

The Coast Mail.

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

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Three months \$1.00

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
Thursday, January 24, 1884

Leap Year Again.

Leap year again! You turn, Old Time,
No golden sands, but gray and grime
For me. Not one year I resign,
But four—so wastes the pleasure mine;
And marriage bells—they've yet to chime.

At sweet sixteen a play, a mule,
An endless rove, or season prime
Seemed life—and hailed with song and wine,
Leap year again!

Then all was "splendid" or "sublime"
At twenty years. The school boy's rhyme
Now mocks the change with tripping line,
"And once in four has twenty-nine."
Fast hold I that, Old Time,
Leap year again!

How Cigar Boxes are Made.

[Evening Wisconsin.]
Three different kinds of lumber are used in the manufacture of the boxes. Common boxes are made from bass wood, brought in heavy boards from the northern part of the state. It is then recut, planed, grained and stained, in order to give it a cedar like appearance. The best wood is red cedar, which is grown in the sunny southern slopes of Mexico, Cuba and Central America, where the vertical rays of the sun penetrate its fiber and the heavy forests shelter it from the northern and western winds. This wood possesses the sharp, pungent odor which renders it particularly valuable for the packing of fine cigars.

The wood is purchased either from first hands in the south or from New York dealers. It is cut in the requisite thickness, one-fifth of an inch, always being of the necessary thickness for ends. The strips of wood are run through a rip saw and sawed in long strips and cut into the required lengths on a second machine. The ends are then planed as smooth as the sides, and they are ready to be made into boxes. The lids and sides are then put into printing presses such as ordinary printers use, only much heavier, and the brand, trademark, etc., are indelibly impressed on them. They next pass into the hands of the nailers. They are not nailed together by hand, but by machines which look like type writing machines. The nails are fed into a hopper on the top, and are led through small brass pipes into little tubes at a proper distance apart. By the pressure of his foot the nails are forced by the operator out of these tubes into the wood as accurately and six times as rapidly as the most expert mechanic could do by hand with a hammer. First an end and side piece are nailed together and placed in large piles, and then two of these are nailed together, forming the sides. They are passed to boys at the right, who rapidly nail the bottoms on by hand, fastening them in place temporarily with partly driven nails. They pass along to girls who dexterously paste cloth hinges upon them. The boxes are then piled up to dry.

The next operation consists in trimming off all overhanging wood, which is done on a rapidly revolving planer. They are then placed against whirling sand wheels and nicely smoothed. The boxes are now ready for the large force of girls upon the upper floor, who proceed to place the finishing touches upon them. First the edgings are pasted on, then the inside labels, linings and flaps. The girls are paid at the end of 80 cents a hundred, and can earn from \$4 to \$8 a week. The labels are made by houses in Chicago and New York. Some labels are very artistic. The designs are the work of distinguished artists, and the coloring is rich and varied. They are expensive, ranging in price from two to ten cents each.

It has been noticed that the quality of the cigar can be told by the style of the label. Those labels resembling a cartoon in a comic paper are usually intended for cheap cigars. Those which describe ladies in very décolleté toilets expressing impossible birds of unheard of colors by fountains of emerald water seldom accompany a good cigar. The best Havana cigars usually have motto labels, bearing some Spanish name, or containing scenes in Cuban or Spanish outdoor life. The more gorgeous the label usually the poorer the cigar. The same rule holds good with the box itself. Those which have brass hinges and a small catch in front, and fairly glisten with a varnish polish, generally hold cheap cigars. The printing department of a large factory is as nearly complete as a job printing office can be. The names of the brand ordered by manufacturers are printed upon the labels at the factory. The boxes are now ready for delivery. The silk ribbons used for fastenings form quite an item, the factory visited by the reporter using over \$300 worth a month. A car load of cedar is used every five or six weeks, and costs \$40 a thousand feet.

Youthful Congressmen.

[Washington Correspondence Cleveland Leader.]
Many a man who has been elected to the house before he was 30 has retired after a single term into well merited obscurity. McPherson, clerk of the last congress, came here nearly 30 years ago, scarcely over the age allotted to, for admission to the house. Twenty-five years later he returns to take the position of clerk. John Randolph of Roanoke was at the opening of his term one of the youngest men that ever sat in congress. He was, as the story goes, not yet 25, and the question was asked as to his age. "I refer the gentleman" was his grandiloquent reply, "to my constituents in Virginia," and on this reply he was allowed to take his seat. Henry Clay was only 39 when he was sent to the United States senate, and John C. Calhoun was the same age when he entered the house. Blaine became a congressman at 32, Conkling at 30, John Sherman at 31, Dan Voorhees at 32, Ben Butler at 38, Daniel Webster at 30, and Tom Benton, coming first to Washington at the age of 32, entered the United States senate, where he remained almost an equal number of years, taking notes of all the debates and writing his ponderous "Thirty Years' view."
Coming down to the leading congressmen of to-day, Sam Cox was 35 before he came here, Sam Randall was 34, W. D. Kelley was 47, Carlisle 40 and Tom Reed 40. Most of these men have a future before them, and something of their present greatness is perhaps due to the fact that they were not sprung too soon into public life.

At a banquet given Gen. Nelson A. Miles, at Fort Keogh, on the evening of the 5th inst., in the course of a speech Gen. Miles declared that "Jeff Davis knew of the intended assassination of Abraham Lincoln. A proposition to kill the president was not only made in writing to the confederate government, but induced by Jeff Davis, in his own handwriting, and referred to the confederate secretary of war for his action." Gen. James S. Brisson made a similar statement some time ago, and declared that the proof existed in the confederate war records, now in the confederate war department. There can hardly be a shadow of doubt about the matter. Jeff Davis not only gave countenance to assassination during the rebellion, but to every other species of crime that he thought would conserve his cause.

Villard on Rails.

[New York Letter.]

I have a warm feeling for Villard in his perplexities, and entertain no doubt that he will conquer them and win a fortune for himself yet. I inquired about him this morning. "Nothing dangerous," said my informant, "only that he has not been able to sleep for more than three or four hours for a week. Insomnia—that's what ails him—resulting from worry and disappointment. He meant to make a lot of fortunes for himself and his courageous backers, and he has not done it. The failure grieves and puzzles him. To go without sleep is enough to make any man crazy, but Villard is tough and level headed, and he'll come out of it. The thing that hurts him worst is to see his friends suffer."

It is reported that Villard has not only lost three or four millions himself, but that he has handed over to other losers the \$300,000 that he gave a year ago to his wife, a daughter of William Lloyd Garrison. I hope this is not true. A man should not pay so dearly as that for a miscalculation.

There's only one thing—a recollection—that makes me think the report may be true. In the autumn of 1862 he came into the army of the Potomac, as a correspondent. I was writing letters to the New York Tribune. His horse was a better one than mine, and he always kept ahead—excepting, perhaps, on a retreat. One night when the army was being transferred from the Rapidan over to Fredericksburg and Villard and I were trying to keep along with it, we found ourselves a good way from any eligible house and compelled to camp, soldier fashion, on the ground. We picked our horses, then brought a dozen nice, soft, three-cornered rails from a worm fence near by, laid them gracefully side by side in the wet grass as close together as possible, and went to bed. As it was cold we put our blankets together and laid them over us, and as there were no mosquitoes we got along fairly well. The only disturbance was made by Villard. I woke suddenly about 1 o'clock and found Villard sitting up in bed, carefully pushing the blankets out over me, and saying, "Excuse me." This happened four times during the night, my conscientious bed fellow pulling the blankets over me as if he had more than his share, and each time saying "Excuse me!" I didn't suppose that such a man as that ever would be rich. Maybe he has been so foolish as to give away his wife's property and start from bed rock again. Who knows?

Lassoing a Lioness.

From Texas, says the Leadville Democrat, G. W. Palmer came to Colorado to hunt antelope and deer for a livelihood. He throws the lasso with the accuracy of a rifleman. Up on Hardenscrabble mountain, a few days ago, he halted before a half-eaten deer that had been killed by a mountain lion. With a knowledge of the lion and its habits, Palmer concluded that there was a lioness and her cub near by, and he determined to capture her, and returning to his cabin, a short distance away, he procured several ropes. Fully equipped, he proceeded cautiously, and finally discovered the lioness with her cub beneath a projecting rock. It was then that he motioned to his son, who followed at his heels, to stop, and instructing him to make his appearance at a given signal from him, he left the path to mount the rocks that sheltered the beast. Reaching the summit he uncoiled the rope from his arm and prepared to make the lasso. The signal was given to the brave young fellow, who made his appearance a short distance from the lion. The lioness was about to leap forward, but the father sent the lion over her head. There was a brief struggle, in which the lioness was slipped, and in a second it was secure upon the hind legs. The end of the rope had been previously thrown over the limb of a tree whose bows spread around, and the contest was begun in earnest. After a terrible struggle Palmer succeeded in suspending his prize in the air, and fastening the rope securely, he sprang from the rocks and proceeded to tie the remainder of the lioness. Accomplishing this, he thought it about time to bag the cub, and reached down to grasp it; but the little fellow turned as quick as a cat up on his back and fastened his claws in his throat. He held on like a leech, while the father, finding it impossible to extricate himself, shouted to his son to use a club. This was ineffectual, however, and throttling the infant lion with the left hand he pressed down with all his might, and it was not until he had almost killed the animal that the son was enabled to release the claws from his father's neck. Yesterday Palmer arrived in the city with both of the animals, and caged them in Schloss' old building.

Snakes Out of the Season.

While standing in an open doorway, Mrs. George Whiting of Baton Rouge felt something cold encircle her ankle. It was a moccasin snake. She screamed, and then kicked it off. Robert Handy of Goliad, Tex., says that while drawing water from his well he drew up a snake coiled around the rope and bucket. The snake bit his cheek, and held on till he had called help to get it off. Hearing his wife screaming in the cow yard, Joseph Browning of Decaturville, O., ran to her aid, and found her fighting with a huge copperhead snake. At the appearance of Browning the snake crawled into a hole in the ground. He began digging for it, and soon found a den of snakes. He killed 105 snakes and destroyed 36 snake's eggs.

M. S. Root, who has a government claim on the Sweetwater, California, arrived at his cabin after dark and, placing a board on the ground to elevate his head, spread his blankets and went to sleep. Upon raising the board in the morning he saw a rattlesnake coiled ready to strike. For a moment Root was paralyzed with fear, but recovering himself, he killed the snake, which was two feet four inches in length and had five rattles.

Judge Robinson of Easton, Md., tells how a spider caught a snake in his office. The snake had taken refuge under an old sofa in the back of the office, where a large spider had his headquarters. When the latter discovered his visitor, he threw a web around the snake's neck, and fastened it to the bottom of the sofa above the snake. He then added another web, and another, until the combined webs made a strong cord, that completely fastened the snake until it could not extricate itself. If it attempted to go forward, the cord raised its head higher and higher, until it was half off the floor. In this way it was kept a prisoner until Robinson released it.

Lincoln Pleading Under the Trees.

A correspondent of the Springfield (Ill.) State Journal tells this story of Abraham Lincoln: "About four miles north of Mount Pulaski, on the farm of Joseph Ream, stands a white oak tree which once served as a temple of justice, where Lincoln practiced law. The old Denon mill-stand, with its dam, was the first built on Salt creek. Denon's rights were encroached upon by a dam, built a few miles below, for the Spence mill. The wiser of the dam below backed up to the Denon dam and stopped its great wheel. Denon brought suit and employed Lincoln to prosecute the case. This was in 1840. A justice of the peace, fresh from his plow on the prairie, and building over with law and native justice, played the part of judge. Twelve of the

best men to be found in all the surrounding country were made jurors, and the case was opened to them, seated gravely in a row on the ground, in the shade of the trees. When the evidence was all in Lincoln made one of his peculiar speeches, full of force, wit, apt anecdote, and ridicule. The jury deliberated a short time and brought in a verdict in favor of Lincoln's client, and pronounced the lower dam an encroachment on Denon's rights. The case gave Lincoln a high place in public estimation in that locality, a position he never lost, and the tree is still known throughout the neighborhood as Lincoln's tree."

Over 400,000 foreigners arrived in this country during the past year. Of these only 7707 settled in the southern states. How can this be accounted for, save on the ground that the same political freedom does not exist there as in the north and west? The south has millions upon millions of acres of unimproved lands which could be purchased cheap. With the improved methods of drainage and tillage they would yield profitable crops of sugar cane, rice and other products for which there is abundant demand. The climate is delightful and healthy, and there is every opportunity for people to make an easy living. And yet thousands upon thousands immediately upon landing at our eastern ports go straight to the far regions of Dakota, Montana and Wyoming, where the climate is so rigorous that for full half the year the ground is covered with snow, and the cold is too severe for outdoor labor. The preference is given by the foreigner to this semi-arctic region because he knows that he will be accorded perfect freedom of political thought and action, while, were he to settle in the south, he would be compelled to submit his own judgment to the will of the Bourbon bulldozer. This is to be greatly regretted. If the southern states could guarantee perfect freedom of political thought and action for the next 20 years, with perfectly fair and honest elections, it would necessarily become the most prosperous section of the union. The emigrants that would flock there would constitute a grand army of progress who, armed only with the implements of the husbandman, would soon cause the country to bloom with riches.

A curious idea concerning strong drink has lately been thrown out by a prominent Englishman, Dr. B. W. Richardson, who is president of a total abstinence society. He finds by a study of mortality returns and revenue returns that the deaths from alcohol and the receipts from the sale of liquor are greatest at the same periods, and that these periods are the same each year. The "lesser maximum" comes about January 1, and the "greater maximum" comes in the latter part of July. The deaths from drink, that is delirium tremens and alcoholism, are below average in January, February, March and April, and also in October and November and part of December, while in June, July, August, September and parts of December and January they are above the average. The conclusion is that when the air is driest the drinker craves alcohol the most; and in a certain sense, therefore, the weather regulates drunkenness.

A prominent democrat who recently visited Samuel J. Tilden describes him as looking "like a man who is walking around to save funeral expenses." Another New York gentleman who has been intimate with Tilden for years writes to the Boston Globe concerning him as follows: "My impression is that Tilden is about the same as he has been for some years. He keeps about, comes to the city occasionally, and although physically feeble, gets along comfortably. He is not as some seem to think, a helpless invalid. He talks in a whisper, and one arm is shaky—both of these the effects of a partial paralysis, I suppose, but his mind is bright and clear. Except that he is older, I don't believe that he is physically or mentally very much changed since he was a candidate for the presidency."

There is a man in Burlington, Iowa, who deserves to have a monument when he dies. He is a wounded soldier, and he declines to draw any more pension money because he has recovered from his wound. There is a suggestion of a contrast between him and the men who are trying to get pensions because they once ran the risk of getting hurt in the commissary department, in the telegraph service, and as wagon drivers on the plains.

FOR SALE

A BARGAIN

I WISH TO DISPOSE OF MY HALF INTEREST IN THE BLANCO HOTEL, at Marshfield, Oregon.
The house is doing an excellent business and this is a good opportunity for any person who wishes to invest in property of this kind.
For particulars, see or address the undersigned, at the hotel.
JAS. L. FERREY.

NEW TIME-TABLE

OF THE

STEAMER LULU!



J. A. EGENHOFF, Captain.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE steamer LULU will make a trip up South Coos river to Yaquina's landing.

EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON. Every Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, the will leave Yaquina for Marshfield; return to Yaquina the same day, and then back to Marshfield. The LULU is subject to charter for special business at all times except Thursday afternoons and Fridays.

Towing of all descriptions promptly executed at reasonable rates.
Orders left at the COAST MAIL office will receive prompt attention.
For further particulars apply to
J. A. EGENHOFF, Master.

MRS. M. TOWER,



MILLINERY

DRESS-MAKING!

EMPIRE CITY, OREGON,
HAS ON HAND A NEW AND
FINE STOCK OF
Millinery and Dress-Making Goods!
All orders promptly attended to.

\$72 A week made at home by the industrious. Best business now before the public. Capital not needed. We will start you. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can work in spare time or give your whole time to the business. No other business will pay you nearly as well. No one can fail to make enormous pay, by engaging at once. Costly outfit and terms free. Money made fast, easily and honorably. Address TRUE & CO., Augusta, Maine.
my10 17*

Some Points of Difference Between the Sexes.

[Philadelphia Call.]

When a woman becomes flurried she feels for a fast; when a man becomes flurried he feels for a cigar.
Women jump at conclusions and generally miss the reason things out logically and generally miss it.
Women always show by their actions that they enjoy going to church; men are less demonstrative.

Some women can't pass a millinery store without looking in; some men can't pass a saloon without going in.
A woman never sees a baby without wanting to run to it; a man never sees a baby without wanting to run from it.

Women love admiration, approbation, adulation, self immolation on the part of others, and are often weak, vain and frivolous. Ditto men.
A woman always carries her purse in her hand, so that other women will see it; a man carries his in his inside pocket, so that his wife won't see it.

A man of fashion hates the rain because it deranges the set of his pantaloons; a woman of fashion hates it because it deranges her complexion.

When a woman wants to repair, damages she uses a pin; when a man wants to repair damages he spends two hours and a half trying to thread a needle.

A woman can sit in the theater for three hours without getting all huddled up, catching the toothache or becoming faint for want of fresh air; a man can't.

When a woman is asked by a fond lover for her heart and hand and says "No," she doesn't always mean it; when a man is asked by a joyful friend if he will take something, and says "No," he doesn't always mean it, either.

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.

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.

E. F. COOK,

PAINTER, GRAINER,

Paper-Hanger,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

IS PREPARED TO DO ALL KINDS OF work in his line at short notice and on the most reasonable terms.
SIGN PAINTING AND GRADING
Orders left at the Marshfield Drug Store will receive prompt attention.

JOHN TAST,

DEALER IN—
READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS,

Hats, Caps, Underwear, Overalls,
Oil Clothing and Southwesterns,
Tobacco, Cigars, Cigarettes,
Pipes, Jewelry, Candles,
Prize Boxes, and a
variety of notions,
P. K. Building, Front street, Marshfield.
Men's Suits of Clothing,
from Nine to Thirty Dollars!
My motto is quick sales and small profits and a share of public patronage is respectfully solicited.
JOHN TAST.

NOTICE

TO FRED. TIMMERMAN'S DEBTORS.

HAVING DISPOSED OF MY MARKET BUSINESS in Marshfield, it has become necessary to close and settle up all accounts with ROSS & TIMMERMAN, and parties indebted to the late firm or to me individually are requested to come forward and make payment without delay or further notice and thus save me trouble and themselves extra expense.
F. TIMMERMAN.

Timber Land Notice.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, Oregon, January 12, 1884.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT LORENZO D. SMITH has applied to purchase the southeast quarter of section 26, township 20 south, of range 12 west, of Willamette meridian, under the act of congress of June 3, 1878, for the sale of timber land in the states of California, Oregon, Nevada, and in Washington territory.

Any and all persons claiming adversely any of the above-described land must file their claims with the register of the land office at Roseburg, during the sixty-days publication hereof, and failing to do so, their claims will be barred by statute.
JAN 10 1884 WM. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, Oregon, December 1, 1883.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT ALFRED HAGLAND has applied to purchase the southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 34, township 21 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-described 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.
JAN 10 1884 WM. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

Timber Land Notice.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE,
ROSEBURG, Oregon, December 12, 1883.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT JOHN ANDERSON has applied to purchase the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 28 and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 29, 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 at Roseburg, Oregon, during the sixty-days publication hereof, and failing to do so, their rights will be barred by statute.
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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

R. MAINS,

TAILOR!

FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD.

JUST RECEIVED.

FALL

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. [seto] R. MAINS.

NASBURG & HIRST,

FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD, OGN.

NEW GOODS BY EVERY STEAMER

er; 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.

Paints, Oils and Varnishes; Choice Wines and Liquors; Tinware, Ammunition, Cutlery, Wood and Willowware, School Books and Stationery, Furnishings, Goods, Hosiery, 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 Myrtle.

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, Tobaccoes, 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.
JAN 10 1884 S. C. ROGERS.

SELANDER & HONIGELL,

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

BOOT & SHOE STORE

NEW L. NEW