

COAST MAIL.

SATURDAY, : : : : DEC 1902

Published Every Saturday by the
MAIL PUBLISHING CO.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

One year, (in advance)..... \$7.50
Six months..... 4.00
Three months..... 2.50
2.00 will be charged when not paid in advance

AS WE SEE IT

The Sun and Mail of Marshfield, are embroiled in a red-hot newspaper war, the cause for their trouble being as to whether the Great Eastern Railroad, locally known as the Coos Bay and Roseburg Railroad, and its town of Bangor, are legitimate enterprises, or merely schemes to bleed suckers. The Sun claims that Major Kinney is a professional promoter and that his ventures in other places have not proven a success and that his railroad and seaport have no solid financial backing and that they are likely to go the way of many another Pacific Coast boom enterprise.

The Mail denies all these charges and says that the railroad will be built and that Bangor will yet be a great seaport with flags of all nations floating from vessels at its docks. The Sun in its last edition published an obituary for Bangor and said that the men, who have been clearing the brush and timber from the town site, have all been laid off, and as lots have not sold readily this would probably be the last of Marshfield's rival. The Mail alleges that the impossibility of carrying on work during the winter months was the cause of the Company discontinuing its railroad and townsite work. Meanwhile the public are awaiting developments that will prove whether this railroad venture is a go or not.—The Medford Success.

We fear that the editor of Success has not read the Mail carefully, or else he is afflicted with a carelessness as to accuracy of statement.

First, the railroad in question is not the Great "Eastern", and it is not locally known as the "Coos Bay and Roseburg" railroad.

Further, the Mail does not "deny all these charges", nor has it ever made the assertion that the railroad would be built or that Bangor would be a great seaport.

No doubt this will be a surprising statement to many of the Mail's own subscribers, for the inability to understand plain English is more widespread than one would think, but our files will bear out the statement. The Mail has published the news in regard to the Great Central, and very likely that has included assertions on the part of others that the road would be built.

The Mail not only hopes but believes that the road will be built, and it has more faith in its own judgement in this matter than in the pessimistic cynicism of any mossback knocker on earth.

This much the Mail has said and will reiterate: That Coos Bay is the best harbor and has more water on its bar than any other port between San Francisco and Puget Sound; that the bar is one of the shortest and easiest on the coast, and that the depth of water can be greatly increased with comparatively little expense; that this would be an excellent point for the terminus of a trans-continental railroad; that the Great Central people are and have been displaying good faith; that they have spent many thousands of dollars on the Bay, and are likely to spend many more; that they have patronized local business men and producers whenever possible; that they have asked no one on the Coos Bay for a cent; and that they are entitled to decent treatment from every one here, which they have not received.

As for the backing of the enterprise, it does not require any inside information, nor very much sense, to see that the expense already incurred, probably over \$100,000, has not been paid with

hot air, but in good hard cash, and that sort of "financial backing" is certainly more or less solid.

As for the Bangor townsite, it has been paid for since work was discontinued for the winter. Any one who is dumb enough to suppose that either a "hot air" or a "solid" institution would have paid for this land if it had abandoned work with no intention of resuming, is welcome to harbor just such idiosyncrasies.

In the matter of the "great seaport", there is no question but that the coming of a trans-continental road would in a very few years cause the building of a city which would cover not only the Bangor townsite but the whole peninsula. Whether Bangor would be the nucleus and business center or not, is now purely a matter of opinion.

The Mail believes that it would, and that is the opinion of quite a number of shrewd business men who have come here from Eastern and Western cities, bought property in Bangor and gone away well satisfied with their investments. The judgment of such men may be entitled to as much weight as that of some of our local wisecracks who haven't seen a city of 50,000 inhabitants for so long that they do not realize that it can't be built on a 10-acre lot.

The fearful charge that Major Kinney is a "professional promoter" has never been "denied" by the Mail. The Major says he is an investigator, rather than a promoter, but the Mail doesn't care which he is. If he can interest capital sufficient to bring us a trans-continental railroad, he is all right, and we hope he will make more money out of it than any other one man.

Coos county now has one railroad which is of inestimable benefit to the whole county; yet it was built by a man for whom no one here now has a good word. He is accused of having built the road without having a dollar of his own: yet the road is here, and the people of Coos county wouldn't have it wiped off the map for twice its cost.

If Major Kinney succeeds, builds a railroad from here to Salt Lake, puts a city of 50,000 on this peninsula and makes fortunes for all here who have the business sagacity to get in and drill, he will probably be anathematized till the end of time; but it looks very much as though he were going to do it, anyway.

How to Clean Plaster Figures.
Plaster of paris figures and busts are apt to become soiled and discolored. The best way to clean them is to make a strong solution of saleratus in water, stand the figures in it and throw the water over them. Places badly soiled may be rubbed with a soft cloth. Rinse in clean saleratus water and let them dry without wiping.

How to Renovate Chiffon.
To renovate chiffon place a wet cloth over a very hot flatiron and hold the material over the steam until it is free from wrinkles. After the steaming process the chiffon should be spread where it will dry quickly.

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"THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM," BY PIGLHEIN.

CUPID INCOGNITO

A Christmas Tale

BY PETER McARTHUR

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ALL these complications were due to the widow. She was cheerful and careless, and as long as people had a good time she was satisfied. She had been the life of the Magnolia House in Florida since early in autumn, and now that Christmas was at hand she arranged a celebration and a tree for the exiles.

On the forenoon of the day before Christmas among the arrivals were two attractive young people who were entire strangers to one another. When they appeared on the veranda after lunch, the widow approached the young man.

"We are going to have a Christmas tree and german tonight. Would you not like to contribute something for the favors and attend?"

"Why, certainly," answered Mr. Fairchild, for that was his real name, as he handed over a bill.

"What name shall I write?" Mr. Fairchild looked the widow squarely in the eye and said: "Mr. Marmaduke Weston."

In the evening Miss Spaulding was sitting in a cozy window seat when the widow came rushing along.

"By the way," she exclaimed, "we are one couple short for our german. Will you not join us? I have just learned that your name is Miss Spaulding."

"Indeed," said Miss Spaulding, laughing as she rose, but not correcting the error. "I shall be very glad to join in the dance."

A few moments later the widow introduced Mr. Weston to Miss Spaulding, and each thought it was a fine joke on the other. They entered into the spirit of the occasion with the abandon that usually characterizes Christmas merry-makings, and finally, as they moved toward one of the pleasant nooks of the veranda after a dance, the mental comment of each upon the other was, "Dances divinely!"

The conversation was naturally unprogressive, so it is hardly to be wondered at that after parting they carried away very distinct impressions. She had found the tall, curly haired athlete very interesting, while he found the serious faced girl with the large, wistful eyes puzzling.

So it was not surprising that the following morning Fairchild looked in the hotel register to find where Miss Spaulding had come from, but a careful study failed to reveal her name in the book. A mystery surrounded her that was certainly worth penetrating, he decided, even without any thought of becoming better acquainted with so charming a young lady, and he strolled out to smoke his cigar and meditate on the subject.

Shortly after Mr. Fairchild left the office Miss Spaulding entered that morn-

ing. He never found it, however, and Miss Spaulding was becoming a wistful memory when he suddenly found himself face to face with her at a very fashionable Christmas ball a year later.

"Why, Miss Spaulding!" he gasped. "Mr. Weston!" she said, with equal surprise. In a moment they were both back playing their parts again, and she colored slightly as she remembered how carefully she had looked at every floorwalker she had seen while shopping.

"This is a pleasant surprise," he said. "What?" she replied. "Are you surprised to find me here?" And her question was inspired by the guilty feeling she had herself. But before they had time to do any further sparring the hostess came along and made confusion worse confounded.

"Why, Mr. Fairchild," she began, "I never knew that you and Miss Spaulding were acquainted."

"We are not. I have never had the pleasure of meeting Miss Spaulding."

"Nor I of meeting Mr. Fairchild."

"But," said the bewildered hostess, "I thought I saw you talking to each other just now."

"I am sorry, but I am afraid you are mistaken. The couple you saw talking were entirely different people."

"Well, perhaps my eyesight is fail-

ing, but you know one another now anyway, and I particularly wanted you to meet."

After she had disappeared Fairchild remarked:

"Don't you think that explanations are in order?"

"I do," replied Miss Spaulding demurely. "It is only a step to the conservatory."

"I can't help wondering," he began,

"who those two people were that our success thought she saw talking together in the ballroom."

"I am sure I don't know," she replied, "though for months past I have suspected him of being a floorwalker. He was always so very polite."

"And I was certain she was a salesgirl or a cloak model," he replied, "because she looked too much like a social queen to be one." They both laughed heartily at the impressions they had made upon each other and finally understood how the whole misunderstanding had occurred. Then as they found each other more interesting in their proper persons than in their assumed parts it is not surprising that before the season ended they had decided in order to avoid any further confusion that it would be a wise move when next visiting the Magnolia House to be in a position to register under the same name.

Bedrooms.



"Your clothes are a mile too short for you, boy."
"Yes, sir, but, you see, father has stopped growing."—New York Journal

Firemen's Ball Christmas Night

GET most for your money. You cannot be sure that your money has done its best unless you see our line of holiday goods and get our prices. We have just those lines of goods most desirable as gifts.

Toilet Cases, Albums, Cut Glass, Jewelry, Books, Comb and Brush Sets, Pictures, Vases, Fancy Dishes, Work Boxes, Cameras, Watches, Leather Goods, Dolls, Perfumes, Etc.

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To all

our friends and patrons - - - -

We extend a merry holiday greeting and best wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year

We heartily thank our many customers for their liberal patronage; and we solicit your further favors during the coming year, assuring you an undisputed fairness in every detail of your dealings with us.

Wm. Nasburg.