

Daily Coast Mail

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RED STAR LINE

SERVICE TO BOSTON

Special to the Mail.

Answer, Feb. 19—The Red Star Line inaugurated today a direct fortnightly service between Antwerp and Boston. This service is in addition to the service recently started by the same line between Boston and Liverpool.

HANGMAN'S HARVEST

IN MISSISSIPPI

Special to the Mail.

Jackson, Miss., Feb. 19—This is truly hangman's day in Mississippi, there being no fewer than five men sentenced to pay the death penalty in various parts of the state today. The condemned men are Alexander Smith, colored, in Pearl River county; Joe Campbell, colored, in Yazoo county; Antonio Duke, white, in Coahoma county; Tom Swor, white, in Smith county; and Emanuel Walker, colored, in Sunflower county. This is the largest number of executions ever scheduled for one day in Mississippi.

THE UNSPEAKABLE TURK'S

VERY GOOD FRIENDS

Discussing the situation in Macedonia, the Oregonian recites some historical facts which show where rests the responsibility for the present situation: For more than four months—from March 3 to July 13, 1878—Macedonia was a free province of independent Bulgaria in virtue of the treaty of San Stefano, dictated by the victorious Russian army at the gates of Constantinople. The Russian people wished to see all Bulgaria, including Macedonia, free from oppression, and under the treaty of San Stefano the Bulgarians from the Danube to the Aegean were set free. England, under Beaconsfield, interposed; Austria joined hands with England; and the treaty of Berlin placed the Bulgarians of Eastern Rumelia and Macedonia once more under the Turkish yoke. Russia liberated Macedonia, Crete and Armenia, but England and Austria returned them to subjection. It was the blackest page of Beaconsfield's career, and cost him his loss of office to Gladstone in 1879, who was not slow to point out to England that Beaconsfield's policy had thrust liberated Macedonia back again under the iron heel of the Turks.

Miss Razzle-dazzle

By BALDWIN SEARS

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She was insignificantly small and plain. You could never remember what she looked like long enough to describe her nor forget her long enough to be indifferent as to how she looked. The staves were always arguing about the color of her eyes—eyes that were blue with sympathy, gray with sadness, green with mischief, brown with indifference and black, fire sparkling with anger. John Strange vowed that they were "laundry and lightning color" at that unlucky moment on the pier when he said, with a laugh: "Miss Daise! Razzle-dazzle suits her better. I don't believe she ever had a serious thought. She's just a little southern, frothy, spangled speck of humanity meant to amuse people. Razzle-dazzle! Why the name's just made for her." And he went off to sit beside Laura Lewiston and be consoled. Laura laughed with him, of course, and by night the other girl was epigrammatically using in John's idle words. "What a name it was! Deliciously daring! Some of the girls—those who had not had cause to fear her—envied it. 'You can see that she's rather proud of it,' they said as she sang and laughed and danced and flirted and kept herself on the crest of the wave by main force of pride. "Razzle-dazzle! Razzle-dazzle!" How the name stuck and stung! How she hated John Strange! She rowed and rowed recklessly away out past Tragedy rock, with its jagged teeth under their playful foam. The Strange yacht went past, and Razzle-dazzle saw Laura's scarf snatched from her hand and flung by the insolent wind on the top-most twig of the old gnarled tree on the rock. Razzle-dazzle laughed as she saw it and heard the outcry. There was a spark in her eyes that afternoon as she listened to Laura's plaint that she would not have felt so bad "had it not been a gift, you know." "But you surely expect to get it back!" exclaimed Razzle-dazzle in great surprise. "Why, any stupid fisher boy would go after it for 5 cents—that is, if nobody else dares." And she looked at John as he sat playing with Laura's glove. John laughed easily. "I'm afraid that your brave fisher boys will ask a trifle more for the trip to the top of the rock," he said, looking up at Laura. Razzle-dazzle smiled too. "As I shall expect no reward but the fun of the

he could see the froth on the bowlines at the foot of the crag. He ran the boat between two rocks and sprang up the path leading to the top of the cliff, where, beckoning out over the water, the red silk scarf fluttered tauntingly. John laughed as he maneuvered toward it. "It would have been more like Razzle-dazzle to have lost it here, where no one on earth can get it. I don't see how I can." He drew himself further over the edge, clinging by one hand to a projecting angle of rock as he stretched forward. "I wish that girl had kept still," he added angrily as a gust of wind snatched the loose end of the scarf out of his reach. "There, Miss Razzle-dazzle. I hope you'll be satisfied."

As he uttered the order, clutching the silk, the point to which he had been clinging loosened, and with a shout of dismay he plunged in along over the edge and fell, slipping, struggling, sliding, to the rocks below.

There was a long silence after the loose stones had ceased falling. Then the wounded man stirred, groaned and fell back. For awhile he lay quiet, striving to think clearly. All at once he started. A rill of cold water slid under him and out again. He had forgotten the tide. With infinite pain he dragged himself to the spot where his boat should have been. Already it had courted far beyond his reach. Overhead the gulls were statted by peals of laughter that rang round the crazy island—hysterical laughter and shouting as John, exhausted by desperate efforts to climb above the swift rising tide, signaled vainly to a fishing boat that scudded past before the increasing wind. Then night came, and the wind talked to him.

John was not afraid of death, but there were some things he was sorry for, things he would have changed had he known. He wished he had not been so unkind to little Razzle-dazzle; he hoped Laura would not blame her now; he wished—no, after all, it was better that he had not spoken, better that it had ended as it did. Laura was only amusing herself after all, as he had started to do. She would regret him very little—not enough to spoil her winter. How differently Razzle-dazzle would feel for any one she loved! He smiled, as every one smiled when thinking of her. Gradually his past stood out in perspective, and he understood it. Her dark eyes looked at him, blue and forgiving. "She was the real sort," he said to himself, as if life were all over for her too. He sighed, lifting himself by instinct as high as he could in the rising water. Every wave broke over him now. The foam looked like sea faces come up to stare at him. "I hope little Razzle-dazzle would think this the right sort of courtesy."

What was that? Had some one said? He stared, listening. Above him a splash and break of water. John's eyes cleared, low, as if in shame at disturbing him. Laura, could it be? But who else? He listened, his eyes eagerly forgetting to stare at the fearful that a motion would start the strangely sweet fancy. "John! O-o-o-h, John! Where are you, John?" And Razzle-dazzle's face, eager, passionately searching and striped of all its scorn, glimmered out of the darkness close at his side.

"Don't say you love me because—just because I—I have"—she began in a harsh, gasping sob when he tried to tell her. "If you knew how I had wanted you to die, and then I had to come after you, because—because—oh, you mustn't forgive me! Hate me! I deserve it!" But John laughed even there. "If I should hate the one who loved me enough to risk her life for mine, what can I give the one who loved me only well enough to risk my life for this bit of silk?" And the scarf itself was the answer.

**Abundances of Lovers' Language.** Lovers have a language of their own. "I would I were thy bird," sighs Romeo. "Sweet, so would I," returns Juliet, "yet I should kill thee with much cherishing." From the sublime to the ridiculous: "Plumpetty itty partridge, who does 'oo love'" demands a stricken swain of his innamorata in one of Marion Crawford's novels. "Zo!" returns the fat little woman, with a smile which, in the author's graphic words, "went all around her head like the equator on a globe."

This sort of thing is all very well when the bride is a rosy little dumpling of a woman. The worst of it is that engaged couples of every age and of the most unromantic appearance adopt the same style. "What shall I call you, my dearest own?" asks an Adonis of fifty, gazing with yearning tenderness on his bride. "Call me Birdie, nothing but Birdie!" chirrup the lady whose weight might turn the scale at 200 pounds, as she nestles lovingly to his side. And so on ad infinitum, we will not say ad nauseam, till the soul of the unregarded old curate of a bachelor within hearing turns faint within him.—Exchange.

**Garishly Colored Toucans.** It is more especially the gaudy coloration of the toucans which renders them most typical in many ways of the habits and manners of the larger fruff astine birds. Flower hunting

and fruit eating creatures, such as but, terflies, humming birds, cockatoos and lorics, almost always develop in the long run a marked aesthetic taste for pure and brilliant colors, which reacts at last through sexual selection on their own appearance.

Accustomed to seek their food among bright tropical blossoms or gaudy southern forest fruits like mangoes and star apples, these feathered aesthetes acquire a hereditary love for color which influences them in the end in the choice of their own brilliant mates and so secures the perpetuation of the most beautiful and most gorgeous of their kind by unconscious selection. And in this respect the toucans are absolutely unsurpassed in the whole range of nature. Their large and richly colored bills, their delicate breast plumage and their bodies generally present a variety of melting tints and contrasted hues nowhere else to be found in equally close display on any other animal.—Cornhill Magazine.

STATE AND GENERAL NEWS.

Portland has a new industry. It is an ad writing school. John Fellerman is manager.

Deep snow and continuous cold weather is causing much suffering for cattle in Linn County.

The Armour Meat Co. have shipped from here to Portland and will hereafter remain in the field.

The increase in the cheese output for Tillamook county the past year was 98,071 pounds and 383,37 pounds of butter.

Roseburg has hopes of the establishment of a knitting mill there, by a late arrival from Pennsylvania.

NOTICE

On the 20th of January 1903 a suit was commenced in the Circuit Court for Multnomah County by George B. Best, Daniel Best and the Ashland Lumber Company against Frank Boutin, Sr. and Frank Boutin Jr., for an accounting concerning the winding up of a partnership under the name of the Wisconsin Lumber Company at Tonawanda, New York, to have the said defendants declared the trustees for the plaintiffs as their interests should appear upon the said accounting, as the partnership funds should have been proved to have been investigated in the following described property in Coos county: Sections 1, 12, 13, 14, 25 and 36 and the Northeast quarter and the East half of the Southeast quarter of section 35 township 27 South, Range 14 West of the Willamette Meridian, and also all of section 5, 6, 7, 8, and 18 in Township 27 South, Range 13 West of Willamette Meridian; and to enjoin the said defendants from conveying or encumbering all or any portion of the said property. 3-7-22 d.

District of Left Handed Barbers.

"I have struck all kinds of barbers in my trips about the country," said the man who travels, "but the one kind that always makes me feel as if I was balanced on the very brink of eternity is the left handed barber. I have been shaved by several of their class. They have been good barbers, too, every one of them, but no matter how well they knew their business they always gave me a bad time, and every time they drew the razor across my face I felt as if life and I were about ready to part company. Of course it is foolish, but nowadays when I find myself assigned to a left handed barber I leave the razor on some pretext or other and go elsewhere to be beautified. Other men whom I have consulted on the subject have confessed to the same weakness, and women have told me that they have a like unexplainable dread of left handed hairdressers. In the dressmaking business, too, I am told, a left handed cutter and fitter is pretty sure to give the customer a crop of goose flesh, while even a harmless occupation like mangleing can always be relied on to produce real shivers if pursued by a person whose cleverness lies in her left hand."

The Government and Good Roads.

As long as the government is committed to internal improvement it could spend its money in no way more beneficial to the greatest number than in giving us good roads.—Extract From a Speech by Hon. C. A. Branam.

Her Obscura Compaction. "Is she a brunette?" "A brunette! Why, she's so dark her father has to turn the light on in the parlor to find her in the evenings."—Princeton Tiger.

The man who teaches women to smoke always carries one who won't let him do it himself.—New York Times.

**KEEPS THE CHAPS AWAY**

It is the little things that annoy us. "We can dole up sympathy, but not a fly" says some philosopher. You can't very well avoid annoyance from chapped and roughened skin these days unless you rely on

**CREAM OF ALMONDS WITH GLYCERINE**

It relieves at once and lasts in a few hours. If we knew of anything better we would recommend it. Customers say there couldn't be anything better.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Sengstacken's Pharmacy  
Marshfield, : : : Oregon

**AIRY AND COMFORTABLE**

Just now is the time to think of comfortable summer furniture. Just now is the time when we are quite anxious to sell it. Our necessity is your opportunity. The price is easy and the furniture is comfortable.

**Union Furniture Store**  
C. A. Johnson, Prop

**The Claymoore**  
MARSHFIELD, OREGON

Handles the famous Magnolia and Hunter Rye Whiskies.  
C. A. MOORE, Proprietor.

**TIME TABLE**  
Steamer Flyer Steamer Blanco

LEAVES	LEAVES
Marshfield, 8 a. m.	Empire, 8 a. m.
Empire, 10 a. m.	Marshfield, 10:15
Marshfield, 2:30 p. m.	Empire, 2 p. m.
Empire, 4:30 p. m.	Marshfield, 4 p. m.

Fare from Marshfield to Empire and return 75c.

**Clubbing List**

For all subscribers, old or new paying 1 year in advance.

	With Daily	With Weekly
	Coast Mail	Coast Mail
Weekly Oregonian	3 75	2 00
" Examiner	4 00	2 35
" Chronicle	4 00	2 35
" Salem Capital Journal	3 50	2 00
" Salem Pacific Homestead	3 75	2 00
Tri-Weekly N. Y. Tribune	3 75	2 00
Thrice-a-Week " World	3 75	2 00
Monthly Oregon Poultry Journal	3 75	2 00
" American Review of Reviews	4 75	2 25



WITH A SHOUT OF DISMAY HE PLUNGED HEADLONG OVER THE EDGE.

thing, perhaps Miss Lewiston will allow me to get it for her," she drawled as she tossed her golf ball to the dog. "It is kind of you," answered Laura sweetly, "but Mr. Strange has promised to get it himself." The blue eyes met the green ones for a moment, then smiled confidently at John. "I knew you meant to get it," she said when they were alone. "I couldn't resist that little prick at her ladyship's pride." John kissed her hand in silence. He felt like a fool, however, as he left the hotel alone a little later, went across the fields, stole a boat from a private beach and rowed quickly out of sight across the bay. It was a nasty job on such a day. Though it was low tide,

Some persons have the opinion that the first writing was upon thin pieces of wood. From their convenience this seems probable. Such boards were used at an early period by the Greeks and Romans, and were frequently covered with wax, which was of course more easily written upon than the bare wood. Where wax was used errors were readily erased by rubbing with the blunt end of the piece of wood which served for a pen. To make the writing more visible it appears that some black substance was smeared over the surface of the white wax and remained in the scratched marks.