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Miscellaneous Advertisements.

Culture of Oats.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes as follows on this subject:

The first great point in oat culture is to get the crop sown early in the spring. This almost invariably secures a bright, healthy growth, and a plump berry. The oat, in this respect, is related to wheat, requiring cool, moist weather, rather than hot and dry, standing well the early cold, and to some extent the wet weather of spring. To sow late is to throw the crop into the heat and drought of summer—a condition that is pretty sure to favor rust of the straw and shrinkage of the berry, sometimes to an extent that ruins the crop. In such a diseased condition, it is not fit for feed or bedding, but only to be burned. In no case, therefore, should a late crop be made of it. Give it all the early coolness and moisture that the season affords. If the ground is in good condition, the grain will stand an excess of cold and wet. The ground, however, does not generally receive the necessary attention for this grain. Like buckwheat, it has usually the poorest soil given it, the crop too often hastily and carelessly put in, and the result necessarily is a light yield, sometimes more weeds and coarse grasses growing than grain.

Oats require only a moderately rich soil. If rich enough to grow a good crop of wheat or of corn, it is too rich for oats, as the crop in a moist season is sure to fall to the ground, and should it get lodged before the berry is formed it will go far to ruin the crop. What is wanted is to give thorough cultivation to the soil, which, in connection with a moderate degree of fertility, will give the best results, take one year with another. In a dry season, when the grain keeps upright, a higher degree of fertility would be an advantage. In this way some of the heaviest crops of oats have been grown. But the dry seasons in which no rain storms occur are exceptional and unforeseen. I have said that oats require a well cultivated soil. The effect is something wonderful and highly gratifying. It not only prepares the ground for a vigorous growth, but the cultivation is hard upon the weeds. The grain pushes forward, occupying the ground and keeping it occupied to the exclusion of weeds.

The best treatment of the soil, where fall prevails, is to plow late in the fall, setting the furrows up edgewise as much as possible so as to have the soil exposed to the elements. In the spring as soon as the ground is dry enough to grow mellow, apply a cultivator and harrow, and sow at once, sowing about one bushel of seed per acre, to be covered with a light harrow, passing over it only once. The harrowing done to fine the soil should be done before the grain is sown. Where the soil requires manure, I find it best to apply it after plowing in the fall, if the ground is dry enough, or during the winter, always to be spread as applied, so as to get the strength of the manure equally spread as it is washed out. On plowed ground somewhat roughened there is little danger of any of the strength being carried away.

I have said that a good crop of oats favors clearing the land. It is known that a heavy growth of oats is unfavorable to seeding to grass; at the best a light catch results. As a weed exterminator this crop may be ranked with buckwheat and clover, or any other large leaved plant that makes a close growth. This quality is, therefore, an additional inducement to put the land into good order, and manure it if necessary to obtain a good growth.

The Field Family.

(New York Letter.)

Cyrus W. Field has returned from a tour—or, rather say, a trip—across the continent with his family of twelve, including a brother and children and grandchildren. What a remarkable quartette those Field brothers make—David Dudley, the lawyer; Stephen, the judge; Cyrus, the inventor and speculator; and Henry, the editor. They are almost totally unlike in tastes and tendencies, having hardly anything in common except an unusual affection for each other and four long noses like the all-conquering nose of Julius Caesar, and the noses which Napoleon demanded on his marshals. After the big dinner in Washington last spring in honor of David Dudley's 70th birthday, Cyrus exclaimed: "Well, I must have you next February in New York, when you will be 80!" "Count yourself engaged to me, Dudley, for your 90th!" cried the Reverend Henry. "And when you round the century," put in Chief Justice Stephen, "we'll have a spread for you in California!" It might, indeed, happen. Judge Field looks less than his age; Lawyer Field doesn't look a day over 70; Editor Field has been kept young by racing over the planet; and Millionaire Field, tall, thin, with light brown hair and beard, blue grey eyes and the sanguine face of a typical Yankee, seems to-day in the very prime of life. Cyrus lives at Irvington, and David Dudley and Henry have summer mansions on a far viewing eminence at

Stockbridge, up among the Berkshire hills, one of the prettiest spots in this land. The distinguished lawyer's great pets are his three grandsons—children of Lord and Lady Musgrove—and it is fun to see them harness the old gentleman up with twine and drive him around the lawn, like young British tyrants as they are. Lord Musgrove has been governor of New Foundland, British Columbia, Jamaica and South Australia, and he now represents his government at Queensland.

WOMEN AT BREAKFAST.

When They Are Most as Nature Made Them.

Perhaps there is no better test of a woman's health and beauty than her appearance at an early breakfast table, writes Dr. Hammond. She is then more as nature made her than at any other period of the day, when art has been brought in with a view of heightening her charms. If she has slept well, it argues at some extent a sound nervous system, and the effect is seen in the brightness of her eyes and the tone possessed by the muscles of her face and neck. Her movements are full of grace, for her limbs have been refreshed and strengthened by repose, and her mind is clear and bright, for it also has rested, and there have been no bad dreams to exhaust her nervous system and make her limp and haggard. Her intelligence is then at its maximum, and she feels the recklessness that is so generally the result of sound, healthy sleep, and that is only a natural elation of the emotions, pleasant, doubtless, for her to exhibit, but far more pleasant to those to whom it is manifested.

If, on the contrary, she has slept badly, or has suffered from nightmare, in consequence of a feeble digestive system, her eyes are weak, dim and watery, her face is flabby, her head appears to be held unsteadily on her shoulders, for it droops on her chest, or bows helplessly from side to side, her complexion is dull and blotchy, red where it ought not to be, and pale where it ought not to be pale. Her expression is indicative of the discomfort she has undergone during the night, her movements are either painfully slow or aggravatingly brusque, her intellect shows stupidity, her emotions are torpid, her perceptions dull.

While the woman that is in good physical health exhibits all the beauty in the early morning that her features are capable of expressing, the one whose organic life is deranged is at this period of the day at her worst. There is no better test of a woman's health than her ability to eat a hearty breakfast, and it might almost be said that her physical beauty is in direct proportion to the amount of breakfast or luncheon she can put into herself at this meal. Certainly, pretty women can always eat a hearty breakfast.

THE CURIOSITIES OF SLEEP.

Some Striking Instances of Somnambulism and Sleep-Talking.

(From the Cincinnati Enquirer.)

Sleep-talking is one of the most marvelous curiosities of sleep. It is sometimes connected with somnambulism, but more frequently manifested alone, and often speaking to a somnambulist at once awakens him, and, if in a perilous position, results fatally. Dr. Binns tells of a young man aged 18, of robust constitution, who went to Syria from a town on the Black sea to pursue his studies at the gymnasium. After falling asleep he would arise and utter most remarkable declamations. Sometimes he recited long speeches from Xenophon with perfect accuracy, though when awake he could only remember a few lines. One night he wrote the theme he had to deliver the next day. In the morning, having overslept himself, he was vexed at not having prepared himself for his tutor, and wondered much when he discovered the theme completed and lying on the table before him.

The archbishop of Bordeaux speaks of a subject who asked for a glass of brandy to warm him. As there was none at hand, they gave him water, but he at once detected the cheat and again demanded brandy. He was given a glass of strong liquor, seemed refreshed and lay down without waking. There is a most remarkable case related of a young American lady who preached during her sleep, performing regularly every part of the Presbyterian service, from the Psalms to the benediction. She was the daughter of respectable and wealthy parents. She fell into bad health, and under its influence disturbed her family by her nocturnal eloquence. Her unhappy parents, at first surprised and perhaps flattered by the exhibition of so extraordinary a gift in their family, finally concluded it was the result of disease, and, thinking a change of scene would improve her, visited New York and other great cities of the union. She would preach at night on board steamboats; and at tea-parties she was put into an adjoining room in order that the guests could witness her extraordinary performances. Her sermons, although they had the appearance of connected discourses, consisted principally of a jumble of texts.

Darwin relates a most wonderful case of somnambulism and sleep-talking

combined. It was that of a young lady about 17, who suddenly became seized with convulsions of all the muscles of her body, then she made great efforts to vomit, violent hiccoughs, and in about an hour she was seized with a violent spasm. In half an hour these ceased and the sleep suddenly began, and was observable from the look of her eyes, which were all attention. Then she talked aloud with imaginary persons with her eyes open, and could not for about an hour be brought to attend to the stimulus of external objects by any kind of violence it was possible to use. These symptoms returned in this order every day for six weeks. The conversations were consistent, and the hearers could understand what she supposed her imaginary companions had answered. Sometimes she was angry, again witty and vivacious, but most often inclined to melancholy. She sang some music accurately, and quoted from the English poets. Once trying to repeat some lines from Pope, she forgot a word, and began again; when she came to the word it was shouted in her ears, and this to no purpose. Finally she recollected it herself. When she recovered she appeared to be greatly surprised, and called upon her sisters as if in great fear. Finally she got so she could walk around the room when in one of these sleep-talking paroxysms, without touching any of the furniture, though her steps were tottering and wavering. And afterward she drank a dish of tea, when the whole apparatus of the tea-table was set before her, and said there was medicine put in it. Once she smelled of a tube-rose that was in her room, and talked out aloud about breaking it off, but said it would make her sister so angry. At another time she heard a bell ring, and taking off one of her shoes as she sat upon the bed, she said: "I love the color black; a little longer, and even this might make me a coffin." Yet she was not sensible that any person was about her. When her paroxysm was over she could not remember a thing that had happened.

SLEEPING DEPORTMENT.

Girls Should Slander by Their Mouths Shut, and Never Wear Night Caps.

(Boston Herald.)

Teachers of deportment are common enough in the persons of dancing masters, but their instructions relate entirely, so far as I have known, to the waking moments of their pupils. But I have come across a trainer of sleepers. She is the principal of one of New York's many "finishing" schools, where girls are presumed to get the final touches of polish to fit them exquisitely for society. Having been informed that she included in her course of lectures one on the art of slumbering prettily, I beg her to tell me about it. "I see no objection to that," she responded, "and it is simple enough. We try here to so train our pupils that they will become thoroughly agreeable ladies. Did you ever consider that a third of your time is, or ought to be, spent in sleep? And, if you did, it is highly improbable that you have had a thought as to how you looked when sleeping. Well, it doesn't make so much difference in a man, perhaps, but a girl owes it to herself to be at all times as handsome as she can, irrespective of her natural expectation of becoming a wife. Therefore, I have introduced the study of slumberous comeliness. The main fault to be corrected is that of sleeping with the mouth open. Very many girls do it. It is a habit carelessly acquired, but often hard to eradicate. Dreadful unfeminine snoring is a consequence. I teach my girls to close their lips snugly before dropping asleep and to avoid throwing their heads too far back on the pillow, so that their mouths won't fall open as soon as the muscles are relaxed. I conjure them, too, to prepare a toilet as careful, though less elaborate, than that for the day. Their night clothes should be neat, well fitting, and well adapted to their individuality. They should regard a night cap with horror. Their hair should not be unconsciously done up in a tight knot, but adjusted with a view to both comfort and presentability. Their poses on the couch should no more be awkward than those of their waking hours, and I instruct them to so habituate themselves to gracefulness in bed that it will become instinctive. That's about all there is of the system."

The recent release of Arthur Orton from prison, in England, revives the fast-fading memories of the Tichborne case. Lady Tichborne advertised for her son, and the heir of the Tichborne title and estates—Roger Charles Tichborne, who had disappeared in 1854, and was supposed to have been lost at sea. He was a small boy when his mother saw him last, and 15 years had elapsed. The title was a baronetcy, and the estates were worth \$120,000 a year. The position and property were worth claiming, and a burly butcher of Wagga-Wagga, Australia, put in the claim. He had drifted to Australia as Thomas Castro, took the name of Arthur Orton, and remembered that he was Roger Charles Tichborne, the missing son and heir of Sir James Tichborne inquired after. After a correspondence

with Lady Tichborne, he went to London and then to Paris, where he met the lady, who recognized him, acknowledged him as her son and supplied him with money to spend and get himself up as a baronet. Others disinterestedly recognized his claim, but the other members of the Tichborne family repudiated the Australian butcher. Novels were written and plays were made on the Tichborne situation, and the English people took sides for and against the Tichborne claimant. Arthur Orton won a majority of the English people to a belief in the validity of his claim, but the English court, after a trial lasting 188 days, decided the case against him, and the impostor was tried for perjury and sentenced to 14 years penal servitude. Unexpectedly to himself, he was released before his time expired, and given a ticket-of-leave. It is stated that one of his supporters, who believes he was cheated out of his rightful position and fortune, has presented him with an annuity of \$2500 a year, on which he can live in obscurity but comfortably in London, while the Tichborne estates in Hampshire and Dorsetshire are enjoyed by the members of the Tichborne family who did not agree with Roger Charles Tichborne's mother that Arthur Orton was her long-lost son.

History of the Alphabet.

How many of the millions that daily use the alphabet ever stop to think of its origin and long history? In the true spirit of a student, Isaac Taylor, a well known English writer on philosophical and philological subjects, has recently written and published in London two stout volumes under the title of "The Alphabet; An Account of the Origin and Development of Letters." It is only by the help of recent discoveries of early inscriptions and the progress in the art of reading lost languages and deciphering hitherto unknown symbols that such a well posted history has become possible. By careful study of the essays and scientific investigations of the latest philologists, Taylor has set forth in language within easy comprehension, the origin of the alphabet, showing that our town Roman letters may be followed back to their very beginning, some 20 or more centuries ago, as he asserts. We have no better letters, according to this account, than those of the Italian printers of the fifteenth century. These were imitated from the beautiful manuscripts of the tenth and eleventh centuries, the lettering of these being derived from the Roman of the Augustinian age. The Roman letters, in turn, are traced to those employed at Rome in the third century before Christ, and those did not differ greatly from forms used in the earliest existing specimens of Latin writing, dating from the fifth century before Christ. This primitive alphabet of Rome was derived from a local form of the Greek alphabet, in use about the sixth century before Christ. The Greeks got their letters from the Phoenicians, and theirs are clearly traceable to the most ancient known form of the Semitic.

The most ancient of books, a papyrus found at Thebes, now preserved in the French national library, supplies the earliest forms of the letters used in the Semitic alphabet. The stone tablets of the law could have been possible to the Jews only because of their possession of an alphabet, and the Bible and modern philological science unite in ascribing the common origin to the alphabet which is in daily use throughout the world. The nineteenth century before Christ is held by Taylor to be the approximate date of the origin of alphabetic writing, and from that time it grew by slow degrees, while from Egypt, the home of the Jews during their long captivity, the knowledge of the alphabet was carried in all directions where alphabets are now found.

The Aryans are thought to have been the first to bring the primitive alphabet to perfection, and each letter and each sound may be traced by Taylor's careful analysis through all the changes that have marked the growth, progress, and, in some instances, the decay, of different letters of various alphabets. It is an interesting fact that the oldest known "A B C" in existence is a child's alphabet scratched on an ink bottle of black ware, found in one of the oldest Greek settlements in Italy, attributed to the fifth century before Christ. The earliest letters, and many later ones, are known only by inscriptions; and it is the rapid increase by recent discovery of these precious fragments that has inspired more diligent research and quickened the zeal of learned students in mastering the elements of knowledge of their origin and history throughout the world. As late as 1876 there were found in Cyprus some bronze plates inscribed with Phoenician characters, dating back to the tenth and even the eleventh century before Christ.

Each epoch has its fragments, and the industry of English explorers, the perseverance of German students and the genius of French scholars, have all contributed to group them in their chronological order. Coins, engraved gems, inscribed statues, and last of all, the Siloam inscription, found in 1880 at Jerusalem on the wall of an old tunnel,

have supplied new material for the history. From the common mother of many alphabets—the Phœnician—are descended the Greek and other European systems, on the other side, including that which we use and have the greatest interest in; and, on the other, the alphabets of Asia, from which have sprung those of the East, Syriac, Arabic and Hebrew.

Wandering in Dishabille.

(Oregonian, November 5.)

About 2 o'clock yesterday morning as the night operator of the O. R. & N. Co. was going down Front street he espied a shadowy form on McCracken's dock. It followed him down to the O. & C. R. R. office, and when he went into the office here it attempted to follow him. It proved to be a young lady in her night dress, barefooted and her hair hanging down her back. She was taken to the city jail, where in a short time her father and brother arrived in search of her. It appears that the party, who are from the country, were on their way to the Sandwich islands for the benefit of the young lady's health. They had gone to bed on board the W. H. Bease, and after all the others were asleep the young woman had got up and wandered off the vessel in a dazed condition. She was taken on board and the vessel went down the river yesterday morning.

Apple-Jack Factory.

(Oregonian, November 5.)

A German lately from Nebraska has leased the South Portland brewery building and is putting in a still and will engage in the manufacture of apple jack. He has contracted for a large quantity of apples at the rate of \$10 per ton and will also buy largely of the wheat which was damaged by rain during harvest, which will be manufactured into whisky. This will be good news to lovers of strong drink and will probably go far toward making the state democratic at the next election. It has been some time since there was a distillery in operation here; about 20 years, but no one has suffered for drink during that time. What Oregon needs is to have her manufacturing interests developed, but there will be many who would rather see the manufacture of whisky, apple jack and other delectable drinks left out.

The Odds too Great.

(Oregonian, November 5.)

There has been so much betting of late that some people have got so into the spirit of the thing that they cannot refuse. One of these fellows was met by a friend at the corner of First and Washington last night and saluted with the remark: "Hello, 'drunk again, are you?" "No, sir, not by a means." "Oh, yes, you are boozin'." "I shay, I ain't so. I'm sober as you." "Well, I bet you ten to one that you're drunk." "Hush all right, I'll take you." Here another friend interposed, and said to the inebriated one: "Look here, don't be foolish enough to bet on it, even if he gives you ten to one, because you know you're drunk." "Yeah, I know that, but just look at the odds."

California's Big Trees.

(Santa Rosa (Cal.) Republican.)

A redwood tree, cut in this county, furnished all the timber for the Baptist church in Santa Rosa, one of the largest church edifices in the county. The interior of the building is finished in wood, there being no plastered walls. Sixty thousand shingles were made from the tree after enough was taken for the church. Another redwood tree, cut near Murphy's mill, in this county, about 10 years ago, furnished shingles that required the constant labor of two industrious men for two years before the tree was used up. The above statements are vouched for as true by Supervisor T. J. Proctor.

Some of the English papers are discussing the superfluous girl and what to do with her. They arrive at the conclusion that there are superfluous girls and a good many of them from the fact that about 1500 women and girls recently offered themselves to fill 20 vacancies in the London postoffice. Upon that basis of computation, the superfluous girls to the needed girls are as 75 to 1. But the logic will not stand the strain of argument. There are no superfluous women, if they were rightly distributed among the industries and would do the proper things, for the world is full of work to do. The trouble is, too, our girls will not do the things for which they are best fitted, and this makes too many applicants for accidental openings of a more or less public character. The girls have come to regard home work as degrading and the great demand for good house girls and housekeepers goes unsatisfied. The grandmothers and mothers of families used to be good cooks and bread bakers and butter makers. Many of their daughters know nothing of these royal household accomplishments and graces. They did not learn anything and as they can do nothing about the house they appear superfluous. A comparatively few can be employed in factories, stores, business offices, telegraph offices, postoffices, and other government offices, and only one woman a season can run for president. There are millions of superfluous women for public office; there is not one woman too many to make and grace happy homes.

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