

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES

—AT THE—

XLNT CASH STORE

—ON ACCOUNT OF—

Dissolution of Copartnership

CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

We are selling CLOTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

And we have also determined to sell anything that the people need in our line at the LOWEST PRICES.

Remember, we NEVER FAIL to be continually adding to our stock and that we have put

PRICES DOWN TO THE LOWEST NOTCH.

Just drop in and try to comprehend our prices, and you will notice that an active trade is always conducted on the small-profits plan.

Upon viewing our immense stock of DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, LADIES' and GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS, BOOTS and SHOES, HATS and CAPS, OIL CLOTHING and RUBBER GOODS, GROCERIES, PROVISIONS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, WINES and LIQUORS, CROCKERY, GLASSWARE, PAINTS and OILS, and other articles too numerous to mention, the universal exclamation is, What a perfect store and what cheap goods!

J. LANDO & SON, Proprietors.

MARSHFIELD DRUG STORE

Front street, opposite the Central Hotel, Marshfield, Oregon,

Dr. C. B. GOLDEN - Proprietor

Constantly on hand all sorts of

DRUGS & CHEMICALS

Wines for medicinal purposes, Dye Stuffs, Trusses, Sponges, Toilet Articles, Perfumery, Stationery and School Books. Also, choice CIGARS and TOBACCO, and everything usually kept in a medical dispensary.

Prescriptions carefully compounded.

COOS BAY DRUG STORE

Marshfield, Oregon,

Henry Sengstacken, - - - Proprietor,

DEALER IN

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals, Paints, Oils,

Candies, Tobacco and Cigars, Stationery and Fancy Toilet Articles, Pure Wines and Liquors for Medicinal use.

Prescriptions skillfully compounded. Agent for Wells, Fargo & Co's Express. N. B.—The Empire City Drug Store will continue under the same management and ownership as heretofore. Orders left at either store will receive prompt attention.

HENRY SENGSTACKEN.

BAY VIEW BREWERY

MARSHFIELD, OR.,

CLEMMENSEN & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

Keeps constantly on hand and offers for sale a superior article of

LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

MY BAR IS SUPPLIED WITH THE CHOICEST BRANDS OF

WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

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.

S. C. ROGERS.

THE PIONEER MARKETS,

MARSHFIELD & EMPIRE CITY.

H. P. WHITNEY, PROPRIETOR.

A good supply of

MUTTON, CANNED BEEF, CANNED GOODS, FRESH MEATS, ETC., ETC.,

and all kinds of

SALT MEATS AND VEGETABLES

constantly on hand. Also a

good stock of

GROCERIES.

VESELS

AND

LOGGING CAMPS

SUPPLIED AT SHORT NOTICE.

R. L. AGERS,

General Blacksmith

—AND—

Nickel Plater,

Front street, north of Postoffice, MARSHFIELD.

HORSESHOEING AND EVERYTHING

in the blacksmithing line executed at short notice and on reasonable terms.

Having lately brought from the east a process for nickel-plating table ware, etc., I make a specialty of that business and am prepared to transform inferior or half worn-out table cutlery, etc., into handsome and serviceable articles that are always bright and never need scouring.

Orders from the country solicited and promptly attended to. [myaz] R. L. AGERS.

DAVID YOUNG. HENRY HUDEN

Marshfield

SODA WATER

WORKS,

Corner of Third and C streets,

HUDEN & YOUNG, Proprietors.

SODA, SANSAPARILLA GINGER

ALE, ETC., OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

Constantly on hand and for sale.

Orders from the country promptly filled. Address orders to "Marshfield Soda Works." my17

FOR SALE.

TIDE LAND LOT EAST OF THE

LUNCH ROOMS BUILDINGS,

Front street, Marshfield.

A. M. CRAWFORD,

Attorney at law, Marshfield.

A WAR STORY OF LOGAN.

How "Black Jack" Gallantly Stood Father Over the Fatherless.

[From the National Tribune.]

It was in the summer of 1864, and the army under Sherman had fallen back from its position before Atlanta, and swept around to Hood's rear. General Logan leading the advance. I remember the country was densely wooded, and that magnificent forests of pine, oak and chestnut towered on either side of the road over which we marched. Just as we turned a bend in the road we emerged suddenly into a small clearing. A rude log cabin, surrounded by evergreen shrubbery, stood in the clearing, and hanging on one of the bushes we noticed a yellow cloth. As medical officers, it naturally occurred to us at once that this was an improvised hospital of some sort, and we rode up to inquire. At the door of the cabin, as we approached, an old woman, evidently of the familiar "cracker" type, presented herself. She told us "there wa'n't no wounded men tar," and when asked why she had put out a yellow flag there, she replied: "Waal, yer see, my gal is sick, and I reckoned of I put out that yer flag, 'er you'd be 'round here in the postern' round so much."

"What's the matter with your child?" said I; "we are medical officers, and perhaps we can do something for her." "Waal, now," she quickly responded, "of you'n is real doctors, just look in and see what you'n all done with your shellin'. Time my gal was sickest, two of yourn shells come clar through my cabin, and I tell you, it was right skeery for a spell."

We accepted the old woman's invitation and walked in. It was as she said. The cabin, built of rough pine logs, afforded but one room, about 12 feet square. The only household articles visible were an old skillet, a rather dilapidated bed, two or three chairs without backs, and a queer collection of gourds. The shells had indeed played havoc with the interior. The roof had been badly shattered, and a stray shot had pierced the walls. It had cut one of the logs entirely in two, and forcing one jagged end into the room so far that it hung threateningly over the bed, upon which, to our astonishment, we saw lying a young girl, by whose side was a new-born babe, with the prints of the Creator's fingers fresh upon it. It was a strange yet touching spectacle. Here, in this lonely cabin, stripped by lawless stragglers of both armies of food and clothing and shattered by the flying shells of our artillery, in the storm and fury of the battle had been born this sweet innocent. The mother, we learned, was the wife of a confederate soldier whose blood had stained the "sacred soil" of Virginia but a few months after his marriage and conscription into the service, and the child was fatherless.

By this time quite a number of officers and men had gathered about the cabin. Presently some one suggested that the baby ought to be christened with full military honors, and it being duly explained to her that "christen was all the same as to 'baptize,'" she replied, with alacrity: "Oh, yes! baptize. I reckon, if you'n has got any preacher along." This was all the boys wanted, and an orderly was at once sent back to the general commanding, with the compliments of the surgeon and a request that a chaplain belonging to one of the regiments in the advance brigade might be allowed to report to the messenger to the cabin. Upon this, General Logan (for he it was) significantly remarked that the names mentioned were in themselves sufficient to satisfy him, that some devilry was on hand, but that, nevertheless, the chaplain might go. Then, inviting the colonel, who happened to be riding with him at the time, he set out himself for the scene, spurring "Old John" to a gallop, and soon had joined the party at the cabin.

"General," said the doctor, as the former dismounted, "you are just the man we're after."

"For what?"

"For a godfather," replied the doctor. The matter was explained to him, and, as the doctor led the way into the house, the boys, who had gathered around the general in the expectation that the event would furnish an occasion for a display of his characteristic humor, noticed there was something in Black Jack's face that they were not wont to see there, and that in his eyes there was a certain humid tenderness far different from their usual flashing brightness. He stood for a moment silent, gazing at the unhappy mother and fatherless child, and their pitiful surroundings, and then, turning to those about him, said tersely:

"That looks sad!"

Then glancing around at the ruins wrought by our shells, and addressing the men in the cabin, he called out, "I say, boys, can't you straighten this up a little? Fix up that roof. There are plenty of 'stakes' around that old stable—and push back that log into place, and help the old lady to clear out the litter, and—I don't think it would hurt you any to leave a part of your rations!"

Promptly to heed the suggestion, the boys leaned their muskets against the logs, and while some of them cut brush, others swept up the splinters and pine knots that the shot and shell had strewn over the floor, and not one of them forgot to go to the corner of the cabin and empty his haversack! It made a pile of commissary stores, consisting of meat, coffee, sugar, hard-tack and chickens (probably foraged from her next-door neighbor) surpassing any that this poor "cracker" woman had probably ever seen or possessed at one time.

This done, the next thing in order was the christening, and the chaplain now came forward to perform his sacred office.

place, lest some "bummer should steal it, in spite of everything," and then, ordering a guard to be kept over her cabin until the last straggler had passed by, he rode away. The old lady's good-byes were: "Waal, then that cracker is the bestest critter I ever seen!"

Remarkable Hay.

[Reno (Nevada) Journal.]

Perhaps the most remarkable hay crop to be found in this state, if not on the coast, is on John Boynton's ranch, on the Truckee meadows. The grass is indigenous to the soil and is called red-top, for the reason that in the field it somewhat resembles that species of the honey-dew with which it is thickly coated every year. This year the honey-dew is unusually heavy, so much so that by grasping in the hand a bunch of the grass growing anywhere in the field the stalks will stick together as if waxed. It is claimed that one ton of it is worth three tons of ordinary hay. Boynton will harvest nearly 400 tons of this hay on land that ten years ago he considered absolutely worthless.

Four Girls Killed by Lightning.

Just before daylight on the morning of the 30th ult., nine miles northwest of Marysville, Kansas, Nathan Miller, a farmer, had four daughters instantly killed and a son badly hurt by lightning. A severe storm was raging and the five children had left the upstairs and gone to the kitchen and made their bed together. Soon after this, after a blinding flash of lightning and a terrific crash, the father heard the little boy crying and calling him to come and put the fire out. The father hastened to the scene to find his four blooming daughters lying dead and their bedding burning. One of the boy's legs was badly torn and his knee-joint burst. The bodies of the girls were blackened and one of them was literally torn open from the right shoulder down to the left hip, exposing the bowels in a horrible manner. The boys were rescued by the father, and the boy was 5 years old. No sadder scene could be witnessed. The mother will probably never recover from the terrible shock.

The Hon. Samuel Willingford, the leading greenback labor advocate in southern Indiana, hits the nail on the head. He says: "The workmen asked the republicans for protection, and they put such a plank in their platform. They asked the democratic party to do for the same thing, and what did they do? Instead of taking the declarations that their representative, Butler, presented, they shouted and hissed him down. I tell you the laboring men will elect Blaine, and nothing can defeat him. Blaine has always been popular with them. They take no stock in the slander that the press keeps publishing. This eastern independent movement is going to aid the republican ticket. They are regarded by laboring men as dangerous to American industries." The same opinion prevails in this region also. If anybody supposes that the working people of this country do not understand the tariff question or care about it let him listen attentively a month or two.

The democrats are beginning to realize that they made no less of a mistake in nominating the tail of their ticket than in selecting the head. General Rosecrans is credited with saying that the ticket chilled two classes of workers—the industrial class and the soldiers. It is hard to see how any soldier could vote for Hendricks. In the darkest hour of the war he was at home making speeches attacking "the infamously wicked and tyrannical administration" of Abraham Lincoln, and asserting that the administration horde should be "switched out of the white house." Hendricks is the representative of the basest element in the democratic party, as judged by their intentions relative to the national credit, and by their course during the war and previous to it.

It seems curious that there is not a wax-match manufactory in the United States, but so it is. All those that are used are imported from England, France or Italy. An English company is the oldest match factory in the world, having started more than fifty years ago. Now they make only wax vestas, and employ 250 hands at this alone. Machinery has reduced the cost wonderfully, and even with a sixty-cent personal canvasser do not seem to be succeeding very well, if we may judge from what occurred at a meeting of workmen held in Jersey City the other day. The tone of the whole meeting was that the triumph of the republican party this fall meant protection to American industries, while the success of the democratic candidates meant free trade and lower wages.

It is impossible to withhold admiration for the engineering skill which has planned and constructed the underground railways of London. Great warehouses, monuments and weighty structures of all kinds have been tunneled under and propped up without a single accident or evidence of injury along the line of the last section completed. The chief beauty of the system is that the company owns its right of way, interfering with nobody and can run its trains at the highest rate of speed with little danger of casualties.

The New Orleans Times-Democrat thinks sugar culture in the southern portion of the United States, especially in Louisiana, has become so precarious a business that it would be wise for the owners of sugar land to look out for other crops more certain and more profitable to which to devote that rarely productive district. It suggests the substitution of rice and jute, to which it regards the soil and climate of Louisiana eminently adapted.

An old subscriber being handed his paper right from the press, asked why the paper was so damp. The editor said he didn't know, unless it was because there was so much dew on it.

FRUITS AND FLOWERS.

O painter of the fruits and flowers! We thank thee for thy wise design, Whereby these human hands of ours In nature's garden work with thine.

And thanks that from our daily need The joy of simple faith is born; That he who smites the summer weed May trust thee for the autumn corn.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power, Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall; Who sows a field, or trains a flower, Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who pleases most is blest; And God and man shall own his worth, Who toils to leave as his bequest An added beauty to the earth.

And soon or late, to all that sow, The time of harvest shall be given; The flower shall bloom, the fruit shall grow, If not on earth, at last in heaven.

—John G. Whittier.

CLEVELAND'S ROMANCE.

A Disappointed Lover, Like Buchanan, but Fickle and Happy.

[Buffalo Letter to New York Journal.]

Gov. Cleveland has had many love affairs, but not so much as a bachelor of his weight, political and socially, would be expected to have. His love affairs have been of a platonic kind, and it is said by his friends that he has been incapable of falling deeply enough in love to propose to any girl since he became a lawyer in 1859. When just able to support himself, he became enamored of a pretty and beautiful young woman, who was a relative of the late John G. Bunker, which was then the only place of amusement of any account in the city. The girl was comparatively wealthy, and looked down on Grover, who was a poor lawyer. After awhile she got to fondly thinking of him, and it is said that they were engaged to be married, when she was taken ill with fever and died.

Cleveland did not recover from the shock for several months, and though he has a bachelor's liking for pretty ladies, his friends say that he will never marry. One day he became so infatuated with his friend that she proposed to him. He rejected her advances, and it is said that she became crazy and is now confined in an asylum.

Gov. Cleveland has always been of a retiring disposition, and most of his time has been spent in his library or in the company of bachelor friends.

His most frequent places of resort were the City club and the high-toned Buffalo club on Delaware avenue. There he was accustomed years ago to spend most of his evenings playing cards and telling or listening to stories told by a coterie composed of the late Hon. Hammon S. Cutting, the late John Allen, vice president of the Central and Hudson railroad, and other unimportant names.

A friend of the governor told a romantic story of how a lady living near Poughkeepsie engaged in correspondence with the governor since he was elected mayor, and that a tender feeling sprang up between them. They have met a few years later, once when Cleveland was sheriff, a few years later at Saratoga, after Cleveland was elected mayor, and once since he has been governor. This friend said that it was quite likely that the lady would be married by Cleveland in the present, and that she would grace the white house parlors at his receptions. The lady is described as being a charming brunette, about 35 years old, with pleasing manners and considerable property. Inquiry among her friends has failed to verify the story, but no one would tell the lady's name or just where she lived, except that it was in a small town near Poughkeepsie.

A BOLT TO BLAINE

Unwilling to Support the Democratic Free-Trade Platform.

[From the Gainesville (Ga.) Southern.]

For 30 years the editor of the Southern has been an avowed democrat. He has never voted or advocated a republican ticket during that period. So rock-ribbed has been his democracy that he was one of seven who voted Breckinridge and Lane in his county in the election of 1860, all the other democrats voting for Douglas. More than this cannot be said to prove his devotion to the principles of old-time democracy.

For these reasons, it is not without regret that we see the editor of the Southern severing his connection with the present so-called democratic organization. It has, however, become his duty, as a patriot and intelligent citizen of this glorious commonwealth, to chant his words of warning over the corpse of democracy. The truth is, the democratic party has ceased to exist. It formerly had principles and policy. It now has neither. In the north it has degenerated into a heterogeneous and hungry mob of irresponsible place hunters, who are not only men who are conspicuous because they are lonely, and on whose garments is the unsavory odor of corrupt associations.

In the south the party partially exists, because of a sentiment far more honorable, but it is the union men of the south, so far as we know, are republicans, without exception. The editor of the Southern is a union man. He is an American.

For some time we have been hoping—almost hoping—that the democratic convention which has just adjourned at Chicago would offer an opportunity for the renewal of our fealty to the party with which we have acted during rather an animated existence of many years. That hope was vain. The platform adopted by the convention was a free-trade platform. A platform which is contemplated with delight by Hurd and Hewitt, Watterson and Carlisle, and the Cobden club. A platform deadly to the interests of the working classes. A platform that would reduce the wages of American labor to the British standard, drive the products of factories from the market, and force this proud nation to the condition of Ireland, where once prosperous industries are marked only by ruins, and where the half-starved, ragged laborer vainly for his daily bread—the that factory lords of Manchester and the merchant princes of London may fatten and thrive.

"Tariff for revenue only" crashed a good man weighing 250 pounds and this year a "tariff for public purposes" exclusively will crash a 250 pounder not quite so good. To our wormwood mossback contemporaries, our most deferential salutations. To all the world, justice. To blame and to praise, charity. To friends, gratitude. To Blaine and Logan, success.

John Anderson, a railroad hand at Colfax, W. T., had a hard time in that town the other day, when a circus company was there. In the afternoon Anderson got drunk and went down to where the animals were being loaded on the train. Notwithstanding repeated warning, he persisted in approaching Samson, the large elephant. Samson stood his foolishness for a time, but finally becoming tired of it he reached out his trunk and caught Anderson around the waist and threw him to the ground. The animal then deliberately put his foot on the man, but fortunately did not plant it squarely and the body rolled from under. Samson then caught the man by the ankle and was preparing to throw him skyward when the keeper threw his pitchfork into the brute's side, and the dog bit him on the nose, causing him to loosen his grip, and Anderson was snatched away.

Political Points.

The assessors of Philadelphia report that there are 212,211 qualified voters in the city.

What a mean fellow that was who suggested that Cleveland should discuss public questions on the stump with Blaine!

"Whisky barrels are now made of paper," the old bourbon democratic organs, of course, make the best whisky barrels.

A cave full of skeletons has been found in Dakota—supposed to be hungry democrats who retired from politics after an election.

Cleveland is little known, but a great deal is known of the party which is trying to get into power with Cleveland as its figure-head.

"Sara Bernhardt is no longer the light weight champion," says the Buffalo Express. Why not? Has the left been awarded to Carl Shurz?

The democratic party has also been the party of false pretenses, but this year demands for the livery of heaven to serve the devil is unprecedented.

We are not sure that Geo. Wm. Curtis has got himself into a hole, but it is morally certain that there is a depression in his immediate neighborhood.

A California delegate to the democratic convention offered to bet \$10,000 that California will go democratic. He hasn't been heard from since reaching home.

Once before the two states now represented on the republican ticket were in conjunction and the stars were favorable. Illinois and Maine carried the day. Why not Maine and Illinois?

The important news is flashed from Indiana that Senator Voorhees is "quite cheerful." The significance of this information lies in the fact that Voorhees always feels most hilarious when his party is in a hole.

An informal ballot was taken at a large iron foundry in New York, on Saturday, of the presidential preferences of 202,000 men, with this result: For Blaine, 181; for Cleveland, 24. They were mostly democrats.

Among the close states in 1880, California went democratic by 78; Connecticut went republican by 265; Indiana went republican by 642; New Jersey went democratic by 2010; and New York went republican by 21,023.

In 1876 the democrats demanded the immediate repeal of the resumption act. In 1882 they demand the overthrow of that system of revenue, the tariff, which made resumption possible. In 1892 they will demand an epitaph—nothing more.

Five out of the 21 presidents were of Scotch-Irish lineage—Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson and Arthur; two of Scotch—Grant and Hayes; one of Welsh—Jefferson; and one of Dutch—Van Buren; the remaining 12 being of English descent.

In 1843 the present law was passed which provides that all presidential electors shall be chosen on the Tuesday next after the first Monday in November. Accordingly the next presidential election will be on November 4, the month closing in on Saturday.

"Down with Cleveland," is the title of the leading editorial of the New York Irish Nation of last week. It concludes in these words: "Irishmen of spirit have no choice. Cleveland must be defeated, and the only way to do that effectually is by voting for James G. Blaine for president."

The surgical operation performed on the old ticket reminds one of the remarkable peeling powers of a certain Yankee slave. The peeler who introduced it cut off a dog's tail, applied to the dismembered member a little of this medication, and an entirely new dog grew on in less than 30 minutes.

Gen. Hawley, of Connecticut, in his speech in New York a few evenings since, said: "Hendricks, the democratic nominee for vice president, was an opponent from the beginning of everything that led to the salvation of the union, and had been on the wrong side of everything that God or man thought best for the country." Gen. Hawley said that, while he could respect a rebel, he had no respect for a doughface like Hendricks.

It is a satisfaction to know that the Hon. E. Parkdale of Copiah county, Miss., has been elected for Cleveland first, last and all the time. It is not a secret, said Parkdale to a reporter the day after he reached home, "that before the meeting of the convention, with all my admiration for other prominent candidates for the nomination, I believed that Cleveland possessed more than any of them, the elements of success."

The Catholic Herald of Boston says: "The democratic nominee is a man all but unknown outside of a small circle in Buffalo and Albany. He has no national reputation whatever, was never elected even to a state legislature, much less to congress, never saw the inside of a senate chamber, and would scarcely know his way to the white house even if elected. It is probably in consequence of his ignorance of these things that the (bolding) republicans see in him just the class of person to suit their tastes and designs. * * * There is no use attempting to deny it, large numbers of Irish-Americans are going to vote for Blaine."

Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, who is a democratic congressman, was in New York the other day, and in an interview with a reporter expressed himself as greatly dissatisfied with the nominations that had been made at the democratic national convention. He said: "The nominations made by the democratic party at Chicago have chilled two classes of workers. They are the industrial classes and the soldiers. They have seen the choice made with sorrow and regret. Neither body has had the slightest attention paid to it in any way, and that they have been ignored will not help the party, and you can be sure of that. The republicans put in a man for whom the soldiers will vote." "Rosy" undoubtedly voices the sentiment of the veterans.

A late hurricane in New York state caught two circuses showing—one at Cortland and the other at Richfield springs. The whirlwind at Cortland circled all around town without doing much damage until it found a "soft soap" in a barn. It exhibited canvas when the performance was at its height. The hippodrome was about to come on, and the horses and chariots and drivers stood ready for the contest. The storm broke in and unroofed 8000 people in an instant, amid the alarming crash of snapping spars and guy-rope. As usual, the tented thousands ran right into the worst danger—among the horses—and 75 were hurt, some of them dangerously. The circus people all escaped injury, and Barnum was damaged \$10,000 worth by the blow. At the springs, on the same day, a storm struck Washburn & Hunting's menagerie tent and tore it to atoms. The beasts were badly frightened, but their fastenings remained. The circus tent was leveled over the heads of the people and fell flat on the audience. When they crawled out on their hands and knees they were pelted with big hailstones and ran for life to the shelter of a neighboring barn, which was almost immediately struck by lightning, but not set on fire. Nobody killed. The storm came in the afternoon; it might have been worse at night, and among the scattered audience the opinion is all that Providence was still on the side of "circuses."

It seems they have found ways and means to run telephone wires underground without impairing their powers as well as the ordinary telegraph wires. In Birmingham most of them are buried and in Newcastle, Eng., all of them are under the pavement. In London the telephone wires connecting the government offices are underground and the rest are to go there. In Paris and Berlin most of the telephone wires have been placed in sunken viaducts like those of the telegraph. It is only a question of time when the American companies will learn how to do it.

"Is the democratic party for free trade or protection?" is the question now being asked by the plain people in the country. "Is the earth round or flat?" was once asked of a country school teacher. "Oh! I'm not particular," was the reply. "Some likes it round and some likes it flat; I teach either way."