

The Coast Mail.

Published every Thursday morning.
By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON.

Thursday, January 29, 1885

CHARMING HELIGOLAND.

England's Little Island on the Coast of Germany.

[London Telegraph.]

Heligoland is the last bit of a large flat cake which Neptune has been gradually absorbing throughout centuries unnumbered. There are two or three mouthfuls left—a triangular slab some 300 feet high, a mile long, and some 100 feet broad at the base; and this is the last bit of the sea-god will finish up in 2,000 years—a fact we need not worry ourselves about for the present. The natives and the German summer-visitors call the place Heligoland, a name which sounds somewhat quaint to English ears, but they name it thus in good part and unconscious of evil. The small local guide-book tells us that the island possesses the appearance of a Scandinavian king Helgo, of Letland, in the dim old legendary times; and if we are not satisfied with this explanation we have the choice of Heligoland, the Holy Land, so called, from the fact of wholesale conversions to Christianity having been effected here by Lindgar in the eighth century.

At the risk of being reminded by the few that "Queen Anne is dead," I will venture for the many to state that the English took possession of the place in 1807, it having previously belonged to the Danes. It was not much good to the latter, and we wanted it as a refuge for our ships in the stormy north seas during the stormier days of the first Napoleon. The natives—about 2,000 in number—are easy to govern, for the British do to a governor at 300 pounds sterling a year—whose house, by the by, is in a sand state of disrepair—and six coast-guardmen, with as many muskets and telescopes, the latter continually sweeping the horizon for smugglers or the French—who do not come.

As a watering place Heligoland is, in my humble estimation, not far off perfection, nature and man having cordially co-operated in its construction. The little streets and little houses, squat and firm, as though crouching from the mighty winds which often sweep over the island, are scrupulously clean, the former always neatly paved, the latter much addicted to gay oil paint and gayer gardens, brilliant with stocks, marigolds, pinks, and other old-fashioned flowers.

There is the Oberland, for those who do not mind a climb, and down below at the base of the triangle, formed, as it were, of the crumblings of the half-entire cake, is the Unterland, the two regions being connected by an excellent broad staircase in zig-zag. Across the water, about a mile away, is a long wall, where the bathing goes on; there are land machines, horses being as rare as elephants in Heligoland, and "the gentlers are isolated," as a pedantic Scotch pew-opener once said to me. The bluff winds and waves of the north give a wonderful appetite and energy, so that one can understand the brave deeds of the Vikings, who once hung about these parts, and, doubtless, attacked one another out of pure excess of animal spirits. It is questionable, however, whether these heroes fared so well after their aquatic exploits as the modern "Curst" after "leaving the deep." There possibly was not much material comfort here in the good old freebooting times; but day we have beer and stout, solid Hamburg cooking to still the cravings of an appetite whetted by salt or swim. Besides, there is a good deal going on to amuse the tourist—music, theater, balls, fishing, sea-bird shooting, and the like.

How little is this charming strip of coast known to the English! There are six British visitors here now, all told. You can live comfortably for 12 to 15 marks (say shillings) per diem, and you can get here from London, via Hamburg and Cuxhaven, under thirty hours.

Sixpenny Vegetarian Dinners.

[London Standard.]

Vegetarianism is said to be making way in Manchester. A sixpenny dinner of vegetables has for some time past been obtainable in the city, and the demand for it is great. The only question seems to be whether those who eat it are strictly vegetarians. It is more than probable that in very many cases the vegetable dinner is taken as a substitute for meat, and that the vegetarian at half-past 1 becomes a carnivorous at 7. However, the ambition of the society which provides the dinner has been aroused, and a special effort was made in the shape of an eighteenth-century dinner, all of vegetables.

The success of the experiment was great. All the tickets were sold hours before the time appointed, and what was no doubt a capital dinner to take once in a way that was enjoyed by the purchasers. Green peas and tomato soup, curried vegetables and rice, macaroni and peas, were in the menu, but the chief successes were a mushroom pie and a vegetable fritter with fried onions. So popular was the pie that the quantity provided was quite insufficient, though, perhaps, the fritter was the hit of the entertainment. Concerning this the report of the chairman of the committee is interesting. He writes: "The accidental insertion into the mouth of a shred of (under the circumstances) delicious fried onion was a great surprise. It had some what the effect produced when a bone, softly drifting down the throat, suddenly strikes land. The difference between the innocent admixture of fried vegetables and the bold, pungent onion was most striking. The chaste palate, unexpectedly finding something to grip at, rose, as it were, in its strength."

Cure for Rheumatism.

[New Haven Union.]

A rheumatic Danburyite used a shot-gun for a crutch the other day, turning the muzzle down. With this he tramped over the house till tired, when he sat down, reversed the gun and played with the trigger. The discharge made a hole in the ceiling and the shock cured the rheumatism. It makes the head of the family living down stairs quite sick to think that the explosion might have taken place when the gun was being used as a crutch.

Opera in Montana.

[Exchange.]

This is the way in which the critic of a Montana paper described the prima donna of a burlesque opera company: "From her clear, birdlike upper notes she would utter away down to the bass, and then cushion back to a sort of spiritual treble that made every man in the audience imagine that the head of the family living down stairs quite sick to think that the explosion might have taken place when the gun was being used as a crutch."

After Many Years.

[Allaby Express.]

Shaffer was engaged in the running up of a case before Judge Marvin when Smith entered the room to be on hand for the trial of one of his own cases, which immediately followed Shaffer's on

A Wise Elder Sister.

"Oh, sister, all the week you've worn Why do you look so trim this morn'g In hussy to bright?"

"It seems a shame that you should wear The dress you have on now, I'm sure. They are so beautiful, my dear, And they'll be spoiled, I vow."

"Why don't you wear an older pair, And save these others till Next summer, when we go up there To Hotel Kanterhall?"

The elder sister gave a glance And scornfully said: "An idea never seems to dance, My darling, through your head."

"When days are bright I'll wear the white, But when the day is wet I'll wear the blue that's new and bright, They'll see them then, you bet!"

—Philadelphia Times.

GOOD AND BAD OMENS.

Superstitions of the "Night Liners."

Child-Like Faith in the Significance of Signs.

[Philadelphia Times.]

"After sailors and gamblers, the all-night boat drivers who prowled up and down Chestnut street and the cross town thoroughfares from midnight until sunrise are the most superstitious people I know," said an old detective last night. "Like the men who follow the water, they cannot be talked out of their queer ideas, and they have certain customs which they follow out as religiously as the most methodical man in town lives his daily life. The 'night hawk,' as he is called, is not, as a rule, of satisfactory reputation. He has generally had some acquaintance with the police and does not move in the society of a John who drives for a first-class livery stable."

Very early yesterday morning two thin horses hobbled down Chestnut street, drawing a hack which may have been used by some swell livery stable a quarter of a century ago, but which had degenerated into a carryall for men who are kept late at their lodge rooms. Just before the horses got to Eighth street a white cat ran across the street and disappeared behind the iron grating of Sharpless & Bros.' cellar. The "night hawk" saw the cat and jerked his half starved horses nearly off their feet as he brought them to a standstill; then with an old whip he lashed them as he turned them around and ran them up Chestnut street at a gallop, the driver looking over his shoulder like a veritable Tam O'Shanter watching for the witches.

When he got to Ninth street he turned north and kept up the run until Market street was reached.

A cat crossing in front of a "night hawk's" "outrig" is considered bad enough luck to dwarf the night's business, but a white cat means utter demoralization for the night. Some "haws" immediately begin to drink, in order that they may forget the apparition of the white cat, and when a "night hawk" is visited with the delirium tremens he does not see snakes, like the ordinary sufferer, but hundreds of white cats crawl before his vision.

A driver of an all-night hack never puts his left foot on the wheel first on getting into the box; he thinks it bad luck, and nothing can induce him to open the door of his cab or carriage with his left hand. If a shoe becomes loose on one of his horse's feet, that's a bad omen and causes the driver to believe that some bad luck is in store for him.

When the moon is shining brightly and a big cloud suddenly hides it from view and causes darkness to settle on the streets the "hawk" grows suspicious. He is a great coward as a rule—more afraid, though, of a shadow than he is of the substance. If the passenger happens to be a drunken man with a torn umbrella that is considered good luck and a sign that rain will be plentiful and make business good.

Night hawks do not like to hear of fires. The presence of a fire engine on Chestnut street causes them to think of calamity. Some of them won't eat after night, for fear it will change their luck, but they never refuse a drink. The lighted stump of a cigar picked up after it has been thrown away by a well-dressed man and quickly smoked is thought to bring good luck.

All the Johns who are only seen on the streets at night are great policy players. If they are lucky they make a \$5 bill, but by the time the horses' scant feed is bought and the policy slips are paid for there is not much left, and the rag-tag backman of the wee small hours comes back under cover of darkness the next night just as poor as ever.

The majority of them will gladly carry an actress or an actor free, believing that the profession are harbingers of good fortune. If a gas lamp is blown out on a stormy night the Jehu will stop, get off his box, and take the trouble to light the escaping gas, believing that it is not good policy to pass in the darkness. They have a great dread of car horses without bells, and never like to see a colored man with a white hat on. Some of them believe that they have to turn their horses a certain number of times in a night before they will catch a customer, and a great many believe that if they are not lucky at policy they will be unlucky on the street that night. As a rule, they prefer passengers who are very much intoxicated, as the practice of extortion is more successfully carried out when the occupant of the hack can't tell a \$5 bill from a \$2 note. It is because the "night hawk" has no conscientious scruples as to fair dealing with the public that he is looked down upon and thus made ineligible to be elevated to the social pinnacle of son-in-law to a millionaire banker.

A Practical Joke.

[Allaby Express.]

Shaffer was engaged in the running up of a case before Judge Marvin when Smith entered the room to be on hand for the trial of one of his own cases, which immediately followed Shaffer's on

the calendar. Among the natural gifts possessed by the latter was wonderful command of language and a goodly pair of lungs. His stentorian voice could be heard a block from the court-room, and when he chose to exert it he could well-nigh raise the dead. As he was thundering away with his argument to the jury, Smith had observed the client, with his mouth open, eyes watchful and attentive, and drinking in his lawyer's eloquence. Going near enough to be heard by him, he remarked to another person: "Shaffer is going to lose his case, for there is a jurymen who is hard of hearing, and he is a fellow who always controls the rest, and he don't hear Shaffer." The client sneaked over to Shaffer's side and whispered, "Speak louder, Shaffer." "Sit down, you infernal idiot!" snorted Shaffer in an angry undertone. The client had hardly resumed his seat when Smith again observed within hearing of the man: "What a pity it really is that Shaffer doesn't speak louder; if he does not he will lose the case beyond a shadow of doubt." Again did the client pull at the coat tail of Shaffer and implore him to speak louder, and once more did the amazed Shaffer order him to his seat with a blessing.

Smith made a third essay in the client's hearing. "Shaffer is beaten; he might as well throw up the sponge; the deaf jurymen has decided upon a verdict, as he is gazing fixedly on the floor and he won't look up unless he hears more than he does at present." "Good heavens, do you think so?" ejaculated the client. "Certainly I do," replied Smith. "The goose is cooked." The now thoroughly frightened man jumped up in a chair so as to command the attention of the court, and with a roar like that of a boreal blast he howled even the voice of Shaffer, and implored the judge to compel Shaffer to speak louder in order that the foreman of the jury, who was as deaf as a stone, might hear him. Shrieks of laughter and a perfect tornado of mirth brought the trial of the action to a sudden termination.

New Movement in Irish Affairs.

CINCINNATI, Jan. 10.—A new movement in Irish affairs will be inaugurated by the publication to-morrow of two letters, one from Hon. J. P. Carbery, a prominent merchant, to Major John Byrne, a prominent railroad man and late vice president of the Irish national league of America, asking Major Byrne to institute a fund for the payment of Irish members of parliament. The other is Major Byrne's reply, proposing the organization of the "American Irish parliamentary club," by which 20,000 persons in the United States will agree to pay \$5 per annum each toward Irish members of parliament so long as constitutional methods as conducted by Parnell are maintained. Major Byrne asks Americans and the more prominent and influential class of the Irish race in America to interest themselves in the movement, which he thinks will lift the Irish movement to a higher plane and place it beyond personal or political use in this country. These gentlemen, because of the alleged control of the national league by secret oath-bound organizations, have withdrawn from that body. Eugene Kelly, banker of New York, will have custody of the funds. The prominence and standing of these gentlemen gives significance to this movement. Everything of an illicit character is condemned, and fidelity to American citizenship and moral law is advocated. It is said many prominent Americans and leading men of Irish blood in this city are encouraging the movement, believing that a few years of parliamentary struggle will give self-government to Ireland.

Major John Byrne, who has been asked by Hon. J. P. Carbery to institute an American Irish parliament fund to yield \$100,000 yearly, not wishing to assume the responsibility alone on such an important movement, has called a meeting of such citizens of Cincinnati and vicinity as feel an interest in the matter, to be held at the Burnet house January 24, to take steps to form the proposed organization.

A New Bird.

We do not claim to have made a discovery such as to add to ornithological science materially, for of course the species of bird we shall proceed to mention already has a place in the classification of the winged minstrels of the forest. During the fall just passed, and the present winter, a bird strange to this part has put in an appearance in considerable numbers. They are about the size of the Oregon quail, with round, plump, dove-colored bodies, with white breasts and amber-colored heads. Why these birds attract particular attention is the fact of their extraordinary tameness. They seem fond of lingering about dwellings, barns and fields, and will light down upon a fence within a foot or so from where a person is standing. And they come and go, their absence being noticeable for weeks at a time perhaps, when they will return to the haunts they had apparently abandoned. What are they?—[Southwest Oregon Recorder.]

After Many Years.

A day or two ago Geo. Sypher found a heavy anchor chain on the beach near Floras lake, leading out into the surf in such a manner as to make it probable that the anchor is still attached to it. That calls to mind a peculiar shipwreck which happened there something like eighteen years ago. A large vessel, a barque, was seen drifting aimlessly around just north of west of Cape Blanco in such a manner as to indicate that she was deserted. She was seen there a day or two gradually approaching the shore, and during the night, or early in the morning, she drifted in on the beach at the place where the anchor is now

found. We never learned her name, where she hailed from or whence she came. She was lumber laden, probably from the sound for San Francisco. The cargo furnished material for several houses in this vicinity, and parts of her ironwork may yet be seen all through the county. No human remains were found upon or near the wreck, and, according to our information, the boats, clothing, papers and instruments were missing, showing that she had undoubtedly been abandoned by her crew. Did they reach port? Who shall tell? It is only one more of the many mysteries of the sea.—[Southwest Oregon Recorder.]

Officers of the Abbey Cowper Censured.

ASTORIA, Jan. 10.—The naval court, composed of P. L. Cherry, British vice consul; Captain Sember, of the ship Perthshire, and Captain Olsen, of the ship Citadel, completed the inquiry to-day on the loss of the Abbey Cowper. Several witnesses were examined, among them Captain Gregory of the Shubrick, Pilot George Wood, Captain Alstream, and members of the crew of the Abbey Cowper. The findings are substantially as follows:

After due deliberation this naval court finds that the bark Abbey Cowper was lost on the outer sands of the entrance to Shoalwater bay, on the 4th of January, 1885. The evidence shows that at 9 p. m. of said day the ship was about eight miles one-fourth south from Toke point light, and not 15 miles, as was supposed by the master; and to this error can be attributed the primary cause of the loss of the vessel.

The court finds that the master, not knowing he was coming to the north-west coast of America, is not to blame for not having provided charts of the coast, and that he used his best endeavors to procure the same, after receiving orders to proceed to Portland, Oregon. That the facts of the current shoreward and strong suck of Shoalwater bay being not known to the master, exonerates him in a great measure.

On the other hand, the master is strongly to blame, in not heaving the lead so near shore, or giving orders to the officer on watch to do so, when he left the deck.

That First Officer Bevan, being left in charge of the deck, is to be censured for not notifying the captain of the difference in the bearings, and that he should himself have put the helm hard up before going below to tell the captain.

The court finds that from the moment the helm was put hard up everything was done that could be done to save the ship.

The court, therefore, on returning the master's certificate, does so with a strong censure of his neglect, in not heaving the lead when approaching a strange coast, and hopes he will take warning in the future.

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AND

NOTIONS.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

NOTICE.

HAVING RETIRED FROM BUSINESS

at the Empire City and Drains station, I am requested to inform all parties indebted to me at said station to settle up their accounts as soon as possible, as I am preparing to depart from the county and my business must be settled up before I go. If any persons indebted to me will save me extra trouble and themselves extra and unnecessary expense by at once complying with this request and making prompt settlement without further notice.

All engagements that I have outstanding to receive either by bill or cash, will be settled up by me before I go.

In this connection I desire to return my sincere thanks to the people of Coos bay and vicinity for the many favors I have enjoyed at their hands, and I beg to say for my successors in business a continuance of the kind management and assistance of H. WHITNEY.

Marshfield, Or., September 24, 1884.

MAN.

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SUMMONS.

IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE

State of Oregon, for the County of Coos.

CHARLOTTE E. BULLARD, plaintiff, vs. JAMES H. BULLARD, defendant.—Summons for relief. Suit in equity for divorce.

To JAMES H. BULLARD, above-named defendant, in the name of the State of Oregon—You are hereby summoned to appear and answer the complaint filed against you in the above entitled court and cause, in which Charlotte E. Bullard, above named, is plaintiff, and you, James H. Bullard, are defendant, on or before the first day of the next regular term of court, to be held at the court-house in Empire City, in said county, on the 25th day of May, A. D. 1885.

And if you fail so to appear and answer, the plaintiff will apply to the court for the relief demanded in the complaint—defendant.

For the discontinuance of the marriage contract existing between plaintiff and defendant.

For the care and custody of their minor child, Millie Bullard.

For alimony, and that defendant pay such sum as shall be just for the maintenance of said minor child, Millie Bullard.

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