

BETTY LEEDS.

The rounded moon was shining bright (This so the story goes) Upon a chilly winter night, When all the fields and lanes were white With many-drifted snows.

The winter winds were piping shrill (This so the story goes) When hoarse Simon Pettigill His outer-dove across the hill To visit Betty Leeds.

Now Simon was a likely lad (This so the story goes) And could the choice of girls have had, So Betty Leeds was proud and glad To be the one he chose.

She somehow knew, that winter's eve, (This so the story goes) A call from Simon she'd receive, Nor would her trusting heart believe He'd stay for drifting snows.

And so she donned her ribbons bright, (This so the story goes) Pined on the logs and trimmed the light, And waited through the winter night— This trusting Betty Leeds.

All night she waited, but in vain, (This so the story goes) And ne'er saw she his face again, For white and frozen in the lane, He lay beneath the snows.

A smile of rare and perfect grace (This so the story goes) Lay like a blessing on his face, As some sweet thought had left its trace— A thought of Betty Leeds.

A woman, old, with hair grown white, (This so the story goes) Still pines the logs and trim the light, And waits for some one in the night Who sleeps beneath the snows.

—The Current.

A THIEF'S DIARY.

An Excellent Illustration of Hard Times.

November 23.—Offered mansion in Yandevener place. No silver plate—ticket for same and tickets for other articles in secret safe over mantel; no jewels. Nothing in man of house's pockets but 15 cents, Waterbury watch and season complimentary to dine nansem. Lady of house apparently broke. Took \$14 from servant girl's clothes. Got coachman's diamond pin and gold watch. Didn't take the boss' 15 cents.

November 26.—Merchant's house on Pine near Grand. Nothing worth carrying off except door mat at entrance. Found a stock of cold victuals in merchant's sleeping room; probably left there to prevent servants from wasting or carrying off anything. Only one servant girl in house and she penniless. Found note from employer in pocket, in which he promised to pay her wages for March as soon as times got better. Carried off nothing but patent boot jack, which I traded on Eleventh street for a drink.

November 27.—Boarding house on Olive street. Sixteen clerks and widow landlady. All slept soundly, and all poor—landlady poorest of all. Learned from bar room, next block, that the growler hadn't been worked from this house for four nights.

December 1.—Bank on street. Interrupted while at work on vault by night watchman, who said he had been through the safe himself and assured me that there was nothing in it but some mutilated currency and worthless East St. Louis and Chicago bonds. Thanked watchman for saving me the trouble of further investigation.

December 2.—Entered house of well-known lawyer near Lafayette park. Found in lawyer's pocket notice to pay overdue water license and letter from another man's wife. Took lawyer's wife's ear rings; Rhine stones; got 30 cents for them. After lawyer, tried reporter's residence on Chouteau avenue. Scooped in \$541, but lost swag while launing from a copper.

December 5.—First exploits on highway. Stopped one man and got a dime song book and paper of chewing tobacco. Second man gave up 35 cents and a half pint of whisky.

December 7.—Stopped Pine street saloon keeper. Hadn't a cent; showed me his books. Several politicians, recently defeated, and big accounts against them. Told me the gang was giving him nothing but the finger lately. Sympathized with him and got an invitation to call around and have a social drink.

December 9.—Stopped a newspaper man on the big bridge. Hadn't a cent. Had been feeding the tiger over in East St. Louis.

December 16.—Stopped well dressed gentleman, and, before I could make my business known, he asked me for a dime for a lad.

December 19.—Joined the Y. M. C. A., and picked two pockets. Result: A couple coupons "Male help wanted" advertisements clipped from daily papers.

December 20.—Got stopped on street myself by Broadway merchant, who wanted my money or my life. Said he had a family at home starving and couldn't collect a cent or sell a dollar's worth of goods. I took pity on him and gave him a Mexican dollar I had carried for a pocket piece.

December 21.—Tried housebreaking again. Woke man up, who told me if I found anything of value in the house to call his attention to it and we'd divide. Found nothing.

December 24.—Stopped pawnbroker, who got down on his knees and cried, said business was so dull that even his best friends had quit borrowing money from him. Let him go. Stole turkey from all-night saloon. Turkey as poor as the rest of us. Gave it decent burial in a sewer opening.

December 27.—Stolek overcoat from hall on Washington avenue; couldn't get more than three drinks for it; no

more overcoats since clothing stores got to advertising new coats for 40 cents; it don't pay to steal them.

December 28.—Mistaken for snow shoveler. Clothes getting terribly bad; face likewise; will have to stop barber in street and rob him of a shave.

December 29.—Tapped till in a Franklin avenue candy store and got 42 cents and three lottery tickets. Money had an inch of dust on it.

December 31.—Resolve to turn over a new leaf. Burglarize a tobacco store. No money. Carry off four boxes anction cigars, and sell them to Cass avenue grocer for \$2.

January 1.—Hollered at a dude who had been out calling. Ho faintest away. Nothing but a silk handkerchief, two cigarettes and some cake crumbs in his pockets.

January 5.—Growing desperate; knocked down a councilman. Found 14 slips of car tickets in his pocket and letter from president of the company in reference to the cable railway. Councilman considered pure and above reproach. Ha! ha!

January 7.—Stopped banker, who mistook me for a depositor, and began to make an elaborate apology. Sorry for banker. He's in a worse hole than I am.

January 15.—Anything for an honest living. I turn beggar. Frightened a messenger boy out of 10 cents; beer and a wiener wurs sandwich.

January 18.—Tried to melt a book-keeper. Told truth when I said I hadn't eat anything for 48 hours. Book-keeper sorry, but said he was 8 or 10 meals behind himself.

January 19.—Robbed a blind man in an alley. Got all he had—20 cents. He said he was hungry, but I told him his eyes were bigger than his stomach.

January 20.—Couldn't beg anything or rob anybody, so I stole a ride on a street car just to keep my hand in.

January 23.—Met a member of Merchants' exchange, who offered me a deal in May wheat for my good will and the route I was working. Took the deal; afterwards sorry.

January 26.—Cold, broke and miserable. Broke open poor box in Catholic church on Jefferson avenue. Only a spiel mark in the box.

January 27.—Enter into partnership with another beggar. I knock a man down on my route and kick a colored man in the jaw. No money. My partner has his overcoat stolen, and I lend him mine.

January 29.—Have seen nothing of overcoat or my partner since last night. Am hungry and cold. Feel desperate. Will give myself up to police and ask to be stripped of my personal liberty for the remainder of the winter.

P. S.—I have done the best I could to keep out of jail, but probably have made some mistakes, owing to the hardness of times. They are the worst in my recollection. I am sorry that I threw away my time in working a lot of paupers, and I promise never to rob a man, woman or child in St. Louis, or anywhere else again until the silver lining of the present financial cloud flashes itself on my glims.—[Post-Dispatch.

One of Everts' Mots.

One of the professional brothers of Everts at the New York bar, speaking of the wit and humor of the senator, relates the following: "I am not sure but his choicest mot was uttered at a dinner which was given several years ago in this city to Thomas Bailey Potter, a member of the English house of commons. The Rev. Henry Potter was the host, while among the guests were a number of other well known members of the Potter family. When it came Everts' turn formally to speak, he began about in this way: 'When I remember that we are being entertained by the Rev. Henry—Potter; that we were invited to meet Sir Thomas Bailey Potter; when I observe at my right Clarkston N.—Potter, and at my left the Rev. Elphalest Nott—Potter. I am reminded of the young country clergyman who was unexpectedly summoned to supply a city pulpit. The church was so imposing and the congregation so fashionable that when he rose to make the opening invocation he found himself a good deal frustrated. The result was that to the consternation of his hearers he led off with the petition: 'O Lord, help us never to forget that Thou art the clay and we are the Potters.'"

The British bark Innewick, Captain Waters, arrived at Victoria the 2d inst. 31 days from Yokohama. At midnight on February 24th, in latitude 37 north, longitude 170 degrees 15 minutes east, the wind was blowing heavy from the southeast, with the ship running before it under short sail. At 1 in the morning it increased to a living gale, with the sky of a pitchy blackness. At 5 o'clock the captain, who was aroused by the mate, went on deck and found the sky changing to a fiery red, as if the entire heavens were in conflagration. All at once a large mass of fire appeared over the vessel, completely blinding the spectators at the time, and as it fell into the sea some fifty yards to the leeward, it caused a hissing sound, heard even above the blast, causing the vessel to quiver from stem to stern. Hardly had this disappeared when the mate, clutching the captain's arm, cried: "My God! what's that?" pointing to a towering mass of white foam rapidly approaching the apparently doomed vessel. The noise from the advance of the volume of water is described as deafening. As the bark was struck flat aback, and before there was time to touch a brace, the sails filled again and the roaring white sea could be seen passing away ahead. To increase the horror of the situation, another vast sheet of flame ran down the mizen mast, from whose rigging poured myriads of sparks, and for 20 minutes the strange red of the sky remained. The master, who is an old and experienced mariner, declares that the awfulness of the sight was beyond description.

The Uses of Fans.

Miss Lookabout, in a New York letter, tells of a new use to which fans are put: Did you suppose that clothes were always warmth and fans for coolness? Well, then, you are mistaken. Your theory is sound in the main, but the ball belle now reverses it. She goes to the gay gatherings of dancers in the decollete fashion sanctioned by polite usage. It is as clear as can be that her garb has no reference to warmth. Every draught of air threatens her with pneumonia, and change from the temperature of a room to that of a cooler one means neuralgia or rheumatism. In this quandary she has bethought herself of making her fan a paradox. She employs that article of adornment, flirtation and refrigeration for still another purpose. She gets a big one, constructed of feath-

Paragraphs of Poultry.

That pernicious habit, detrimental to health, feather-picking, is not, as generally supposed, an indication of unhealthy condition, nor a positive indication of defect in food. It is rather the result of the unnatural method of giving food in large installments. Fowls are persistent and constant feeders and the instinct resists every attempt to educate it. They must have employment and all their energies are directed to filling their crop. If they are not provided with rational food to which they can resort at pleasure they take the next best thing however irrational and unsavory it may be. Cooked food and especially that which is salted creates an unnatural and irrational appetite and leads directly to feather-picking and kindred evils. Dry, fine food in constant supply will prevent the habit and generally eradicate it, though not always, for bad habits are difficult to overcome.

The excessive use of wood-ashes in dust baths should be avoided. They destroy the oil of the skin and feathers, and make them harsh and dull. They are no better than coal-ashes or any other fine dust.

A gentleman widely known for his epicurean taste says that well-cooked fowl is much superior to chicken however well cooked. It is all a question of cook's skill, and yet fowl is generally rated in markets at half the price of chicken. There are not a few people in the secret who are smart enough to secure the benefit of this absurd discrimination which costs the egg-producing farmers of the country thousands of dollars every year. The farmers could well afford to establish cooking schools and teach their customers the art of good living.

Why not a young people's poultry society in every town? There is one at Evanston, Ill., officered, manned and managed entirely by boys, with a large body of girls and quite a sprinkling of grown folks as visitors to their shows. The suggestion to separate the best of the flock for breeding purposes is a good one. "A dozen hens should furnish eggs enough from which to hatch 150 pullets, and if the parents are well selected they will be worth more than 200 taken from the flock without selection."

A recent poultry writer ventures to question the idea long prevalent that fowls having free range are necessarily most productive of eggs. "Fowls in confinement having all their wants properly attended to will be just as profitable." Experiments seem to justify the claim that roup may be speedily cured by sulphur fumigation. The application is very simple and has the merit of being harmless, if discreetly managed, and if carried far enough it has the further merit of being a most excellent general disinfectant and insecticide. The simplest method is to place a few inches of earth or ashes in the bottom of any old metallic vessel and burn a little sulphur in the closed house. A common plan is to place a shovelful of coals in the vessel and sprinkle on the sulphur; a good deal less expensive one is to put in some loose paper and on that place the sulphur in a loosely made package and fire the paper with a lighted match. This affords abundant time to get out and close the door before the flame reaches the sulphur. If a thorough fumigation of the building is desired it might be necessary to turn the fowls out to avoid possible asphyxiation.—[O. S. Bliss.

An Old Custom About to Revive.

"The fashion of wearing beauty spots and patches is coming into vogue again quite largely this season," said a fashionable ladies' hair dresser. "At the ball of the assembly a number of ladies wore little stars and half moons on their faces, and at the charity ball one lady wore a tiny coach-and-four in black court plaster on her forehead. These patches may be purchased of almost any hair dresser in the city. See, here is a box of one dozen different patterns." He opened a small pasteboard box and displayed twelve little pieces of black court plaster cleverly cut into various designs. A coach-and-four, a man on a bicycle, a ship in full sail, Punch and Judy, and others were among the number. This fashion was introduced at the great ball of the French consulate in London last November by the Comtesse des Berangeres, one of the ladies in waiting on the exiled Empress Eugenie. It was considered so becoming that it instantly became the rage and was quickly sent over here. The final touch was put to the movement at the late hair dressers' convention at Vienna, when patches were employed by each of the competing hair dressers.—[Philadelphia Times.

"Let the White Race Race Up."

Heretofore, all appeals to race pride have been made to and for colored men. In the social scale they were regarded as the lowest unit. Of true manhood negroes have been held to be ignorant of first principles.

But this appeal is to the white race. To the proud Caucasian. To the race of superior attainments, noble prowess, mightier achievements and grander destiny. We appeal to this race to stand up and denounce the tramp element in this country which is composed almost entirely of white men. Every railroad is besieged with tramps who warm themselves by the neighborly stove until the last train goes out or the last one comes in and the place is closed against them. They are not colored men. Our city police stations are crowded with tramps seeking shelter from the cold and storm. They are not colored men. Daily a knock is heard at the back door and a head intrudes itself accompanied by an outstretched hand begging for bread. Often these

Paragrap of Poultry.

are able bodied, healthy looking men who ought to be too proud to beg. Often they appear in good attire and seem to be in circumstances that would warrant them in taking social rank above the common pauper. They are not colored men. The colored man may be a prodigal life, but he seldom begs. He may be an idler and spend in summer what he should save for support in winter, but he scorns the name of pauper and considers it beneath him to beg his bread. He may steal a chicken but he never steals a railroad. He may invade the sanctity of a melon patch but not the seclusion of a bank vault. Let the white race brace up. Let the tramp element be put down. Race pride, if no other consideration, demands it. But outraged decency demands it. The tramp element is a nuisance. Many of them are dishonest. They take the proffered loaf with one hand and your silver spoons with the other. They refuse to pay fare on a railroad and try to wreck the train whose conductor refuses to give them a free ride. But they are not colored men. Let the white race brace up.—[Gate City (Kansas) Press.

An Arkansas squire is always equal to the occasion however trying it may be. An incident illustrating this happened in the St. Francis bottoms, Ark., a few days ago. A negro was crossing the Tyrone river on a mule, fell off and was drowned. The mule, however, came safely to shore and was immediately taken possession of by a "squire" who lived thereabouts. The river was dragged and after some time the negro's body was found and on it was strapped a pistol. Right here was where the "squire" came to the front. The negro had been dead three days, but the squire fined him \$50 and costs for carrying concealed weapons, and in default of payment confiscated the mule and pistol. A great and glorious future awaits this "squire."

By the recent acts of Congress quite important changes will be soon made in the postal service, namely, the reduction of newspaper postage from two to one cent a pound, and an increase in the amount of first-class matter which will be carried for two cents. By the new law, one ounce will be delivered for two cents instead of one half ounce. This law will probably go into effect on July 1, the beginning of the government fiscal year. Walter Booth of New Haven, Conn., has a colt which, having been annoyed by rats eating from his manger, has taken to watching the hole from which they come, and he will stand with his hoof raised till one of the rats comes out, and then strike it like lightning. The colt learned the trick from a cat that had spent its time watching that particular rat-hole.

The Arkansas legislature has passed a game law, an enactment that is a "peart" step toward civilization. Several gentlemen opposed the bill. One man said: "Mr. Speaker: This here law will keep a fellow from hunting in August. This is a calamity, for our people, not having anything else to do, will have to go to work."

Ardent Lover—"I have called, sir, to ask your permission to pay my addresses to your daughter." Old Gen (somewhat deaf)—"Pay for her dresses. Why, certainly, my dear sir. Here are the bills." He gave one glance at them and fled.

The newspaper humorist has his own peculiar trials. His best paragraphs are unnoticed until some piratical sheet prints them as original matter. Then they are copied from Dan to Beersheba, the pirate receiving credit when credit is given.

A man and his wife who have been in the business of manufacturing vinegar in New York city since 1879 have made an assignment. If a divorce suit had been the result of this partnership it would not have been surprising.

HONGELL & SELANDER.

O'Connell's new building, Front street. DEALER IN—BOOTS, SHOES AND—Clothing!

Ladies' fine and coarse shoes, boys boots and shoes, and gent's rubber coats, boots and shoes in great variety. Our ready-made boots and shoes were manufactured expressly for the lay trade. Hats, caps and underwear; stationery, cutlery, tobacco, cigars and matches. A full assortment of men's clothing, in suits or otherwise; mattresses, bed-clothing and valises. Custom-made boots and shoes a specialty, for which we keep the best French kip, calf and sole-leather. Our entire stock is of the latest styles and finish, and as cheap as the cheapest. Come and see us at our new store, in O'Connell's new building, Front street, no 9.

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CHEAPEST!

Quickest and Best EMPIRE CITY AND DRAIN'S STATIONERY Stage and Steamboat line, carrying the U. S. mails and Wells, Fargo & Co's express.

JARVIS, CORNWALL & CO. Leaves Empire City and Drain's station every MONDAY, WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY. The steamer JUNO or RESTLESS meets the stages at the mouth of the Umpequa. New and comfortable stages. Fare to Drain's station, 38 cents. Each passenger allowed 50 pounds of baggage. Passengers are requested to be in Empire City the night before departure. Information regarding the above line can be procured at the Blanco or Central hotels in Marshfield and at the offices of any public house in Empire. 116

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Miscellaneous Advertisements. CASTORIA for Infants and Children. Castoria is well adapted to children that is richly merited. It is superior to any preparation known to man. H. A. Jackson, N. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send 6 cents for postage and receive free a costly gift of goods which will help all of either sex, to spare money right away from anything else in this world. Fortunes await the workers absolutely sure. At once address TRUE & Co., Augusta, Maine. ap17

WHITE BRONZE MONUMENTS. ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS PRACTICALLY INDESTRUCTIBLE OVER 45000. SUPERIOR TO ALL OTHER MONUMENTAL MATERIALS. Designs and Prices by Application. FRED SCHETTER, of Empire. Agent for Coos county, Oregon. MINATURE MONUMENTS, MADE OF "White Bronze," are an exhibition of my office at Empire. Also illustrated designs of all descriptions of monuments, with prices and full particulars. Persons wishing to purchase monuments are invited to call upon me and inspect the "White Bronze," the newest, most and most durable substance of which they are now manufactured. 1-12 FRED SCHETTER, Empire City.

E. B. DEAN & CO. E. B. DEAN, D. WILLCOX AND C. H. MERCHANT. WE HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A FINE Assortment Of General Merchandise STOCK ALWAYS COMPLETE LUMBER MANUFACTURED TO ORDER And SOLD IN ANY QUANTITY DESIRED and at the LOWEST LIVING PRICES. EXCHANGE SALOON, Front street, Marshfield. N. P. HANSEN, Proprietor, DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF Gilson's well-known Whisky, A A Whisky and Sae Brandies, Wines, Cigars, etc. Also—Agent for the renowned Chicago Lager Beer and Porter, at wholesale and retail. Also—The celebrated Boca Beer, on draft or in bottles. R. KEINO, G. NYSTROM, A. SUDERLUND Proprietors. PIONEER SALOON, Front Street, Marshfield, SUDERLUND & KEINO. THIS OLD AND POPULAR SALOON, under the new management, has been re-furnished with a stock of CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS. (Which are served by courteous waiters.) A share of patronage solicited and appreciated. Agents for Philadelphia Lager Beer, 93 my22

ARCADe SALOON! Front st., opposite Whitney's Market, MARSHFIELD. R. M. HUTCHINSON, - - Proprietor. A NEW RESORT, SUPPLIED WITH Choice Wines, Liqueurs, Cigars, Ale, Porter, Lager Beer, and all the appointments of A FIRST-CLASS SALOON. Patrons appreciated and the wants of customers promptly attended to by gentlemanly waiters. Give the new saloon a trial, 124

Bon Ton Saloon! Holland Building, - - - Front Street, MARSHFIELD. J. NARBURG, - - - Proprietor. Always on hand, CUTTER and AAA WHISKIES and Choice Wines and Cigars. Also—Boca, Milwaukee and Bay View Brewery Beer. 127 BILLIARD and POOL TABLE. ap10

NOTICE FOR FINAL PROOF. LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, Oregon, February 28, 1885. NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of Coos county, at Empire City, Oregon, On Thursday, April 16, 1885. W. F. ELLIOT of Marshfield, Frank Hayes of Coos County, Oregon, and Geo. Norris of Burton Prairie, Coos county, Oregon. 107241 W. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

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