

The Coast Mail.

Published every Thursday morning.
By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
Thursday, January 3, 1884

The Tale of Ten Little Toes.

Baby is clad in his nightgown white,
Pussy-cat purrs at his foot-side;
This little toe is a good night,
And somebody tells, for somebody knows,
The terrible tale of ten little toes.

RIGHT FOOT.

This big toe took a small boy Sam
Into the cupboard after some jam;
This little toe said, "Oh, no! no!"
This little toe was anxious to go;
This little toe said, "Tag! tag! tag!"
This little toe curled out of sight.

LEFT FOOT.

This big toe got suddenly stabbed;
This little toe got ruthlessly rubbed;
This little toe cried out "Bears!"
This little toe said, "Run up stairs!"
Down came a jar with a loud slam!
This little toe got all the jam.

THE SLUMS OF LONDON.

Saturday Night in the Gin Mills of the Great City.

On Saturday night, says a writer in the London News, the public houses and gin palaces take in one-fourth of the daily earnings of the denizens of the slums for a week. Enter the public houses and you will see them crammed. Here are artisans and laborers drinking away the wages that ought to clothe their little ones. Here are the women squandering the money that would purchase food, for the lack of which their children are dying. One group rivets the eye of an observer at once. It consists of an old gray-haired dame, a woman of 40 and a girl of about 19, with a baby in her arms. All of these are in a state which is best described as "maudlin"—they have finished one lot of gin, and the youngest woman is ordering another round. It is a great grandmother, grandmother and a mother and her baby—four generations together—and they are all dirty and disheveled and drunk, except the baby, and even that poor little mite may have its first taste of alcohol presently. It is no uncommon sight in these places to see a mother wet a baby's lips with gin and water. The process is called, "giving the young 'un a taste," and the baby's father will look on sometimes and enjoy the joke immensely. But the time to see the result of a Saturday night's heavy drinking in a low neighborhood is after the houses are closed. Then you meet dozens of poor wretches reeling home to their miserable dens. Some of them roll across the roadway and fall, cutting themselves till the blood flows. Every penny, in some instances, has gone in drink. One dilapidated, ragged wretch I met last Saturday night was gnawing a baked potato. By his side stood a tiny, clad woman, bearing a baby in her arms, and in hideous language she reproached him for his selfishness. She had fetched him out of a public house with his last half-penny in his pocket. With that half-penny he had bought the potato, which he refused to share with her. At every corner, the police are ordering or coaxing men and women to "move on." Between 12 and 1 it is a long procession of drunken men and women, and the most drunken seem to be those whose outward appearance betokens the most abject poverty.

Turn out of the main thoroughfare and into the dimly lighted back streets, and you come upon scenes after scene to the grim, grotesque horror of which only the pencil of a Dore could do justice. Women with hideous, distorted faces are rolling from side to side, shrieking aloud snatches of popular songs, plentifully interlarded with the vilest expressions. Men as drunk as themselves meet there; there is a short interchange of ribald jests and foul oaths; then a quarrel and a shower of blows. Down from one dark court rings a cry of murder, and a woman, her face hideously gashed, makes across the narrow road pursued by a howling madman. It is only a drunken husband having a row with his wife. Far into the small hours such cries will ring here; now that of an injured wife, now that of a drunken fool trapped into a den of infamy to be robbed and hurled into the street by the professional bully who resides on the premises. As you pass the open doors of some of the houses, you may hear a heavy thud and a groan, and then stillness. It is only a drunken man, who, staggering up to the staircase to his attic, has missed his footing and fallen heavily.

Spend any Saturday night you like in a slum, and then say if one-tenth of the habitual horrors of the "drunken night" have been catalogued here. And all these people who have spent so much in drink are undoubtedly among the class included in the description, "the abject poor."

How Japanese Pop the Question.

When a young man has been "scotched" with an almond eyed beauty he ties a branch of the cedar alatus, or a species of mistletoe, to the door of her house, which, if allowed to wilt and die, implies that he is rejected, but if it is taken in and done for, so also is the young man. To give proof of his sincerity in the premises the young lady at once blackens her teeth. After a marriage has been agreed upon, the friends of the contracting parties meet and settle the question of the dowry, and appoint a day for the meeting of the lovers and the day for the wedding.

Sojourner Truth.

[New York Herald.]

It is a familiar story how once, in an anti-slavery meeting, when Frederick Douglass had spoken almost in despair over the dullness of public opinion, the antagonism of party and the drift of events against the cause of freedom, Sojourner Truth arose and, lifting her right hand straight up, said only, "Frederick, is God dead?" Mrs. Frances D. Gage has recorded one of Sojourner Truth's impressive outbursts on the public platform in the "History of Woman Suffrage." It was at a woman's rights convention at Akron, Ohio, in 1851. During its session old Sojourner—for she was 80 years of age then—"sat crouched against the wall on the corner of the pulpit stairs, her sunbonnet shading her eyes, her elbows on her knees, her chin resting upon her broad, hard palms. Few dared to have her speak. Many implored Mrs. Gage, who was president of the convention, to prevent her from speaking. They didn't want their cause mixed up with abolition and niggers." But the time came when Sojourner Truth felt it borne in upon her to speak: "She moved slowly to the front, laid her old bonnet at her feet, and turned her great speaking eyes to me." Hisses came from the audience. But she looked the disapproval down. Nearly six feet high, her head was thrown back, and her eyes "pierced the upper air like one in a dream." At her first words there was a profound hush. She spoke it in deep tones, though not loud, which reached every ear in the house. Here are some of the words she said, and they will serve to show how powerful and original a character was this full-blooded African woman and how justified her fame was:

"Dat man ober dar say dat woman need to be helped into carriages and lifted ober ditches, and to hab de bes' place everywhar. Nobody else helps me into carriages or ober mud piles, or gits me any bes' place!" And raising herself to her full height and her voice to a pitch like rolling thunder, she asked, "And a'n't I a woman? Look at my arm! (and she bared her right arm to the shoulder, showing her tremendous muscular power.) I have plowed and planted and gathered into barns, and no man could head me. And a'n't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man—when I could get it—and bear the lash as well! And a'n't I a woman? I have borne 13 children, and seen 'em mow' all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief none but Jesus heard me. And a'n't I a woman?"

"Den dey talks 'bout dis ting in de head—what dis dey call it?" (Intelligently, she whispered some one near.) "Dat's it, honey. What's dat got to do wid woman's rights or niggers' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint and yourn holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full? Den dat little man in black, dar—he says women can't have no much rights as men, because Christ w'en't a woman! What did your Christ come from?" Rolling thunder could not have sounded so loud as did those deep, wonderful tones, as she stood there with outstretched arms and eyes of fire. Raising her voice still louder she repeated, "What did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothin' to do wid Him!"

Tears for the Drunkard.

Oh! love's wan eyes, whose tear-drops drip
Upon the drunkard's heart of stone!
Grief's goblet to the loving lip—
No drunkard ever drank alone.

Oh! eyes that know not why they weep,
The little eyes that wonder so,
And solemnly true tally keep
Of tears that for the drunkard flow!

Dividing the Expenses.

[Somerville Journal.]

"Look here, young man," said a Cambridge parent to his daughter's lover when the latter entered the parlor to make his first call of the indoors season the other night, "look here, you burned up a good deal of coal and kerosene last winter, coming round here and staying till 10 and 10-30 two or three nights a week. Now, I've no objections to your visits, as you are a respectable young man, but you've got to find your own fuel and light this coming winter. I cannot afford to keep fires running and a lamp burning in this parlor all the winter."

"All right, sir," responded the young man.

"I am willing to share the expenses, but you should hardly ask me to bear the whole of it. You furnish the coal and I furnish the light. How would that do?"

"All right," said the parent, as he turned to leave the room; "I'm willing to bear my share of the expenses if you bear yours."

"Let's see," said the clear-headed youth, as he sat down by his lady-love. "How much oil did we burn last winter, Sadie?"

"Why, John," she replied, with a blush, "we didn't burn a lampful during the whole winter."

Why He Was Bald on His Chin.

[Boston Traveller.]

Here is an instance of good repute. They were two solid citizens. One was bald, and rejoiced in a fine luxuriant beard. The other had a heavy growth of hair on the head, but was very bald as to his chin. The bald-chinned citizen was a very talkative individual, whose conversation was rapid and incessant. Meeting the bald-headed citizen one day in a company of gentlemen he opened fire on him, touching the bareness of his scone. "What do you suppose," said he in his rattling, vivacious way, "what do you suppose, neighbor, is the reason that you have no hair on your head and so much on your chin?" "Well, said the other, very deliberately, "scientists say that men who work with their brains create such a heat in the scalp that the hair is worn off." "That sounds like a likely theory," chimed the loquacious citizen. "Yes, it does," returned the other, "and I think your case is a striking illustration of its probability. Now, you have plenty of hair on your head, but none on your chin, which just backs up the scientific theory, because all your work is done with your jaws—there's nothing doing on top."

Nothing But a Club Will Do It.

[New York Times.]

A big clock hangs above the head of the ticket agent at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street Station of the Third Avenue Elevated Road. A placard on the pendulum says:

"Yes, sir, I am right."

A passenger gazed at it yesterday and started to inquire, "What is—?"

But the agent cut him short and yelled:

"That's the time to keep people from asking if that's the right time. Questions used to average from 100 to 500 a day. Now twice as many ask what the placard's for, and the thing's worse than ever. Keeps me talking nearly all day."

CHAS. CHARMAK,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in
CIGARS & TOBACCO!
Front street, Marshfield,
Adjoining Border Bros' Store.
CONSTANTLY ON HAND,
A Full Line of Cigars, Cutlery, Fancy
Goods, Stationery, Notions, etc.,
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.

NEVER ENDING WONDERS.

The Latest in Telegraphy—The Synchronous Multiple Telegraph, and What Is Expected of It.

New York, December 7.—Prof. E. J. Houston, of the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, while in New York a few days ago, said that he believed to the fullest extent in the practicability of the synchronous multiple telegraph system, which is now attracting the attention of electricians here.

"I believe," said Professor Houston, "we are in the era of a revolution in telegraphy as marvelous, if possible, as that which introduced the telegraphic system. Delaney, the inventor of the system, is the first practically to obtain a synchronism so absolute, between distant rotating cylinders, as to secure their rotation for weeks at a time without variation between two of 1-500 of a second. To those familiar with telegraphy, this means an almost unlimited possibility. One or more evident applications of the principle is the division of an ordinary telegraph wire into a number of electric circuits, each of which is entirely independent of the others."

"To what extent has the division of the circuits been ascertained?"

"Its practical limit would be difficult to assert. About a year ago four circuits, adapted to the Morse system, were perfected over a single wire; later 12 circuits were obtained. More recently 73 distinct and separate circuits have been operated on the same line; that is on one wire leading from a central office in New York to one in Philadelphia. Many have 73 branches, connected with as many subscribers in this city, affording each subscriber an absolutely private communication with one of the 73 branch offices in Philadelphia. That is a total of 144 in all."

"Who is this inventor?"

"His name is Patrick B. Delaney. He is a man of about 35, a New Yorker, of Irish descent. He began as a telegraph operator, like Edison. The principle he worked out was an old one. A Dane, Paul LaCour, took the first step here in New York in 1878. He secured a patent, which he showed to the Western Union company, but it was not thought by the company to be of value. Delaney has carried out the idea where LaCour dropped it, and has been engaged on the work for three years. I confess the principle opens to me a suggestion of almost infinite possibilities. It renders the near practicability of telegraphing sound almost certain, and I see no reason why the transfer of objects, photographically, by telegraph, may not be realized through this system. The patents are all under the control of the Standard Electric Manufacturing company. It is the purpose to establish subordinate offices through the cities of the country for intercommunication on a plan similar to that of the telephone exchanges. The synchronous system makes private wires possible to business firms with advantages that the telephone cannot provide."

The debts of the railroads of this country amount to about \$25,000,000 per mile. This aggregates nearly double the amount of the national debt. It is a vast sum, and probably more than the lines are worth. We believe, in fact, it is more than their actual cost. The object in piling on such a mountain of debt was to wreck the roads, or to so weight them down that the present managers and ostensible owners can keep all dividends from minority stockholders.

SELANDER & HONGELL,

Front street, : Marshfield, Oregon
Second door north Bay View Brewery.

BOOT & SHOE STORE

NEW GOODS!
We have just received and opened out a new and complete stock of Boots and Shoes of the best make and finest quality, including everything in that line worn by men, women and children.

Also, Rubber Coats, Boots, Overshoes, etc. Men's Shirts, Underclothing, Socks, Hats, etc. Cigars, Tobaccos, Matches, Stationery, Cutlery, and other articles too numerous to mention.

BOOTS AND SHOES MADE TO ORDER, of the best French kip and calf, at lowest prices. We sell goods cheap; give us a call and see.

SELANDER & HONGELL.

MUSIC FOR EVERYBODY!

HENRY HUDEN OF THE MARSHFIELD Soda Works has accepted an agency for all kinds of musical instruments and is now

SELLING PIANOS AND ORGANS ON THE INSTALLMENT PLAN.

Music for all kinds of instruments furnished at short notice.

NOTICE.

COME FORWARD AND SETTLE UP.

ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO ME are notified and requested to call at the Pioneer Saloon, Marshfield, and square their accounts without further or unnecessary delay. I am preparing to go away and my accounts must be settled up before I depart.

JOHN BEAR.

Timber Land Notice.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG, Oregon, December 12, 1883.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALFRED HAGLAND has applied to purchase the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 34, township 24 south, of range 12 west, Willamette meridian, under act of congress of 1878, for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any of the above lands must file their claims with the register at Roseburg, Oregon, during the sixty-days publication hereof, and failing to do so, their rights will be barred by statute.

de 13 low Wm. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG, Oregon, December 12, 1883.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, PURSUANT to act of congress of June 3, 1878, for the sale of timber lands in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada and Washington territory, that JOHN ANDERSON has applied to purchase the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 28 and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter and the east half of the northeast quarter of section 33, township 24 south, of range 12 west, Willamette meridian.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any of the above-described lands must file their claims with the register of the land office at Roseburg, Oregon, during the sixty-days publication hereof, and failing to do so, their rights will be barred by statute.

de 10 low Wm. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

not, life is sweeping by, go and dare before you die, something mighty and sublime leave behind to conquer time. \$65 a week in your own town. \$5 outfit free. No risk. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. Many are making fortunes. Ladies make as much as men, and boys and girls make great pay. Reader, if you want to make a great deal of money, write for particulars to H. HAYES & CO., Portland, Maine.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

THE COPARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between MATT. MATTON and VICTOR ANDERSON, in the Pioneer Saloon business, has been dissolved by mutual consent. Hereafter the business will be carried on by Matt. Matton, who feels thankful to the public for past favors and requests a continuance of the same at the old stand.

MATT. MATTON.
VICTOR ANDERSON.
Marshfield, Or., November 14, 1883.

BLANCO HOTEL,

Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon

FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS

And Reasonable Charges.

Having lately completed a large addition to the above hotel, and having had an extensive experience in this line of business, we can safely guarantee to our patrons comfort and accommodations excelled by no other house on the bay.

The reading room of this hotel contains the leading papers of the Atlantic States and the Pacific coast.

FERREY & HOLLAND, Proprietors.

CENTRAL HOTEL!

Corner of Front and A streets, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

JOHN J. KRONHOLM, - - - Proprietor

THIS WELL-KNOWN AND FAVORITE HOTEL has just been entirely refitted and refurbished throughout and is again open to the public for patronage.

New beds and spring mattresses have been placed in almost every sleeping room of the house and neither trouble nor expense has been spared to put everything in first-class order.

At the bar is to be found the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars.

A new entrance to the dining room has been made that opens on Front street, and the tables will always be supplied with the choicest the market affords.

m 13 J. J. KRONHOLM, Proprietor.

THE MARSHFIELD

Hardware Store

KEEPS ON HAND A SUPERIOR quality of

TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE.

Of home manufacture, in connection with a well-selected stock of

General Hardware

Stoves and Ranges,

Wood and Willow Ware,

Farm Tools and Implements,

Coal, Iron and Steel,

Pumps,

Water Pipe and Fittings,

Paints, Oils and Brushes,

Doors and Windows,

Harness and Trimmings,

Glassware,

Lamps and Crockery,

Plated and Granite Ware,

Rope,

Rifles, Pistols and Ammunition,

Fishing Tackle,

Bird Cages,

Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe,

Etc., Etc.

Job Work and REPAIRING done at short notice.

E. O'CONNELL, Prop'r.

E. B. DEAN & CO.

E. B. DEAN, D. WILLCOX AND C. H. MERCHANT.

WE HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A FULL Assortment Of

General Merchandise

STOCK ALWAYS COMPLETE.

LUMBER

MANUFACTURED TO ORDER

And SOLD IN ANY QUANTITY DESIRED

at the LOWEST LIVING PRICES.

DORA NURSERY

SEVERAL THOUSAND TREES FOR SALE. Best quality and embracing all varieties suited to this climate. Raised on bench land and will thrive in any soil. Send orders to me at Dora, Coos county, Oregon, or leave them with FRED TIMMERMAN of Ross & Timmerman of Marshfield, and they will meet with prompt attention.

[see] C. HOWE, Agent.

NEWPORT COAL.

CHARLES A. WINCHESTER

IS SOLE AGENT IN MARSHFIELD

For the Sale of Newport Coal.

Orders left with him will be attended to with promptness.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

R. MAINS, TAILOR!

FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD

JUST RECEIVED,

FALL

—AND—

WINTER GOODS!

Stock of Foreign and Domestic Hats and Fancy Suits of

READY-MADE CLOTHING,

Which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.

Ready-made goods bought at this shop altered and pressed free of charge.

Give me a call.

[see] R. MAINS.

NASBURG & HIRST,

FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD, OGN.

NEW GOODS BY EVERY STEAMER; keep constantly on hand in our large and commodious store, a well selected stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

consisting of the best staple and fancy

DRY GOODS.

of all kinds, the choicest

GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS.

A LARGE STOCK OF

Clothing, Hats and Caps, Boots and Shoes, Rubber and Oil Clothing,

Oil Cloths, Slippers, Crockery, Glass and Hardware, Tools,

CIGARS AND TOBACCO, Choice

Paints, Oils and Varnishes; Choice

Wines and Liquors; Tinware, Ammunition, Cutlery, Wood and Willowware, School Books and Stationery, Furnish-

ing Goods, Hosiery, Etc., Etc., etc.

Our extensive show cases are filled with the finest

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.

PRICES TO SUIT THE TIMES.

N. B.—All goods purchased at our Store will be delivered free of charge at any point on the route of the steamer Mvrtle.

v 1-1 f

ROGERS' NEW STORE

South Coos River.

THE UNDERSIGNED HAS JUST RECEIVED and opened up for sale, at his new store at his place on South Coos river, an extensive stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

EMBRACING

Groceries, Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Cutlery, Crockery and Glassware, Tobaccos, and almost everything the market demands, all of which will be sold at

THE LOWEST LIVING RATES.

And persons living on the river, as well as elsewhere, will find it to their interest to call and trade with me.

v 1-1 f

S. C. ROGERS.

Marshfield SODA WATER WORKS,

Corner of Third and C streets,

H. HUDEN, - - - Proprietor.

SODA, SASSAPARILLA, GINGER

SALE, ETC., OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Constantly on hand and for sale.

Orders from the country promptly filled.

m 17

COOS BAY FURNITURE STORE,

CONSTANTLY ON HAND

Mattresses & Bedsteads,

Chairs & Lounges,

Cribs & Cradles,

PICTURES, FRAMES, MOULDINGS,

TABLES, MIRRORS &c.

Counting-room Furniture

Made to Order.

COFFINS made at shortest notice

SEWING MACHINES

ATTACHMENTS, NEEDLES &c.

IVIU F. MARK, PROPRIETOR

MUSIC TO ALL!

AS A LOVER OF MUSIC, YOUR humble servant has had an experience of many years in training choirs, glee clubs and quartette classes, both in the eastern states and on the Pacific coast.

My aim is to culture the mind of musical talent of this modern age and to give to those of limited means an unsurpassed opportunity to train their children on harmony, vocal and instrumental music at a very trifling expense.

Before the quarterly term will begin, the undersigned will retire from his present occupation. The pupils will be divided into classes, according to the principal's estimate.

The first term of school will begin on the 3d of January, 1884.

All communications in reference to terms, etc., must be delivered to me on or before the 25th of December. Address

PROF. D. R. MATHEWS,

Marshfield, Coos county, Or.

STAR SALOON,

Front street, Marshfield, Oregon,

(Opposite O'Connell's Store),

CHAS. ESTERBECK, Proprietor.

CHOICE WINES AND CIGARS

AND THE BEST

Bourbon Whiskies

KEPT AT THE BAR.

And the Reading Room is supplied with the leading newspapers and magazines of the country, east and west.

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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

DR. FELIX LE BRUN'S GOG

Preventive and Cure for either Sex.

This remedy being injected directly to the seat of those diseases of the Genito-Urinary Organs, requires no change of diet