

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

R. MAINS,
MERCHANT
TAILOR!
FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD

JUST RECEIVED,
FALL AND WINTER
GOODS.
Stock of Foreign and Domestic Hats and
Fancy Suits of
READY-MADE CLOTHING.
Which will be sold at BOTTOM PRICES.
Ready-made goods bought at the shop
and pressed for you at short notice.
Give me a call.
R. MAINS.

MRS. M. TOWER,
MILLINERY
—AND—
DRESS-MAKING!
EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.
HAS ON HAND A NEW AND
fine stock of
Millinery and Dress-Making Goods!
All orders promptly attended to.
MRS. M. TOWER.

MILLINERY!
NEW **PI** NEW
GOODS! STYLES!
MRS. C. F. LUSE
(AGENT FOR W. F. BURN),
FRONT STREET, MARSHFIELD, OREGON,
Opposite the Central Hotel.
WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM
the ladies of Marshfield and vicinity that
she has just received
AN ELEGANT STOCK OF NEW GOODS
EMBRACING A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF
LADIES' HATS, CAPS, TRIMMINGS,
And Millinery Goods of all kinds.
Children's Toys
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS.
Cleaning and trimming done to order and
perfection. A sharp of patronage is solicited. Please call
and examine our new goods.

BLANCO HOTEL,
Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS
And Reasonable Charges.
Having a large addition to our
building, we guarantee to our
patrons the best accommodations ex-
tended by no other house on the bay.
The reading room of this hotel
contains the leading papers of the At-
lantic States and the Pacific coast.
FERREY & HOLLAND,
Proprietors.

THE
WESTERN HOTEL
South Front street, Marshfield,
JOHN SNYDER, Proprietor
I HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN CHARGE
of the above-named well-established hotel,
and am sparing no pains nor expense to in-
sure my guests the best of accommodations.
THE TABLES AT THE WESTERN
Are supplied with the best market affords,
and patrons of the house receive prompt and
courteous attention.
TERMS—Board and lodging, per week, \$5.00
Board by the day, 1.00
Single meals, 50
207

CENTRAL HOTEL!
Corner of Front and A streets,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
JOHN J. KRONHOLM, Proprietor
THIS WELL-KNOWN AND FAVORITE
HOTEL has just been entirely refitted and
remodeled throughout and is again open to the
public for patronage.
New beds and spring mattresses have been
placed in almost every sleeping room of the
house and neither trouble nor expense has been
spared to put everything in first-class order.
At the bar is to be found the best brands of
wines, liquors and cigars.
A new entrance to the dining room has been
made that opens on Front street, and the tables
will always be supplied with the choicest of the
market affords.
J. J. KRONHOLM, Proprietor.

MARSHFIELD
LUNCH HOUSE
AND RESTAURANT!
(Formerly Delia's)
MATT STORA, Jr., Proprietor
MEALS AT ALL HOURS!
From 15 Cents to \$1.00.
Till after Midnight, when they will be
From 50 Cents to \$1.00.
Board by the Day, Week or Month.
A variety of the best brands of San
Francisco Beer always on hand.
Also, Choice Wines and Cigars.
Fresh Eastern Oysters by every
steamer—served in any desired style.
Special attention paid to Ladies and
Families—Give me a call.
MATT STORA, Jr.

TREASURER'S NOTICE.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT
all county bonds accepted prior to January
1, 1885, are now payable on presentation. No in-
terest will be allowed on these warrants after the
first of this month.
Dated at Empire City, Oregon, this 14th day
of July, A. D. 1885.
A. P. OWEN, Treasurer.

COAST MAIL.

VOL. VII. MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 1885. NO. 5

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT.
Interesting Gossip About Cleveland's Characteristics, Etc.—His Resignation of Office—Personal Appearance of the New President—His Chief Advisers—No Selections Yet Made for Positions in the Cabinet—Etc.
[Correspondence from San Francisco, Alta.]
ALBANY, N. Y., Jan. 6, 1885.—At 10 o'clock today Grover Cleveland ceased to be governor of New York. The formal surrender of his office to Lieutenant Governor Hill was necessarily attended with ceremony, though not of an imposing nature. The lieutenant-governor came to Albany the middle of last week, and from that time to the present has been engaged with Governor Cleveland and the executive secretaries in preparing himself of the routine duties of the office and the situation of executive affairs. The legislature met at 11 o'clock this morning and proceeded to organize. The assembly was engaged until nearly 1 o'clock in electing its officers. Then a committee was appointed to wait on the governor and notify him of the assembly's readiness to receive any communication. A similar committee was sent by the senate. In response, the governor's private secretary visited both houses and delivered to each "a communication in writing," which proved to be Governor Cleveland's resignation. It was addressed simply to "the legislature," and was a very brief and business-like document, containing no needless rhetoric or useless words. It did not even hint at the cause for the resignation or indulge in any complimentary remarks at severing the tie. Simply, "I hereby resign the office of governor of the state of New York." On the receipt of this brief message a joint committee of the two houses was appointed to wait upon the lieutenant-governor and notify him of the fact. That committee found the lieutenant-governor awaiting them in his proper apartment. He received their message with becoming dignity and accompanied them to the executive chamber, where Governor Cleveland was waiting. There Governor Hill took the oath of office, and then received from the retiring governor a transfer of the office and authority. It had been previously arranged that Lamont, Governor Cleveland's private secretary, should serve the new governor in that capacity for a few days, and five minutes later Secretary Lamont appeared at the bar of the assembly with "a message from the governor." This proved to be the usual annual message, which was transmitted by the new governor. And thus quietly and simply was effected the change in the executive head of this great state.

AN INFORMAL LEVEE.
Immediately after the reading of the governor's message either house of the legislature adjourned until next Tuesday evening, to give their presiding officers ample opportunity to arrange the committees, and then the members repaired singly and in groups to the executive chamber, where the retiring and newly invested governors held a joint but informal levee. Everybody was admitted who chose to enter, and both governors shook hands with all comers. Cleveland was usually addressed as "Mr. President," the title of governor being reserved for Hill. The latter is a dapper little bald-headed man, not over 45 years of age, of quick, nervous movement, well dressed, and abundantly stocked with smiles. In general physique he is not unlike Colonel J. P. Jackson, the able editor of the Post, though I doubt whether he possesses the versatile talent of that popular journalist, his training having been confined to law and politics.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF CLEVELAND.
Grover Cleveland is altogether different from his successor, and entirely different from the fibrous lithographs of him sent out during the campaign, and which convey the impression of a coarse, bloated or overgrown man, with a neck broader than his head and very little intellectuality in his face. On the contrary, he is a man of average stature—say five feet and nine inches in height, well built, though by no means a heavy man, with a fair sized neck and head, in good proportion; an open, frank, pleasing face, well-cut features, an eye that seems to read you through as you stand before him; a pleasant, soft voice, with a good flow of language; dressed becomingly in plain black, without the slightest pretensions to style, though looking, in every respect, like a gentleman. He receives all callers cordially, is not chary of conversation, but imparts but little information to his numerous visitors, rather seeking always to acquire that useful commodity. Unless with particular intimates or noted public men who have been invited to confer with him, he encheques politeness, when possible, in conversation, but when the subject is thrust upon him, makes haste to change the subject. One other characteristic; he is a man who does his own thinking to an exceptionally great extent, and when called upon to decide any grave matter, while he does not reject advice, but, on the contrary, invites it from proper sources, the decision is always his own and is never known to anybody until he announces it.

CLEVELAND'S METHODS.
An illustration of the president-elect's methods is seen in the matter of some of his more noted letters. His letter to John Kelly, of Tammany hall, asking "for any personal comfort," that, asking

he not returned to the senate, was unknown to anybody until one evening the governor produced it and asked his private secretary, Lamont, to read it. Lamont read it and advised him not to send it. The governor merely replied, "I know it is not such a letter as a politician would write, but I shall send it all the same," and it went, to cause him the hostility of a majority of the leaders of Tammany hall. His letter to Mrs. Beecher was seen by nobody until the lady to whom it was addressed received it. His recent letter to George William Curtis, declaring in favor of the enforcement of the civil service reform law, was likewise wholly his own production, though it was shown to his private secretary and one or two intimate friends before it was sent, but not a line or word of it would he modify for anybody. And it is well that he did not, because that document has made him, in the east at least, the most popular man of the day. But I have merely referred to these letters as showing his mental habits. Thousands of politicians from all parts of the country have called upon him since his election to the presidency, to all of whom he has given cheerful and patient audiences, but I do not believe that one out of every thousand of the number has gone away one whit wiser than when they came. They may have departed feeling assured from the courteous manner of their reception, or the friendliness manifested toward them, that they were particular favorites, and destined to back in the sunshine of executive partiality for four years to come; but that is their own inference, for which, if they recall the words that fell from the great man's lips, they will find no justification. Indeed, that is

ANOTHER OF CLEVELAND'S PECULIARITIES.
He prefers to smile rather than to frown. The severest criticism I have heard of him is because of this trait. I know one prominent democratic politician of this state who opposed his election for president because when, on a certain occasion, he called to urge the claims of a certain gentleman for bank commissioner, and left under the impression that his friend would certainly be appointed, the next day Governor Cleveland sent another name to the senate. I also know a veteran democratic editor who called to induce the governor to veto a bill. The governor received him so warmly and seemed to sympathize so earnestly with his cause, that he went away fully persuaded that the bill would be vetoed. The next day it was signed approved. And yet both of these gentlemen are forced to admit that, aside from his cordial manner, they had no reason to suppose that they had won the governor to their cause. He made no promise in either case, and therefore broke none. Their complaint is, that instead of seeming to be friendly to their interests, he should have told them outright that he could not serve them. But he pretors to keep his own counsel and make his interviews as cheerful and pleasant as possible.

TO-MORROW THE GOVERNOR LEAVES HERE for Buffalo to attend to some urgent private business, which will detain him four or five days. That accomplished he will return to this city, where he has engaged a private residence, in which he will dwell until called to Washington. In that private residence he will be at home to all callers as heretofore at the executive chamber or the executive mansion, both now surrendered to Governor Hill. There will be arranged the preliminaries of his administration. Those whose advice he desires will be invited to meet him there, though in the cases of one or two of the patriarchy of democracy whose counsels he earnestly desires, in deference to their age and physical infirmities, he may wait upon them at their residences. But such visits will be quietly made and probably without the knowledge of the general public.

CLEVELAND'S ADVISERS.
I met to-day Daniel Manning, who is popularly accredited with more influence with Cleveland than any other one man in the country. In this case, as in many other instances, popular report is not altogether accurate. Manning is undoubtedly very close to the president-elect, as is Smith, Weed and W. C. Whitney. But all three of these gentlemen appreciate the fact that the prominence to which they have attained is in state and not national politics. They also admit that, aside from his general executive ability, Cleveland is a novice in federal affairs. The gentlemen I have named consider themselves personally responsible for the success or failure of the incoming administration, and are therefore extremely solicitous that it shall at least start off right. And for that reason they are anxiously endeavoring to surround the president-elect with wise and competent counselors. Not by any means that they assume to dictate the members of his cabinet. That is precisely what they do not feel competent to do; nor yet to mark out the policy of his administration. But they are all men of affairs, and are concerned in having a stable and conservative government. And for this reason they are watchful that Cleveland shall be controlled in the preliminary work by statesmen of conceded ability, who possess the confidence of the party generally, who are thoroughly versed in national affairs, and who, like themselves, recognize the

traditional conservatism of true democracy. They want a Jeffersonian administration for doctrine, and a Jacksonian administration for executive force and determination. And this, they insist, will be the kind of administration we shall have. Newfangled democracy will find no recognition in it. They who would run the old party on modern hobbies will be invited to back seats. Those who would embroil labor and capital will receive no recognition. The monopolies that have been nourished under republican auspices will receive no consideration whatever; nor will the natural outcome of that despicable policy, the communistic element, which has grown up within the past few years. A great corporation will occupy no more place in the eyes of the next administration than a common laborer, nor will the common laborer be given more consideration than Jay Gould or Vanderbilt. The gospel of the declaration of independence, that all men are born free and equal, will be revived; the heroes of the past quarter of a century will be stamped out, and we will get back to the ideas of the fathers of the republic, that one man, rich or poor, is as good as another so long as he is a law-abiding citizen. The antagonisms of wealth and poverty, of business and idleness, of corporations and private industries, are to be stamped out, and we are to have a good, genuine, old-fashioned democratic administration of the people, for the people, by the people.

NO SELECTIONS FOR THE CABINET.
Manning assures me that what I wrote you in my last letter is literally correct—that Cleveland has yet made no selections of cabinet officers. Three names have been determined upon as likely to be upon the cabinet roster; but cabinet-making has not yet been entered upon. Policy will first engage the attention of the president-elect, and now that he is relieved from the office of governor, so soon as he returns from the care of his private affairs at Buffalo, he will address himself to the duty of formulating the general principles that will govern his administration. That arranged, he can then look for cabinet officers who will be in full accord with the policies thus marked out. And until cabinet officers are determined upon, no other appointments, whether great or small, will receive the slightest consideration. At the present moment it is not possible to ascertain whether the Pacific coast will receive recognition or not. There is everywhere manifest a prejudice against the coast, and especially against California, because, first, of the action of the Stockton convention; and, second, because of the sudden and unlooked for transposition of a democratic majority of 23,000 into a minority of 12,000 or 13,000. However, it is not yet impossible to overcome these embarrassments, and the friends of California do not yet despair of securing a hearing on their merits. T. M. C.

DOWN THE GREAT RIVER.
Joachim Miller Steams Down the Muddy Mississippi to New Orleans.
NEW ORLEANS, Dec. 20.—"You seem to like this big, long Mississippi of yours?"
"Yes, and should like to see the end of it."
He nursed his sandy beard leisurely in his right hand, this big-hearted and biggest planter on the lower Mississippi.
We passed down the river, a mile wide, a winding yellow ribbon between the green fields that dip away to the gulf on either side as we sail on into the sea between the fields of green. A strange sight is this; a scene to be witnessed nowhere else on earth. The river is higher than the houses on its banks. The waters flow from this great river here, not toward it. All these vast emerald fields to left and to right and on and on as far as the eye can reach were formed from the soil of the great northwestern states and territories; even the mountains of Montana have come down here to help build this wondrous reach of land which leads this mighty river far out into the Mexican gulf. As we ride down its swift, strong course, it is as if we rode on the back of a horse. We are higher than the ground around us. This steamboat is our saddle. Astride of this stream, this strong and chafing and foaming steed, our feet might be imagined to reach down into the gulf on either side, and not very far away beyond the fertile fields to the right and to the left.
The river is eating away its banks year after year. Not much is lost in the aggregate certainly, for what is eaten up here is thrown out again there. But at one of the three great plantations on the lower Mississippi, the place where General Jackson had his headquarters when the British first threatened New Orleans, I was assured as we sailed past, on a level with the dining-room, that we were sailing over the garden and orange grove where Jackson took his walks.
RICE AND SUGAR.
The next great plantation, with its steaming and groaning sugar house, its 500 men and its 3000 mules, turning out its millions of tons of sugar annually—this plantation has a four-mile front on the river and a depth which includes all the habitable land back to the gulf. As we drive on down the great yellow river rice fields grow more frequent, and the green and gold of the orange, too, is crowding close upon the banks, where a few hours before we noted only the emerald cane. These rice fields, with clouds of black birds, blowing to and fro over them, have a darker gold than the wheat fields of the north. But the risks of rice close upon the banks look precisely like the wheat risks in the barnyards of the west. Now and then you see great steam mills smoking and groaning by the water. These are rice mills. All along on either side and all the time the low loose banks, black loam and soft mellow sand, rich as it is possible for fertility to be, are caving in, falling away, dragging down into the yellow, dirty water the willows, the cane and the fruit trees that grow and hover along the low bank. In one place I observe an orange tree bending over, sinking into the insatiable stream, the apples of gold bobbing up and down as the dirty waters flash up and down and catch at the fruit in its strong, swift sweep to the sea.

ORANGES IN FLUENT.
About 50 miles below New Orleans we drew in and tied up, to the tune of Dixie, and under a broad and brilliantly colored flag of our country. This place, the county seat, Pointe-a-la-Hache, if we omit the early Spanish settlers, the blacks and many Irish, is an entirely French town. The old Canadian habit of giving each settler a bit of river front prevails here and gives the town a water front of miles. Each man has his own acre frontage, but it may reach as far back as the sea, one acre wide, but hundreds deep.
Oranges! Oranges! Oranges! In a door-yard here I see a date tree with its full of red fruit tied up in a bunch on top of its head, as if it were a tall Nubian bearing a burden, the first date tree I have seen since leaving Arabia.
Across the river, a mile wide here, you look at the three-mile front of Governor Warmouth's plantation, one of the largest, richest, and most profitable in the south. Oh, the stories that might be told of the ancient splendor of the Magnolia plantation, with its three-mile front of oranges! Oranges! Oranges! I am told that the crop of oranges sells annually for \$20,000. I doubt it. But there is money here for any man who will plant the orange tree and let it grow as he pleases. All these little homes here, with their single acre frontage, are yellow with oranges. The simple and easy-going people are indifferent and idle. They sell the oranges as they grow to some Italian whose "luggie" is tied up to the caving and wasting bank before their doors for \$50, \$100, \$200, \$300, as they can, and bother themselves no more about it than they do about the long gray moss that sways from every tree, ready to be gathered and sold for gold.
WHAT ENTERPRISE MIGHT DO.
Enterprise would plant, and plant, and plant, for the market is at your door here and limitless. And enterprising men, no matter how poor, could come here and sit down in this village, or near it, buy a lot of this monstrously rich land, plant it in oranges and rice, and be rich and respected in only a little time. But no; the really able and enterprising elements are not content with slow growth and patience like that; they must have a whole plantation, and make a fortune in sugar in a single year. As for the other and dominant element, it will do nothing at all.
JOACHIM MILLER.
Looking West.
Looking west, what visions haunt me
Of the flaming sun
Golden circles run
In the dusk his life is dying,
And the ocean winds are sighing
For a day gone by.
Gold is stained with red and purple,
Life is marred with death,
And the night-drawn breath
Falls upon the great waters grimly,
And the sun-larks swinging dimly
In the blue-dimmed sky.
Looking west from Life's dark windows
Darker scenes I see
Than the dusk-crowned sea.
Life hath days too full of sorrow,
Sorrow still is each to-morrow
As the years drift by.
—Fannie Isabel Sherrick.
Brains in Farming.
It is a sort of traditional belief that if there is any business in which brains are not pre-eminently necessary to success, and which can be pursued in a stereotyped, routine fashion, it is farming. It is assumed that the farmer's work is the same year after year; that the same crops are planted on the same land and the harvest gathered and sold in the same manner, and that, in short, unremitting industry is the one road to success in tilling the earth, excluding originality of methods and ideas. It is true thousands of land owners and renters farm in this way and make a living, but they are not the men who grow rich in farming. This is so well demonstrated that the notion has gained support that fortunes cannot be made at all in farming, but this is because by most people farming is identified with this unenterprising, unprogressive method of tilling the soil. The truth is that farming is not only a business in which a moderate amount of brains is a paying investment all the time, but which offers opportunities for making occasional big strikes by men who have the foresight to see where a variation from the regular routine offers openings.
Routine farming continued for a series of years will bring the returns from the business down to the minimum percentage of profit, and it will remain there, allowing for variations of seasons and

Professional and Business Cards.

H. H. HAZARD. SHEDDEN F. WILSON.
HAZARD & WILSON,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW—
Empire City, Coos county, Oregon.
J. M. SIGLIN.
C. B. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
OFFICE—EMPIRE CITY.
J. M. SIGLIN.
SIGLIN & GRAY,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW.
OFFICES—In the Holland Building, opposite the Blanco Hotel, Front street, Marshfield, Or.
J. W. BENNETT,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW.
OFFICE—At the Coos Bay News office, Marshfield, Oregon.
A. J. LOCKHART. **A. M. CRAWFORD.**
CRAWFORD & LOCKHART,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW AND NOTARIES PUBLIC.
OFFICES—In Webster's new building, Front street, Marshfield, Oregon.
We are prepared to furnish abstracts of title to any parties wishing to buy or sell real estate or loan money on mortgage security and will give special attention to examining titles and conveying.
Business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention.
C. W. TOWER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—In the Holland Building, opposite the Blanco Hotel, Front street, Marshfield, Oregon.
J. T. MCCORMACK, M. D. **C. B. GOLDEN, M. D.**
GOLDEN & MCCORMACK,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
OFFICES—At the Marshfield Drug Store, opposite the Central Hotel, Front street, Marshfield, Oregon.
DR. MCCORMACK is United States examining surgeon for the district of southern Oregon.
J. R. CLEAVES,
JEWELER AND PHOTOGRAPHER,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
P. S.—Will be at Coquille City the last week of each month.
O. E. SMITH,
SURGICAL AND MECHANICAL
DENTIST.
Rooms: Over Kenyon's store, opposite Whitney's market, Front street, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
J. F. HALL,
COUNTY
SURVEYOR FOR COOS COUNTY, Oregon.
OFFICE: WITH T. G. OWEN, ESQ., In Ross & Timmerman's New Building, MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
PERFECT MAPS of all surveyed and entered lands furnished on short notice.
Fashionable
DRESS-MAKING
Mrs. W. F. Hill
AT HER RESIDENCE, NORTH FRONT street, first door north of Mark's furniture store, Marshfield.
Cutting and fitting in the latest styles a specialty.
Patrons are respectfully invited, work promptly executed, and all work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
H. S. BONEBRAKE,
Watchmaker and Jeweler,
Front street, Marshfield.
AT NORTON'S CIGAR STORE, NEXT to Norton's hall.
WATCHES AND JEWELRY
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
Promptly supplied at EASTERN PRICES
Repaired with neatness, perfection and dispatch at the lowest rates.
All work entrusted to me is warranted to give satisfaction.
H. S. BONEBRAKE.
THE BOSS
Spring Mattress!
The Gaylord Patent!
I AM NOW MANUFACTURING and selling at my shop, at the ship yard, the cheapest and best spring mattress for the price ever put upon this market. It combines strength, lightness, durability, simplicity and adaptability to beds of all kinds and dimensions, and was awarded the first premium at the last Oregon state fair. Retail price, \$6; wholesale, \$4.50. Before buying your mattress, examine the mine, which is decidedly the cheapest article of the kind on the bay.
GEO. DAVIS.
JOB PRINTING
OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS
EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE
WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH
AT SAN FRANCISCO PRICES.