

The Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
Thursday, July 24, 1908

Death of General Grant.

General U. S. Grant passed into eternal day on the morning of the 23d inst. The events of his life are matters of national history. The elements of his character will be cherished as national treasures. Political animosities and personal ambitions have contributed to prevent a full appreciation of the qualities of this great citizen; but when time shall sweep away the films of prejudice and passion from the eyes of men, they will see in this unobtrusive, reticent man the form of an angel standing in the sun. It is no simulated sob of grief that breaks out of the national heart to-day. It is the wail of love, sounding out of deep sense of loss, for every loyal citizen is profoundly grateful for General Grant's manifold services to his country. Confessedly he was the greatest military genius of the age. Added to his capacity to inspire and manipulate great bodies of men, he possessed that rare combination of foresight and insight which made him almost a prophet. General Sherman pays tribute to General Grant's wonderful genius. Himself a soldier of world-wide reputation, he is eminently qualified to appreciate General Grant's character. General Sherman truly says that the renowned military leaders of the old world moved armies across countries that had been fought over a hundred times and along roads that had been built hundreds of years. General Grant organized campaigns in the enemy's country, of which it was almost impossible to gain reliable information; moved his troops through the unexplored wilderness, and fought over a vast continent. Sherman also says that in councils of war, when a dozen different plans were proposed, all of which seemed equally feasible, and when it was difficult to select one, General Grant would instantly take his choice and give his reasons in such a plain and forcible way that all the officers would wonder that they had not seen at once that the chosen plan was far superior to all the others. At Fort Donelson, when a confederate soldier was brought in with his knapsack filled with rations, the officers all said: "They have come out, provisioned into the trenches to make a desperate fight." General Grant alone suggested: "They are going to try to cut through our lines." The result showed the correctness of his suspicions. He undoubtedly possessed the ambitions of a great soldier; yet his generous spirit won the admiration and confidence of his subordinates. He was always ready to bestow honor where it was due and never solicitous that credit should be awarded him for his great achievements. Many, while ready to concede General Grant's wonderful ability as a military man, entertain the idea that he was deficient in intellectual power and qualifications of statesmanship. While it is true that his confidence in the integrity of men induced him to appoint some bad men to positions of trust, yet he was never, in the remotest degree, connected with any frauds or steals. After the war, and during General Grant's presidential terms, he was repeatedly placed in critical positions of great delicacy and importance, under which he demonstrated a capacity for calm decision, forecast and scope of comprehension not surpassed in the history of public affairs. General Grant's bearing andadroitness during the administration of Andrew Johnson are well worth a study. It was a trying place, to put a soldier between the people and the chief executive; and yet so skillfully did General Grant adapt himself to the exigencies of his position that he maintained the confidence and respect of every one. When, in order to get him out of the way, President Johnson desired him to accept the position of minister to Mexico, he declined, and when the president summoned him before the cabinet and, as commander in chief of the army, angrily ordered him to Mexico, he refused, pointing blank, saying: "You have a right to order me to military duty, but not to civil." The point was so well taken that the president himself yielded. General Grant's state papers were not prepared by secretaries, as some evil-minded persons have asserted, but were written by himself, as the members of his cabinets testify. No man in public affairs has been the author of as many popular watchwords that have lived among the people. They have inspired armies and rallied political adherents with wonderful power. "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." "Let us have peace." "I propose to move immediately upon your works." "Unconditional surrender," and many other sharp, pithy sentences that fairly burn with purpose and enthusiasm. So, after rendering the greatest services ever given to this land, General Grant journeyed around the world, to receive honors from all great governments of the earth, and came home to die, folded to the heart of the nation, canopied with its gratitude and cushioned on its love, and, meeting the last hour with gentle patience, his soul ascended from the midst of fifty millions of weeping people to "a multitude whom no man can number" and to a land of eternal peace. History will write him as the most wonderful man of his time; a hero, a genius, a statesman, and a noble character.

By an oversight we failed to publish the financial exhibit of Coos county affairs last week. The joke is on us. We set up the table; loaned it to Bennett; he used it; returned it like a gentleman; we placed the galley upon which it stood in an out-of-the-way place; when we made-up we forgot it, and that's all there is of it.

Scenes at Gen. Grant's Deathbed.

MOUNT MCGREGOR, N. Y., July 23, 9 a. m.—The actual condition of Gen. Grant is pronounced unchanged since the last bulletin, except that he is said by Dr. Douglas to be growing weaker. Some food has been taken and retained this morning. The patient is sitting with slightly inclined head, conscious and clear of mind. Dr. Douglas has sent for Dr. Sands. Dr. Douglas anticipates the end, during the day or evening.

The early morning hours at the Grant cottage were cool and refreshing. On the veranda where the incandescent electric light was burning all night the thermometer marked at 2 o'clock this morning 72 degrees. It was equal to the temperature maintained in the sick room while Gen. Grant remained in New York, and to it was this morning added the sweet smell of the pine trees that bend over the cottage roof. Between 2 and 3 a. m. the gray tint of another day crept up the horizon beyond the green mountains, perhaps the last early day of the sick man sitting within the cottage parlor. About and around the cottage all was quiet except for an occasional twitter of some birds in the birches and pines. Occasionally the nurse walked out upon the piazza for fresher air, and a glimpse of the night. Once, at nearly 3 o'clock, Mrs. Grant came out upon the veranda, and seated herself in one of the many deserted willow chairs that were scattered about the piazza. Suddenly there came the sound of a rattling, laboring cough from within. Mrs. Grant left the piazza quickly, and seated herself by the general's side, slowly fanning the sick man's face. The cough was not severe, but furnished the only incident of the morning until it had passed 3 o'clock, and the time had come to administer food. The nurse touched the shoulder of Dr. Douglas as he lay asleep on his couch in the same room. He arose and administered food and afterwards cleaned the general's throat. As the physician laid aside his appliances Gen. Grant leaned forward in his chair and signified a desire that a lamp be brought and held at his shoulder, and in a moment Gen. Grant turned his face toward the light and upward to bid the nurse bring his pad and pencil. His wish was not at the instant understood, and turning a trifle further the general repeated his wish.

The scene at the moment was a picture. In the shadows, as the flickering calm rays fell across the face of the general, it became a grim remnant, with strong, rugged lines, broken down by suffering and pain. On his head was a skull cap, beneath which straggled the hair that clung about the emaciated neck. A dark dressing-gown covered the patient's form and a handkerchief encircled his neck and the gray, close-cut beard. While the lines on the cheek and forehead were deep, the eyes were clear and steady, showing the general's reason clearly at his command.

At 5 o'clock Dr. Douglas was aroused to send a summons for Dr. Sands. The general moved restlessly and his eyes for a few moments gazed intently away through the trees. Then he settled down in his chair and dozed. The message to Dr. Sands said only that the responsibility of the case at the close of the night should be shared by members of the medical staff, and not with a thought that any aid could be rendered by any person at that time. The general was given stimulants, but he grew weaker hour by hour. The morning is clear and the mercury at 11 o'clock registered 80 degrees. All visitors are today kept from the cottage and a Sabbath-day quiet prevails about the spot. Dr. Douglas and Dr. Newman are with the family, and the day is one of quiet waiting. The general sits as he did last night, his eyes closed much of the time, but coherent and clear whenever he speaks.

U. S. Grant, jr., arrived this afternoon and completed the family circle.

Once during the morning the general attempted to write, but succeeded only in writing the date, the effort being greater than was warranted by his little remaining strength. He has spoken at intervals, but his voice is very feeble. During this forenoon food was taken and retained. With the declining day the physician believes the general will also rapidly decline.

Dr. Newman has just related a singular occurrence in the cottage at five minutes to 1 o'clock. Gen. Grant asked the hour of the day. "One o'clock," spoke one of those near the general. Soon afterward the cottage clock chimed 12 strokes, and the general observed, and then wrote on a pad that he observed the clock was wrong, and indicated a desire to have it struck to the right hour, which was done.

The development of the general's weakness during the afternoon was not particularly noticeable from hour to hour, but between 3 and 6 p. m. there was a clearly marked increase of weakness. At 3 o'clock it was possible to measure the pulse beats, but at 5 o'clock one of the physicians stated that the pulse beats could not be counted, because they were so frequent and feeble. Towards the afternoon the blood tide had so quickened that it more rapidly wore the system and exhausted the frail basis, if any existed, upon which might be placed a hope that the general might rally. The point was reached at 6 o'clock, when there was little to be expected from attempts to administer stimulants.

Soon after 6 o'clock Harrison came up from the cottage, and told Drs. Sands and Shradly that Dr. Douglas desired to see them at the cottage. Thither went the doctors, remaining but a short time, and then coming again to the hotel. It is believed the condition of the patient was found to have been as stated above and while the temperature was nearly,

If not quite normal, the respirations were nearly 30 per minute.

The family, beginning at 6, came to the hotel in twos to dinner, the others remaining at the cottage. In the meantime the family dined in a private room set apart for their use, at the hotel, in order, at this critical time, that they might be secluded from the observation of the many visitors and guests, with whom the general's condition, from hour to hour, has been the topic of the day. The closed and silent cottage had all day suggested mutely the enactment of the last scenes in Gen. Grant's earthly existence, and upon the guests and visitors had settled a sense of nearness of death, and there seemed a hush upon the mountain, and with all those upon it.

As the sun went down a cool breeze, like last night, sprang up, and again laymen on the mountains endeavored to persuade themselves and others that the cool night would bring renewed strength to the patient and help him rally through the night, but such was not the opinion of the doctors, who were prepared to attend the general's deathbed at a moment's notice, or wait through the hours and into the night for the end. More than that, they were prepared to find the patient alive in the morning. At 7 o'clock, however, as the three physicians were at dinner, Harrison came to the hotel and called Dr. Douglas, who went at once and alone to the cottage. Soon afterward another messenger from the cottage summoned Drs. Shradly and Sands, and they repaired to the cottage, closely followed by Dr. Newman. The exit of doctors and clergyman from the hotel were, however, so quiet that few knew they had been summoned to the cottage. Arrived there they found the general evidently sinking. The general seemed restless.

"Would you like to lie down, father?" asked Col. Fred Grant, who noticed his restlessness. The general nodded, and at the same moment essayed to rise, unassisted, but the effort was too great, and he sank back into the chair. The colonel and the nurse aided him to arise, and then supported him to the bed, where he was carefully lowered to a reclining position, and partly on his face. Dr. Douglas then rolled the chairs back, and one of the physicians has since remarked: "The general has now left his chair for the last time."

Belief in that Gen. Grant has at length lain down to die. The family are all gathered at the side of the sick man, and again Dr. Newman, at about the same hour as last night, and at Mrs. Grant's request, knelt beside the general and prayed. Heads were bowed and silent tears were on the cheeks of men as well as women. The doctors sat somewhat apart, and the family was near its last sinking head. After an hour death seemed little less rapidly gaining on the man. It has pursued him just nine months to-day, for it was just nine months ago today that Gen. Grant walked into Dr. Douglas' office to seek his professional aid for cancer. That has done what foes of war could not.

Later the doctors and the clergyman strode out upon the piazza and sat near the parlor window, and Jesse Grant joined them at times, but the other members of the family remained in the sick room and watched and waited, while the general answered "Yes" and "No" to several questions.

Time passed slowly, indeed; and at length, at 8:15 o'clock, Dr. Douglas left the cottage.

"How is it, doctor?" was asked him.

"He is dying," said the gray-haired physician.

"Will he live an hour?" was asked again.

"Oh, yes; and possibly more, but he is passing away," was the response.

After a little time at the hotel Dr. Douglas returned to the cottage. At 9 o'clock the general's pulse was up to 165 beats to the minute, and was fluttering.

After his rally, and about 6 o'clock, Gen. Grant sank into a sleep that was described by witnesses as peaceful and beautiful as the sleep of a child. This condition, however, is not one to command confidence, for the pulse beats are still rapidly fluttering, and the respiration, which normally is 14 to the minute, is now 44.

At 10:30 o'clock, however, it was stated by reliable authority that the general was in a slightly better condition than two hours ago, and quieter, but as against any hopeful reference that might be drawn from this fact, is the other fact that from his present condition, which borders upon a lethargic state, the patient may quietly drift into final unconsciousness. During the evening the extremities of the sick man have been cold, and in the visible symptoms are the signs that nature puts out when death is chilling the powers.

The general, as the night passes, seems suffering no pain, though the lines of his face are tensely drawn and the furrows of his brow are knitted as he lies upon the cot, beside which the family are constantly watching.

At 11 o'clock the general was not asleep. His hands and forearms were colder than two hours before, but his feet not so much so. His pulse and respiration had not changed. The patient's mind was yet clear and comprehensive of events and utterances about him.

Between 10 and 11 Dr. Shradly had accented the general, and he answered in a husky voice, and promptly stimulants were being used, but sparingly. There was an opinion expressed by medical authority about 11 o'clock that the closing crisis may occur either at 1 or 4 o'clock to-night.

July 23.—The general was quiet at 1 o'clock, the hour having been one awaiting with great anxiety. Bottles of hot water have been placed at the general's feet, to induce warmth, and mustard

draughts are applied to the stomach and breast, to preserve the flagging circulation. Hypodermic injections of brandy are being used.

At 3 a. m. Gen. Grant is in a somnolent condition. The respirations have grown shallow, and the general is no longer able to expectorate, because of weakness, which is increasing. There seems but little possibility that the patient will survive the night.

At 4 a. m. the respirations are 50, and the pulse so rapid as not to be counted. Hypodermic injections, which have been quite freely administered through the night, have no longer a marked effect.

At 5:25 a. m. the respirations have increased to 60 and the death rattle, occasioned by the filling of the lungs and throat with mucus, is heard. He now recognizes his friends by opening his eyes.

At 8:08 a. m. the general died.

A few minutes before 8 o'clock Doctors Douglas, Shradly and Sands stood on the cottage veranda conversing on the condition of Gen. Grant, and discussing the probabilities of his death and the limit of life left him, and Mrs. Sartoris and Stenographer Dawson were conversing a little distance away, when the nurse stepped hastily upon the piazza and spoke quietly to the physicians. He told them he thought the general was very near to death. The medical men hastily entered the room where the sick man was lying and approached his side. Instantly, upon scanning the patient's face, Dr. Douglas ordered the family to be assembled to the bedside. Haste was made and Mrs. Grant, Jesse Grant and wife, U. S. Grant, jr. and wife and Mrs. Col. Grant were quickly beside the doctors at the sick man's cot. Mrs. Sartoris and Mr. Dawson had followed the doctor in from the piazza, and the entire family was present except Col. Fred Grant. A hasty summons was sent for him, but he entered the sick room while the messenger was searching for him. The colonel seated himself at the head of the bed, with his left arm resting upon the pillow above the head of the general, who was breathing rapidly and with a slightly gasping respiration. Mrs. Grant, calm, but with intense agitation bravely suppressed, took a seat close by the bedside. She leaned slightly upon the cot, resting upon her right elbow, and gazed with tear-blinded eyes into the general's face. She found there, however, no token of recognition, for the sick man was peacefully and painlessly passing into another life. Mrs. Sartoris came behind her mother, and leaning over her shoulder, so witnessed the close of the life in which she had constituted a strong element of pride. Directly behind Mrs. Grant and Mrs. Sartoris, and at a little distance, stood Drs. Douglas and Shradly, spectators of the closing life their efforts and counsel had so prolonged.

On the opposite of the bed from his mother and directly before her, stood Jesse Grant and U. S. Grant, jr., and near the corner of the cot on the same side as Jesse and near to each other N. E. Dawson, the general's stenographer and confidential secretary. At the foot of the bed and gazing directly down into the general's face, was Mrs. Colonel Fred Grant, Mrs. U. S. Grant, jr., and Mrs. Jesse Grant, while somewhat removed from the family circle, Henry, the nurse, and Harrison Tyrell, the general's body servant, were respectfully watching the closing life of the patient. Dr. Newman had repaired to the hotel for breakfast and was not present. The general's little grandchildren, U. S. Grant, jr., and Nellie, were sleeping in a nursery room above. Otherwise the entire family and household were gathered at the bedside of the dying man.

The members of the group had been summoned not a moment sooner than was prudent. The doctors noted on entering the room and proceeding to the bedside that already a purplish tinge, which is one of nature's signals of final dissolution, had settled beneath the finger nails. The hand that Dr. Douglas lifted was growing colder than it had been fluttered beyond a point where the physician could distinguish it from the pulse beats in his own finger tips; respiration was very rapid, and was a succession of shallow, panting inhalations, but happily, approaching the end, was becoming clear of the rattling fullness of the throat and lungs, and as respiration grew quicker and more rapid at the close, they became less labored and almost noiseless. This fact was in its results a comfort to the watchers by the bedside, to whom was spared the scene of other than a peaceful death. The forehead and hands of the dying general, and at times, as a passionate longing to prevent the event so near, would rise within her, Mrs. Grant pressed both his hands, and leaning forward tenderly kissed the face of the sinking man.

Col. Fred Grant sat silently but with evident feeling, though his bearing was that of a soldierly son at the deathbed of a hero father. U. S. Grant, jr., was deeply moved, but Jesse bore the scene steadily, and the ladies, while watching with wet cheeks were silent. The morning had passed five minutes beyond 8 o'clock and there was not one of the strained and waiting watchers but who could mark the nearness of the life-tide to its final ebbing. Dr. Douglas noted the nearness of the supreme moment, and quietly approached the bedside. As he bent above it the sorrow of the gray-haired physician seemed closely allied with that of the family. Dr. Shradly also drew near. It was seven minutes after 8 o'clock, and the eyes of the general were closing. His breathing grew more hushed as the last functions of the heart and lungs were hastened to the closing of the day.

A peaceful expression seemed to be deepening in the firm and strong-lined face, and it was reflected as a closing comfort in the sad hearts that beat quietly under the stress of loving suspense. A minute more passed and was closing as the general drew a deeper breath. There was an exhalation like that of one relieved of a long and anxious tension. Members of the group were impelled each a step nearer the bed, and each waited to note the next respiration, but it did not come. There was absolute stillness in the room and a hush of expectancy, so that no sound broke silence, save the singing of birds in the pines outside the cottage and the measured throbbing of the engine that all night had waited by the mountain depot. "It's all over," quietly spoke Dr. Douglas, and there came then heavily to each witness the realization that Gen. Grant was dead. Then the doctors withdrew, the nurse closed the eyelids and composed the dead general's head, after which each of the family group passed to the bedside, one after the other, and touched their lips upon the quiet face so lately stilled.

New York, July 24.—The Tribune has the following of Grant's last hours: As Nellie was standing by the bedside, holding her father's hand and watching the quiet, impassive face on the pillow, she leaned forward, and with her mouth close to her father's ear said: "Papa, if you know your Nellie will you squeeze her hand?" The emaciated fingers contracted slightly, and this was the last evidence of existing consciousness.

The exact time of the general's death is not known, as there was considerable variation in the watches. Dr. Douglas' watch was exactly at 8, while other watches were a few minutes faster or slower. Dr. Shradly was watching the general closely. When he saw a pallor strike his face, and saw the last slight gasp he leaned slightly forward, and said to Col. Grant: "At last, the end has come." Dr. Douglas gave a deep sigh and said, "It is all over," and then slowly moved away from the bed, while tears trickled down his cheeks.

Mrs. Grant was dazed for a moment, and would not believe her husband was no more. She clasped his cold hand to her bosom, and Nellie, burying her face in her hands, said: "Poor mamma!" Mrs. Grant got up from her chair, and leaning over the calm, silent face, kissed the cold lips again and again, until Dr. Newman, who had entered the room just as the general died, took her gently by the arm and led her to a sofa. Newman's face was flushed with emotion, and he said that his prayer that the general might die peacefully had been answered. "For such a quiet death I never saw before."

MOUNT MCGREGOR, July 24.—Sitting on the hotel veranda this afternoon, Dr. Douglas chatted at length with the correspondent of the associated press about General Grant and of the long trial of suffering just ended.

"Do you remember," asked Dr. Douglas, "that during last week I said to you that there was a subevidence of the swelling in the overlying tissues on the right side of the neck, and that I said on the day I spoke about it that I had been able to examine the general's throat much deeper and with greater ease than in a long time? Do you remember that?"

His hearer recollected it clearly, and said so.

"Well, then," resumed Dr. Douglas, "I am going to tell you of an experience I had with General Grant on the afternoon of Thursday, July 16, and at the time I had observed the indications about the throat, which I spoke of. During the afternoon of that day General Grant wrote this, and Dr. Douglas drew from his pocket several slips written by the general, and read what the sick man had written, as follows:

"I feel sorry at the prospect of living through the summer and fall in the condition I am in—I do not think I can; but I may. Except I do not gather strength, I feel quite as well from day to day as I have done heretofore; but I am losing strength. I feel it more in my inability to move around than in any other way, or rather in a lack of desire to move."

"When I had read that," added Dr. Douglas, "I turned to the general and tried to cheer him, by telling him of the apparently improved condition of his throat and neck, to which in reply the general again wrote:

"After all that, however, the disease is still there, and must be fatal in the end. My life is precious, of course, to my family, and would be to me if I could recover entirely. There never was one more willing to go than I. I know most people have first and never get through. This was partially my case. I first wanted so many days to work on my book, so the authorship would have been strictly mine. It was apparently much lower than since, and with a capacity to do more work than I ever did in the same time. My work had been done so hastily that much of it was left out, and I did it all over from the crossing of the James river, in 1864, to Appomattox, in 1865. Since that I have added as much as fifty pages to the book, I should think. There is nothing more to do, and therefore I am not likely to be more ready to go than at this moment."

General Grant will be buried at Central park, New York, on Saturday, August 8—a week from next Saturday. The remains will lie quietly at the cottage, in the room where the general died, until Tuesday afternoon next, when the funeral cortege will be placed on a special train, and conveyed directly without demonstration to Albany, reaching there in the evening. The remains will be borne to the capitol, where they will lie in state until Wednesday noon, and thence the dead general will be conveyed by the funeral train to New York, arriving there Wednesday evening. The body will then be conveyed to city hall, where it will remain in state until Saturday, when it will be borne to its last resting place in Central park.

The News has a great deal to say about the corrupt and imbecile leadership of the republican party in Coos county, and alleges that the failure of the republicans to elect the candidates on their ticket is to be attributed to this cause. This kind of talk makes us tired. We are willing to put up the leading workers in the republican party here beside the leading workers in the democratic party, and are not afraid of a comparison between them for honesty, intelligence or decency. It is true, the most of the republican leaders are not willing to make pledges they have no intention of keeping, in order to get office; they are unwilling to resort to disreputable, dishonest methods of political engineering. They are not up in slystering and ward-politician tactics, but they are straight, sober, successful business men, who pay their debts and obey the laws, and if had methods do win in elections, so much the worse for the county.

Notice to Debtors.

All parties indebted to the undersigned, on note or book account, are requested to come forward promptly and settle up. If this notice is not heeded, other measures will have to be resorted to, as I am compelled to have a settlement.

W. G. WEBSTER,
Marshfield, Or., July 30, 1908.

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup company, San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's own true laxative. This pleasant liquid fruit remedy may be had at the Coos Bay drug store, Marshfield, or at Sengstacken's store at Empire City. Sample bottles free and large bottles at 50 cents or \$1. It is the most pleasant, prompt and effective remedy known to cleanse the system, to act on the liver, kidneys and bowels gently, yet thoroughly; to dispel headaches, colds and fevers; to cure constipation, indigestion and kindred ills.

When baby was sick, we gave her CASTORIA.
When she was a child, she cried for CASTORIA.
When she became a miss, she chose CASTORIA.
When she had children, she gave them CASTORIA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF COOS.—By virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon in and for the county of Coos, to me directed, in favor of SARAH E. BREWETT and against SAMUEL GOTTEN, for the sum of 459 13/100 dollars, judgment, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent per annum from the 1st day of June, A. D. 1885, and accruing costs, I have levied on the following-described real property, situated in Coos county, Oregon, and described as follows, to wit: Southeast quarter of section ten (10), township twenty-eight (28) south, of range ten (10) west, of the Willamette meridian. A. D. in pursuance of said execution, I will, on the TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1908, at 10 o'clock p. m. of said day, at the courthouse door, in Empire City, in the said county and state, sell all of the said defendant's right, title and interest in and to the above-described real property to the highest bidder, for cash, to satisfy said execution, interest and costs.

Dated this 20th day of July, 1908.

W. K. SIMPSON,
Jr. Sheriff of Coos county, Oregon.

NEW CABINET SHOP

—AND—
Emporium
Furniture

ON FRONT STREET, OPPOSITE THE Postoffice, in the building formerly occupied as a residence by A. Naburg, where the undersigned have every facility for doing cabinet work of all kinds, upholstering and general jobbing work in wood, at short notice and on liberal terms.

Furniture manufactured and furnished to order at bottom prices. Also looking glasses of assorted sizes. Pictures framed to order to suit customers. Furniture of all kinds repaired. The COFFINS made to order at lowest rates and assorted sizes kept on hand.

We are also prepared to do contract work, such as house building, repairing, and everything in the carpentry line.

Jobbing Work a specialty and promptly executed at living rates.

OLE EVANSEN,
and VICTOR LACKSTROM, Proprietors.

HENRY KERN,

THE
COOPER,
HAS MOVED HIS SHOP TO MARSHFIELD and is located on McKnight's lot at the north end of Front street, where he is prepared to manufacture

Beef Barrels,
Butter Barrels,
Fish Barrels,

And all that or any other character of coopering, at shortest notice and on most reasonable terms.

FRANK ROSS, J. N. CRAWFORD,
COOS BAY
FAMILY
MARKET

Front street, Marshfield,
South of the Postoffice,
DILLON & ROSS, Proprietors.

HAVING JUST OPENED OUR NEW

and neat meat market just south of the postoffice, we are prepared to furnish, at the lowest living rates, the best of

Beef, Veal,
Mutton, Pork,
Salt Meats of all kinds,
Vegetables,
Canned Goods and
FAMILY GROCERIES OF ALL KINDS.

Vessels and Logging Camps promptly supplied.

Such a share of public patronage as first-class goods, low prices, and square dealing entitle us to be respectfully solicited.

1915 CRAWFORD & ROSS.

GREAT NORTHWESTERN REMEDY!

THE OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
PUNTERS
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

THOSE WHO WORK EARLY AND late need a wholesome, reliable medicine like PUNTERS OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. As a remedy and preventative of diseases it cannot be best. It cures constipation and biliousness, and puts fresh energy into the system by giving pure, rich blood. All druggists and grocers keep it. 25 bottles, 6 for 25.

Miscellaneous Advertisements

THE MARSHFIELD HARDWARE STORE

KEEPS ON HAND A SUPERIOR
quality of
TIN, COPPER and
SHEET-IRON WARE.
Of home manufacture, in connection
with a well-selected stock of

GENERAL HARDWARE!

Stoves and Ranges,
Wood and Willow Ware,
Farm Tools and Implements,
Coal Iron and Steel,
Pumps,
Water Pipe and Fittings,
Paints, Oils and Brushes,
Doors and Windows,
Harness and Trimmings,
Glassware,
Lamps and Crockery,
Plated and
Granite Ware,
Rope,
Rifles, Pistols and Ammunition,
Fishing Tackle,
Bird Cages,
Terra Cotta Chimney Pipe,
Etc., Etc.

JOB WORK and REPAIRING
done at short notice.
E. O'CONNELL, Prop'r.

J. D. GARFIELD,

Front street, Marshfield,
Adjoining the Marshfield Drug Store,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in

HARDWARE —AND— TINWARE

OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS,
FARM TOOLS and IMPLEMENTS
OF ALL KINDS,
Stoves and Ranges,
Blacksmiths' Supplies,
Crockery and Glassware,
Paints and Oils,
Lamps,
Harness,
Tubs,
Baskets,
Guns, Fishing Tackle, etc.

Plumbing, Job Work and Repairing
of all kinds promptly executed.
my29

THE BOSS Spring Mattress!

The Gaylord Patent!

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