

The Coast Mail.

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By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor.

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
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The Under Dog in the Fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
From the peasant up to the king,
Has a different tale from the tale I tell,
And a different song to sing.

But for me, and I care not a single fly,
If they say I am wrong or am right,
I shall always go in for the weaker,
For the under dog in the fight.

I know that the world—that the great big world—
Will never a moment stop
To see which dog may be in fault,
But will shout for the dog on top.

But for me, I shall never pause to ask
Which dog may be in the right,
For my heart will beat, while it beats at all,
For the under dog in the fight.

Perhaps what I've said I had better not said,
Or 'twere better I had said it incoincidentally,
But, with heart and with glass filled chock to
the brim,
Here's luck to the bottom dog.

—David Baker in Chicago Tribune.

A CHILD WITH A TAIL.

A Louisville Octoroon Gives Birth to a Child Which Puzzles the Doctors.
[From the Louisville (Ky.) Commercial.]

In a shady lane below Thirty-eighth street, between Bank and Market, stands a neat frame cottage, newly coated with whitewash. The house is surrounded with trees and shrubbery, and the front yard is divided into blooming flower plants. The house is occupied by James Clark, his wife and an adopted daughter. The latter has been given the name of Ruth. On a cold winter's night, sixteen years ago, she was left on the doorstep, and Mrs. Clark has kindly watched over her ever since. She has grown to be tall, and although an octoroon, has a complexion of almost perfect whiteness. Her hair is long and black and curly. Her teeth shine like two rows of pearls, and are splendidly displayed beneath her thin arched upper lip. Since Monday Mrs. Clark avers that "a thousand of people have visited the house." The visitors have been mostly colored people, with a considerable sprinkling of medical practitioners. Yesterday a body of 33 medical students were at the house an hour, and went away promising to return in a few days and bring their note books with them.

Six weeks ago yesterday a messenger in the shape of a baby girl came to the house of Jas. Clark. It was born to her adopted daughter and presented a striking freak of nature. Cecilia Alexander, a doctress, was called in to administer medical attention. Being somewhat superstitious, she is said to have declared that some great fatality was about to befall the family when she viewed the infant. It was a pretty child, with black eyes and black hair, perfectly formed, except in the region of the pelvis. The lower end of the vertebra extended below the trunk of the body, and formed a very marked and distinct tail. The appendage measured an inch in diameter at the body and appeared gracefully for a length of four inches, when it ended abruptly, with a slight curl, and a few strands of coarse hair. Another striking deformity was the double hips which the child possessed. The abnormal pair was like two banks of flesh, in the center of which could be felt a hard, bony substance. To sum up, the child had hips and a tail which bore a great resemblance to the American dog. Since its birth the little freak has been very healthy, notwithstanding its mother has been lying seriously ill. The tail and abnormal hips have developed alarmingly rapid, and threaten to become the most prominent features about the child. The tail yesterday measured 6 1/2 inches, and the hips would have a fair showing in a canvas ham bag. For this reason the mother is uneasy. She is afraid the child will turn into all tail and hips.

"If it does," she said yesterday, "I will travel with some circus. Two or three of my friends have already told me that I could exhibit the child and make a barrel of money." "But you won't do anything of the kind," said Mrs. Clark, angrily, who heard the remark of her adopted daughter. "If that tail keeps on growing I am going to cut it off, and what's more, those two arms must be doctored some way to stunt their growth. Why, she never could walk around in a stylish dress with that deformity on her hips."

"The freak will prove a wonder to the profession," said Dr. H. W. Peters. "I intend to observe it closely, and prepare some sort of an opinion about it myself. Nature's freaks are always interesting, but one of this character is doubly so. While its origin is easily accounted for, such perfect development of the abnormal parts as the child presents is nothing short of a phenomenon. The mother evidently was chased or frightened by a dog. Nothing else could have produced such a wonderful result."

Meanwhile the infant continues to grow and laugh and kick. It had already exhibited a peculiar fondness for cornbread, and, unlike most children of its age, had no desire for milk. It will be an object of much curiosity among physicians and eminent scientists.

Vanderbilt's Treasure Vault.

[From John Swinton's Paper.]

I stood the other day in the vault of the formidable fortress of iron and masonry on Forty-second street, where last year the richest nabob in the world locked up his \$200,000,000 in stock, bonds and other securities. It is one of the most redoubtable works of defense on the American continent, though you may not be entirely certain of that by surveying the building from the outside. Its foundations were blasted out of the rock. The front wall is five feet in thickness, and the side and rear walls are three feet, the materials used being pressed brick, with brown stone trimmings. The beams, girders and main pillars are iron, incased in fire-proof material. The doors, window frames and minor partitions are iron, marble and glass. No wood is to be found in the structure. The great vault is 36x42 feet, of wrought iron, steel, and Franklinton iron, is imposing in strength and proportions, and is situated on the ground floor. Its four outer doors weigh 8200 pounds each, and have every effective and known improvement in defensive devices. A massive wall of masonry surrounds the ironwork. The vault, which is burglar, fire, and water proof, constitutes a distinct building in itself. The armed watchmen who guard the building day and night are under the strictest discipline, their hourly movements being recorded by an electric clock connecting with various points on each floor of the structure, and there are also wires running to police headquarters and the offices of the district telegraph. In one corner of this great vault, behind heavy iron bars, are the heavier iron doors of the works containing the Vanderbilt securities, which can be opened only by skeleton keys held by the owner alone. I suppose that 100 men in this building, with Gatling guns, could easily defend it against a mob of 100,000 assailants; it could be reduced by nothing less than the continued play of heavy artillery. It may be a year since Vanderbilt, then worth \$200,000,000, put more than \$200,000,000 under guard here at that time, but he has added over \$12,000,000 to his fortune within the year, though it has been a poor year. Thus rapidly does the stupendous volume of his unparalleled pile enlarge. Nothing like such growth of any man's wealth was ever before known in the world. Every year, in the nature of things, the growth increases, so that the estimate of the best informed men is that by the year 1890 he will be able to pile up not less than \$300,000,000 in his great iron vault behind walls five feet thick.

Song of a Fat Man.

Hand me down my summer duster,
Bring me out the biggest fan;
Let that julep be a "buster,"
Chuck in all the ice you can.
Take away my big bicycle,
Put it in a frame hole;
Tickle me with an icicle,
Bigger than the old north pole.

A Dairy Maid's Disaster.

Among the brilliant coterie of beauties surrounding the prince of Wales at Brighton in the early part of the present century, says London Society, was Lady Haggerstone, whose charms had at first sight attracted the admiration of the amorous Florizel. But not content with the general admiration which his royal highness was disposed to grant to all pretty women, her ladyship was ambitious to completely captivate the heart of the heir apparent. Accordingly, a fete champetre was announced to come off at her pretty villa near the Spa, and her ladyship was determined to charm the prince by assuming a rustic dress that would have satisfied the taste of a Watteau. At her residence she had a miniature farm yard and three pretty little Alderneys. When the prince with his friends and attendants had arrived the fair hostess came forward from a side wicket dressed as a milk maid for the purpose of making a syllabus for the prince. She had a silver pail in one hand and an ornamental stool in the other. Thus equipped she tripped along with the ribbons flying from her dainty milking hat hung on one side of her graceful head, and the smallest little apron tied below her lace stomacher, till she came opposite his royal highness, to whom she dropped a studied, bewitching curtsy. Then passing lightly over the beautifully platted straw, her tucked up gown showing her neat ankle as well as her colored stockings, she placed her stool and pail convenient for use. Leaning against the flank of one of the crossiest looking Alderneys, she was about to begin her pretty task; but not relishing this new and strange companion, the animal at once commenced kicking out, upsetting stool, pail and milkmaid, and then trotted coolly away. Lady Haggerstone rose, covered with confusion, and beat a hasty retreat into her little dairy, whence she did not emerge again that day.

Ab, mei to sew with tenderest care
"The precious seed;
To water with a tearful prayer;
To watch, to wait through sun and rain
Till hope has turned to bitter pain,
And then to find the poisonous weed
Doth raise its head;
Where should have blossomed the blossom sweet,
Where should have grown the goodly wheat,
Comes tares instead.

What Ails the Democrats.

[From the Chicago Herald.]

The democratic party has suffered in the past, and still is suffering, from the effects of having too many old men among its leaders. With these ancient and honorable politicians immediate success has been the great desideratum, and principle has been sacrificed on all occasions in their frenzied efforts to compass that end. To this insatiable desire to enter at once upon the spoils of victory may be attributed nearly all the ridiculous blunders which the party has made. Its repeated disgraceful failures have shown how unfounded their hopes have been, and how witless has been its leadership. The only thing that at this moment prevents the party from taking a step, which in a few years would almost certainly bring a success, to the opposition which old and office snatching leaders are making to the raising of the tariff reform issue. Some of these men cannot wait. They must have success at once, or a few years hence they may not be here to enjoy it. These are the counselors who now exhort the people to abandon their onslaught on the robber tariff and make an attack on the system of internal revenue taxation, which oppresses no one and yields a large return to the government. If they are to be listened to the party will march to a hopeless defeat.

Butler's Ideas as to Tariff.

DETROIT, May 24.—The Evening Journal of this city publishes this afternoon the following letter from General Butler, giving explicit utterance to his views on the tariff question:
BOSTON, May 19, 1884.—To C. H. Hubbard, managing editor Detroit Evening Journal: DEAR SIR.—There is no evident good faith in your communication to me that I break a custom in answering a special question as to my political views on specific subjects. Perhaps upon the subject of the tariff I can give them in a word, for I never have concealed them. We cannot have free trade in this country, however desirable, theoretically, it would be. Our country is so large, our interests so vast, and so much to be done by the general government, that for a series of years we must raise hundreds of millions of dollars by taxation of some sort. The only constitutional taxation that I know of is the direct tax in proportion to the number of inhabitants of the states. The genius of our people will not permit that direct taxation, and therefore indirect taxation must be resorted to. From the beginning of the government to this time taxation by duties on imported articles has always been the resort of our government, except in times of war. For a limited period other methods of taxation have been tried, because the duties upon imports were insufficient. Therefore, I favor the raising of a sufficient amount of revenue for the economical administration of the government, and no more, from duties upon imports, and in laying those duties so as to tax all articles of luxury up to the collection point; to make free all raw materials not raised or produced in this country which enter into its arts and manufactures, and the actual necessities of life as much as possible; and to lighten them in every way possible, and within those limits to so judiciously place our duties as to best encourage and aid American labor and American industry. If I could, I would also devote the taxes upon whisky and tobacco to a fund to pay the remaining debts of the war only—to wit: to pensions and the care of soldiers disabled by the war. I do not know that I need make any further statement upon this topic. I am very truly yours, BENJ. F. BUTLER.

The democrats say that they desire to elect a president to demonstrate by actual experiment that some other party besides the republican can administer the national government without detriment to the republic; that much mischief results from the feeling, honestly entertained by so many, that a democratic administration would be disastrous, reversing the results of the civil war. The devil once thought there was much mischief in the idea, that it was better to worship God than him, and to set the people right on that score he asked them to try the other track a spell. The people remembered that great rebellion, and Eve's trouble in the garden and they refused to try the other track. Every sunbeam has an errand and every rain drop a mission, but the democratic party has only to die and be buried out of sight as quickly as possible.

The views of Charles A. Dana, the veteran editor of the New York Sun, are always of interest. He is an independent in politics, with a strong leaning toward democracy. He supported Tilden in 1876 and Hancock in 1880. In a recent interview with a reporter of the Philadelphia Times he gave it as his opinion that the republican party will be firmly united for the nomination of the national convention. Whatever grumbling there may be among the friends of the disappointed candidates he is confident will speedily pass away, and an earnest support will be given the candidate. It is evident that Dana does not hope for a democratic victory under any circumstances. He thinks Blaine can carry New York.

The principal complaint against the present tariff is that it produces too much revenue. Experience shows that the tariff reduction increases the revenue by stimulating importation. By reducing the tariff, the price of foreign goods is diminished, and people buy more of them, and the total paid as tariff will be greater than before. The proposition is as simple as that two and two are four, and is equally true in both theory and practice. As a matter of course, the democratic plan to cut down tariff rates would only increase the evil of an excessive revenue. The medicine would make the disease worse, instead of curing the patient.

Waterson announces that there must be "genuine harmony" in the democratic party "if we have to fight for it," and in the same column he prints a list of the democrats who voted against the Morrison bill, and demands their defeat this fall. He adds: "Let the war be to the knife. Let the black flag be run up, and the cry be no quarter. This is the only way to fight rebels and traitors."

One of the oldest democratic journals in the south—the Mobile Register—serves notice on the democratic party that it must not follow the lead of the Carlisle-Waterson-Hurd school of politicians, unless it wishes to make the south republican on the tariff issue. The manufacturing interests of that section are rapidly making converts to the doctrine of protection.

The democrats in congress who insist that their party presidential platform shall declare absolutely and explicitly for revenue reform are only making empty promises to do the thing that they have had abundant opportunity to do, but have failed to do. Democratic promises, after the record of the present congressional session, are not legal tender.

In six southern states—North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia, Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama—more than \$4,000,000 have been invested in new cotton mills since the 1st of January, and the good work is still going on. This is what is causing the south to drift away from the democratic policy of free trade.

A woman residing in a New Hampshire town saw by an advertisement in a paper that for 25 cents she could learn how to rid the house of rats. She sent on the quarter and received the following reply: "Put some cheese in a bottle, and when the rat goes after the cheese put the stopper in the bottle."

The New York Sun advises the national democratic convention not to attempt the adoption of a platform. The democratic party is at a loss for declarations when it cannot roar for state sovereignty and deny republican principles.

Poultry Breeding.

[Fanny Fern in the Poultry Messenger.]

While riding through a neighboring village the other day, my attention was attracted by a flock of white fowls and I stopped to obtain a closer view. They were of medium size, shaped very much like the Plymouth Rocks, pure white plumage, clean yellow legs and small single combs. I am not at all bashful where chickens are concerned, so I hunted up the owner and began to ask questions:

"What breed are those chickens?"

"No breed in particular."

"But they are as much alike as two peas. Where did you get them?"

"Raised 'em."

"I mean where did you get the original stock?"

"All the original stock I had was one old white hen very much like these, only she was not quite so large. I found her in a coop of market poultry, took a fancy to her and bought her. That year we had a white rooster something like the White Leghorns that you have nowadays, and a good many of the chickens hatched were pure white. Wife and I always liked white fowls, so we kept all the white pullets, and that winter while we were visiting wife's folks out in New York state I found a rooster that looked like the white hen I found the year before. The next year our chickens were pretty much all white, and the third year we did not hatch a single colored chicken. Some of them had white legs, and the combs were all shapes and sizes, but we kept at work killing off all the white-legged ones, and those whose combs did not suit, until now they breed pretty true—quite as true as any of our standard breeds."

"How long has it taken?"

"About 15 years."

"And have you been breeding those fowls in-and-in all this time?"

"Yes, I suppose that's what you call it; at any rate since I brought that white rooster from New York state, we've always kept some of the best of the roosters that we raised, and have never bought either fowl or eggs."

"Are your fowls and chickens always healthy, lay well?" etc.

"We don't often lose a chicken except by hawks, and when I see a sick hen I kill her and have done with it; but that don't happen more than once or twice a year. Lay well! Last year my hens averaged 157 eggs apiece, and most of the hens raised a brood of chickens apiece. Wife keeps account, so there is no question about it. Look at these eggs"—and he exhibited a basket of large, fine, white eggs. A dozen taken just as they came, weighed 36 ounces.

Don't this man's experience put pretty hard against the theories of the fellows who tell us that the poultry raiser must change breeding cocks every year, in order to keep fowls from deteriorating? It looks that way to us.

Dangers of Woman Suffrage.

[From the Philadelphia Call.]

Jones—"No sir; I am unalterably opposed to female suffrage."

Smith—"But why so? Allow the women to vote and the result would be just the same."

Jones—"Not much it wouldn't. Female suffrage would strike to the ground the last vestige of liberty we have left."

Smith—"Your views are amazing and startling. But they cannot be true. In what way can female suffrage be a blow to our liberties?"

Jones—"All families will have to vote as the servant girls tell us."

Southern democrats are urging Maj. E. A. Burke of New Orleans for vice president on the democratic ticket. He would represent the southern idea perfectly, being the hero of seven duels.

Wanted.—By the democratic party, any old worn out clothes that the republican party may have no further use for. Fit, no object. Garments that can be conveniently turned preferred.

"Tombs on the tariff" is what the Savannah News calls an interview with the hoary old Georgia rebel. We are in favor of free trade in tombs for such blatant Tombs as this.

The congressional directory discloses the fact that Morrison was born at Waterloo. So the fate of his bill would seem to have been a home production.

Henry Waterson says that the democratic party is a free-trade party or nothing. Well, as it isn't much of a free-trade party, the inference is plain.

The announcement that congress will adjourn not later than the middle of July has not caused a panic.

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A good supply of

MUTTON, CANNED

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SALT MEATS AND VEGETABLES

constantly on hand. Also a

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Fresh Eastern Oysters by every steamer—served in any desired style.

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Holland Building, --- Front Street, MARSHFIELD.

J. NABBERG, --- Proprietor.

Always on hand,

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BILLIARD and POOL TABLE.

ap10

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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HALL & LIGHTNER, Proprietors.

NEW TIME-TABLE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE

steamer Myrtle will run as follows:

Leave Marshfield for Empire City every morning at 8:30 and every afternoon at 2 o'clock.

Returning, leave Empire City for Marshfield at 10:30 a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m.

At Empire City the Myrtle makes close connections with Javon, Cornwall & Co's stage line to Dralier.

Prior to starting on or after she returns from her regular trips the Myrtle is subject to charter, on reasonable terms, for towing and other business. For further information, apply to

just HALL & LIGHTNER, Proprietors.

STEAMER LULU!



J. A. EGENHOFF, Captain.

NEW TIME-TABLE.

UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE

steamer LULU will make a trip up South Coast river to Youkum's landing.

EVERY THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Every Friday morning, at 7 o'clock, she will leave Youkum's for Marshfield; return to Youkum's 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

de J. A. EGENHOFF, Master.

DR. SPINNEY,

KEARNEY STREET.

Treats all Chronic and Special Diseases.

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Who may be suffering from the effects

of youthful follies or indiscretion, will do

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Weakness or private disease of any kind

or character which he undertakes and

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There are many at the age of thirty to

sixty who are troubled with too frequent

evacuations of the bladder, often accom-

panied by a slight smarting or burning

sensation and a weakness of the system

in a manner the patient cannot account

for. On examining the urinary deposits

aropy sediment will often be found and

particles of albumen appear, or the color

of a thin milky hue, again changing to

a dark and turbid appearance. There

are many men who die of this difficulty,

ignorant of the cause, which is the second

stage of seminal weakness. Dr. S. will

guarantee a perfect cure in all such cases

and a healthy restoration of the genito-

urinary organs.

Office Hours—10 to 4 and 6 to 8, Sun-

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