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V13-11

COX'S BARBER SHOP,
IN FRONT OF THE CENTRAL HOTEL,
Marshfield, Ogn.

If you want an easy shave, As good as barber ever gave, Just call on me at my saloon, From noon till night or busy noon; My razors sharp, my scissors keen, My shaves are neat and towels clean; And there I think that you will find Each article to suit the mind; I trim the hair with skill for gents, Of course the price is fifty cents; Shampooing, too, I do that well, Give me a trial, that will tell; So help me gracious if I make you hol-ler, You need not pay a quarter of a dollar.
J. W. Cox, Prop.
P. S. Hot and cold baths always ready.
11-1811

The Officers Outwitted.

The following is an actual occurrence, and took place a few days ago in Canada. I was working at the time in a city office. The line extended a couple of hundred miles from Montreal to Caradel. About midway was a large town, Binville; the other offices were at country villages. The operator at Binville was a young man named Charlton, who had been some years in the States, and was a very expert operator, and a clever fellow at anything. He was not the actual agent of our company. The agent was a respectable lunatic named Chiggle, who was also postmaster. He knew little or nothing of his business, but entrusted it all to Charlton, who did pretty much as he liked. So Charlton was in effect postmaster and operator.

Perhaps you don't understand the working of the post-office. A few words will explain all that is necessary you should know to understand my story. When they dispatch a mail from an office, they send with it a letter bill. On that bill is entered the amount of postage due on letters forwarded to the office to which the mail is sent, and the amount of postage paid in money or by stamp on letters mailed at the dispatching office. On the right hand half of this bill are entered the numbers and addresses of all registered letters and parcels forwarded by that mail. When a letter is registered its address and number are entered in a book and on the letter bill. The receiving postmaster enters it into his book, and initials the letter bill as an acknowledgment.

There was an agency of the Caradel bank at Binville, and every week, sometimes twice a week, the head office remitted packages of its own notes to Binville, to be put in circulation there. These packages contained from four to six thousand dollars, and were sent by mail, registered. You will see that if, through omission of the mailing clerk, such a parcel was not entered on the letter bill, the receiving clerk could pocket the parcel and say he never received it. There would be nothing on the bill to show that such a parcel was forwarded.

One Sunday morning in April, while Charlton was sorting the mail from Caradel by the flickering gas light, he came across a large packet from the Caradel bank. He threw it aside as usual, till he had completed the task of sorting the mail. When he came to compare the registered letters with the bill, he found seven letters in the parcel, only six entered. The clerk at Caradel had omitted to enter the bank parcel!

Charlton sat down and thought it over. It was a big temptation, six thousand dollars. It was Sunday, and no offices were open. Chiggle never looked at the bills, the postmaster at Caradel would never suspect anything wrong, the agency at Binville would wait until Tuesday, expecting their parcel. He had two days' start. He sat down an honest man and rose up a robber. It was a terrible temptation to go through, and I think that many a stronger fellow than Charlton would have fallen. He put the parcel into his satchel, went home to his breakfast, came back, and attended to his office duties. At noon the office closed, and his work was over. He broke up the parcel, stowed the notes away about him, changed his dress, and hired a horse to go to a French village some dozen miles from Binville. It was a wet Sunday, the early spring roads were deep with stick mud, the wheels sunk to the axles, and slipped in the cavernous ruts. Arriving at this village he left his horse and walked on three miles to another little hamlet, where he engaged a wrinkled old habitant, a furry horse, and a springless cart, on the representation that he was a telegraph repairer sent out to fix some damage done to the line. On he jolted until he reached the village of Kena, about twenty-five miles distant from Binville.

He left his venerable charioteer at a tavern, and walked boldly over to the telegraph office, which was a private house. It was presided over by a fat girl in a hat and red shawl. She was about the pluggest of plugs that you ever heard of. Her instruments about matched her. They were shabby, old fashioned, out of all adjustment, apparently compounded out of thrashing mill and a wooden clock. The weather was abominable. The instruments worked accordingly, sometimes getting off a hundred fine dots utterly invisible to the naked eye, and concluding with a stubborn dash six feet long. The operator was almost crying over it, and no wonder.

But Charlton's practiced ear caught two words, "robber escaped."

His breath came quick for a minute, the room swam before him, and he almost fell. In another second his self-possession came back, and he asked the mixed operator if the line was working well now? The girl turned around and asked his name. John Bell, repairer. He was sent out to investigate the working of the offices, and see after the line generally. The poor girl was rejoiced to see the providential Bell. The line was working wretchedly, the weather was bad, the instruments old, and she had an important message to take. It was addressed to the chief constable, and she could not make out a word. Would Mr. Bell help her?

Of course he would. So he cut off the register, and working on the feeble, rickety old relay, the following message ticked faintly off:

BINVILLE, 10th.
To Chief Constable, Kena:
The operator here, one Charlton, has stolen parcel bank notes, six thousand dollars. Robber escaped. Probably passing your way. Bills on Caradel bank. Arrest him. Officers on his track about an hour behind him.
SAMUEL CHIGGLE.

If you think, however, that Charlton copied out this message, you are mistaken. He listened to it, and then interrupting the sender, asked him to repeat it slowly, as the line worked very badly. The operator swore and recommenced. Charlton calmly wrote out this:

BINVILLE, April 10th.
To Chief Constable, Kena:
Post-office robbed of six thousand dollars Caradel bank bills. Robber escaped up your way. He will try to pass himself off as a detective in pursuit of Charlton, and has forged a warrant. Seize him. One thousand dollars reward.
SAMUEL CHIGGLE.

This message was sent to the chief constable, a fat little Canadian, principally clad in a pair of beef boots and a fur cap. One thousand dollars! He would be a millionaire—a thousandaire rather. Local prints would narrate his sagacity and bravery, and his grand children would talk of him as the man who, single handed, captured the desperate robber of the Caradel bank.

But there was no time to lose. The valiant chief constable and six myrmidons hid themselves in the adjoining room, having first barricaded themselves elaborately for the fight. Charlton asked the next office when the detective had passed, and saw that he had a clear half hour before him. He went to the tavern, ordered his patriarchal charioteer to sup and be ready to leave in an hour, ordered his own supper, left his satchel conspicuously on the table, went to the office and telegraphed that the robber was arrested, and that they need not be on the watch, and then took to the fields. He went down toward Binville, and at a turn of the road, met a cart reeling and rocking furiously through the swishing mud. A stout man was lashing the horse furiously with the reins, and swearing lustily at the road inspector. Charlton crouched under the fence until he passed, and then struck for the river. He found an old wrinkled inhabitant who came grumbling and shivering to the door, shading his guttering candle with his dirty fingers. Charlton hired the old man and his two bead eyes, black haired boys to row him across the river. It was a case of life and death he said. The river was high and the ice running. The course of the stream was choked by huge grinding sheets of ice. Occasional crooked channels of clear water showed between these, smoking in the chill night air under the light of the moon. They pushed off in a crazy wooden canoe, and with bold hearts ventured into the floating ice. Sometimes it was fair paddling through the channels, every minute becoming narrower as the ice fields came together. Then they had to leap out and drag the canoe over a cake of ice, straining wearily at the gunwale. Plashing into clear water, then one leg in the canoe, the other in the floating puddle impelling it onward. After four hours' hard work they reached the opposite shore, five miles down stream. Half an hour afterward Charlton was clattering and plashing over the roads in a French cart, bound to the frontier. He dodged along unrequited roads, and at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning was across the lines in the land of freedom—to him. He got away, and probably is a flourishing and enterprising merchant by this time.

But to go back again to our heroic detective, who was swearing along the road to Kena. He arrived there and drove direct to the office. He

leaped from his seat, and dashing up the steps, panted:

"I'm a detective!"
"Hurrah!" shouted the vigilant rustic chief, bursting from his ambush and followed by his myrmidons, flinging himself upon his city confere.

The warriors bore down triumphantly upon the officer. "Hurrah! the thousand dollars is to us—is to us!" In vain his assertions, his protestation—in vain the warrant. They were prepared for that. The unfortunate man was bound hand and foot, placed in a cart, escorted by most of the able bodied population of Kena, at once started for Binville. It was two o'clock in the morning when they arrived there. The news had preceded them, and the little city was all awake to see the triumphal entrance of the daring robber. On wound the mournful procession, the village chief, intoxicated with joy, dancing in front of the cart, his faithful myrmidons encircling it. Like Indian bearers around a palanquin. The captive had howled and kicked himself hoarse, was now lying exhausted in the cart, occasionally giving an apathetic wriggle or a despairing bleat. They haughtily waved back the crowd and led him to the jail. The gray haired old jailer came wheezing forth with his keys clanking.

"Let me get at him!" howled the fiery Chiggle, bursting through the crowd; "let me strangle him!"

In furtherance of this charitable intention, Mr. Chiggle seized him by the throat. Then, with an unpronounceable shriek, a perfect hash of a word, he stove in the salubrious constable's hat.

"Great heavens!" he cried; "it is the detective!"
Tableau—Operator for November.

A Parable.

Then shall the kingdom of Satan be likened unto a grain of tobacco seed; which, though exceedingly small, being cast into the ground, grew; and became a great plant; and spread its leaves rank and broad, so that huge and vile worms formed a habitation thereon. And it came to pass in the course of time that the son of man looked upon it, and thought it beautiful to look upon; and much to be desired to make lads look big and manly. So they put forth their hand and did chew thereof. And some it made sick, and others to vomit most filthily. And it further came to pass that those who chewed it became weak and manly, and said we are enslaved and can't cease from chewing it. And the mouths of all that were enslaved became foul; and they were seized with a violent spitting; and they did spit, even in ladies' parlors, and in the house of the Lord of hosts. And the saints of the Most High were greatly plagued thereby. And in the course of time it came also to pass that others snuffed it; and they were taken suddenly with fits, and they did sneeze with a great and mighty sneeze, inasmuch that their eyes were filled with tears, and they did look exceedingly silly. And yet others cunningly wrought the leaves thereof into rolls, and did set fire to the one end thereof, and did suck vehemently at the other end thereof, and did look very grave and calf-like; and the smoke of their torment ascended up forever and forever.

And the cultivator thereof became a great and mighty business in the earth; and the merchant men waxed rich in the commerce thereof. And it came to pass that the saints of the Most High defiled themselves therewith; even the poor who could not buy shoes, nor bread, nor books for their little ones, spent their money for it. And the Lord was greatly displeased therewith, and said: "Wherefore this waste; and why do these little ones lack bread and shoes and books? Turn now your fields into corn and wheat; and put this evil thing far from you; and be separate, and defile not yourselves any more; and I will bless you and cause my face to shine on you."

But with one accord they all exclaimed: "We cannot cease from chewing, snuffing and puffing—we are slaves."

HAPPY is the mind which is so constituted that it can give a humorous turn to everything. We all know how it brightens up things generally to have a lively, witty companion who sees the ridiculous points of things and who can turn an annoyance into an occasion for laughter.

Two darkies were wanting their courage. "I isn't 'fraid o' nothin', I isn't," said one. "Den, Sam, I reckon you isn't 'fraid to loan me a dollar?" "No, Julius, I isn't 'fraid to lend you a dollar, but I does hate to part wid an ole frien' forebber."

The Spirit Fawn.

Many years ago—perhaps a century or longer—when the Catawba tribe of Indians hunting over the north-west portion of our State, there was among them a beautiful young girl, daughter of the head chief of the tribe, who was known among the braves by the title of O-man-o-ree, or the Bounding Fawn. Her black and lustrous eyes were more terrible to the Catawba warriors than the watch-fires of a hostile war-party; and many a warrior, who puffed his calumnet in stolid indifference when the Bounding Fawn passed near him, would have given his wealth of horses and wampums, despite his effected solidity, if she would have consented to share his lodge with him. But in vain did they aspire to her hand. Pipe after pipe was smoked between her father and the elder braves but to no purpose and many a one of the younger warriors walked the war-path alone, in search of some gallant adventure, on which to base his claims—and still O-man-o-ree remained a maid. Wa-hus-pa alone, of all the young braves, had never sued for her hand. He was young and poor, but he was proud and he knew that his spirit could never brook the scornful refusal, which he felt sure would be his lot if he dared to ask the War-Eagle for his daughter; for Wa-hus-pa's face had never felt the war-paint, and no hostile scalp decorated his belt. But the panther skin which screened the entrance of his lodge was larger by a hand's breadth, every way, than any in the village, and the grizzly monster from which it was torn, had fallen before his hunting knife in single combat. Twice had he despoiled the she bear of her cubs, and slain with his ax, when she rushed to avenge her loss. The old men looked with pride on his athletic limbs and splendid form as he sat naked on his horse, armed for the chase, and predicted that the fearless and successful hunter would some day become a thunder-bolt to the enemies of the tribe.

Wa-hus-pa never made a suit for the Bounding Fawn. Why, then, did the eyes of the maiden glisten with pride when she looked on the moccasins, the belt, and the quiver of the young brave, and saw that they were formed from the spotted coat of the beautiful creature whose name bore? Why did the blood go bounding to her dusky cheek, when she glanced at the spear-staff which was planted in front of his lodge, and saw dangling from it his "medicine bag" of stuffed fawn skin? On the other hand, whence came that daily tribute of fish or venison which was laid by some unseen hand at the door of War-Eagle's lodge? And on that bright July morning, when O-man-o-ree was waked from her slumber on the bank of the Catawba, by a well known dreadful rattle and stood transfixed with horror at the sight of the hideous reptile, which was preparing to give the fatal blow, whose nervous arm and menacing eye winged the shaft which pinned the monster to the oak, at whose base he was coiled? Many asked these questions, but none could answer them, till the War-Eagle arose one morning and called in vain for O-man-o-ree to fill his pipe. "She is bathing with the maidens" said the chief. But the maidens had not seen her. Nor was it until a whisper reached his ear that Wa-hus-pa, too, was missing, that the truth flashed upon her father's mind. Then there was a mounting in hot haste, and the war-whoop rung through the ancestral pines, as the warriors scoured off in pursuit. But evening brought them back again, with no trace of the fugitives. The old chief foamed with rage and sorrow, and his brother the prophet of the tribe, donned the mystic robe, and with spells and incantations, howled out his curse upon the flying pair. Meanwhile, Wa-hus-pa's stout gelding had borne the lovers gallantly on. Three days and nights with scarce an interval of rest brought them to the neighborhood of St. Stephen's church, and here the noble steed gave out. Weary and faint, the lovers agreed to rest here for awhile; and spreading his pather robe beneath a thick boughed holly, the young brave placed O-man-o-ree upon it, and left her to slumber while he wandered off in search of some game for a meal. He had not proceeded far, before he came upon a lovely, half grown doe, reposing beneath the shade of a holly; quick as thought, his shaft was on the string and the next instant was quivering in her heart. He sprang forward to secure his quarry, and before him lay the lifeless form of his bleeding bride! The curse of the prophet had followed him; the spell was upon his senses.

He gazed a moment upon the horrid sight, then tearing the garments from his body and limbs, rushed into the swamp, a naked, howling maniac, and none have seen a trace of Wa-hus-pa since. But from that hour, the White Spirit Doe of St. Stephen's has haunted the holly bush by the old brick church.

What Saved Him.

A young wife in Michigan had just got settled in her home. All seemed fair and promising, for she did not know her husband was a drunkard. But one night he came home at a very late hour, and much the worse for liquor. When he staggered into the house, the wife, who was greatly shocked, told him he was sick, and to lie down at once, and in a moment or two he was comfortably on the sofa, in a drunken sleep. His face was reddish-purple, and altogether, he was a pitiable looking object.

The doctor was sent for post haste, and mustard applied to his feet and hands. When the doctor came and felt his pulse, and examined him and found that he was only drunk, he said:

"He will be all right in the morning."

But the wife insisted that he was very sick, and that severe remedies must be used.

"You must shave his head and apply blisters," she urged "or I will send for some one who will."

The husband's head was accordingly shaved closely and blisters applied. The patient lay all night in a drunken sleep, and, notwithstanding the blisters were eating into his flesh, it was not till near morning that he began to beat about, disturbed by pain. About daylight he woke up to a most uncomfortable consciousness of blistered agonies.

"What does this mean?" he said, writhing his hands to his bandaged head.

"Lie still; you mustn't stir," said his wife; "you have been very sick."

"I am not sick."

"Oh, yes, you are. You have the brain fever. We have worked with you all night."

"I should think you had," groaned the poor victim. "What's the matter with my feet?"

"They are blistered."

"Well, I am better now; take off the blisters—do," he pleaded piteously.

He was in a most uncomfortable state—his head covered with sores, and his feet and hands still worse.

"Dear," he said, groaning, "if I should ever get sick in this way again, don't be alarmed and send for a doctor, and, above all, don't blister me again."

"Oh, indeed I will; all that saved you were the blisters; and if you have another such spell, I shall be more frightened than ever, for the tendency—I am sure—is to apoplexy, and from the next attack you are likely to die, unless there are the severest measures used."

He made no further defense. Suffice it to say that he never had another attack.

He Touched Him.

JOHN PHENIX, (the late Lieut. Geo. U. Delby, U. S. A.) the American humorist, being one night at a theatre, fancied he saw a friend some three seats in front of him. Turning to his next neighbor he said—
"Would you be kind enough to touch that gentleman with your stick?"

"Certainly," was the reply, and the thing was done.

But when the individual thus assaulted turned round, Phenix saw he was not the man he took him for, and at once absorbed in the play, leaving his friend with the stick to settle matters with the gentleman in front, as he had no excuse handy, was not done without considerable trouble. When the husband was over, the victim said, "Didn't you tell me, sir, to tap that man with my stick?"

"Yes."

"And what did you want?"

"Oh," said Phenix with imperturbable gravity, "I wanted to see whether you would or not!"

Denzo a thunder storm a negro boy was severely kicked by a vigorous mule and just as he was picking himself up, a stroke of lightning hit the mule and killed him on the spot. "Well, dar!" exclaimed the negro, "if dis chile haint got pow'ful friends to venge his insults, den dar's no use trying to hab faith in anything."

A colored baby fell from an attic window the other day, and the mother tells thus: "Dere, dat child was coming down feet first, wid every chance of being killed, when de Lawd, he turned him over, de chile struck on his head, and dere wasn't so much as a bottom blow off."