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AT HER RESIDENCE, NORTH FRONT STREET, first door north of Mark's furniture store, Marshfield.

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Through in Fourteen Hours FROM COOS CITY!

THE BEST ROUTE TO AND FROM COOS BAY.

Good stock, careful and accommodating drivers and excellent accommodations on the road.

Stages leave Coos City and Roseburg every morning except Sunday and invariably carry passengers through on time.

Travellers will find it to their interest and comfort to patronize Laird's line.

COAST M. MAIL.

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Offensive Partisans.

President Cleveland's mugwump organ, the New York Times, is giving rather old comfort to his excellency. Referring to the rumored action of the republican senators regarding the confirmation of nominations made in place of "offensive partisans" removed, the Times says: "When the senate meets, the two parties in most of the states will have passed through an electoral canvass, and in some states one of much heat and interest. It is found that the appointees in such states have been guilty of the same faults as those for which their predecessors were removed, it is easy to see how the senate can confirm them. In fact, the position in which the president would find himself would be so weak and so embarrassing that he would have the greatest possible inducement to escape from it by promptly removing the men who had abused his confidence by their partisanship.

The logic of this position is so simple that the most ordinary intellect can see its consistency. But then, the very presentation of it shows the utter simple mindedness of the average mugwump. Offensive partisanship means partisan action offensive to democracy, or in the language of the pattern democrat, "fernest the democratic party." The logic of the administration is that as pronounced republicanism is offensive, therefore extreme democracy is not only not offensive but desirable in a public officer. This has been shown in every appointment made. Now, if active republicanism is offensive to a democratic executive, by what rule can the activity of a democratic officeholder be otherwise than offensive to a republican senator? And so we are just where we started, back to the old doctrine that to the victors belong the spoils. Everybody knew that is what democratic success meant, and the game of hypocrisy now playing is simply gratuitous dishonesty on the part of the administration. But to show what mugwump reform meant, and what, if we concede them honest, they were green enough to suppose Cleveland meant, when he accepted their support, we give what the Times thinks the right thing: "A much safer and more effective policy still, would be to refuse to appoint men who are or are likely to be partisans. Where this has been done there will be no trouble. And this principle can be most thoroughly and easily applied by extending the civil service rules, which is logically and practically the action to which the president must finally resort." Talk about sylvan simplicity after that. Cleveland might as well stick his head in the fire and be done with it as to attempt such a policy. The only lesson to be learned from the situation is the heterogeneous combination of odds and ends that defeated the republican party last November—an utter absence of principle and common sense.

Last Year's Campaign.

The New York Times says: "The campaign of 1884 was fought on the general assertion that the republican party, as then organized and led, was not only the best but was the only party to which the national government could be entrusted. It was held that the democrats were, as a party, disloyal in tendency, corrupt, inefficient; that they would, if they came into power, disorder the finances, make dangerous experiments with the currency, and enact violent changes in taxation, and it was especially insisted that they would bring confusion and ruin into the civil service by the multitude of changes made to satisfy the greed of a hungry and incapable horde of office seekers."

This is a misleading statement. All these things and more of the same kind were, indeed, said by republican speakers here and there; but they were merely the incidental clatter of the campaign. Nobody worth minding ever pretended that the country would be ruined by democratic success. At a time like this no party can do the country any great harm. Upon what, then, was the campaign of 1884 fought by the republicans? Simply on the ground that as the states of the south were still massed in the old way and by the old methods for the democratic party it was as much a duty still as it had ever been to oppose "the confederacy," and on the further proposition that the conduct of the democratic party from the year 1854 had been dangerous, objectionable and infamous. That party had attempted throughout this long period to do the worst possible things, and at nearly all times had opposed and tried to defeat the best possible things. Republicans held that a party with such a history had no desert that entitled it to a vote of approval, or to control of the government. But what the New York Times and other mugwump journals and voters did was to declare by their action that the history and character of the democratic party were worthy of commendation; and now in effect they are on the record as having approved the general course and conduct of that party from the time when it undertook to force the extension of slavery down to the day when they incorporated themselves with it. Men can't uphold a party without approving the history that shows what that party is, and that is what the Times and others do. They can't separate a party from the character it has made; and therefore the mugwump can't embrace the democratic party as the New York Times has

Her Explanation.

So you have wondered at me—guessed in vain What the real woman is you know so well? I am a lost illusion. Some strange spell Once made your friend three, with his fine disdain Of fact, conceive me perfect. He would fain (But could not) see me always, as befell. His dream to see me, plucking asphodel, In saffron robes, on some celestial plain, All that I was he married and flung away In quest of what I was not, could not be—Lilith, or Helen, or Antigone. Still he may search; but I have had my day, And now the past is all the part for me. That this world's empty stage has left to play. —R. K. Still in the Atlantic.

TEARING A CANCER OUT.

The Operations Undergone by a New York State Farmer.

L. O. Fairchild, a Westchester county farmer, about three months ago noticed a small red swelling upon his upper lip and classed it as a harmless pimple. It grew steadily, however, and became exceedingly painful. A physician examined it, diagnosed it as an ordinary boil and after subjecting it to preliminary treatment, lanced it. It discharged a yellowish pus and bled freely. For a time it appeared to heal and the virulent indications subsided. The relief was only temporary, however, and after a time the inflamed surface began to increase and spread with alarming rapidity. In two weeks it had extended over the entire left cheek and the entire mucus upon that side of the face was affected. The local physician not being able to settle the nature of the difficulty, and as it did not succumb to the usual treatment of abscesses, the patient came to this city and entered the Hahnemann hospital. The swelling in the cheek continued to increase in size until the cheek was about six inches thick. It was hard to the touch, except at a point under the left eye, where it was soft and spongy. Sharp, shooting pains radiated from the seat of the difficulty in the upper lip all over the cheek, being especially violent under the eye. The patient's face wore an anxious, expectant look, and the cheek gradually assumed a black appearance. In several places small pieces of bone could be felt where the jaw had become affected and had thrown off sharp splinters. After a careful examination the disease was diagnosed as a sarcoma, or cancerous growth of a malignant type. Internal treatment did not check the progress of the cancer, and the patient consented to risk a surgical operation, though he was told the chances were all against him. A week ago Fairchild was taken to the operating-room of the hospital and laid upon the table. Dr. William Tod Helmuth, consulting surgeon of the hospital, took charge of the case. A cone containing ether was placed over the patient's nose, and in a few minutes a loud snore indicated that the anesthetic was complete. The instruments were in a large basin close by in an antiseptic solution of bi-chloride of mercury and carbolic acid. With a small knife the surgeon made an incision in the trachea, just above the chest. After the hemorrhage had been checked, a small tracheotomy tube was inserted in the wind-pipe, so that the patient could breathe through it while the main operation was being performed. To reduce the chances of a fatal termination it was necessary to pack the upper portion of the windpipe through the mouth, so as to prevent blood from flowing into the lungs. After the tube had been cleared of mucus and was under the control of the respiratory organ, the patient's mouth was opened wide and small sponges were placed under a pressure in the back part of the throat until the passage into the lungs was completely obstructed. An incision was then made through the upper lip, along the left side of the nose under the eye, to the left ear. The skin upon the left cheek was then dissected, up from the muscular tissue, until a large flap was made, which, being turned back, exposed the cancerous growth. It was found to have involved all the bones in the cheek and upper jaw, and had altered their nature to such an extent that they could be bent under a slight pressure. A small saw was next employed, and the cheek bone near the nose, where it appeared to be sound and healthy, was severed. The bone under the eye was so soft that it offered no resistance, and the whole jaw and muscular tissue were raised. The fungus growth was found here, having extended backward to the basi-lar process of the occipital bone and the operation assumed new complications. With the aid of a pair of bone forceps all the rough edges of bone were carefully removed, until every visible portion appeared to be healthy. The cancer was drawn out from the cheek as far as possible, and a pair of specially constructed forceps were fastened to it, as close to the base as possible. A strong, steady pull was then applied to the forceps and the cancer and its roots were drawn out, leaving a large section of quivering flesh. Blood spouted in every direction, and it became necessary to apply actual cautery to the wounded parts. After much difficulty the hemorrhage was controlled, and the wound, after every part of affected tissue had been removed, was thoroughly washed with an antiseptic solution. The other flap was then returned to its proper position and stitched fast to the adjoining parts. The operation lasted over three hours, and Fairchild was kept all the time under the influence of ether. He returned to consciousness slowly, and suffered greatly from the shock. It was feared that he would not rally after the large loss of blood, and there were indications of a collapse. He finally improved, however, so that the immediate danger of death was past. He has been growing stronger daily since the operation, and it is now believed that he will recover. The wound is rapidly healing, and his face will be but little disfigured. —N. Y. Tribune.

WARNED OF DEATH'S CALL.

Strange Story of a New York Farmer's Funeral.

A New York special says: John Ryder was the most prominent man in Rockland Lake. June 11 Ryder died, after prophesying for three days that that would be his last day on earth. He was a wealthy farmer and a high official in the Methodist church. He was 76 years old, but his ruddy cheek and clear eyes gave no indication of approaching dissolution. On Tuesday he called his family around him and sent a servant after the farm hands, meanwhile preserving a calm demeanor. When all had assembled, he said in deep, impressive tones, "My friends, my time is drawing nigh. But two days more and I shall not be with you. I have received a warning, and it portends death." Turning to a farm hand he said, "Harness up my horse and buggy." When the vehicle was ready he sprang in unassisted and drove to the burying ground, and marked off the space in which he wanted to be buried. Driving home, he despatched a servant for a lawyer. He also ordered the man to bring an undertaker. The undertaker came and jokingly measured the old gentleman. "Now, give me your bill, I want to pay it now," he said to the undertaker. The surprised undertaker obeyed with reluctance, and the old gentleman paid the money down. The lawyer came and a will was drawn up, and after the instrument had been signed he invited the lawyer to come to his funeral and act as pall-bearer. The lawyer laughingly assented, thinking it was but a whim of his old client. On the following day Ryder sat in his old arm-chair on the veranda. During the night following he got up several times, and his family heard him walking through the house. He was in his usual place in the morning and appeared to be in his usual health. Toward noon he called his family around him, saying: "My friends, I am going now. Good-bye all, and God bless you." He then lay back in his arm-chair, and, gazing tenderly at his family, gently closed his eyes. His lips moved in prayer, and once again he opened his eyes and smiled, and again the eyelids closed, and all was still. Those around him thought he was sleeping, but when they called him he did not answer. He was dead. Ryder was buried on Saturday, all his details and requests being religiously followed.

PRISON OF RICH FELONS.

A Visit to the Ludlow Street Jail, the Present Abode of Ward and Fish. Do you want to visit the present home of ex-President Fish and Ferdinand Ward? We shall have to go through Ludlow street, which is in the densest part of our population, and, being on the east side, is, of course, plebeian in the extreme. The Bowery is a second-class place, but Ludlow street is nearly a half mile further east. The jail is a plain brick edifice of two stories, bearing the following inscriptions on a marble slab:

Erected by the Board of Supervisors: South Ely, Orison Blunt, Walter Roach, Elijah F. Purdy, John A. Kennedy, William M. Tweed.

How little did the "Boss" imagine he would die of its prisoners. Ringing the door bell, I soon obtained admittance, and learned the following facts:

The Ludlow street jail is occupied solely by two classes of prisoners—those arrested in actions of tort, such as libel or malicious persecution, and those who violate the laws of the nation. James D. Fish, having been president of a national bank, is one of the last mentioned class. The entire number is 40, of whom a dozen enjoy a private table in their rooms by paying \$15 per week, the others being limited to prison-fare. The warden has two sets of cooks, and caters for his best boarders in the handsomest style consistent with prison life. They are not, however, allowed any drink stronger than tea and coffee, and if it is introduced at all it is done in an illicit manner. The rooms are about 12 feet square, but the prisoners are allowed to walk the halls, and also can take exercise in the yard. Fish and Ward, being now enemies, have timed their hours of exercise so as not to meet, but if by chance they should be in the hall together they ignore each other's presence.

They have religious services on Sunday, conducted by an Episcopal clergyman (Rev. Morgan), whose ministrations are very acceptable, and every Wednesday afternoon a service of song is rendered. The daily papers are taken, and there is in addition a library of 1500 volumes, which affords entertaining reading. Fish and Ward keep up usual health, notwithstanding their protracted confinement, and neither of them receives any visits except from relatives or legal advisers. Ward's wife

Curry County Items.

The schooner Helen Merriam, from San Francisco, with a general cargo for the Ellensburg business association, went ashore on the south spit of Rogue river last week. She discharged her cargo and at last accounts was resting easily, with chances favorable for getting off without material damage.

Judge Woodruff will soon commence the erection of a bridge across Eucher creek at a point about half-way between the present crossing and his house. He has 10,000 feet of lumber engaged to be used in the structure and will at once begin getting out the timbers.

A considerable part of the past week was occupied in taking depositions at Denmark, before J. Huntley, Esq., referee, to be used in the determination of three suits—viz: Chris. Long vs. Alice Long, divorce; Chris. Long vs. Jas. H. Williams, to cancel lease, and Alice Long vs. Chris. Long, cross-bill for divorce. The testimony applicable to the three cases is so interwoven that the same set of depositions may be made to do duty to a considerable extent all around, and by agreement between the attorneys they will be so used as far as applicable. Judge Bean will probably pass upon the three cases at the September term for Coos county.

Last week Frank McMullen of Roseburg came into this section looking for a location, he having sold his place in Douglas county some weeks previous, and last Friday he had the Culver place near here bonded to him, the purchase price being \$2000.

Rumor from San Francisco has it that there is a large landed transfer in prospect for this section, being no less than the sale to Boston capitalists of those extensive properties owned by A. P. Lorentzen, John Blacklock, Dr. Kenyon and the Burnham lumber company, lying between Denmark and Sixes and bounded by the ocean on the west. John Blacklock is acting as purchasing agent, and he and Capt. Taylor are now examining the cedar forests up Sixes. Lorentzen has already bonded all of his property, and the sale seems to hinge on the agreement of all the parties to sell.

Senator Vest Disgusted.

WASHINGTON, June 23.—Senator Vest is the latest addition to the army of democratic politicians who are disgusted with the administration. Last Saturday the senator went to the postoffice department to make inquiries about applications on file for vacant postoffices in his state. He was told by a messenger at the door of the postmaster-general's room that he could not be admitted, because Vilas could not see any callers on Saturday. He then asked to see First Assistant Postmaster-General Hay, and was told that that gentleman, not feeling well, had gone home. His patience being almost exhausted, he next asked to see the chief clerk of the department. He was escorted to that gentleman's office, and asked of him permission to see applications on file for Missouri postoffices. The chief clerk told the senator that he had positive orders from the postmaster-general not to let any person see the applications or the indorsements of any application for a position under that department. The little senator was in a towering passion and taking a cab, drove to the white house, where he related to the president his experience in the postoffice department. In plain language he told Cleveland what he thought of an administration that would not permit a representative of a state to inform himself as to the number and character of applicants for appointments to offices in that state. The president told Senator Vest that he did not know what regulations the postmaster-general had seen fit to adopt for the transaction of business in his department, and that he was unable to interfere in its management.

An Iowa Family in a Tempest.

MASON CITY, Ia., June 16.—The house and barns of Matt Reddy, several miles from here, in the country, were carried away in the storm Sunday night, and the family had a fearful experience. There are hardly boards enough left about the homestead to build a fire. Not a bit of furniture or a stitch of clothing can be found. The wreck is complete. Reddy's brother was hurled into the field, when the house went to pieces. Reddy was left in a sitting position on the ground. On looking around he saw, by a flash of lightning, that his brother was stretched, dead, some yards away. He picked him up and carried him into an underground milk house. He then commenced to search for his wife, and found her in her night clothes, some rods from the house, in a corn field. She was also carried to the milk house. He next looked for his 5-year-old boy, searching by the light of electric flashes, and at last discovered the infant, thirty rods from where the house had stood. The boy was almost driven into the mud. When all were gathered into the milk house, their injuries were discovered to be severe, and the mother and child will hardly live. His brother had both ears split, his head gashed, and his shoulder cut and bruised. His wife had three gashes on her forehead, one on her nose, and a big cut in the back. The baby suffered bruises on his legs, and was also injured internally. All three were beaten black and blue all over their bodies by hail.

Stepping Stones to Success.

Learn your business thoroughly. Keep at one thing—in pensive change. Always be in haste, but never in a hurry.

Observe system in all you do and undertake. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well.

One to-day is worth two to-morrows. Be self-reliant; do not take too much advice, but rather depend on yourself.

Never fail to keep your appointments, nor to be punctual to the minute. Never be idle, but keep your hands or mind usefully employed except when sleeping.

Use charity with all; be ever generous in thought and deed—help others along life's thorny path.

Make no haste to be rich; remember that small and steady gains give competency and tranquility of mind.

He that ascends a ladder must take the lowest round. All who are above were once below.

Think all you speak; but speak not all you think; Thoughts are your own; your words are so no more.

Where wisdom steers, wind cannot make you sink; Lips never err when she does keep the door.

The following method is adopted by and taught to the firemen of the London fire brigade: A small platform, some 40 or 50 feet high, has been erected on the roof of one of the buildings in the drill yard. One-half of the men who are drilling go up to this platform, and prostrate themselves in all kinds of peculiar attitudes, some on their backs, some on their faces, some on their sides, and some curled up.

The other half have to go up and fetch them down single handed, and the rescuing fireman first straightens out the seemingly lifeless body of his comrade, and rolls it over on to the face. Then, taking hold under each armpit, he raises the body on to his right knee, so that he can put his arm round the waist, and the arm of the insensible man round his own neck. Taking a firm hold, he suddenly straightens himself up and walks away with his burden in an upright position, and the whole weight of the other's body supported and hooked, as it were, by the arm. He has then to carry his comrade through the window as best he can, and shoot him down the escape.

Gen. Pope has transmitted to the war department an account of the killing of a Piate Indian named Joe, by two white men, in Happy valley, Or. In commenting upon the killing, Gen. Pope again invites attention to white and Indian outrages, which are increasing in frequency in the southern part of this state. He says the Piates having no reservation are willing to frequent this section of country to subsist by hunting and fishing; that the bad state of affairs now existing is certain to grow worse, and must finally culminate in open hostilities unless a reservation be assigned these Indians and they be placed on it. The commissioner of Indian affairs has directed the agent to investigate the circumstances and report measures looking to the protection of the Indians.

An experienced foreman, who has an eye for philosophy, says that tools apparently partake of the temper of those who use them. A short grained man, broken ones; the lazy man, dull ones; the careless man, badly dressed ones; the man with one idea, one dress for all kinds of work; the soft man can rarely keep the edge of a tool from turning, while the good natured and even tempered man has the best tools in the shop, and is pestered continually by ill-tempered workmen who come to borrow from him whenever they have a particular piece of work to do. It is quite interesting to note the similarity in the temper of workmen and their tools.

A tank of half-inch wrought iron, with cast iron heads an inch thick, used to heat water for 100-horse-power boiler in a Lynn shoe factory, recently exploded, blowing the top head through the roof of the one-story boiler house, so that a piece fell through the roof of the factory, a four-story building, 25 feet high. The tank was 3 feet in diameter and 6 feet long, and the piece of iron which came through the roof weighed 26 pounds, but no one was injured.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

MRS. M. TOWER, MILLINERY AND DRESS-MAKING! EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.

HAS ON HAND A NEW AND MILLINERY and Dress-Making Goods! All orders promptly attended to.

MILLINERY. NEW GOODS! NEW STYLES!

MRS. C. F. LUSE (AGENT FOR W. F. BURN).

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 perfect satisfaction guaranteed. A share of patronage is solicited. Please call and examine my new goods.

THE LOCKHART HOTEL, EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.

THE EXCELLENCY OF THIS house is too well known to need any recommendation, and travelers have long since pronounced it the BEST HOTEL SOUTH OF PORTLAND.

MRS. E. M. LOCKHART, Proprietor.

REOPENING OF THE PALACE RESTAURANT.

THE BEST OF MEALS Served in style at all hours and at moderate prices.

DELICIOUS ICE-CREAM At all times, night and day.

E. P. BUCKLEY, Formerly Steward of the steamer Coos Bay.

MARSHFIELD LUNCH HOUSE AND RESTAURANT! (Formerly Rehrle's.)

MRS. R. P. SMITH, 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.

Fresh Eastern Oysters by every steamer—served in any desired style. Ball Suppers a specialty and particular attention paid to Ladies and Families on all occasions. Give me a call. MRS. R. P. SMITH.

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 refurbished 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 market affords.

J. J. KRONHOLM, Proprietor. THE WESTERN HOTEL, South Front street, Marshfield, JOHN SNYDER, Proprietor.

I HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN CHARGE of the above-named well-established hotel, and am springing neither pains nor expense to insure 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, 50c.

BLANCO HOTEL, Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon. FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS And Reasonable Charges. Having lately completed a large addition to the above hotel, and having had an extensive experience in this line of business, we can safely guarantee to our patrons comfort and accommodations excelled by no other house on the bay.