

ONE YEAR for \$2.00.

The Weekly Free Press is a Large Twelve Page Weekly, and has the Largest Number of Special Contributors of any Weekly Published in America. Hereafter the writings of "M. Quad," the Famous Humorist, will be published Exclusively in the Free Press.

It also has a special "Merry Times" Department for the Children, and a Special Woman's Page.

R. A. PARENT, M. D. C. M.,

Special attention given to Diseases of Women, and Surgery.

Toledo, Oregon

Nature's Salute to the Rising Sun.

I stood upon the summit of the Cascades near Crystal Lake, in view of Mount Jefferson, Mt. Hood and the Three Sisters in the early morn long before the stars went out and watched their merry twinkle. All was silent as death. The chill breath of those snow capped mountains was health giving and invigorating, and for a while kept away the ideals of dreamland and freshened my mind that I might take in the beauties of nature, as they saluted the rising sun. Seating myself upon a great granite boulder, that time and the changing seasons had worn smooth, I eagerly and earnestly watched for the dawning of another day, whose birth would be welcomed and praised by the covering of every hill and mountain top and thus sat quietly waiting for the carol of the early birds whose soft notes would be sweeter than the music of any man's invention. I became sleepy in spite of all my efforts to keep awake, and was soon in happy dreamland. I felt as happy and care free as the dove that winged its flight in the springtime. I dreamed that I was on the Rock of Ages and had sat upon my high perch from the beginning of time. I had noted the seasons come and go, I had seen the snow clad mountains to the north and south shed their white coverings in gentle tear drops and feed the little brooklets, they in turn adding their mite to the grand old Willamette as it coursed its way to the sea joining issue with the old Columbia the mighty river of the west, which in turn emptied its cooling wavelets into the broad bosom of the Pacific. I saw the gentle snowdrop bow its head in humble worship to the heat of summer time, sweet williams and wild roses in their matchless beauty vie with the morning glory in showing their modest faces to be warmed and kissed by the morning sun. I beheld the lordly Elk as he stalked about in quest of his summer mate, and the Indian warrior speed his poisoned arrow into the fleeing deer. I had seen the king of beasts making his morning meal upon the bounding antelope, and the seasons waning into autumn time, the once green foliage was painted in a scarlet red. The summer had died. Gone was the fragrance and the flowers. I had for ages watched each season come and go as regular as the hour hand of time. I had seen the strong devour the weak, generations of people come and go, and the grass that had waved green in the valleys whitened and decayed by winter frosts. I had watched the prairie flower and mountain lilly as they waved in the early spring time and when the winter winds played sad music through their leafless boughs. I had seen nothing created but what something greater would follow after. Every time the great orb of day came up and warmed mother earth, it caused new blood to course through her healthy veins which in turn cherished to life a new plant. The decaying vegetation in the winter time enriched the blood of mother earth, and a new plant was born in the spring more perfect than the last, even the petals that dropped from the myriads of flowers and were scattered to the winds came forth in their season and perfumed the evergreen glades with their fragrance. The grass that waved green in the valleys and lowlands, nourished the herds of the farmer and the verdant foliage upon the mountain tops where the lonely shepard held his flocks had its place in natures life. I beheld the changes of seasons moulding dying vegetation into solid rocks, filling its caverns with minerals, diamonds and precious stones. The miracles of one generation I saw sink into insignificance a hundred years later. Time wrought its

changes but there was no end to time, the seasons came and went each as before with natures same regulations. All that was life drooped and apparently died, but as I always observed came to life again in another sphere. The warm rays of the sun assisted by gentle showers always moistened the earth and thus provided for natures storehouse, providing food for the fowls of the air and the living things upon the earth, the fish in the waters of the rivers and seas, they in turn supplying in part man's wants. He lived and prospered according to his worth and ability, in time returning to mother earth to be succeeded by a new generation made in part from his decayed body, enriching the earth even as the followers that went before him, in order that another one might be born. Thus I sat watching all these changes for ages all seeming regular, the heavens above and the earth below. The humane family became greater and wiser, but the earths population never became any greater in appearance, but I observed that as the humane race multiplied the beasts of the field and natures store house was lessened. But the charm was broken. I awoke with the song of the early bird as it voiced its praise to the returning day. The stars had gone out one by one, the eastern horizon was colored with crimson tints, the snow capped mountains were dripping tears of joy at the departure of night's cold mantle. The sun was warning life into hill and dale, hundreds of birds were charming songs of praise to the birth of another day. The flowers smiled shook their heads and sent out showers of dew-drops that shone like diamonds in the morning sun; the honey bee winged its flight from bower to bower, gathering sweets for leisure hours; the valleys below shed their cold, grey fog, which was speedily wafted away by the morning breeze: the smoke of busy cities away to the southward curled up to high heaven and was caught in the drifting summer clouds. The roar of the laughing waters as they tumbled over the rocky boulders and hurriedly sought the more sedate rivers down in the valley was an eternal praise. Even the slimy reptile that crawled upon the green sward, sent out its forked tongue and forgot for a time to poison its kisses.

But the O. C. & E. railroad is selling return tickets good until October, to Yaquina Bay, the summer resort of the northwest, and the Teachers' State Institute will be held at Newport in August, and the clam-bake of the order of Elks will be a great event later in the season. The prospects are that over ten thousand people will visit Yaquina Bay in August and September, therefore I shall leave my pleasant but lonely camp here in the Cascades and hie away to Newport, "down by the sea."

SUMMER OUTING.

If there is any one thing that will elect Bryan president of these United States, it is the attitude of the gold press toward him, as taken by some of the great papers of our country. Sneering at him and calling names will not answer the arguments put forth in favor of the principles he represents, neither will it impair the strength of the candidate with the voters. On the other hand it will strengthen him, for the day is gone by in this country when the people can be influenced by such rot in lieu of argument.

Some wretch, for whom the law has no terrors, recently appropriated unto himself a set of harness belonging to Judge Fullerton, F. W. Dillards cart, and J. W. Lander's horse and with them left Roseburg well equipped for traveling.