

**Lincoln County Leader.**

CHARLES F. SOULE, } PROPRIETORS.  
ADA E. SOULE, }

**Official County Paper.**

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo, Oregon, as second-class mail matter.

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**

One Year	\$1 50
Six Months	75
Three Months	50

**A CHANGE.**

With this number the Yaquina Post is consolidated with THE LEADER. Coll Van Cleve, who has for many years been known to the newspaper readers of Lincoln county, retires from the business to engage in some more healthful and lucrative work. Readers of the Post will receive THE LEADER on the terms and agreements made with Mr. Van Cleve. The consolidation will soon result in a better and larger paper than has ever before been published in the county.

The great Northwest is filled with gloom Since Tracy disappeared; Almost as silent as a tomb Since Tracy disappeared; The bloody chase the outlaw led Is ended—but he isn't dead; The Oregonian isn't read Since Tracy disappeared.

**THE MAN WITH A DRILL.**

"The Man with a Hoe," "The Man with an Axe," "The Woman with a Broom," and "The Man with a Drill" are all themes that attract the attention of thinking people. And this is true the world over. God pity them all; for they have a time of it as they labor and sweat for their daily bread. But more to be pitied are they who look not up to honest labor; for honest labor is the jewel every good workman bequeaths to the world as his handiwork. Professor W. S. Walker, many years president of Philomath College, has recently written for the Spokesman-Review the following meritorious tribute to "The Man with a Drill," which is being published very extensively by the press of the northwest. The *Léaban* borrowed a copy of the little poem of a laborer who had it pasted in his hat, where it is probable many of our readers may place it for reference. Honor to the man who speaks out in his best lines for honorable labor.

The man with candle grease upon his hat,  
With dinner pail and candlestick in hand,  
And grimy, hobnailed shoes upon his feet,  
Is soldier to the marrow, understand.  
His foeman is the swart, unfeeling rock;  
His armament the shovel, pick and drill;  
His music is the giant powder's shock;  
His conquest is the gold in yonder hill.  
He shares a soldier's peril every hour,  
But fires the roaring volley of his drill  
Against the last retreat of stony power,  
And bends submitting mountains to his will.  
His lurking foe of dripping, cold basalt,  
In wily wait is lying for his life;  
A boulder craves along a hidden fault,  
Assassin, with a catapult or knife.  
The tunnel bends to grip him as he stands;  
The heavy gas is throttling his breath;  
The freezing air has paralyzed his hands;  
Pneumonia breeds in darkness for his death.  
His victories that heap of rubbish tells,  
That dump that emulates the mountain high;  
Each stubborn rock was captured in the hills  
Of tunnels, slopes and chambers, deep and high.  
His leaning thrust of palpating steel  
Will find his ancient foeman's flinty core;  
That frowning rock will totter down and kneel  
And at the victor's feet his treasure pour:  
Each acre of our country, rich and grand,  
Is hallowed by libation of a life;  
Each roof tree can in peace and honor stand,  
Because confirmed by heroes in a strife.  
Each fortune of our patrimony great  
Is sacred for the sacrifices it cost;  
Each dollar is a laurel to the state,  
Made holy by the precious lives it lost.

The prize-fight between Jeffries and Fitzsimmons came off at San Francisco last Friday night, according to plans and specifications, and the former won in the eighth round. With all its brutal features, prize-fighting is a peculiarly fascinating game—for the spectators--or even for newspaper readers who would not be guilty of witnessing one. Science, strength and grit are bound to win the admiration of a real American, although he may despise the man who would put the great blessings to so base a use. Fitzsimmons says he prayed that he might whip Jeffries. What a spectacle!—a great big, healthy man, possessing wonderful physical powers, praying to the Giver of all good that he might overcome his opponent in a brutal fist fight, and

**A Sudden Twinge**

Of pain is generally the first warning of an attack of rheumatism. It feels as if the disease were in the bones or muscles, but the real cause of rheumatism is found in impure blood. In order to cure rheumatism the blood must be cleansed of the poisonous impurities which are the cause of the disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has been very successful in the cure of rheumatism, because it entirely cleanses the blood from the poisonous substances which are the cause of the disease. It not only purifies the blood but by increasing the activity of the blood-making glands, it increases the supply of pure, rich blood which adds to the vigor of every physical organ.

Mr. R. A. McKnight, of Cades, Williamsburg Co., S. C., writes: "I had been troubled with rheumatism for twelve years, so bad at times I could not leave my bed, I was badly crippled. Tried many doctors and two of them gave me up to die. None of them did me much good. The pains in my back, hips and legs (and at times in my head), would nearly kill me. My appetite was very bad. Everybody who saw me said I must die. I took five bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and four vials of 'Pellets,' and to-day my health is good after suffering twelve years with rheumatism."

The sole motive for substitution is to permit the dealer to make the little more profit paid by the sale of less meritorious medicines. He gains; you lose. Therefore accept no substitute for "Golden Medical Discovery."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cleanse the bowels and stimulate the sluggish liver.

thereby secure a large sum of money and a peculiar kind of glory, which would place him beyond the reach of honest labor during the remainder of his life! What an admirable, low-down brute the prize-fighter is! What a paradox!

**Keep History Straight.**

Of course we need better schools. Everyone says so—and "What everyone says must be true."

A district which is financially able to employ the very best of teachers may have a school that defies criticism, and yet be far from perfect. The one grave fault lies in our text-books—or, to be more explicit, lies in the lies in our text-books. For instance:

Pupils in American schools are taught that old Ethan Allen demanded the British commander's surrender, "In the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." True, these time-worn words have a patriotic ring, but to the average mind they are quite unnatural, and it is not surprising that a bit of careful historical research reveals their fictitious character. It is now known that brave and blunt old Ethan simply said to the British commander:

"Come out of there, you d—d old rat!" How truly American is the new and correct version, and how easily comprehended by the rising generation! Hundreds of proper changes such as this might be made in American history, and they would furnish spice for many a dull page.

There is no doubt about it. We need better schools.

**Wanted—Information.**

Can a saw-buck?—Keokuk Gate City. Can a chimney swallow?—St. Joe News.

Well, while your interrogation points are inserted in this great theme, "Can a monkey-wrench?"—Daily Iowa Capital.

While thoughts dwell on such elevating subjects duty compels us to say that a man here "saw a cat fish." But "can a horse fly?"—Dallas (Iowa) Center Times.

While these interesting questions are under discussion we would like to ask, "Can a mill-race?"—Casey (Iowa) Vindicator.

Of course. Say, can a bullrush or a cowslip?

Britt Bailly thus renders his opinion of women: "There is gladness in her gladness when she's glad—there is sadness in her sadness when she's sad—but the gladness of her gladness nor the sadness of her sadness is nothing to her madness when she's mad. There is kicking in her kickness when she kicks—there is licking in her lickness when she licks—but the kicking of her kickness nor the licking of her lickness is nothing to her nixness when she's nix. There is crossness in her crossness when she's cross—there is glossing in the glossness of her gloss—but the crossness of her crossness nor the glossing of her glossing is nothing to her bossing when she's boss.

**THE SILETZ BUDGET.**

The last sad rites were administered over the remains of John Garnier at the chapel Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. A large number of people were present and it was one of the saddest occasions in our history. John was a good man, a good husband, and had such a courteous kind way that every one loved him. The choir's appropriate songs, the kind hands that covered his grave with crosses, wreaths and bouquets of flowers were deeply appreciated. His parents, wife and brother unite in thanking all who so willingly aided them during John's sickness.

Prof. Pierre E. F. Perides, B. S., London, F. L. S., has been with us a few days making a scientific analysis of the chittim plant. We have enjoyed accompanying him into the fields. He has been sent out by a London company to investigate the chittim industry on the Pacific slope. His advice is to hold on to your chittim.

The saw mill is now in the hands of the Hall Bros'. They began sawing last Monday.

Walter Hall visited Toledo, Thursday to set up a wagon sold to Charlie Johnson.

Will some reader of THE LEADER tell us how to tin a soldering-iron?

Mr. Harlan of Chitwood was over negotiating the sale of some horses.

Superintendent McArthur and wife have returned from Newport.

Warren Hall is in the valley to purchase some draft horses.

Miss Kruger is away enjoying her vacation.

Jim Hall is on the sick list.

**ELK CITY EVENTS.**

The following resorters are at the Hotel Elk: Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sauger and Mr. and Mrs. John Connell, Portland; S. F. Micklin, Junction City; C. S. Weber, Creswell.

Lancaster and Williams have lost six head of young cattle, and more are missing. They think some weed or root in the pasture is responsible for the loss.

Deputy Fish Commissioner Smith is here looking for a suitable place for a salmon hatchery.

Master Arthur Allen of Tailman is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Clark.

Mrs. May Mays is the proud mother of a fine boy baby. Mother and child doing well.

C. P. Bevins made a business trip to Portland this week.

**JOHNSON ITEMS.**

W. E. Ball has built an addition to his barn and G. S. Parmele is building a large barn. They intend to have room for all of their hay this year.

Parmele brothers and M. C. Duell helped Messrs. West and Davenport to put their hay in the Oscar Wood barn (the one G. S. Parmele built) on drift creek.

Two Gibbs brothers and families and Will Noles came in over that Salmon River road. They broke down twice and had an awful time, and arrived here with four front wheels on their wagon, two wheels being wide tracked and two narrow. They got here all the same, and want some claims.

**C. & E. SUMMER RATES.**

**From Lincoln County Stations to Newport and Return.**

Tickets will be sold at below-named points until September 30, good for return until October 10, at the following rates:

Nashville, Nortons and Eddyville, \$2.50.  
Chitwood, Morrison, Elk City and Storrs, \$1.50.  
Toledo, \$1.10.

Tickets good going Saturdays and returning the following Monday only:

Nashville, Nortons, Eddyville and Chitwood, \$1.50.  
Morrison, Elk City, Storrs and Toledo, \$1.00.

I am advertising the "Road Lands" extensively in the East, and in response have received many inquiries for improved Lincoln county lands. I have therefore decided to handle them also, and have the best opportunities for disposing of property to advantage.

List your property with me and I will sell it for you.

Address me at Yaquina or Corvallis. M. M. DAVIS.

GEORGE HALL—LESTER WAUGH

**Hall & Waugh**

**Toledo Livery, Feed and Sale Stable**

**GOODS RIGS**

and well-broken saddle horses. Special attention given to Traveling Men. Horses boarded by the day, week or month : : : : :

**DAILY STAGE TO AND FROM SILETZ**

Leaves Toledo at 7:30 a. m. . . . . Arrives at Siletz at 10:50 a. m.  
Leaves Siletz at 12:40 p. m. . . . . Arrives at Toledo at 4.00 p. m.

**The Old Reliable.**

We have the largest and best-assorted stock of

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE**

in the county and will not be undersold by anybody.

**A LITTLE CASH Has a Long Reach**

in our store. Come in and investigate. That is the only sensible way. Learn prices and quality before you buy. That's Business.

Respectfully,  
**The Y. B. Merc. Co.**

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