

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES XLNT CASH STORE

Dissolution of Copartnership... We are selling CLOTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED RATES.

LANDO & SON, Proprietors. NEW DEPARTURE! MARSHFIELD DRUG STORE

The undersigned having been... Front Street, Marshfield, Oregon.

DRUG STORE Henry Sengstacken, Proprietor.

Drugs, Medicines, Chemicals... CO HOTEL

EVERY Evanoff, PROPRIETORS

Keeps constantly on hand and offers for sale a superior article of LAGER BEER, ALE AND PORTER.



E. A. ANDERSON, LANG'S

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

STEAMER MYRTLE

HALL & LIGHTNER, Proprietors.

NEW TIME-TABLE. UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE THE steamer Myrtle will run as follows:

The Coast Mail. MARSHFIELD, OREGON: Thursday, January 8, 1885.

Parties knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned, at either Coos Bay or Empire City Drug Store, are respectfully requested to settle their accounts at the respective stores up to January 1, 1885.

For a fine Key West cigar, call at Norton's cigar store.

Senator Siglin left for Salem yesterday morning, via Drain.

The public school opened in this place last Monday with 241 scholars.

At Empire City, for a choice cigar, go to Norton & Levar's emporium, at Webster's corner.

C. P. Bailey will begin a protracted meeting at the Baptist church in this place next Saturday.

The party at Empire on New Year's eve, for the benefit of the brass band of that place, was a grand success.

W. G. Webster is preparing to move his store into the new building on the corner of Front and Main streets, which he has leased.

At the examination of witnesses held in this place on the 27th inst., Solomon Watson was granted a divorce certificate.

A half dozen of the witnesses who have been in town for some time, had taken passage on the Coos Bay for Humboldt, Cal.

Owing to the inclemency of the weather, Rev. W. Lund did not fulfill his appointment at the forks of Coos river for last night.

The steamer Coos Bay intended to sail for San Francisco at 3 o'clock yesterday afternoon, but did not, owing to heavy weather outside the bay.

The bolts in the hull of the tug had been badly started and the timbers so sprung that she was leaking so badly as to have two or three feet of water in her hold in as many minutes after the explosion.

The wreck drifted up with the tide to a point a little above the new mill, where it soon sunk in deep water, opposite the boom, and where it now lies, the stern upon a rock and the bow pointed toward the Empire shore.

The mast was broken about midway by the explosion and the upper portion was carried away. The upper portion of that part of the mast that remained was out of water at high tide after the boat sunk, and at low tide Monday the cylinder of the engine and several inches of the port side of the hull were above water.

Geo. J. Wadleigh, the engineer of the tug at the time of the catastrophe, was a jovial young man, 25 or 30 years of age, and the son of A. S. Wadleigh of North Bend. He was the engineer of the tug Fearless, which boat was disabled about ten days ago by a hole being blown in one of her boilers, when she was laid up, and the Sol Thomas, that had been laid up for several weeks, took her place. In the absence of Gardner of a man named Hansen, who succeeded Clinton Higgins as engineer of the Sol Thomas, Wadleigh was running the engine. Every one who knew George was likely to hear of his death.

Rasmus Toft, the fireman, was a Dane, 18 or 20 years of age, who weighed 200 pounds or more, and he worked at the stove mill at this place, in running the car, for some time after the mill started. He was of a very jovial disposition, too, and was highly esteemed by his countrymen and all others acquainted with him.

Louis Nielson was also a Dane, and 24 years old. He was a caulker by trade, and at one time worked for Capt. Reed at the ship-yard in this place, and he has a great many friends to lament his untimely end. Nielson and Hansen were cousins and came from the same town in Denmark.

Jas. Graham, the cook, was a German, some 45 or 50 years of age, who leaves a wife and nine children at Gardner, as well as many friends, to mourn for him. He had been on the tug as cook for several years. His oldest child is James, a boy about 18, and his youngest was born only four or five weeks ago.

Since the explosion all manner of reports have been in circulation and various theories have been advanced in regard to it; but the true cause of it will never be positively known.

George Wadleigh was in this place last Saturday night, at which time he appears to have been so impressed with the unfitness of the boat for service as to have said to different persons that she was liable to blow up at any time because of the imperfection of the pumps that supplied the boilers with water. One report is that he said at one time Saturday night that he had almost determined to not return to the boat to run the engine; but if this be so, he changed his mind, for he and Nielson both left here in a small boat soon after midnight, to go to North Bend and take their places on the tug.

Another report is that during the delay in getting the line to the schooner too much steam accumulated in the boilers of the tug, when the safety-valve was opened to let it off. The escaping steam or its noise in this way interfered with the work in hand at the time, when Wadleigh was ordered to close the safety-valve and open the syphon and work off the extra steam. The safety-

valve was closed, and the explosion soon followed.

There appears to be no doubt the explosion was the result of a scarcity of water in the boilers, and this due to the imperfection of the pumps.

The Sol Thomas was the property of Simpson Bros. She was an old boat, with an oak bottom, and was built at Philadelphia. Simpson Bros. bought her of Claus Spreckles, at San Francisco, where she was overhauled and fixed up about five years ago, and then brought to this bay. Her engines had been transformed from high-pressure to low-pressure, and her boilers were second hand, having been taken from some wreck. As a tug, the Thomas was the least valuable of any of the three on the bay, and were it not for the lives lost, the loss of the boat would not cause so much regret.

On Monday the Escort took hold of the hawser of the Sol Thomas and parted it in attempting to tow the wreck to a locality where it would be out of water at low tide. After the hawser parted, this project was abandoned, and it is now said that scows will be used to raise the wreck, when such machinery as it contains worth saving will be taken out. The hull is supposed to be so damaged as to be utterly worthless.

Very few of the fragments of the wreck were blown ashore, nearly everything going into the bay. A piece of one of the deck-beams, some 10 by 12 inches in size and about 15 feet long, was thrown upon the wharf, and a small portion of the scalp of one of the victims of the explosion was found lying to this or some other piece of lumber that went ashore. This, we believe, is the only remnant found of the remains of the four men who perished in the explosion, and who were probably blown and torn into particles.

Episcopal Services. Next Sunday Rev. W. Lund will hold services at Empire at 11:30 a. m., 11:00 a. m., and 7:00 p. m.

On Sunday, the 18th inst. (weather permitting), Mr. Lund will preach at the school house at the forks of Coos river at 11 a. m. and at the Moshier chapel, South Coos river, at 4 p. m.

TERRIFIC EXPLOSION. The Tug Sol Thomas a Total Wreck—Four Men Blown to Atoms—Miraculous Escape of Capt. Hill—Details of the Disaster.

At Empire, last Sunday, between 12 and 1 o'clock p. m., the boilers of the tug boat Sol Thomas exploded, killing all on board excepting Capt. Hill, and rendering the boat a total wreck.

The persons aboard the tug at the time of the explosion were Jas. J. Hill, captain; Geo. J. Wadleigh, engineer; Rasmus Toft, fireman; Louis Nielson, deck-hand, and Jas. Graham, cook.

At the time the disaster occurred the men on the tug were engaged in getting a line to the schooner Laura May, to tow her to the anchorage below Empire, from which locality she had dragged her anchor and drifted up the previous night to a point opposite the lower wharf.

When the explosion took place Capt. Hill was at the wheel of the tug, and he is supposed to have been thrown backward in such a way as to fall upon the hawser, which probably broke his fall and saved his life. Within less than five minutes after the explosion, Capt. Magee and the crew of the tug Escort, some of the crew of the Laura May, and others, boarded the unfortunate tug. They found Capt. Hill, the only survivor, on the after deck, disabled and dazed from the severe concussion that he had just passed through and the land fall that he had received. He was conveyed from the sinking wreck to the wharf and was able to walk to the hotel, though slightly lame in one of his legs, that had been injured by coming in contact with the guard-rail at the wharf, which was carried from its position by the explosion.

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The mast was broken about midway by the explosion and the upper portion was carried away. The upper portion of that part of the mast that remained was out of water at high tide after the boat sunk, and at low tide Monday the cylinder of the engine and several inches of the port side of the hull were above water.

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Incognito's Dream.

Passing through dream-land, I came to a small inclosure, surrounded by a wire fence. Near this inclosed space I noticed a donkey of huge proportions; his leading qualification was cobbiness, thick neck, thick legs, a straight line from hock to fetlock, broad chest, an eye like Jove, to command or threaten. From his peculiar looks and immense size, I at once judged it to be an imported animal. Looking over in this inclosure, I noticed a plant that seemed particularly attractive to his donkeyship; the more so because totally unknown to him, and he set about with a determination, worthy a better object, to ascertain all about that particular plant, to what family of the vegetable kingdom it belonged, its name, etc. "He-haw! he-haw!" brayed he; "wha-at is it?" Had this poor, foolish Jack only known it, that mysterious object was only a common cabbage-head; but to him it seemed enveloped in a disguise he must penetrate ere he left that vicinity. "Now," thought Jackey, "as this is only an insignificant string of wire fence, surrounding this strange plant, with one stroke of one of my powerful hind feet, I can demolish that, easily, and then that carefully guarded secret is mine." So communing to himself, he turned slowly around and, giving a vicious kick at the offending cause of his spite, he was somewhat astonished to perceive that he was hardly as well acquainted with that long, thin article as he had fondly imagined. "Perhaps, as I have failed by brute force to be any nearer the object of my investigation," said this huge donkey to himself, "I might procure a ticket, if I could procure a ticket. I once chanced to get possession of one of 'our tickets,' and I'll find that and present it to the gate-keeper; he may admit me to that beautiful garden, and then that plant which now baffles me shall do so no more." Trying to be as gentlemanly as it is possible for one of his species to be, he assumes a brave front and walks steadily up to the gate-keeper, to whom he presents "our ticket." When he really understood that the ticket was not honored, he looked so crestfallen that I pitied the poor critter, and had I not been just a trifle afraid of those terrible hoofs of his, I should have patted poor Jack on the head and given him the bunch of grass I held in my hand; but being timid about approaching this dangerous beast, I kept in the back-ground, waiting to see if his donkeyship would now mind his own business and nibble the scant herbage along the lane; but no, he wants to have one more trial; so he sets up such an infernal braying that for a moment I saw that poor little plant tremble as the noxious odors from his dilated nostrils passed over it, and it seemed to draw it's leaves more closely around it, as if to shut out the sound of the loud, coarse and vulgar braying that issued from his capacious mouth. For a short time he thought it had effectually blasted the unknown plant, so he suddenly sneaked into his lungs all the air in three adjoining counties, and then issued a specimen number of his bray that was enough to lift a mortgage from a 2000-acre farm, or give a mummy the rinderpest. I have heard Nielson sing for \$1200 a night, heard the opera of "Fra Diavolo," by a Choctaw brass band, and "Rory O'More" on a bass-drum, by a toothless private, but this was the most astounding musical feat I ever had a free pass to in all my life. Every note was fired forth in a solid chunk and the sound was enough to make one's spirit go down like the price of a linen duster in January. I lingered till that imported animal had brayed down a rail fence and retired a frame woodshed from active business, and still that wire fence stands and guards well its treasure. Seeing this, that discomfited donkey issues a bray as plaintive as the wall of the Banshee among its own native bogs, and retires. And to this day, to that animal, this plant remains Incognito.

Dream-land, January 7, 1885.

John C. Manning, who fell overboard from the steamer Comet on Tuesday last week, met with the accident about a mile and a half above Empire. Mrs. Knapp and her sister, who had a brother aboard the Comet, were at the look-out at Empire, waving an adieu to him, and it was they who saw Manning fall overboard. They gave the alarm, but it was in an excited and unintelligible way, and for some time it was supposed that some one was overboard and in danger at the boom. Manning was wearing a heavy overcoat at the time, which he made frequent efforts to throw off, but it was buttoned at the bottom and his efforts failed. Finally he struggled, became unconscious and floated down with the tide till nearly opposite Empire, where he was picked up by Frank Fox. Had not Manning's overcoat become inflated with air and kept him afloat he would have drowned. He is all right now.

T. W. Drane of Hall's prairie came over last Monday with a petition containing 80 signatures, praying the county court to take steps to open a road from Bandon to Fishtrap, to there connect with a road leading to Myrtle Point, the object being to obtain a land route between Bandon and Myrtle Point that can be traveled in about six hours, instead of being compelled to take the river and consume twice that length of time. As every one interested seems to have signed the petition, no doubt it will be granted.

Miss Lou DeLaunay has not yet returned from the valley to take her place in the public school and the primary department is being taught by Miss Levilla Clinkbeard until the arrival of Miss DeLaunay.

D. B. Keating is again in charge of the engine at Dean & Co's mill in this place, Ben DeLaunay having gone to Mill No. 2. The mill here has been shut down thus far this week, undergoing repairs. It may start up to-morrow.

On the 30th ult. C. S. True, the engineer at Hermann's mill at Conville City, fired up, to do some cleaning up around the mill. Some one had emptied the boiler of water, unbeknown to the engineer, and the consequence was that a large hole was blown in the boiler, but no one was present at the time, to be hurt, and the damage can be repaired at a trifling expense.

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COUNTY COURT PROCEEDINGS. January Term, 1885—Dyer, J.

PROBATE DIVISION. In chambers, Sept. 25, 1884—In the matter of the estate of John Smith, deceased—Letters of administration issued to John Flanagan.

In chambers, Oct. 23, 1884—In the matter of the estate of Isaac Cook, deceased—Final account of Irving B. Cook, administrator, filed and January 5, 1885, set for final settlement.

In chambers, Dec. 4, 1884—In the matter of the estate of John Smith, deceased—Order of sale of personal property.

Regular term, Jan. 6, 1885—In the matter of the estate of H. W. Van Leuven, deceased—Ordered that the claim of Joseph Flamm, administrator, due at the time of the death of Van Leuven, amounting to \$65, be allowed.

In the matter of the estate of Charles Peterson, deceased—Semi-annual account of Mary Peterson, administratrix, accepted and filed.

In the matter of the estate of Emma M. Winchester, deceased—Order admitting will to probate and Chas. W. Tower appointed executor.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS. Recorded at the County Clerk's Office up to the End of Last Week.

Elizabeth Crane to J. B. Dully—Parcel of land adjoining Summer—\$250.

Ansel M. Collier to Albert Collier—Undivided 1/2 of SE 1/4 of NE 1/4 of sec. 3, and lots 1 and 2 and the SE 1/4 of the NW 1/4 of sec. 9, T. 25 S., R. 12 W.—169.65 acres—\$1250.

David Holland and wife to Ellen M. Ross—Lot 3 and N 1/2 of lot 4 of sec. 15, and lot 1 of sec. 14, T. 25 S., R. 13 W., and tide land fronting—gift.

John Jones to Matt Stone—Lot 1 of sec. 8, T. 25 S., R. 11 W.—2.49 acres—\$1.

Percy D. Blake and wife to Henry H. Blake—NE 1/4 of SE 1/4 of sec. 18 and N 1/2 of SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of sec. 17, T. 25 S., R. 11 W.—450.

U. S. to Wm. Hall—NE 1/4 of NE 1/4, W 1/2 of NE 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of sec. 11, T. 25 S., R. 13 W.

Henry H. Blake to W. G. Webster—N 1/2 of SW 1/4 and NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 of sec. 17, and the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of sec. 18, T. 25 S., R. 11 W., excepting the NW 1/4 of the NE 1/4 of the SE 1/4 of sec. 18—150 acres—\$375.

J. C. Fullerton and wife to Alexander Stauff—Undivided 1/2 of tide land fronting lot 3 of sec. 9 and lot 2 of sec. 3, T. 25 S., R. 13 W.—\$204.

J. S. Green and wife to Hermann Albrink—Lot 5, block 8, Hall's plat of Marshfield—\$400.

Eugene O'Connell to Jennie Kruger—Lot 15, block 1, Clement's plat of Marshfield—\$575.

Monday last week Dr. McCormack and family moved into their new residence, and New Year's eve about fifty Marshfieldites, accompanied by the brass band, gave them a surprise party, in the shape of an old-fashioned "house-warming." After inspecting the house from garret to cellar, the party scattered themselves through the spacious rooms and engaged in singing, dancing, games, etc., till the old year passed away; then, wishing the family a happy New Year and much enjoyment in their new home, they adjourned to—the reporter knoweth not where, as "there was a sound of revelry by night" long after he went home. The doctor's new house is located in one of the best parts of town, on a knoll immediately west of the academy.

The main building is 19 by 32 feet, with two wings, one 13 by 16 and the other 19 by 14 feet. The parlor, dining-room, kitchen and hall are downstairs, and upstairs are four bed-rooms, with ward-ropes, and a bath-room. All the lower part of the house is papered, both walls and ceiling, and shows the good taste of F. A. Golden, who selected the paper in San Francisco. The drainage of the premises is complete and the water supply is all that could be wished. It is brought in iron pipes from a well on the hill. There are faucets in the kitchen, bath-room and the front yard, to all of which the hose can be attached in case of fire or for the purpose of watering the garden during dry weather. The pressure is sufficient to throw a stream 15 feet above the highest point of the house. The carpenter work on the doctor's house was done by the Byers Brothers, and it reflects great credit on them.

A correspondent of the Douglas Independent says that during the late heavy rains a landslide occurred at Matson's ranch, on Sand-hill river, eight miles from Gardner, carrying into the river the ground upon which Matson's residence and orchard stood. Millions of tons of rock and earth from the mountain directly in the rear of the house were carried down. Matson's loss in house, furniture, provisions, etc., will not be less than \$1500. Other slides are reported further up the river, but not so destructive to property.

Capt. Littlefield has located a ranch of 240 acres for Uncle Sam at Coos Head, at the mouth of the bay, and on his recommendation it has been withdrawn from sale by the government. The captain has taken the land for the rocks that can be raised on it, and also for a site for a fortification in the next war with the southern confederacy.

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived. Jan. 3—Schr John F. Miller, Hansen, 7 days from San Francisco, to Newport Coal Co. Jan. 4—Schr Santa Maria, Harlow, 37 hours from San Francisco, to Newport Coal Co. Jan. 5—Schr Alki, Gage, from San Francisco, with passengers and merchandise to the O. S. I. Co.

Schr Coos Bay, Lawless, from Yaquina, with passengers and merchandise, to Henry Sengstacken, agent.

BORN.

On North Coos river, January 7, to the wife of John Mattson, a son. (Mother and child doing well, and it is thought that Johnny will recover.—B. C.)

Near Summer, Dec. 29, to the wife of Matt Mattson, a daughter.

Near Denmark, Curry county, Dec. 12, to