

COAST MAIL.

VOL. VI. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, AUGUST 21, 1884. NO. 34.

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, a full assortment of Ladies' and Children's CLOAKS and DOLMANS, 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.

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.

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.

BAYVIEW 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, HAMS, COUNTRY GOODS, CROCKERY, ETC., ETC.

and all kinds of

SALT MEATS AND VEGETABLES

constantly on hand. Also a

good stock of

GROCERIES.

VESSLS

AND

LOGGING CAMPS

SUPPLIED AT SHORT NOTICE.

R. L. AGERS, General Blacksmith

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. [myas] 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,

Apply to

Attorney at law, Marshfield.

A SCIENTIST ON SNAKES.

The Plainest Remedies for the Most Violent of Poisons—Rattlesnake Bites. [Curiosities and Wonders of Serpent Life.]

"To conceive of an antidote to snake poison in the true sense of the term," Sir Joseph Fayer explains, "one must imagine a substance so subtle as to follow, overtake and neutralize the venom in the blood; one that shall have the power of counteracting and neutralizing the deadly influence it has exerted on the vital forces. Such a substance has still to be found and our present experience of the action of drugs does not lead to hopeful anticipation that we shall find it."

With regard to the many drugs used in various countries for the cure of snake-bite, it is curious to note that as a rule, they are procured from the most deadly plants. As like cures like, so poison cures poison. Pennyroyal, says Charas, was held to the nose of a viper, who by turning and wriggling labored hard to avoid it, and in half an hour's time was killed by it. This was in July, at which season the vipers are computed to be in the greatest vigor of their poison.

Another drug which is poison to a venomous snake is tobacco, within the reach of most persons. This, among native remedies, has always been in favor, and we have heard of its efficacy ever since the weed was known to Europeans. Various species of tobacco and its allies are indigenous to most tropical countries, and probably were in use for both medicinal and long before civilized nations took comfort in smoking. Man carries more poison in his mouth than a snake, said an old Virginian writer, alluding to nicotine. He can poison a rattlesnake more quickly than it can him. Nicholson states that it also rapidly affects a cobra, and he recommends it, should you wish to destroy the snake uninjured. "You have," he says, "but to blow into its mouth a drop or two of the oil from a dirty pipe."

Young men chopping wood together in Virginia espied a rattlesnake. With a forked stick one of them held his head close to the ground, keeping its mouth constrained with his foot, while his comrade took from his own mouth a quid of tobacco, which he forced into that of the snake. The reptile was then released, and had not crawled a couple of yards before it was convulsed, swelling and dying within a short time.

Strychnine appears to have a similar effect to tobacco on snakes. Fayer found cobras extremely susceptible to the influence of strychnine. An almost impalpable quantity caused a cobra to twist itself up in a rigid series of coils and die. Carbolic acid is another drug which produces powerful effects. Poured on the floor of their cages it will kill venomous snakes in a very short time. A large Bungarus died in ten minutes in this way.

Dr. Weir Mitchell approves of carbolic acid to tobacco on snakes. Fayer found cobras extremely susceptible to the influence of strychnine. An almost impalpable quantity caused a cobra to twist itself up in a rigid series of coils and die. Carbolic acid is another drug which produces powerful effects. Poured on the floor of their cages it will kill venomous snakes in a very short time. A large Bungarus died in ten minutes in this way.

The whole secret of cures—when cures can be effected at all—lies in promptness. It is celerity on the part of the Indians which insures their success. In many cases are on record of persons being at death's door through fear alone, when bitten by a harmless snake, but recovering on being assured that there was no danger. And other cases are well known where bitten persons have died of fright and the depressing influence surrounding the accident, when they might possibly have recovered.

And now for a few words about the most popular and perhaps most attainable of all remedies—alcohol. No wonder the backwoodsman resorts to this, which, without any chopping off of fingers or toes, or personal pyrotechnics, or other local tortures, deadens his sensibilities, renders him unconscious of suffering and sends him into a happy oblivion of danger. It is not a refined mode of treatment nor one that presents many opportunities of exhibiting professional skill; and it is no doubt somewhat derogatory to admit that to become dead drunk is an effective remedy against snake venom. During a sojourn in Iowa some years ago, when wild and uncleaned lands formed the "streets" of the town in which I was staying—Lyons, on the Mississippi river, and as a lovely spot as artists and botanists can wish to revel in—it was by no means an infrequent occurrence to hear of rattlesnake bites.

"What was done to the man? Is he alive?" were questions naturally asked. "He drank a quart of raw whiskey and got dead drunk." Generally a quart had the desired effect, that is, of causing intoxication. Persons unused to intoxicants might be affected by a less quantity, but so violent is the combat between venom and whiskey that a large dose must be swallowed before any effects at all are produced. I heard of a man in Nevada, George Terhune, a teamster (I give his name, having reasons to believe the truth of the story), who was bitten in the hand by a rattlesnake while stooping to reach some water out of a spring. The man was alone far away from human habitations. It was an instinctive and momentary business first to kill the snake; then rushing to his wagon, he drew the bung from a keg of whiskey and took a large draught of the contents. After swallowing as much as he could, he took some tobacco from his pocket, saturated that with whiskey, and applied this poultice to his hand. He then proceeded with his team, drinking whiskey at intervals, until he reached a dwelling, when he removed the poultice and found that the wound had turned green. Applying another of the same kind, he resumed his journey and his potent doses, reaching his destination next day as sober as a judge, having imbibed

enough fire water to intoxicate a dozen men.

The quantity sometimes swallowed under such circumstances is utterly incredible. Professor Halford describes a case of snake-bite, near Melbourne, in which two bottles of brandy were drunk without any symptoms of intoxication, and another of a girl of 14, who, when bitten by an Australian snake, drank three bottles without being intoxicated. She recovered.

Alcohol has powerful attractions for oxygen, writes Professor Halford, on the theory that the venom has produced foreign cells in the blood; so that if alcohol engage the oxygen absorbed by the poison, the cells perish and recovery ensues. Dr. Shortt, of Madras, says: "Bring the patient under the influence of intoxication as speedily as possible; make him drunk and keep him drunk until the virus is overcome. Dr. Weir Mitchell states that delicate women and young children under the influence of snake poison could take quarts of brandy without injury and almost without effect. One man—a man of temperate habits—took one quart of brandy and a half-pint, which only slightly intoxicated him for about four hours. Another man, bitten in the throat, was cured at the end of 24 hours, during which time he had two quarts of whiskey in one night, and renewed, as the pulse fell, besides red pepper and other stimulants."

A Dog and Snake Story.

A special dispatch from Williamsport, Pa., contains the following remarkable snake story: John Davis and George Miller drove from Colonsville to this city on Monday. When they were crossing the mountain at a place known as the Old Hermit's, a valuable coach dog which accompanied them ran off into the woods. Soon afterward they heard him yelping in a peculiar manner. Both men jumped from the wagon and hurried in the direction of the cries. They came in sight of the dog in a small hollow and found him in a fight with several rattlesnakes, which surrounded him on a large flat rock, and struck him from every side. Miller and Davis each seized a long club and went to the dog's assistance. They killed 11 rattlesnakes, and many others escaped among the rocks. The largest one was 4 feet long and had 17 rattles. While the men were busy cutting off the rattles of the snakes they had slain, Miller was overcome by the peculiarly offensive odor that characterizes rattlesnakes, and Davis was obliged to help him from the spot. It was several minutes before he revived from the effects of the poisoned air. The dog was nowhere to be seen. Davis went back to the woods to look for him. In passing by the spot where the snakes had been killed, he saw a number of live ones which had come out of their holes among the rocks, gliding round their dead companions, springing their rattles and every motion denoting fury. Davis beat a retreat and went off in another direction, calling his dog. Suddenly he came upon the dog with his body imbedded in a mire hole in a swampy spot. Its head alone was above the surface. Dogs bitten by rattlesnakes instinctively seek such places and bury themselves in the mud. Old snake hunters say that if a dog is able to find swamp mud and cover himself with it, it will invariably draw out the poison. Davis left his dog in the swamp and drove on to this city with Miller. Last evening the dog arrived home apparently none the worse for its encounter with the venomous reptiles, although it must have been bitten by them many times. The spot where the snakes were killed is a famous rattlesnake den. A hunter known as "Twoline" lived in the hut near the den for many years, and killed scores of its inmates annually, frying out the oil and selling it to people who came long distances to obtain it, the belief in its efficacy as an ointment being universal in that neighborhood.

A Baby Baked to Death.

Last year Mrs. Anne Bullen, a widow woman, married John Freeman at Goose Creek, Kansas. Freeman's first wife had died a short time before, leaving an infant aged four months. It is said that he married again in ten months after his first wife's death to have his little boy properly cared for. Mrs. Bullen professed to have great love for the child, and could not do enough for it. Before this she had been working at Freeman's house as a nurse. They had been married scarcely a week when her inhuman treatment of the child attracted the attention of the neighbors. Bullen was frequently reminded of this, but the woman seemed to have such an influence over him that he could do nothing. He died suddenly about six months ago, and by his will left his property, consisting of a 108-acre farm well-stocked, and some money, to the child, and \$3000 to his wife. It was a proviso to the effect that in the event of the death of the child the entire property should revert to his wife. After his death all the woman's pretended love for the child vanished, and she treated it in a barbarous manner. At one time an attempt was made to have the guardianship taken out of her hands, but by the aid of false witnesses and a stupid country justice, she was enabled to prove that the child was well cared for. Mrs. Bullen now tells the neighbors that the other afternoon, while she was baking bread, the child crawled into the oven, shut the door after it, and was found by her burnt to a crisp when she went to take out the bread. The neighbors think she placed the child in the oven with the deliberate intention of cooking it alive. Since the infant's death it has been rumored that she poisoned her husband. She is now in jail in Jefferson county.

Randall stands up like a little man for the democratic duplex tariff plank. He finds it an intelligent and business-like utterance, in spite of the fact that Ben Butler was unable to understand it. He ciphers out of it incidental protection. Watterson, Morrison and Hurd insist that it means the same thing as the declaration of four years ago for a tariff for revenue only. What the words actually used may be construed to mean is of much less consequence than what the party itself means, and that is to be gathered not from an occasional profession, but from its public acts and by the expressions of its leading members. The great majority of the democratic party

are free-traders, and, if they had the power, they would attain as nearly as possible to free trade by reducing the tariff to a strictly revenue basis, regarding its effects on American industry. They tried to effect this last winter. They tried the same thing in the forty-fourth and forty-fifth congresses under the inspiration of Morrison and Fernando Wood, and they will attempt it again if the people are so ill advised as to give them another opportunity to disturb the industries of the country.

MYSTERIES.

Warm calms of heaven o'erbrood the earth; On scented sward my feet are pressed; Spring comes, and melody of mirth. Valiant awe pervades my breast: To-day by nature I am shown Her marvelous elements alone.

I linger where the daisies throng. With golden disk on supple stem, And, careless of their beauty, long To unveil the impulse guiding them; And wonderingly my soul receives The resurrection of the leaves.

I cannot praise the emerald meads. Where pomp of lengthening clover peers, Nor that green radiance of the reeds. My reverent heed alone I give The miracle that has made them live.

These blossoming trees whence odor floats, The full-fed rivulets joy intense, The ecstatic trills from feathered throats Pierce me with strange bewilderments. In all things lovely I would guess The mystery of their loveliness.

But while I muse the westering day Drops from the horizon's dark oak air; The pastoral distances turn gray, New mystery depens everywhere, And his night brings, released from thrall, The mightiest mystery of all.

—Edgar Fanelet.

Blaine as a Professor.

[St. Louis Globe-Democrat.]

It was in 1851, while I was engaged in running a line between Louisville and Newport, Ky., for a railroad to connect these cities, that I had my office at Drennon springs, Henry county, Ky., the seat of the military institute in which James G. Blaine was at that time Latin professor. Having been a graduate the June preceding, I was allowed quarters in the barracks with my assistant (also an ex-cadet) and we were permitted some privileges which discipline denied the cadets.

One evening, having just returned from my home, I invited four of the cadets to a good spread, and to prevent obstruction set the time at after "taps," or 10 o'clock, when all lights must be out, and all in bed. We were all ready for a set-to, with keen appetites and a relish for the dainty fare, when a tap at the door caused a stampede of our visitors, two under the bed, and two behind the wardrobe curtain.

On opening the door who should our new visitor be but Prof. Blaine, on duty to see that all lights were out, and all cadets in bed, and being attracted by the light from our transom he stepped in to see that we had no company, and also to have a quiet chat about Georgetown. Of course we were glad to see him, although unexpected at such a time, and politely invited him to take a bite, which he readily did.

The supper was tempting—a boiled ham (that had been packed a year in hickory ashes in the old stone smoke-house at home), a roast turkey, pickles, beat biscuit, lemon pie, blackberry jam, sponge-cake and Catawba wine. Ah! how he did enjoy it—several slices of ham and turkey, many biscuits, pie and jam, and several glasses of native Catawba to wash it all down, and good-natured chat to keep company until 11 o'clock, and the professor arose reluctantly to go, remarking with a smile: "I am glad I happened in; but was not that rather a large spread for only two?"

I never knew if he suspected our four visitors hid in the room, while he was enjoying the feast, but always thought his eye caught sight under the wardrobe curtain of two pairs of feet, belonging to two trembling and hungry cadets, who dared not move, but listened impatiently to the professor's chat. If he saw these pedal extremities he must have enjoyed not only the supper, but a huge joke on the two boys, yet he never let on, for it would have been his duty to have ordered the man under arrest for a gross violation of discipline, in having been out after "tap." One of the boys is now state treasurer of Arkansas, and another, I believe, is one of the supreme judges of Louisiana.

Bee Notes.

[J. M. Hicks in Commercial Gazette.] It is nothing uncommon to hear of cases where a bee hive has produced 200 pounds of honey, from a single colony of bees, in one season. I lately had a report from a co-worker, who has taken 573 pounds from one stock of Italian bees, up to July 28. This was done by the use of one of the I. X. L. honey extractors, which takes all the honey from the combs neatly, and free from a particle of bee bread—not strained honey, but extracts it as it should be, in its purity. This is, above all, the most healthy mode of procuring the precious nectar.

In order to force a stock of bees to raise and hatch a queen for themselves, you first render them queenless by taking their mother queen from them. Be sure they have plenty of fresh eggs, as well as young bees—hatching from the eggs, up to the mature bees. The young bees, which are under 14 days old, construct the royal cells and make proper selections of eggs or larvae, from which the young queen is to be raised.

It is truly a pleasure to one who may be quite well posted in the general habits of the honey-bee to be able to discriminate and to classify the different workers within the hive, such as "guard," "wax-workers" and "nurse-bees," all of which are departments to be filled by the bees in the different stages of life, which are appropriately filled, at various ages, before they go forth as honey-gatherers.

It is also a well-known fact that all bees do not attempt to perform any outdoor labor, such as gathering honey, water or pollen, until they are 14 days old; but they are constant workers within the hive, performing such labor as cleaning cells, preparing food for the yet unhatched and looking after the general good of the colony.

We suggest that in raising a queen for

a colony of bees, in all cases the temperament of the older bees should be looked after, and if they possess a mild and gentle disposition, then it will be commendable to hatch the young queen from such brood. With bees, as with men and horses, "blood will tell."

A thousand queens can be raised in one season from one egg of a single prolific stock. It is also equally true that a hundred stocks of black bees can be well and perfectly Italianized in one season from a single stock of Italian bees, and leave the mother queen in her old home all the time.

Handle your bees but little, if any, during the dog days. To do so is hurtful to them and would be worse than useless. But keep them strong in numbers, so that after the dog days are over they will again go to work gathering and storing honey.

Prairie Dogs Devouring Texas.

The march of the prairie dog, says the Albany (Tex.) News, is a standing threat against the future prospects of the grazing districts of the state. Draw a line from the Red river, south to the Colorado, so as to run about the western lines of Throckmorton, Shackelford, Callahan and Coleman counties, and you mark the front of the greatest immigration army ever dreamed of by man. From this line west 250 miles every square mile is infested by these devouring pests. They thickly inhabit a section of country 200 miles long and 250 miles wide. The advent of the white man into this country has but increased their numbers, as man has destroyed the wolves, badgers, rattlesnakes, panthers and other animals which prey upon the prairie dogs. They eat the grass in the summer and the grass roots in the winter, and the consequence is that what was but a few years ago the finest grazing region in America is fast becoming a verdureless desert. Unlike all other animals in America, the prairie dog is migrating, not west, but east. Only a year or two ago his eastern line was about the western line of this county. In a short time he has advanced his frontier east about five miles into Shackelford, Throckmorton and the other counties lying north and south of Shackelford. Unless checked he will soon ravage all mesquite grass land in the state and will then descend in countless hosts upon the black, waxy farming land of Tarrant, Dallas, Collins and the other counties east of us. It is no exaggeration to say that \$10,000,000 does not exceed the value of the grass annually consumed by the prairie dogs of Northwest Texas.

A Frightful Tragedy.

CHICAGO, August 13.—Henry M. Collison, formerly pastor of the Fullerton avenue church, yesterday afternoon shot his wife, killing her instantly, and then attempted suicide. Collison has been dead all his life. This affliction interfered with his success. In February last he resigned his position as pastor of the church, but it was not accepted. Subsequently he again resigned and left the church. Since then he has been idle, and financial troubles caused him to be very melancholy and eccentric. About 2:30 o'clock Mrs. Burgess, a friend of the family, came to take Mrs. Collison out riding. After entering the carriage Mrs. Collison got out and went into the house to speak to her husband. She left him to return to the carriage. He followed, and at the foot of the stairs shot her in the back of the head. She fell dead. He stepped over the body and shot himself in the right temple. The ball went through his right eye and threw it out on his face. The nerve of the left eye was cut and the eyeball turned around. He was taken to the hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition. He may recover, but will be blind in both eyes and insane the rest of his life. He is 45 years old and his wife 30. He was born in England and lived some time in Canada before coming here. Mrs. Collison was a most amiable and estimable woman, lovely alike in person and character. There are four children, and the domestic relations of the parents were of the happiest character. The tragedy created a great sensation.

Shaving in China.

Chinese shaving is a slow process. The customer seats himself erect on a stool or bench, with the knowledge that an hour must pass before he can be released. The barber begins operations by carefully washing the victim's face, ears and head with very warm water, wiping off the dripping parts with a wet towel. He then begins shaving the head, or rather around the crown where the cue begins, commencing over the right ear and moving along until the forehead and lower part of the backhead are cleaned. He next passes to the face and afterward to the neck. The ears are shaved and carefully brushed out and cleaned with delicate brushes and ingenious instruments. The face, neck and head are then rubbed until the skin assumes a healthy pink. The second part is somewhat like the "Swedish movement cure." The barber begins to turn and manipulate the head and neck until every cord and muscle has been stretched, pinched and pulled. The shoulders, arms and back are also scientifically pounded and pulled until the victim expresses a desire to have the manipulator stop. The cue is then unbraided, combed and cleaned, and again braided up and put in place. Occasionally, when a barber desires to show great attention to a distinguished customer, he rubs and pulls his fingers and even his toes until the joints crack.

Thomas Adonis Hendricks is busily engaged in remodeling his letter of acceptance of 1878. He proposes to add a front bay window, put in a new sideboard, enlarge the coal hole, erect a new cupola and paint the entire edifice pink. Until these improvements are completed the establishment will be closed to the public.

The Philadelphia Ledger remarks that if people would give half as much attention to their diet as they do to schemes for recovering their health after it has been impaired, they would run very little risk of needing the advice of a doctor or change of air.

No two men were ever put up for high office who needed vindication more than Cleveland and Hendricks. The latter has lived a grossly immoral private life, while the last was devoted to his country in its time of greatest trial.