

THE COAST MAIL

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NO. 39.

The Development of our Mines, the Improvement of our Harbors, and Railroad Communication with the Interior, Especially

Woman's Purse.

The question arises, what are the ladies to do? The question arises, what are the ladies to do? They must go shopping, and, of course, they must carry money with them.

Cabinet Meetings.

The President has, probably, the heartiest Cabinet that any President ever had assembled around him.

How Business is Now Done.

The old methods of doing business are fast passing away, and whether the change is for the better or not, those who wish to achieve success must abandon the old and fall in line with the new.

To Attain Long Life.

He who strives after a long and pleasant term of life must seek to attain continuous equanimity, and in this carefully to avoid everything which too violently taxes his feelings.

Hub, did you ever stop to think.

Hub, did you ever stop to think. I have a potato, and I have a potato, and I have a potato.

A True Gypsy Story.

WILKESBARRE, Penn., August 10th.—The sequel to the mysterious disappearance of a child in this city is now being developed, and the facts, as they come to light, transcend in some particulars the story of the loss of Charley Ross.

Runaway Horses.

If you are in a wagon and the horse takes fright, and gets on the full jump before you can bring your strength to bear on the bits, there is nothing for it but to hold on and try your best to stop him.

An Ambitious Mormon Dream.

We reached the "Co'op" store as it is called for short, with its sign of the eye and the letters Z. C. M. A.—Zion's Co-operative Merchantable Association—and entered.

"My Darling's Blind,"—Touching Incident in a Street Car.

A lady entered a car on the Oakwood road one day the past week leading a little girl perhaps four years old. The lady sat down and lifted the little one to a seat beside her.

The mother heard, for she looked toward the other lady and smiled—and oh, such a look of heartfelt gratitude, of motherly love, yet heavily saddened with such an expressive tinge of sorrow as is seldom seen.

How bitterly vivid all this as the lady opened the little hand and shut within it the thornless stem of the rose, now bearing a tear on its petals.

Time of his flight to Europe, were sent for safe keeping to his accomplished daughter, Theodosia, in South Carolina.

Some assertions in an article on the death of Colonel Burr, which appeared in the New York Times, are so grossly untrue, and so full of prejudice and untruth, that it is difficult to believe that they were intended to do anything but to injure the memory of a noble and patriotic citizen.

A newspaper correspondent at Washington was asked by a friend to help him to a position in the House or Senate. The Washington man told him to keep away from those offices.

Outward triumphs of religion are no indications of its purity; religion is more corrupt if it is, the more popular it will be, and the purer it is the less likely it is to be embraced, except by a few.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pain and application. It is troublesome, and like deep digging for pure waters; but when once you come to the spring, it rises up to meet you.

The first thing a woman looks after when she picks out her berth on a steamship, says the Oweego Record, is the exact capacity of the buoys.

The Emperor, speaking ill of the Government, as you always do; and this to the Emperor himself!

The mistress of the shop, with a sneer on her countenance, coolly asked him if he wished to purchase them.

"Why, madame, I should not have asked the price unless I had thought of purchasing them!" exclaimed Napoleon, irritated at the cool impudence of the woman.

"Four thousand francs—not a farthing less, monsieur." "Four thousand francs! That is horribly dear, madame—much too dear for me."

"I have nothing to do now; suppose we go and see how the shops look. By-the-by, how did you settle that affair at the Chinese Baths?"

"Indeed, sire, I am glad you have mentioned the subject, for I had quite forgotten all about it."

"That is wrong, Duroc, very wrong. I may be allowed to forget such trifles, but you—"

"Yes, do, and let it be done in a way which will please me; you understand. At the same time let the female politician be ordered to send her husband here with the two vases which I looked at when I paid her a visit. I am somewhat in her debt."

"Well, madame, those gentlemen were the Emperor and the Grand Marshal of the palace. Can I see the waiter who became security for them?"

"Yes—certainly—sir." The mistress rang the bell and felt very uneasy; she thought of nothing less than going to the palace to implore the forgiveness of the Emperor.

"In addition to this, the Grand Marshal of the palace has charged me to say that if you have any favor to ask for yourself or friends, he will be most happy to grant it."

view, and appearing to the Emperor very tasteful, he entered the shop and demanded the price.

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"The name of the waiter was Dargens; he hastened to accept the kind offer of the Grand Marshal, who instantly made him one of the imperial footmen. He soon gained the confidence of the Empress Josephine, and became her special attendant. After her divorce he accompanied her to Malmaison, and—singular destiny of men of this time—eventually entered the service of Wellington in 1844."

"I have no doubt that you, Madame, have been talking politics to

SAPOLEON.

Napoleon was very fond of walking the streets of Paris incognito, in search of adventures. On these occasions he generally wore a round hat and long, blue great coat, in which his appearance was not altogether prepossessing.

One morning, shortly before Christmas, he rose as early as seven, and accompanied by Duroc, grand marshal of the palace, who wore the same sort of disguise as Napoleon, left the Tuilleries just as day was breaking.

"It seems to me the Parisians in this quarter are very lazy, to keep their shops shut at this time of day."

"Suppose we enter and breakfast here," said Napoleon to Duroc. "What do you say? Has not your walk given you an appetite?"

"Bah! bah! Your watch is always too slow. As for me, I am quite hungry. Afterwards we can return home."

"Then, rising and going to the door, he began to whistle an Italian recitative, and endeavored to appear at ease."

The grand marshal, after fruitlessly searching his pockets, found that, having dressed in haste, he had forgotten his purse, and he well knew that Napoleon never carried money about him.

"Come, make haste, it is late." The grand marshal, now comprehending the unpleasant situation in which he was placed, and thinking that the best way to get out of it was to avow frankly his inability to discharge the debt, approached the mistress of the cafe (who sat silent and indifferent at the center) and said politely but confidently:

"Oh, yes! fine excuses, truly—officers of the guard, indeed!" At these words men of honor and officers of the guard, which Napoleon had overheard, he turned round, and in a voice which had caused heroes to tremble, demanded—

"But at a sign from Duroc, he remained impatiently where he was. The waiter now stepped forward and volunteered to be answerable for the debt, with which assurance the mistress of the cafe was satisfied. Duroc regarded the young man with surprise, and drawing from his pocket a gold watch encircled with brilliants, said to him—