The Coast Mail.

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By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor

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MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
Thursday, : : : : : : : : : : : April 30, 1885

THE VIOLETS SHE SENT.

[Sam M. Gaines in The Current.]

What came you from her bow'r to bring,
You blue-eyed messenger of spring?
Did you not come my soul to greet
With breathings of her spirit sweet?

You bloomed, I trow, upon her breast,
To typify her charms confessed,
And caught when in that fair, pure goal,
The fragrant incense of her soul.

Your modest faces can but tell;
They touch me with the subtle spell
Born of her presence—for there lies
Her nature in your tender eyes.

I know, too, on her yielding lips
Sweet touches of her finger tips;
And in each touch, most deftly blent,
The message of a kiss is sent.

Then welcome, guests, from fairest shrine!
You fill my heart with glad sunshine,
And shed in this drear room the grace
Of her who wears the flow'ret's face.

Teaching a Calf to Drink.

[Irish Farmers' Gazette.]

Those who have had the mournful experience know that there is nothing more trying to the temper than the operation of teaching a young calf to drink. The process is familiar to every man who has brought up a calf from infancy. You seize the calf by the ears, back him into a corner, and bestride his neck. The idiot rather likes this, and while you are reaching for the pail he employs his time in trying to chew the lower corners of your jacket. You discover what the blockhead is about and box his ears. You can't help it. You feel that way, and let him have it. But the calf can't tell for the life of him why he has been struck, and he gives a sudden and unexpected "flounce." He believes he will go and stay on the other side of the stable, but he doesn't announce this beforehand. He starts on the impulse of the moment, and you can't tell just when he arrives there.

When you get up you are mad—uncommonly so. Milk runs from your hair, and imprecations out of your mouth, and you solemnly declare that you will teach that calf to drink or break his neck. The calf doesn't know of this resolve, and he glares at you in a stupid fright across the stable. He was not aware that he was the cause of your downfall, and wonders ignorantly what is the matter. You don't try to explain it to him, but furiously catch him by the ears, look back over your shoulder at the milk pail, and back up toward it, dragging the calf after you. The calf is out of wind, and you haven't a particle of grace left in your heart. You are astride the calf's neck, and, jamming the fingers of one hand into his mouth, you place the other on the back of his head and shove his nose into the pail, fully resolved to strangle him if he don't drink.

The calf holds perfectly still—ominously so—and there is silence for the space of half a minute, at the end of which time the blockhead, who hasn't drank a drop, suddenly makes a spurge, knocks the pail over; you are again reduced to a horizontal from a perpendicular, and when you rise the excitement is intense. Not a drop of milk has gone down the brute's throat, and there he stands glaring at you, ready to furnish you with another free ride wherever you want to go. With an affidavit you seize the empty pail and hobble out of the pen fully resolved to let the four-footed fool starve, and thus endeth the first lesson.

Boston Common.

[Boston Cor. Kansas City Journal.]

Boston Common claims and maintains the right to be considered the oldest and best beloved of all, for soon after the purchase from Blackstone in 1630, the town laid out "a place for a trayning field," and it is owing to the wiser forethought of the early settlers of the town, in making laws for protection, and to the good sense of those who came after in continuing to enforce the laws, that we have the beautiful common of to-day. Some slight changes have been made in the limit, but the forty-three and three-quarter acres of to-day are nearly the same as the "trayning field" of 250 years ago.

The elms shading the long avenues were planted between the years 1728 and 1824, except the honored "old elm," which was believed to have been 100 years old when first seen by the white men in 1625. This three and one-half centenarian was greatly cherished as a bond of union between the past and present, and after it became decrepit was bolstered and bandaged and protected as far as possible from every adverse storm, but during a severe gale in the winter of 1876 it fell a victim to the fury of the mighty wind. It was over seventy-two feet high and measured twenty-two and a half feet in circumference, a foot above the ground. The line of family descent is now kept up by a flourishing young tree that shot up from the parent root after the fall of the noble "old elm."

Until 1812, the common was the scene of the execution of murderers, pirates, deserters and witches; now all is beautiful, with the green velvet of the smoothly kept turf below, and the graceful drapery of the trees above. The ear is pleased with the cool tinkling drip of the fountains and the eye with the pretty groups of children that play about their margins. The soldiers and sailors' monument crowns the central or Flagstaff hill; a magnificent memorial erected in 1877 at a cost of $75,000, the work of the incomparable Martin Milmore.

How China Got Its Name.

[English Magazine.]

Upwards of 1,100 years before Christ the Chinese were a people ruled by a dynasty of kings, of whom, like the Pharaohs of old, there is no clear history, and not until the "Chow" dynasty, B. C. 1125, is there any clear history of the main Chinese state. The Chinese take their history back to the time of Noah. This very ancient empire has borne in its time many names, for it was a custom when a new dynasty ascended the throne to give another name to the empire, as Hai-que, Cham-que, Han-que, etc., according to the name of the ruling monarch. The true name is said to be Chum-que, "the center kingdom of the world." This term was by usage corrupted to Chin que, and from this word the Portuguese gave it the name of China. China proper consists of eighteen provinces, containing 250,000,000 of people.

Merry Funerals in Halmahera.

[Foreign Letter.]

Funerals in the island of Halmahera partake less of gloom than the rite in our country. The ceremonies begin, after the deceased has been put in his or her coffin, with a rope dance between the young men and the maidens, which continue through several evenings, and then follow four or five days of feasting. After the body is placed in the grave the young people have a dance on the sea beach and the funeral ends with a ducking match between the boys and girls.

The Current: The writer for an English prayer who recently declared that Italian opera had "degenerated into a prima donna show," put the whole truth very tersely.

FISK-STOKES.

An Old Story Retold in an Interesting Way.

Stokes may be seen constantly about the Hoffman house when he is not out driving of an afternoon, writes a New York correspondent of the Troy Times. He is still a young man of barely 40, erect and straight, fine features without a wrinkle in them, and a fine head of gray hair. His hair is all that indicates he ever had any trouble in the world, yet in him you see a man who lived for seven years under the constant surveillance of hired detectives, ready to do him a personal injury, or kill him had an opportunity offered. He was robbed, by the man he was compelled to kill when accident brought them face to face, of the richest oil works in this region at that time; he lay two years in prison awaiting trial and retrial; he was once condemned to be hanged, and when finally he escaped death it was only to endure four years of torture at Sing Sing, which was equivalent to four years of dying. These are some of the reasons for those gray hairs. His family was broken up before he was released from prison, and when he came out with his broken fortune he went to Nevada and retrieved it in mining operations in about two years.

It is curious to recall the fate of the people mixed up in the Fisk-Stokes tragedy. Willam H. Tweed, who watched at Fisk's bedside to see that in his delirium he did not tell too much of official crookedness, died in prison, a bankrupt, to whom Fisk's partner, Jay Gould, refused the loan of a few thousand dollars. The Morse family whom Fisk was visiting at the Grand Central hotel when he was shot, was scattered after his death. The son became one of the "statues" at the Jardin Mabille in Paris, employed to stand around the edge of the dancing-platform with a cigar in his mouth, that the agile dancers might knock the ashes off with the tips of their delicate toes. The woman at the parlor window of the hotel whom Stokes crossed Broadway to see on the fatal day, is still in New York, a fashionble outcast. She once was famous (questionably) in Kentucky; later she went to New Orleans during the war, and marrying a confederate and a federal officer, by the aid of the two did a thriving business in contraband cotton. After the war she was famous at Washington, during Johnson's administration, and was a conspicuous figure in "the French arms scandal." She was ready to testify in Stokes' behalf that she picked up Fisk's pistol after he was shot, thus bearing out Stokes' assertion that he only defended himself, but his lawyer would not believe her, and her character was too notorious to permit her in the witness-box.

Josie Mansfield, about whom all the trouble was, drifted off to Europe and was last heard of as the companion of the Russian archduke who visited America some years ago. She was accompanied by the famous Mrs. Beecher, who was expelled from Russia for being the recipient of the diamonds which Prince Constantine stole from his mother. She drifted, after shooting her second husband, Lloyd Phoenix, on the steps of his sister's house of Fifth avenue, to Paris, and after a most eventful career there went to Japan. A few weeks ago the astonishing news reached this city that a Japanese secretary of state had prevailed upon the mikado of the empire to have Mrs. Beecher executed for gross irregularities, but the story was subsequently authoritatively denied.

Why Judge Wylie Retires.

WASHINGTON, April 21.—Considerable curiosity is expressed in legal as well as political circles at Washington respecting the underlying causes that induced Judge Wylie to withhold his voluntary retirement from the bench of the supreme court of the district of Columbia until the advent of a democratic administration, rather than have signified his desire to resign pending the administration of President Arthur, and thereby afforded the latter the opportunity to nominate a republican successor and perhaps provide a judicial life tenure either for some personal friend or a politician whom he might like to reward. The question of salary could not have entered into the matter because, having served more than the limit of the law term and attained the age required by law, Judge Wylie was entitled to retire upon full pay long prior to the close of the Arthur administration. The trials of the parties charged with defrauding the government by obtaining money on false vouchers at the navy department, over which Judge Wyhile presided, was brought practically to a conclusion before March 4 last, and another judge could be substituted to try the remaining cases, so that no special delay or harm would have interfered with the ends of justice had Judge Wylie retired and permitted the oppointment of a successor by the republican administration. The interest in this matter is hightened by the fact thet Judge Wylie is an intense republican, and sufficiently partisan to have desired that his successor, all other things being equal, should be of the same political faith. Although nothing tangible in the way of explanation can be traced directly to Judge Wylie, it is the general conviction that his failure to resign prior to President Cleveland's inauguration was mainly due to his disapproval of President Arthur's personal and political demeanor, especially toward Ex-Senator Conkling and his old-time stalwart friends in New York, to whom he turned the cold shoulder when he succeeded to the presidency. Judge Wylie is a great admirer of both Conkling and Grant, and those who claim to know assert that he was annoyed at their being practically shut out from the counsels of the Arthur administration. It will be remembered that great effort was made by Grant's friends to secure the appointment of his son, Col. Fred Grant, as an army quartermaster after the collapse of Grant & Ward, which left him penniless. President Arthur, however, failed to recognize Grant's desires on behalf of his son, and filled several vacancies in that crops with other persons. That Judge Wylie, for reasons easly surmised, did not allow President Arthur to nominate his successor on the district bench is a self-evident proposition.

The fact that Chief Justice Cartter of the supreme bench has not likewise retired may safely be attributed to like causes which impelled Judge Wylie's action. Chief Justice Cartter, also a stalwart, was not an admirer of the Arthur administration, and therefore resented the endeavor made for several years past to induce him to resign and make a vacancy to be filled by President Arthur. He is now in a frame of mind to step down and out, which will doubtless soon occur, and his place also be filled by a democrat.

What Is a Gentleman?

What is a gentleman? Is it a thing
Decked with a scarf-pin, a chain, and a ring,
Dressed in a suit of immaculate style,
Sporting an eye-glass, a lisp, and a smile?
Talking of operas, concerts and balls,
Evening assemblies and afternoon calls,
Sunning himself at "At Homes" and bazars,
Whistling mazurkas and smoking cigars?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it one
Boasting of conquests and deeds he has done?
One who unblushingly glories to speak
Things which should call up a flush to his cheek?
One who, whilst railing at actions unjust,
Robs some young heart of its pureness and trust;
Scorns to steal money, or jewels, or wealth,
Thinks it no crime to take honor by stealth?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Knowing instinctively what he should shun,
Speaking no word that can injure or pain,
Spreading no scandal and deep'ning no stain?
One who knows how to put each at his ease,
Striving instinctively always to please;
One who can tell by a glance at your cheek
When to be silent and when he should speak?

What is a gentleman? Is it not one
Honestly eating the bread he has won,
Living in uprightness, fearing his God,
Leaving no stain on the path he has trod,
Caring not whether his coat may be old,
Prizing sincerity far above gold,
Recking not whether his hand may be hard,
Stretching it boldly to grasp its reward?

What is a gentleman? Say, is it birth
Makes a man noble, or adds to his worth?
Is there a family tree to be had
Spreading enough to conceal what is bad?
Seek out the man who has God for his guide;
Nothing to blush for and nothing to hide;
Be he a noble, or be he in trade,
This is the gentleman Nature has made.

He Astonished the Rector.

A prominent railroad freight agent in this state is an active Episcopalian and vestryman in the church in the little town where he lives. One day, when business was crowding, a man came in who purposed starting a mill at a small town along the road which had to pay much more for freight than towns further along the route paid—in other words it suffered the usual short-haul discrimination.

The visitor pleaded and argued, but of course in vain. Still he held on, and with his persistency he pretty well wore out the limited patience of the agent, besides keeping other people waiting who had also called on business. Finally he left, and the next man stepped up.

"Well sir," said the irritated agent, "whereabouts is your d—d grist mill?"

"I, sir," was the meek reply, "am the rector to whom you wrote about conducting service next Sunday."—[Hartford Courant.

James Brown, a sandy-complexioned tramp aged 40 years, arrived in town yesterday and left for Huntington via the east-side road. He sparred his way across the ferry and said he would not stay in Portland, as there are too many stalwart policemen here. Being quite communicative, he told how he had occupied the time since New Year's day in the journey from California. Brown says the country has never been worked to any great extent by members of his fraternity—that is, by the route he took, which extended along the coast to Coquille. He lived in luxury, stopping as long as a week in places where the "grass was long," as he expressed it. He left the coast line at Coquille and traveled in to Roseburg. The "atmosphere of hospitality" became cold and chilly as soon as he struck the railroad. So chilly did it become that Brown had to "actually work" on three different occasions before he could secure a meal. Naturally a gentleman as aristocratic as he is resented this, and he says he never will travel over that road again.—[Portland Daily News.

Wm. Treasure of Placer county, Cal., had for several months what he supposed to be a blister in his mouth, under the lower lip, which, instead of disappearing, kept growing larger, but to which he paid no heed till Gen. Grant's cancer attracted so much attention. This caused Treasure to become so much alarmed that he consulted a doctor, who pronounced it a cancer. He lost no time in going to San Francisco for medical treatment. The doctors performed a surgical operation upon him by first cutting a slit on each side, from the corner of the mouth down, then turning down the lip and cutting out the cancer, after which the lip was turned back and the slits sewed up. The whole operation was performed without the use of an anæsthetic. Treasure is getting along nicely.

The Salary of the president, of the United States is never applied for by the presiddnt, but is made out in the form of a voucher at the end of each month and signed by the treasurer of the United States in regular order with hundreds of other vouchers. The private secretary is always given the money, but the department requires the receipt to be signed by the president personally. The monthly voucher is $4166 66, but for March Cleveland drew $3888 87 and Arthur $277 79.

The Power of Taffy.

A tramp sneaked up to the window of Col. Merrill's kitchen, and taking off his remnant of a hat, said to Matilda Snowball, who is blacker than the ace of spades:

"Fair lady, can't you give a poor but respectable man something to stay his stomach. Have you some pie, for instance?"

Matilda had both compassion and pie, and cutting the latter in halves, gave one of them to the polite visitor, remaking that he was a gentleman, even if he was white.

"Thanks," he responded, "may you retain your present beauty for a thousand years."

"Dat's twice too much," said Matilda, blushing.

"Well, if it's twice too much, fair lady, give me the other half of the pie to make us even."

He got it.—[Texas Siftings.

Dr. Newman is reported as saying that predictions of various kinds have reached Grant's family regarding the general's life. They put no faith in astrology; don't pretend to know anything about it. "Yet it will be remembered about a month ago," said Newman, "that an astrologer set certain days in March in which the general would be very low. With a single exception I think he hit the right days. He said if the general survived the attack of March 31 he would live until September without another critical attack. A good many prophecies to the same effect have come to them. They could not well fail to inspire a sort of hope, and with hope have come suggestions of plans for warm weather, should the general be alive a month or so longer."

An English ship-builder has prepared a model of a cruiser that will have a speed of 25 miles an hour, with a carrying capacity for sufficient coal to run her from Liverpool to the West Indies and back at a speed of 12 knots. The engines are safe from shot, being protected by tough steel walls. She carries two 110-ton guns in barbettes, plated by 12 inches of armor, and will carry torpedoes to be ejected from her bows. The cost will be not less than $2,500,000.

In the United States there are about $4,000,000 in wild animals, not including elephants. There are 60 elephants in the United States, ranging in price from $3000 to $20,000. If an elephant is trained and acclimated it will bring $20,000. But those that are stupid and cannot be trained never bring over $3000 or $4000.

An Indian doctor at Pahranagat valley, Nev., was stoned to death a few days ago because he failed to cure a patient placed under his charge, and his body was afterwards thrown into an old prospecting shaft. Such tactics among the whites would soon thin out their doctors.

At Stockton, Cal., E. B. Hitchcox is buying 2500 cavalry horses, 15 to 15½ hands high, and 300 artillery horses, weighing from 1250 to 2000 pounds. He says the horses are for the Russian government.

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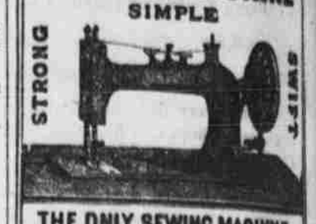

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NOTICES FOR FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, Oregon, April 13, 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 judge or clerk of Coos county, at Empire City, Oregon.

On Tuesday, May 26, 1885.

Viz: CARL HENRICKSON, declaratory statement No. 4702, for the southeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 10, and the north half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southwest quarter of section 11, township 25 south, range 11 west, Willamette meridian.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land—viz:

Charles Rodin, S. B. Cathcart, George Stemerman and Anders Hongel, all of Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.

ap23td WM. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

NOTICE FOR FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, Oregon, April 13, 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 judge or clerk of Coos county, at Empire City, Oregon,

On Tuesday, May 26, 1885,

Viz: ANDERS HONGEL, declaratory statement No. 4703, for the east half of the northeast quarter and the northeast quarter of the southeast quarter of section 10, and the northwest quarter of the northwest quarter of section 11, township 25 south, range 11 west, Willamette meridian.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land—viz:

Charles Rodin, S. B. Cathcart, George Stemerman and Carle Henrickson, all of Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.

ap23td WM. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

Execution Sale.

BY VIRTUE OF A WRIT OF EXECUTION, tested the 21st day of March, A. D. 1885, out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Coos, on a certain decree and order duly rendered by the said Court, in favor of GEORGE H. WESTON, plaintiff, and against the HARDY COAL MINING COMPANY, defendant, commanding me, as Sheriff of the said County of Coos, to sell the premises hereinafter described, and apply the proceeds of such sale towards the satisfaction of the sum of $17,320 62-100, by the said decree adjudged to be due from the said defendant to the said plaintiff, together with interest thereon from the 28th day of May, A. D. 1875, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, and the costs of and upon this writ, I will,

On the Second Day of May, A. D. 1885,

At one o'clock in the afternoon of the said day, offer for sale, at public auction, at the Court House door, in Empire City, in the said County of Coos, and then and there sell, to the highest bidder, for cash, all those certain pieces and parcels of land described as follows, to wit: The southeast quarter and lots one, two, three and four, and the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-five, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; also the northeast quarter and the northwest quarter and the southwest quarter and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter and lot one of section one, in township twenty-five south, of range thirteen west; also the east half of the northeast quarter and the northwest quarter of the northeast quarter and lots four and five of section two, in township twenty-five south, of range thirteen west; also the northeast quarter and the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter and the east half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the northwest quarter and lot one of section thirty-six, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; also the southeast quarter of the southwest quarter and lots one, two and three of section twenty-five, in township twenty-four south, of range thirteen west; also lot two of section eleven, in township twenty-five south, of range thirteen west; all of said tracts being situate in said County of Coos and State of Oregon, and containing in the aggregate 1807 80-100 acres, together with the appurtenances, or so much thereof as may be necessary to satisfy the sum, interest and costs aforesaid.

Dated at Empire City this 21st day of March, A. D. 1885. W. R. SIMPSON, Sheriff of the County of Coos, in the State of Oregon.

ap23td