



Miscellaneous Advertisements.

COOS BAY DRUG STORE

Marshfield, Oregon,
Henry Sengstacken, - - - Proprietor,
 DEALER IN
Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals,
 Candles, 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.

NEW DEPARTURE!

The undersigned having bought from DR. C. B. GOLDEN the
MARSHFIELD DRUG STORE
 Front Street, Marshfield, Oregon.
 Solicits a continuance of the liberal patronage extended in the past. Large improvements are being made and the stock heavily increased. Pure Drugs, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Perfumery, Trusses, Sponges, Combs, Brushes, Plain and Fancy Candles, Notions and Fancy Goods of all kinds. The best assortment of Picture Frames in the county, all sizes and at all prices, kept in stock or made to order at short notice.
 Full and complete line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Putty of the purest quality. Painters and Artists' materials of every description constantly on hand.
 An arranging to import through New Orleans, direct from Cuba, the finest brands of Havana Cigars and Tobacco. Long acquaintance with leading tobacconists in New Orleans will enable me to secure the finest goods at the lowest prices. The local trade will be supplied at liberal rates. All goods at wholesale as well as retail. Correspondence from neighboring country solicited.
F. A. GOLDEN, Proprietor.
 N. B.—Prescriptions and Family Recipes carefully compounded.

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 closing 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 DOBMAN'S, 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.

BAYVIEW BREWERY

MARSHFIELD, OR.,
Clemmensen & Evanoff,
 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.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

J. W. UOX,
TONSORIAL ARTIST.
 Front Street, Marshfield, Ogn.

E. A. ANDERSON, LANG'S

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,
 MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
SADDLE HORSES AND Buggy Teams to let at all hours.
 HAULING done at the shortest notice and at very reasonable rates.
COAL and WOOD always on hand and delivered at the lowest rates.
A. LANO.

JOAQUIN MILLER

On Wall Street—The Poet of the Sierras on the Money Kings of Gotham—A Plea for the Annihilation of the Stock Jobbers and Financial Sharks of the Metropolis—The Danites of New York and Their Terrible Work.
 [Correspondence of the Philadelphia Press.]
 New York, Sept. 26.—In the Sierras, more than a quarter of a century ago, when we were accustomed to find some one dead who had taken part in the murder of the so-called prophet, Joseph Smith, we knew it was the work of the Danites of the Mormon church. But we were powerless to revenge and spoke with respect of the terrible Danites, for no man knew but his nearest neighbor was also a Mormon Danite, sworn to secrecy and to vengeance. When Brigham Young was arrested for complicity in these murders in the summer of 1872, I was sent to Utah. There and then I urged in the London Times that the only way to put an end to these murders was to destroy the Danites themselves. John D. Lee, the leader of the Danites, was arrested, tried and shot, and a final end was made of the Danites of the Sierras.
 But the Danites of New York are far more formidable. They are quite as reckless, and being without any religion, they have no restraint or limit to their terrible work. Yet, as with the religious fanatics of Salt Lake, they can be reached and utterly annihilated by public opinion. And to this end, to the end that the owls shall roost in Wall street, along with Beecher and Talmage and others, I devote my strength. The great, brave and generous heart of America will respond. The end will be reached in time, no fear of that; all the people want is to know the clean, cold, frozen truth.
 A statistician estimates that of the thousand failures a month, nine-tenths are from Wall street. Let this plea my excuse for repetition on this dull subject. How many homes, then, are each year made desolate by these mysterious and invisible Danites of New York who sit behind their bearded-up shillings and manage Wall street? Tens of thousands; yes, twenties of thousands.
 On the banks of the Nile, near Cairo, I used to watch two great slimy monsters lying with uplifted jaws. Their eyes were closed. They saw nothing. They seemed to be dead. The Egyptian flies, gnats, all sorts of insects, filled their mouths. Bang! The great jaw falls. The monsters slide back into the slime they came from. These two monsters here are just as deadly, just as certain of their prey.
 HOW THEY SECURE THEIR PREY.
 You wish to know the process? It is simple. Some railroad is watered beyond all possibility of redemption, as Erie, for example, raised simply by the dictates of the Danites, from \$11,000,000 to \$75,000,000. These murderers, the Danites, hold this watered stock. Now is this railroad praised, praised, praised, by the sharpers, to the skies. Lies, lies, lies are told for days, weeks, months.
 The stock goes up, up, up for example, till Jersey Central, that started at 6, is boomed, boomed, boomed till it touches nearly 200! A confidential point is put out by a man who obeys Gould and Vanderbilt that it is going to be a 10 per cent stock and will stand at 200. It reaches par! par! par! 200! The spiders sit back in their web and watch. The Danites' stealthy step is at the old banker's hearthstone. The honest old guardians all over the land are losing sleep in lamentations because they did not buy the stock when it first started on its upward course.
 The honest old banker in his dotage, far away in the country village, at last enters the list. From all parts of the country he comes. The cashier, all have such a chance to make a fortune, and no one shall ever know. He, too, will have houses, horses, a home worthy of his wife and babes. He buys! A thousand such men buy! The stock which the Danites bought at 6 is sold to the honest, aye, the honest bank president and cashier and guardian, for par, par 10, par 20! and then! it falls to nothing in a single night! Ten thousand homes are desolate. A pistol shot, a plunge in the water, a razor across the throat, a raving maniac! But what of all that? The Danite Jay Gould, whose partner was driven to suicide, has made a million dollars.
 THE COMMON HERBIVOR OF ALL.
 Although I may not own blocks of brown-stone houses in New York, yet my interest in this town as a citizen, as a lover of the great and good, as a lover of my fellow-men, as a patriot, is very great indeed, for this is a very great city—the greatest in the world. And the interest of every unselfish citizen in the future of this, our commercial capital, is very great. This is the commercial heart of our land. As the heart is so will be the body. If New York is unhealthy at heart, whether it be devoured by parasites or is in peril of these Danites, the stock gamblers, with their blood-stained millions, still is our interest in the heart of our land's heart the same, earnest and sincere for its good. When the ivy is growing up the colossal columns of our completed republic, then will we sit down to rest, to meditate, to

philosophize, to talk as the old Greeks talked and taught when Plato and Socrates and their immortal followers uttered their mighty thoughts, which no man can afford to be unfamiliar with.
 But will our great temple to liberty, our city of refuge set upon a hill, be completed if we take on a selfish concern in its growth and fashioning? If we surrender our chief city to the absolute possession of money kings, if we give it over to them as a gambling-house in which to allure the bank presidents, the cashiers, the men all over the land who hold money in trust, will we be able to carry the work forward to a glorious completion? I fear not. My fellow-toiler, your interest and my interest in this city, I repeat, is great, greater than that of Vanderbilt or Gould or any man's with his tens or his hundreds of millions. For his interest is only a money interest. Yours is a moral interest, an art interest, a social interest, a human interest. Do you answer that they too have a human interest?
 I say no. No man can have any human interests in this world who locks up a hundred million dollars and lies down to sleep in a city where a hundred thousand people are hungry, ragged, wretched, with a thousand little babies dying at their mothers' breast for want of nourishment and comfort. No, that man has no interest in the great city outside of the very low and vulgar money interest which he has pushed to the verge of madness.
 WITH GRANT'S YOUTHFUL PARTNER.
 Let us come down to cold facts and detail. Last week I sat in Ludlow street jail with Ward, the partner of General Grant in the Marine bank, which failed for \$17,000,000. Looking into the mild, blue eyes of that boy, for his face is almost girlish in its youth and frankness, I asked him how it all happened. I got the truth from that man in jail. That pale, pitiful boy there, with the great, active brain, is not a bad man. He is not a man to be ashamed of. But, on the contrary, under fair skies, under favorable treatment, where men deal fairly with their fellow men in trade and exchange, he had been an honor to the land. What was the matter? you ask. Matter enough. The Danites of New York. He was bold, original, honest; aye, honest! and defiant of the great money kings. This defiance was a crime. He had the friendship and confidence of General Grant. For this they hated him. Here was a new man—a mere boy, who was cultured, capable; he had everything; they had nothing but money. Nothing in this world but money. How miserably poor they were. They hated him. He must die. These Danites, in the dark, secretly, silently, unsuspected, just as the Danites of the Sierras tightened their coils about their victim, and then down from his high to the dungeon of Ludlow street jail.
 I went to that jail prepared to publish hard truths about General Grant. This man, whom all the brave states of the south could not vanquish, I had denounced, and was ready to denounce again, had I found facts to justify it. The man who had said to Lee, sitting there under the apple trees where the last battle was fought, the last shot fired by brother into brother's breast, the man who had refused to buckle on his own sword for the occasion, or accept that of the fallen hero, the man who had said to General Lee, "No, general, keep your horses, your men will need them to plow with when they get home," was now a defaulter. I spent the day there, digging to the bottom for the truth. And I found that General Grant was as blameless as a child.
 The boy whom I found there in Ludlow street jail, pale and feverish, bending over his great balance sheets, explained to me how Grant trusted him entirely as he had trusted Lee when he took his word of honor for his battered legions—as he trusts everybody. But he fell before the Danites. Out of the dark, from behind these millions, there reached a mysterious hand that led him on, on, on, tempted his bank to borrow, borrow, borrow, and then all suddenly the mysterious hand was withdrawn, leaving no sign, no shadow of evidence that it had ever been in his. The hand was withdrawn, and was thrust, oddly enough and for a brief time, deep down into the mighty millionaire's own pocket.
 THE DEAD BANK PRESIDENT.
 Last week the New Brunswick bank failed for \$500,000, and the cashier and president lay dead. I was sent to see why and how it happened. The cashier, Hill, had had a friend, I learned, who knew and could get "points" in speculation from the mighty Danites of New York. Would they not betray him? They had betrayed others, would they not then betray him? We do not find that way when any one offers us an advantage. We may know that this syren or that Danite has betrayed others, but our pride, our vanity, our self-importance make us feel that we are not the one to be betrayed, whatever may have fallen to the lot of others. The cashier put in a few thousand dollars, the man won, lost, won; he liked the excitement; it made his blood thrill; life had a glorious interest to

him now. Let us haste on. Three hundred thousand dollars of the bank's money swallowed up. The cashier threw himself on the bed that night; the fumes of gas filled the room; dead! consternation in the city. The old and honored and honest president went into a little back room, laid his watch on the window-sill, took his knife, cut his throat here, cut it there, turned up his sleeve, severed this vein, that vein, then sat down to look at the minute-hand of his watch and die. The pride of his heart came, trailing her rich silks in the blood of her murdered father. Murdered! Yes, murdered by the Danites of New York.
 IN THE STATE PRISON OF NEW JERSEY.
 I spent last Sunday in the state prison of Trenton. I was sent there to see how many men left honor, home, heart, all things behind them, and entered the gloomy, brown walls because of these decoys in Wall street under the allurement of these Danites. Beginning with Baldwin, the president of the Newark bank, who had been induced by them to steal more than two millions of money entrusted to him, and ending with the state senator who had been brought back from Canada and sentenced to the state prison, I found first and last more than twenty of these men who had appropriated the money of others to swell the millions of these New York Danites; these monsters who have desolated ten thousand homes; these men who have revelled in luxury, but never so much as grown a blade of grass or given one grain of wheat to the world. From the grim windows of the state prison you can see the asylum for the insane. And how many have they, these Danites, driven to this home of pity? We never can know.
 And the men who have been driven into exile in Canada and France and all over the world, the men who have been tempted to ruin, are hiding their heads in shame, while we not only protect, but even glorify, chronicle in the press, and give respectful mention to the blood-stained Danites who brought such ruin upon them and such shame to the land.
 HOW TO ESCAPE THE DANITES.
 You ask the remedy? Public sentiment. The American people are a power and a law that nothing can resist. A sentiment with us is a religion. When the people come to see clearly that these millions are a rock on which the ship of state may go to pieces; when these Danites see that the mob may rise up and take these stolen millions back again, we will cease to defy them and they will cease to defy the law.
 JOAQUIN MILLER.

Novel Experience of Two Disabled Vessels.

New York, Oct. 7.—The bark Friedrich Sealla sailed from Stettin, Germany, on the 7th of July, for this port with a cargo of salt. Capt. Hoffschied is in command. On the 10th of September a severe storm disabled the bark, carried away masts and rudder and left her a helpless and sinking wreck. For nine days the crew kept her afloat with the pumps, when a queer-acting brig was sighted. The vessels drew towards each other, and it was seen that no one was on the brig but two negroes and a white man. The crew of the bark yelled that they were sinking and must soon go down. The men on the brig asked for assistance to navigate their vessel. The bark didn't have a boat left. The men on the brig said they were too weak to lower their boat, but at length they did so, and soon the entire crew of the bark were on board the brig. One of the negroes, the steward, explained that the bark had been the coast of Africa, where they lost two of their crew. On the way home the captain and mate died, and the others were left. Others died, until but four were left, one ill in his bunk below. None knew how to navigate. The captain of the German bark at once took command. He found the brig lacked provisions. He had plenty on the bark. He doctored the sick sailor and cured him and drove the brig homeward, arriving here to-day with all hands in good condition.
 The captain says this experience of two disabled vessels meeting in mid-ocean and one crew saving the other, is beyond his previous experience. The brig was the F. I. Merryman, owned in this city. The captain was named Nickerman, a native of Cape Cod. He leaves a wife and family in Chatham, Mass.

An important move of a number of iron men in eastern Pennsylvania has been made at Reading. A pool has been formed, with a capital of \$100,000, for the purpose of testing the new Henderson process of making carbon steel. It is found satisfactory, quite a number of iron plants will be transformed into steel mills at once. The iron men seem to think that the time has come when iron mills generally will be supplanted by steel mills.
 Boston Herald: We must make the most of Ben Butler. We ne'er shall see his like. When he was cast, the mold spontaneously "busted."
 In Ohio Hendricks stubbed and hurt his sore toe against an immovable republican majority.

The Tariff and the Farmer.

There is no class of people so deeply commiserated by the free traders as the farmers, and no class upon which more argument is used to prove they are outraged and burdened by the tariff. The policy of the free traders is to coerce the farmers into the belief that they are the victims of a systematized scheme of robbery, as they term the tariff, and that giving constantly in response to the demand for more, the farmer receives no adequate return for his support of the government.
 There is, however, no truth in the argument used to delude the farmer into the belief that he is misused, outraged and burdened. The American farmer is prosperous beyond any other engaged in the same pursuit in any part of the world. He enjoys the advantage of good markets in which to sell, and cheap markets in which to buy.
 Illustrative of the prosperity of the American farmer, it can be said that the value of farms increased from \$6,000,000 in 1860 to over \$10,000,000,000 in 1880, with annual products averaging \$3,000,000,000 during the same period. This is an array of figures, official statistics, that set forth the condition of the American farmer in a very comfortable and encouraging manner, while refuting the declaration that he is cramped and burdened under our system of protecting American industries. As a further illustration, or presenting a contrast, it can be cited from authority, that during the same period agriculture in England, free trade England, has fallen off in every respect. Free trade was instituted in England for the avowed purpose of benefiting agriculture, but instead it has caused its decay. There are fewer farmers to-day in England than when free trade first opened English ports; there are 1,000,000 acres less of wheat sowed, and the official figures show that of recent years the average loss annually of English farmers has been over \$1,000,000,000.
 It may be maintained that this contrast is attributable to other conditions than those obtaining under a protective policy and free trade. But it is these policies that the free trader contends affect the prosperity of the farmer. Accepting the free trade theory as it is maintained, and regarding the difference in the condition of the farmer under the policy of free trade and that of protection, we will do well to account for the difference. The greater prosperity of the American farmer is found in the simple fact that he has a large home market, a home market for his products greater than the demand of the foreign trade. We have a manufacturing, buying and selling, exchange of commodities among ourselves which constantly engages our capital and labor, and adds to our wealth, rendering us independent of foreign trade, to which free trade alone tends.
 Our internal commerce makes our foreign trade insignificant when compared with it, and we could better afford to lose our entire foreign trade than lose a tithe of our home trade by suppressing any of our diversified industries by permitting unrestricted foreign competition with them.
 Our home trade or internal commerce is the result of a protective policy, which, by keeping out the cheaper products of other countries, has encouraged manufacturing in this country, and built up new branches of industry. Free trade will have the effect of concentrating enterprise in the fewest channels, and is opposed in fact to a diversity of industries, for the free trade theorists contend that an industry that cannot withstand the competition of the great capital and cheap labor of England, should go to the wall. The effect of free trade in this country would be to create a monopoly of manufacturing, as well as to build up our foreign commerce at the expense of our home market, thus leaving the American farmer to look for his market control wholly abroad, unaffected by the price here.
 It is difficult to understand the patriotism or statesmanship that would commit our country to such a policy as this—a policy that would curtail enterprise in the direction of manufactures and make the people dependent, as agriculturists, upon foreign markets.
 The resources of our country are of such a character, so great and so varied, that the true policy of the government is to encourage the development of a diversity of industries and enterprises that will foster our internal commerce to the greatest extent. Factories among the farms, or mines developed and opened on what have been agricultural lands, enhance the value of all contiguous farms, and afford a ready home market for the farmer.
 It is the development of these resources, the building up of one section of the country to supply the needs of another, that protection aims to accomplish, and has accomplished—accomplished to the benefit of the farmer as well as all the industrial classes, as any comparison between his condition and that of his competitors in other countries will show.

DYING ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

Miss Welton's Fatal Ascent of Long's Peak in Colorado.
 [Philadelphia Press.]
 Miss Carrie J. Welton, a wealthy young lady of New York city, was frozen to death while making the ascent of Long's peak on Tuesday night. Long's peak has an altitude of 14,436 feet, and is one of the highest mountains in Colorado and one of the most difficult of ascent.
 Miss Welton has been summering in Colorado, and two weeks ago took up her residence in Estes park, stopping at one of the principal hotels, her friends, among them Mrs. Warren of New York, remaining at Colorado Springs, where the whole party had spent several weeks previous. Miss Welton spent much of her time in horse-back riding and visiting the surrounding points of interest in the mountains. She resolved on making the ascent of Long's peak, which stood as a huge sentinel at the head of the park, and for this purpose set out on Monday last on horseback. Seven miles away, at the foot of the peak, was a cabin occupied by a ranchman named Lamb and his wife and son. Here Miss Welton remained for the night, first having engaged the services of Carlisle Lamb, the son, aged 19, to act as her escort and guide to the peak, he having acted in that capacity to tourists on several occasions.
 They made the ascent successfully, but while on the summit were overtaken by a heavy snow storm. On making the retreat she became overcome with the cold. The guide carried her two-thirds of a mile and then abandoned his burden, and started alone for aid. At 4 o'clock in the morning, when he returned, Miss Welton was found stretched in the snow dead. The guide is charged with cowardice and with having abandoned Miss Welton in the evening.
 The body of Miss Welton was badly bruised about the limbs and face, which would look as though she had tried to make her way down the trail after being abandoned by the guide, and had repeatedly fallen against the rocks. Miss Welton wore a pink silk domino mask, which prevented the sharp rocks from cutting her face, although the face was covered with bruises. This mask was one she wore whenever out riding, to prevent the sun and wind from tanning her face. She was warmly clad in a black alpaca dress and black broad-cloth riding pants, a heavy black alpaca sacque, an elegant black silk dolman, trimmed in velvet with a heavy cashmere shawl and a ladies' waterproof. On her person was a five-shot Smith & Wesson revolver, with two charges remaining. An elegant gold watch was fastened to the dress with black silk cord, and in her bosom was a chamois skin bag containing three costly rings, one a diamond, valued at \$1000.

COMPARATIVE PRICES.

Necessaries in this Country and Europe.
 WASHINGTON, Oct. 7.—The republican national committee has had printed for general distribution a small pamphlet containing comparative retail prices in the United States and Europe, showing that while wages here are much higher than in England, France and Germany, the cost of subsistence is quite as low here as in those countries, taking one thing with another. The following are some of the prices given:
 Coal in England, \$2 65 to \$4 10 per ton; in this country, \$3 to \$5 25. Roasting beef there, 22 cents per pound; here, 12 to 16 cents. Coffee there, 28 to 30 cents; here, 20 to 30 cents. Fresh pork there, 10 to 16 cents; here, 8 to 12 cents. Bacon there, 12 to 16 cents; here, 8 to 14 cents. Mutton, fore quarter, there, 16 to 17 cents; here, 9 to 10 cents, and so on.
 The wages comparison shows a higher range here by 25 to 50 per cent. The statistics are compared by the following deduction: The republican tariff protects the American workman against the cheap labor of Europe, and gives him cheaper food and higher wages than are obtained anywhere else in the world. The democratic party, the political ally of free-trade England, proposes to abolish the tariff laws which protect the American workman, and proposes to introduce the British wages in the United States.
 This pamphlet has caused decided irritation among the democrats, and instructions have been issued at headquarters to the democratic literary bureau to prepare an answer to it without delay. The public may therefore look for the issuance of a pamphlet filled with figures made by the workers of the literary bureau to break down the prices given by the republican pamphlet, and which were taken from official sources and from daily quotations as given in trade and commercial publications.
 A Parisian once remarked to Longfellow that there was one American word that he never could understand, or find in any dictionary. "What is it?" inquired the poet. "That is it?" he replied. "I never heard of the word," said Longfellow. Presently a servant came in to replenish the fire. After putting on a little fuel Longfellow remarked to him, "That will do." "It?" exclaimed the Frenchman. "That is the very word which has troubled me."