The Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
Thursday, : : : : : : : : : : : July 10, 1884

The town trustees have decided to buy a new engine.

It is said that Jimmy Hill will be deputy county clerk.

The county has accepted the south fork bridge near Myrtle Point. Its cost was $2340.

Fancy flower-pots, vases, water coolers, bump-cups, coffeepots, etc., for sale at Garfield's. *

E. P. Norton received by last steamer a fine lot of confectionery, fishing tackle, meerschaum pipes, cigars and tobacco. *

It makes the eyes of the tired housewife crackle as if kissed by a sunbeam—that Empire city drug store "Sunbeam Tea." *

The ladies' missionary society will meet at the residence of Mrs. C. H. Merchant on Thursday, July 10, at 2 p. m.
MRS. O. E. SMITH, Secretary.

Mr. McCormac, Joe Bennett and Dick Walton returned from Roseburg last Saturday. The editor says they saw the elephant, but didn't buy any land.

John Giles has the contract for constructing county bridges at Davis, Bogue, Wall and Cooper sloughs, and the work is going ahead as rapidly as possible.

Jas. Dickson, while doing some grubbing at C. W. Diskman's ranch, the other day, sunk the mattock into his left ankle, and inflicted a wound that confines him to go on crutches.

The river and harbor bill, as finally agreed upon and passed by the two houses of congress, appropriates $30,000 for Coos bay and $10,000 for the mouth of the Coquille river.

All of the newly-elected county officers, except the treasurer, have been sworn in and have entered upon their duties. The treasurer will take possession of the cash in a day or two.

Dr. O. E. Smith returned from the Coquille last Friday, but his stay at his office in this place was brief. Yesterday he and his wife went to Gardiner, where the doctor has professional engagements to fulfill.

Jacob Lando returned to the bay by last steamer and has resumed his old relations with the X L N T cash store. Israel Lando has retired from the firm, which is now composed of Jacob and his father.

J. D. Hawes, principal of our public school, left the bay yesterday, to visit Monmouth and Portland for a few weeks. He will return in time to open his private school at this place on the 11th of next month.

The McMillan Bros. are at Newport, where they will remain and take photographs for one week, after which they will proceed to Piper's ranch at the forks of Coos river, and do that locality before going to the Coquille. *

Of late we have had a little too much rain for the welfare of ranchers with hay down and in the field. A great deal of it will be lost, and the chances are that those who are fortunate enough their hay will get a good price for it.

County court is in session, but so far very little business has been transacted. In the action of Geo. D. Elgin against T. W. Johnson, to recover money, judgment by default was rendered for plaintiff for $110 and $30 85 costs.

The surveyor general's maps of Wm. Hall's late surveys of government timber lands were to have been filed at the Roseburg land office yesterday afternoon, and we presume they were so filed. It is now in order to perfect your titles.

Yesterday Hon. C. B. Watson of Empire, Dr. C. W. Tower of this place and D. L. Rood of Newport started for Roseburg, on land office business. Watson went by stage and Alex Lang took Tower and Rood in one of his light wagons.

The Twenty-first infantry, of which regiment Willie Hill is a member, has been transferred from Vancouver barracks to Fort Sidney, Nebraska. They went east last week by way of San Francisco and the Central Pacific railroad.

At the sheriff's sale last Thursday John Anderson bought the steamer Wasp for $300, and the scader accompanying it for $40. The two scows sold for $30 each—one to John Bear and one to Matt Stora. The costs in the case were about $200, and Anderson, who bought in the boat, was the principal creditor, his claim being about $500. He got a good little boat very cheap.

Capt. Magee and crew of the tug Escort No. 1 returned to the bay by last steamer. The tug tied up at Oakland. The raft of piles with which the tug started down worked loose the first day out and before dark the first night some of them floated out. The bark ground off and covered the sea all around the raft and the tug, and of course the grinding away of the bark loosened the timbers so that they floated out. The fourth day out all the piles were gone, excepting a few, into which the chains and wire cables had cut so deeply as to hold them.

Still They Come!

Ramsdell, the photographer, is in Marshfield, and doing a rushing business. He will remain about 20 days longer, to give everybody wishing first-class photographs a chance. Remember that Mr. Ramsdell makes the best photos ever made in Coos county. *

Arrivals and Departures by Steamer.

The steamer Arcata arrived last Saturday, with the following-named passengers: Eugene Schetter, Charles Charmac, John Norman and wife, F Johnson, S Lander, M Lilp, Geo Roberts, W Keating, Henry Rhodes, Capt. James Magee, Geo Flanagan, J Lando and seven in the steerage.

The steamer sailed Tuesday, with the following list of passengers: A W Fulton, Capt G A Holt, Capt G H Knowles, C Eldridge, Mrs Dryden, Mrs Forbes, A Anderson, A Denneker and J Desseker.

From North Coos River.

"Milkmaid" writes us that the North Fork school house will be ready for occupancy in a week or ten days.

The late rains caught down and destroyed a great deal of hay.

The picnic at the forks of North Coos river on the 4th was lively and the participants had a good time. The dance at night was splendid.

On the 11th of August there will be a birthday dance and an oyster supper at midnight at the same place, to which all are invited. The dance will be free, but the hat will be passed for the music.

The Smith-Cutlip Nuptials.

A correspondent furnishes the following concerning the marriage of Al. Smith and Miss Matilda Cutlip at Daniel's creek on the 3d inst.:

The ceremony took place in the presence of the parents and relatives of the bride and groom and a few invited guests. Miss Mary and Henry Smith officiated as bridesmaid and groomsman. The bride wore a dress of snowy white, trimmed with lace and a wealth of orange blossoms, and looked very beautiful. The groom wore an elegant suit of black, and looked too utterly utter. The bridesmaid also looked charming, in a dress of cinnamon brown, trimmed with cardinal red. After the ceremony a bounteous repast was spread, to which all did ample justice.

THE FOURTH.

In Marshfield.

The day was beautiful and our celebration fully equaled the expectations of all.

Promptly at 10:30 a. m. W. A. Willard, the grand marshal, formed the procession on Front street, in front of the Central hotel.

The procession marched down Front street, to the postoffice, and then back to the Central hotel and out A street, to the pavilion, on the sawdust, southwest of the school house.

At the pavilion Thos. Hirst, president of the day, called the assemblage to order, after which Rev. A. R. Bickenbach rendered a brief prayer and Prof. J. D. Hawes read the declaration of independence.

Hon. C. B. Watson, the orator of the day, was then introduced and delivered the following oration:

Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

The American's New Year is the 4th day of July. As these years glide swiftly away, the pathway ahead is lighted by reflections from the past. But a few weeks ago the whole country stood, amid the blossoms of the spring-time, by the green graves of her sons, whose lives were given for the preservation of the nation. To-day it commemorates the services of those whose patriotism and valor created the foundations on which that union was established.

Neither time, nor distance, nor business, can prevent the patriotic mind from calling up those great events that have given and preserved us a nation. In its preservation, no less than its creation, have scenes been enacted and patriotism displayed whose heroes are equally entitled to be remembered. We have known from history and experience what the perils, privations and terrible experiences of war are, and can rejoice that, as a nation, we have also tasted the sweets of peace and prosperity.

It matters not to us whether our heroes were born in the log-cabin or the palace; among the gardens of the city or in the western wilds, we accord to him or them that credit for nobility which nature alone can stamp on the mind. Our heroes have been so prominent, their greatness so emphatic, that the opinions of their countrymen have not permitted their country to starve them to death, as the Greeks did Aristades. Anaxagoras was driven from his native land by the pupils that had listened to his lofty teachings. Themistocles was banished after the liberties of his people and country had been saved by him. Miltiades covered his country with glory by his military achievements in its behalf, and was then driven into exile by his own people. The almost incorruptible politician, Phocian, and the world's grandest philosopher, Socrates, were compelled by their countrymen to drink poison, after they had taught them the way to greatness by the purity of their precepts and examples. Few, indeed, have been the great men of the world who were great enough to escape slander, to rise above it, to beat it down, to conquer it and to stamp upon the world a true and unmistakable impress of their character, and force from it an acknowledgment of their worth. A country's greatest greatness is while its physical weakness is a motive of attack from the selfish cowardice of the outside world. Its greatest danger is after it has established itself among the nations of earth and forced from them an acknowledgment of its superiority and supremacy. It is then in danger of internal strife, of becoming great in little things, of moral retrogression and of falling to pieces, as did the Greek and Roman republics, from internal rottenness and corruption.

To-day we occupy that dangerous position in the bright galaxy of nations that comes from superiority in physical strength, in moral and virtuous teachings, and our political philosophies, that are admitted to be in advance of all others.

A century in the existence of a nation is to it as a year in individual life. We, as a nation, rank in age as an infant, while in physical proportions, in intellectual attainments and in commercial importance, we lead the van, and have already aroused the jealousy and cupidity of the world.

Inspiration for proper action is in retrospection; by reviewing the past we determine our course for the future; from a review of our country's history we avoid a repetition of the perils through which we have passed. Though separated by 108 years of time, and 3000 miles of space from the scenes of revolutionary heroism, that wrought for us a nation, yet in the face of its importance it is meet and proper that we should not forget; nay! it is our sacred duty to remember and to pay our tribute to the event and the men.

In that Declaration of Independence which electrified the world, and has been so well read here to-day, we find the first public announcement that all men are created equal; that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. So bold, audacious and courageous a declaration could not well fail, in the grand purpose for which it was made, and to us, who enjoy the inestimable blessings therein declared to be our right, is left the inspired privilege and sacred duty of remembering, on the return of this eventful day, the men who, when the conflict of discussion and counsel was over, were the first to enter into that conflict of arms which was to accomplish the full fruition of their hopes or their utter desolation.

I will not do injustice to the exploits of our revolutionary fathers, by any attempt to paint them. The efforts of a lifetime would scarcely be sufficient for it, in all its varied incidents, in all its mingled colors of sublimity and woe, of agony and final triumph. Time, labor, a faithful performance and an almost miraculous progress and prosperity, have brought into proper relief the heaven-born deeds of the times and the men. I will not do violence to the occasion and to my auditors by attempting details of the war of the revolution, by rehearsing the story of Bunker hill, of Lexington and of Concord. I will not dwell upon the suffering of our forefathers in that fearful struggle, or tell of the bleak and barren hills of New England, whereon a new-born liberty and nation germinated and grew, tales that I must presume are familiar to every school-boy and school-girl.

It was prophesied that each return of this nation's natal day would be hailed with festivities, with bonfires and illuminations, that it would be a day of rejoicing throughout the land. Is it not so?

As a word is the sign of an idea, so is each celebration of this event, in whatever place, at home or abroad, among rich or poor, where our starry emblem floats, a sign that the immortal deeds and heroic men are seen in Fancy's eye, to take their worthy stations on the Mount of Remembrance. They spring from the rugged cliffs of Abraham, from the grassy lawns of Bunker hill; they flock in battle array from the smoking lines of Saratoga and Yorktown; the blood-tinged flood of the Brandywine; the ice, and rocks, and cold, and shivering, suffering humanity, and lacerated feet, remind the student of Valley Forge and many a bloody field of war.

This is not all we have to render the details useless and superfluous. This banner, which to-day floats over us—aye! which is to-day so proudly floating over every hamlet, village and town throughout the length and breadth of this broad land and in every port of the world as the sign and seal of the "Great Republic," with every movement of its starry folds flings to appreciative multitudes pages and chapters of our country's history. The tales of struggle, of hardship and adventure that resulted in the death of foreign empire here and the quickening into life of a new government which was to be, and is, a refuge for the oppressed of all nations, are eloquently told by it. An experiment so bold, that all the world stood agape with wonder and surprise, and whose wonder is augmented as time, industry and sagacity determine the wisdom of the choice, success of the effort and the manful manner in which young America discharges the trust handed down to him.

We are proud to call this our nation. We believe it to be a grand thing to be an American citizen, each bearing in his breast a part of the original sovereignty of the land. This, then, is an occasion for rejoicing and of studiously avoiding painful details, which, on occasions like this, are wisely left to the committee of arrangements.

It is proper, however, that we should ascertain, if possible, why America's growth has been so rapid, so substantial and so progressive. Why it is that the American people are always on the rush, whether in pursuit of business or fun? It is said that we are an extravagant people; that we are extremists in all things and given over to exaggeration; that wherever you see the American, he is going over the ground as fast as he can. In Europe, he is always in rapid transit, a pale and breathless sight-seer, as if a ghost were pursuing him, insatiably putting places and distances behind him, as though his life depended on the grandest sum-total in the shortest space of time. He carries the fever of business with him, and reckoning up grand sights per score in his mental ledger, he becomes a capitalist, in arches, waterfalls, glaciers, Roman columns, fortifications, old relics, lakes, passes, galleries, Egyptian pyramids, statues, hotels! In his own country he thinks nothing of packing up wife, children and household goods on a few hours' notice, and setting off to find him a home a thousand miles away in a wild and savage region. With his brawny arms, bared to the shoulder, his mouth puckered and set to the tune of Yankee Doodle, he is out with the lark and making the forest ring, as he clears up his future home among the mountains. Wherever he goes, he is on a tireless round of traffic and observation. Whether he is breaking the seal that for centuries had kept Japan closed to the world, wandering through Africa in a tireless search for Livingston, prospecting for gold in the Black hills, hunting wild animals about the head-waters of the Amazon, or exploring the mouth of the Yukon; looking for diamonds in southern Africa, or silver among the burning sands of Arizona, he is the same tireless, roving, rushing, rampant specimen of a human whirlwind. He bids adieu to home and friends, and in an incredibly short time writes his diary among the icebergs of the Arctic ocean. He chases the wild Apache into his mountain fastnesses, or whistles himself to sleep in the Grand canyon of the Colorado with the coolness of an exaggerated unconcern. He leaves his trail on every mountain pass, his ax-stroke in every forest.

"He's whistling round St. Mary's falls,
Upon his loaded train,
Or leaving on the pictured rocks
His fresh tobacco stain."

If he's off with the boys, he's on a grand run and never stops to count the cost. He's full of vitality, business and humor. If he starts on the downward road of dissipation, he flies into the arms of the jim-jams with the speed of the locomotive, and, like Juhu of old, he drives furiously. And though

"He finds not in this wide world a pleasure so sweet,
As to sit by the window and tilt up his feet,
Puff away at the Cuba, whose flavor just suits,
And gaze at the world 'twixt the toes of his boots"—

he enjoys his cigar and serenity no less when leading his forces to battle, planning the reduction of Vicksburg or laying out a summer's campaign. Whether he be engaged in celebrating the 4th day of July, putting up a stove-pipe or distorting the first wee hours of a Sabbath morning, in a regular old-fashioned Saturday-night hoedown, it is done as though success depended on the violence of execution. If he conceives the idea of building a railroad, or any other gigantic speculation, foreign capital becomes an easy prey to his enthusiasm. He leads a varied and miscellaneous sort of an existence, something after the style of Webster's dictionary, changing with ease and facility his residence, occupation and politics. He's voraciously hungry in the violence of his patriotism. You find him at political conventions, armed and equipped to defend his country's honor, and ready, if need be, to sacrifice his wife's relatives, or his best friend; ready to submit in meekness to the yoke of office, if his country's weal demands it and the salary isn't too big. In obedience to the promptings of this voracious, patriotic appetite, he is ready to swallow icebergs on government contract, bottle up the fogs of Oregon, or to imprison in his capacious maw the congressional appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors, if pressed to do it, as a special favor to the dear people. As a public benefactor, he's immense; his powers are incalculable and his public digestive apparatus is only exceeded by his confidence in his own ability. If his country demanded it and congress would only back him up with a promise to pay, he would undertake to throw Mt. Hood into the Columbia or to plant the north pole in any city of the union, to be used as a flag-staff at the next centennial. We find him in politics a man of great virtue—i. e., holding the fattest offices by virtue of being the most successful. As a political gymnast and acrobat, his success and recognition depend upon his skill and perseverance in kicking his party, for he is then bidding to be conciliated. You find him a man of resources, hay contracts and straw-bids. He's a man of great versatility and his operations on the stage of life are those of a variety actor. He will undertake any part and needs no prompter. Like a war-horse, he scents money in the breeze and sniffs the battle—for office—from afar. The footprints of time are but so many tracks in the sand that lead to hidden treasures or the coveted glory of office. Let me appeal to you, my rosy-cheeked, fourth-of-July, fire-cracker-shooting sons of American citizens; look not upon the tall-complexioned office-seeker, when he is red, when he offereth his blandishments in the cup, when he moveth himself restlessly about, for, at last, he is a snake in the grass, and biteth like a bed-bug in the night-time.

It has been said that "comparisons are odious." Be that true or false, some of the most fruitful and virtuous lessons are taught by comparisons, and he who will shrink from the performance of his duty, because it involves him in a discussion, unpalatable to his hearers, is not worthy to be mouth-piece to the lesson. Fellow-citizens, the greatest dangers with which our country is to-day menaced is this disposition to excess, which is mistaken for energy, enthusiasm and zeal. It is neither one; it is excess, dangerous, corrupting and shameful excess! Wall street but a few weeks ago felt the effects of it, has felt it before, and will, under the present order of things, feel it again. Its bears and bulls are no less invaders of the financial than of the political arena, and unless carefully watched we may expect sooner or later that our great political Wall street will feel the dire effects of American excess. There is no danger of such invasion with a depleted treasury and a bankrupt nation; but our nation is in greatest danger because enjoying the greatest prosperity. Napoleon's fall came while he was indulging in a luxurious, excessive celebration of his victories and prosperity. Alexander had conquered the world and was himself conquered by excessive indulgence in celebrating the glory of his success. Nebuchadnezzar, while indulging in the excess of his glory, fell from his high estate and cropped the herbage from the hillside, a kingly companion for cattle. Lookout, ye Yankee nation! and take warning, lest ye fall from your high estate, by reason of your prosperity and excess, and "go to grass," as did "Neb." of old.

The sands of the seashore are made up of minutest particles; the ocean itself is made up of drops and particles; the avalanche, started by the tip of an eagle's wing from some lofty summit, starts in its downward course an insignificant snow-ball; as it rolls it gathers more snow, and grass, and rocks, and brush, and trees, until it reaches the valley, a mighty avalanche, and sweeps everything before it. So it is in the affairs of individuals or nations; when a nation grows great in little things, and indulges in excesses, it is in the greatest danger. History is full of examples—search them.

To-day we stand on the lofty summit of America's greatness, and from it are commanded to look about at the view spread out before us. Let us take a lesson from nature to mingle with our historic ones. There is something in the grandeur of lofty mountains, when the gentle silvery sheen of an autumn sunlight spreads its persuasive tenderness abroad, that, to the finer susceptibilities of man, carries a feeling of quiet but overpowering admiration. For him who, standing on the lofty summit, overlooking the broad panorama of mountain and plain, hill and vale, the roaring river and the babbling brook, can watch the playful freaks of sunshine and shadow, chasing each other in and out, among the giant pines and firs, picturing, alternately, with light and shade, the hoary heads of these grandest monuments of God; can look unmoved adown these awful hights, up which he has clambered, from rock to rock, until it seems that he has left the world behind, and found footing on a piece of terra firma suspended between heaven and earth, and breathe the very essence of pure air, untainted by any of the contaminating influences that impregnate every nook and corner of the grosser habitations of man, away down, amid the malaria-breeding swamps and cities, to which he must return; can stoop and drink from nature's own fountain, as it bursts into the sunlight, laughing, sparkling, and mingling its own melody with the music of the air, as bright, as pure and as buoyant as itself—for him who can stand above the clouds, in close communion with the stars, and gaze out, and on, and over, and beyond, for hundreds of miles, until the very sight seems dimmed with the greatness and grandeur of the feast; then, turning, look down, down, down, until the head grows dizzy with contemplating the awful depth; for him who can look upon all this, and not feel an inexpressible emotion of pleasure and admiration—aye, an emotion divine—feels not his own littleness and the infinite greatness of an overruling power; for he who returns from so grand an entertainment, where the earth, and air, and sky are the subjects, the clouds the curtain, and Jehovah himself the master of ceremonies, who feels not his very nature elevated and improved, I have a supreme pity. Such an one has been thrown upon the world unfinished, "but half made up," and unprovided with one of the greatest pleasure-giving attributes of man. Yet to-day we stand upon the lofty summit of our own political greatness, and, from our position, may, if we will, take in, at one glance, all the greatness and grandeur of this political feast, which duty demands that we critically observe and be benefited by. Shall we, by our excessive extravagance, fall from this, our high estate, and return to the days of toil, adversity and chagrin, or shall we, by this panorama, avoid the result to which we are tending, and which overtook Napoleon, Alexander and Nebuchadnezzar? But there is now a feast prepared for you, by the committee of arrangements—that part that never grows old—to which let me commend you. You dinner is waiting.

The oration was heartily applauded at its close, as well as at intervals during its delivery.

Before the assemblage proceeded to partake of the bountious basket dinner prepared for the occasion, Mrs. C. W. Tower sang the "Star Spangled Banner" beautifully, their appreciation of which the audience manifested by their applause.

The dinner was good and more than sufficient for all there to partake of it. If any departed hungry, it was their own fault.

Soon after dinner the afternoon exercises began. The first was a 100-yards foot-race, free for all under 18 years of age. In this race there were two prizes. Grundy Short took the first and Charley Jones the second prize, the contest being very close between the boys.

The first prize in the 100-yards foot-race for boys under 12 was won by Hillis Short, while Jimmy Higley won the second.

The potato-race became so interminably mixed that the judges could not decide it in any one's favor, so the boys were awarded 50 cents each, and they departed, all in good humor. This was a race in which 16 potatoes were strung in a row, over a distance of 50 yards; each boy was given a row to pick up and carry, one at a time, to a place at the end of his row. When time was called the excitement among the boys became intense and potatoes flew in all directions. The first little fellow to yell out that he had corraled all of his was two short when the count was made. In the excitement he had thrown two of his potatoes into another boy's pile, and thus he lost the prize. And so it went, few if any of the boys having the correct number of spuds after the race for them had been completed.

The sack-race was won by Jesse Luse.

The first prize in the 30-minutes go-as-you-please race was won by Johnny Snedden of Newport, and the second prize was awarded to Wat. Short. In the excitement and confusion attending this race, the tallyman evidently failed to give little Toots Noble one round that he made, and thus Toots lost the second prize; but spectators made up a purse for him more than equal to the one he lost, and then he was only out the credit of having made a good run.

The orange race for girls was another mixed arrangement. The orange was suspended from a pole by a string; the children were blindfolded, with their backs to the orange and some 20 yards away; then they were whirled around and told to go for it—the first there to get the first prize and the second the second prize. At the first attempt little Maud Noble raised her blind and soon captured the orange. This race was of course declared off, and the children were again started. Next time little Josie McIntosh was first to the orange, but one of the judges had a suspicion that her blind was not perfect and they declined to award her the prize. By this time the judges had become partially paralyzed and somewhat despondent, and a proposition to compromise with the girls by buying them $3 worth of candy was eagerly accepted and complied with.

The foot-race for old men, fat men and cripples didn't come off, for the reason that none seemed to be there.

The committee had advertised prizes for the fattest and leanest babies. This was another feature of the programme that was not carried out; but not because the babies were not there, for they were, in great number. No lean ones were there, but some were fatter than others, and it was too bad that the fond mothers who lugged those fat babies around all day, to take a prize, should have been disappointed through sheer cowardice on the part of the committee. When Davy Holland's attention was called to the fact that the babies were next on the programme, the subject was treated with a blandishment that justified one in the belief that the programme would be carried out; but when Judge Hyde's attention was directed to the matter he became greatly flurried and had urgent business any place excepting where the crowd clammored for the babies. So it went, until the mothers became disheartened and went home with their babies, after which Holland and Hyde experienced a great relief and felt comparatively happy.

The boat race elicited considerable interest, but did not terminate satisfactorily. Those who entered for this race were Emil Erickson, Geo. Jackson and Tom Holland. Soon after the boats started Holland left the course. Erickson and Jackson pulled through and Erickson came in several lengths ahead. Holland said he withdrew from the race because of interference with him on the part of Charley Yoe with a boat that had no business on the course. This was decided foul, the race was declared off, and Erickson did not get the prize. The entrance money was refunded, and there the matter dropped.

The ball at Norman's hall in the evening was well attended and proved a very pleasant party.

At Kentuck Slough

They had a grand time. A correspondent informs us that on the morning of the 4th minute guns were fired, and at 10 o'clock a national salute of 38 guns was fired. Then the people began assembling from Coal-bank and Ten-mile sloughs, until the crowd numbered about 200, after which the declaration of independence was read by John Terry.

A foot-race between John Hicks and Walter Robinson was won by the latter.

After this, all partook of a sumptuous dinner prepared by the ladies of Kentuck slough for the occasion, which dinner was free to all and included substantials and all the dainties of the market.

Dancing succeeded dinner and continued till 2 o'clock, when all adjourned to witness a horse-race between Geo. L. Wheeler's Prince of Wales and Wm. Gamble's Peter Napoleon, for $20. Wheeler rode the Prince and Gamble rode Napoleon and won the race by half a length.

Then the crowd returned to the picnic grounds and resumed dancing, which was indulged in till 4 o'clock, when there was another intermission, to witness several shooting matches, after which supper was announced and all were invited to partake of it.

After supper the picnic grounds were abandoned for the hall, to which the crowd marched and where a grand ball was inaugurated. W. A. Gilmore, John Hicks and E. P. Briles furnished the music, while Wm. Gamble and E. G. Baker called. The floor managers were Geo. L. Wheeler and Wm Gamble.

The grand marshal of the day was W. S. Wheeler.

A midnight supper was partaken of at Charley Smith's, and then there was more dancing, till early dawn, after which the trippers of the light fantastic returned to their respective homes, delighted with the day's doings.

At Coquille City

They had the grand time of the day in this county. The Herald speaks in very high terms of the oration by John A. Gray, Esq.

A. L. Nosler recited the declaration of independence in an original and entertaining style.

Peter Cotton won the men's foot-race and the 15-minutes go-as-you-please race.

John Leneve won the boy's foot-race.

Mrs. Lucas won the ladies' race.

Everett Harmon won the wheelbarrow race and the second prize in the go-as-you-please race.

Charley Barrows won the sack race.

Otto Willard won the tub race and took the prize for walking the greased pole, in which latter feat he had no competitor.

Harvey Schweers won the fat men's race.

The ball at night was a grand affair, the upper and lower halls of the Odd Fellows' building being crowded. Nearly 200 tickets were sold, and more would have been sold had there been more room for dancers.

The crowd at Coquille numbered between 1300 and 1500, all of whom were well and satisfactorily entertained.

At Bandon

The celebration was a failure, owing to mismanagement on the part of the committee who had the matter in hand. The Myrtle Point band went to Bandon on the evening of the 3d but on the morning of the 4th the financial inducements to stay and play proved inadequate to the occasion, so the band returned to Coquille City and joined in the festivities there, along with the band from this place.

SBHOOL REPORT,

For the Term Ended July 3, 1884.

To the Public: In presenting the final report of the school year, we wish to offer a few suggestions for the consideration of friends of education. We draw special attention to the absence and tardiness column of the following report, which is simply discouraging. It seems that for any trivial excuse, pupils stay from school. We would suggest to the parents and guardians the necessity of those under their charge attending strictly to their school duties after they enter school until the close of the term, and co-operating with teacher in order to make the school work a success. We would also humbly ask the people to consider the subject of properly seating and furnishing the Academy building, and deadening the upstairs floor—in fact all the floors, as it is impossible to do satisfactory work with the floors in the condition they are. We want to build up a good school, and to do this we need the co-operation of every parent, guardian, pupil and everybody else in the district, and patron, no matter where he may be. Let us have good schools. It will pay, financially, morally, socially and every other way that will benefit the town.

REPORT.

Number of days taught in term	58
Whole number of days attendance	5999
Whole number of days absence	2348
Cases of tardiness	896
Number of boys enrolled	75
Number of girls enrolled	69
Total number enrolled	144
Average number belonging	143.9
Average daily attendance	103.4
Number of cases of corporal punishment	4

Following is a list of all the pupils who made an average of 75 per cent. in senior department and 60 in intermediate department in the closing examination of term. Only the names of those who attended all the examinations are given:

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Sadie McKnight	93	Minnie Butler	91
Nettie Mains	88	Mack McLeod	88
Lou. Nasburg	87	Maggie Ohman	86
Aaron Lobree	90	Agnes Ohman	87
Lilly Anderson	86	Laura Liggett	84
Lloyd Cox	81	Maggie Beattie	81
Herbert Anderson	80	Clyde Lightner	80
Tommy Golden	75	Addie Delaunay	85
Ethel Simpson	81	Maggie Mains	75

INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT.

Bennie Merchant	77	Ann Jones	72
Oscar Ohman	69	Annie Anderson	63
Chas. Merchant	63	Rosa Norton	62
John Foulkes	62	Chas. Kronholm	62
Geo. Woodward	62		

ROLL OF HONOR.

The following pupils were neither absent nor tardy during the term: Laura Liggett, Clyde Lightner and Annie Anderson.

"Education is the chief defense of nations."—[Burke.

"The crowning glory of our land is the public schools."—[Mann.

"If there is anything to be said, say it; if there is anything that ought to be done, do it. What a man wills to do he will do." * * *

Respectfully submitted,
J. D. HAWES, Principal.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived.

July 5—Str Arcata, Marshall, 62 hours from San Francisco, with passengers and merchandise, to Fred Schetter, agent.

July 6—Schr Annie Gee, Iverson, 9 days from San Francisco, to the Lobree mill.

Sailed.

July 2—Simpson Bro's new tug, Capt Lansen, San Francisco.

Schr Rebecca, Hughes, San Francisco.

Schr Gotama, Nelson, San Francisco.

July 8—Str Arcata, Marshall, San Francisco.

July 9—Schr Laura Madsen, Madsen, San Francisco.

"What is the name of that delicious tea of yours, Mrs. Harris? That last cup has refreshed me amazingly." "It is called 'Sunbeam Tea,' dear, and you can only buy it at the Empire City drug store, in the Perfection Tea Can. That is the reason it keeps its strength and flavor so well." *

A report has reached Roseburg, says the Plaindealer, of a shooting affray at Ten-mile, on the 1st inst., between Henry and William Bushnell, two brothers. No particulars are given, except that the affray was the sequel to a previous quarrel and fist-fight.

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BORN.

In Marshfield, July 9, to the wife of Victor Lackstrom, a son.

In Ellensburg, June 22, to the wife of A. W. Forgey, a daughter.

In Ellensburg, June 26, to the wife of M. Doyle, a daughter.

In Roseburg, June 28, to the wife of Wm. P. Gauler, a daughter.

In Roseburg, June 29, to the wife of B. Casey, a son.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Daniel's creek, July 3, by C. L. Landrith, Esq., Alvin Smith to Miss Matilda Cutlip.

At the residence of Chas. Wolfer, near Drain, June 22, Frank Marsbette to Rose Watkins.

At Harrisburg, Douglas county, June 26, Volney C. London to Miss Lizzie Scheeling.

At Myrtle Creek, Douglas county, June 29, Porter Cornelius to Miss Rosa Cornutt.

Professional and Business Cards.

S. H. HAZARD. SHEDDEN F. WILSON.

HAZARD & WILSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW—

Empire City, Coos county, Oregon.
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C. B. WATSON,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

OFFICE—EMPIRE CITY.
jy12

J. W. BENNETT,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.

OFFICE—At the Coos Bay News office, Marshfield, Oregon.

JOHN A. GRAY. J. M. SIGLIN

SIGLIN & GRAY,

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OFFICES—In the Holland Building, opposite the Blanco Hotel, Front street, Marshfield, Or.
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