

The Coast Mail.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
Thursday, August 23, 1885.

General Notice in the Grave.

Last Saturday the mortal remains of Gen. U. S. Grant were entombed at Riverside park, New York. The casket in which the dead general left Mt. McGregor and in which he was buried bore a gold plate on which was inscribed "U. S. Grant; died July 23, 1885." The suit the general wore was of black broadcloth; with low standing collar and black necktie in a bow-knot. In the shirt-bosom was a single plain gold stud. On the feet were white stockings and patent-leather slippers. The hands rested easily across the breast, with the right a little above the left. On the finger of the left hand was a plain gold ring that the general had worn for many years. The casket, as soon as the remains were finally placed in it at Mt. McGregor, was closed up with two heavy plate-glass covers and was not again disturbed. A copper cover rested over the glass and was removed whenever the remains were viewed. The temporary tomb in which the remains lie is a rectangular structure 12 by 7 feet inside, with walls 16 inches thick and 4 feet high above ground. The floor is 4 feet below the ground level. The entrance is guarded by an iron door 4 feet wide and 6 feet high. The coffin rests on two stone or brick piers. The structure has a "barrel" roof, turned with two ribs of brickwork. It required 14,000 bricks to build it. The floor is of flag-stone. This temporary tomb is about 100 yards distant from where the permanent monument will be erected.

Gen. Grant's life, though he did not attain to the allotted three-score and ten years, was a well-rounded one, complete in all he essayed. Though never credited with versatility, in the common acceptance of the term, Grant did a soldier, statesman and author. It has been given to few or none to attain to the pre-eminence Grant did in the phases of life with which history will deal in treating of his career. As a soldier his fame stands upon the rock of results. He commanded more men than Alexander, Caesar, Wellington or Napoleon; maneuvered them over a wider extent of country and on a longer line of battle than the world had before seen under other commanders; fought more battles without a defeat, and gave the highest test of merit—success. In this aspect his claim to rank with the great soldiers of history is without a flaw. And, moreover, with all the vast power with which his successes invested him, he wielded it for his country's good alone, and surrendered it when that good was attained in the restoration of the supremacy of the union. As has been appropriately and truthfully said, there is no general of history to whom Grant can be compared. The results attained by his military career, the salvation of a great people and their country for all posterity, overshadow the achievements of all others, or any single general of history, because the effect in any other case is insignificant in comparison with that of Gen. Grant's achievements. Indisputably as a military character Grant holds a place in history alone and incomparable! As a statesman, brought or forced, all unprepared by education or associations, except such as were begotten of his habits of command and acquaintance with human character, to the discharge of the duties of the most exalted statesmanship, history will accord him a place in the foremost rank of the world's rulers. He came to the discharge of the highest duties as a civil ruler at a time when a policy to reconstruct the union had to be inaugurated, when political chaos threatened, and for the inauguration of which he had no precedent. "Let us have peace" was the adjection with which he took the office of president, and he restored peace to the country. Political rancor and animosity have a longevity that becomes hoary, but history outlives the bitterness of political differences, and we may expect history to accord a credit to Grant's civil administration of his country little less conspicuous than to his career and achievements as a soldier. Especially may this be expected, when we come to remember that whatever lingering rancor there may be, the result of his policy is the reconstruction of the union, under which we now live and prosper, and by which all sections of the country are free to participate in the government, in all the political affairs of the country, without hindrance from the imposition of any legal disabilities. It was only recently, however, that he developed a new phase of his life, by which an additional tribute is exacted of history in making up its general estimate of his character, in becoming an author. And again he attained to an unexpected success, a triumph which accords him a high rank in the world of letters, as he had attained to a soldier and civil ruler. His "Memoirs" tell the story of his life simply, clearly and without ostentation, in a terse, earnest style, without ornate, or any attempt at rhetoric, and in a sturdy manner characteristic of the deeds of the man; the deeds he accomplished, but about which he indulges in no semblance of boasting when he writes of them. Grant's "Memoirs" entitle him to the highest literary honors, and it is more surprising that this should be so when we remember that the task was undertaken and accomplished while he was stricken with the disease that killed him. Moreover, it is true that his habits and education had been such as to disqualify him in the mind of the public from the successful accomplishment of the genuinely great literary work he has left as a legacy to his country and the world, and about the greatest events which have transpired in the nineteenth century.

If not in all history. Educated as a soldier, and when man's estate was reached, going into the service and participating in the Mexican war, following this service by years of service on the frontier, he had no time for study, or the cultivation of literary tastes, in his early life. After retiring from the army the needs of life and the active demands of business prevented him from studying, or resorting to the pleasures of reading, or literature—and then came on the civil war. Following this, his civil service to his country engaged his time, and his travel and business engagements and enterprises forbade his indulgence in letters, if he had so desired. But, with all these disadvantages, Gen. Grant has left a book that wins for him a place as an author, an author who has done no discredit in his writings, to the estimate history will put upon his career as a chief and citizen.

At Albany and On the Way to New York City.

Tuesday of last week the remains of Gen. Grant arrived at Albany, N. Y., where they lay in state and were viewed by 77,000 persons up to 10:30 Wednesday forenoon, when they started for New York City. At the instant the train started a dirge came up to the ears of all on the train from the band of the Jackson corps, that stood in line and sang. Hundreds of persons standing nearest the track laid their hands on their hearts. The dirge was a dirge for the dead. The train carried Gen. Grant on his last journey. On the roofs of houses in the vicinity hundreds witnessed the start, and as the black train rumbled across the long bridge of the Hudson it was between two dense lines of people, who filled the outposts on either side. There was no clang of bell, no scream of whistle, only the dull rattle of wheels beneath the memorable train. Across the river were crowds of people. Shops and stores and factories had closed their doors to business, and all who work and those of leisure seemed to have come out to stand with uncovered heads, to be part of the scene. The long, sweeping curve was rounded, and the train straightened out, on its way to the metropolis.

All the employes of the New York Central railway company who received their pay at Poughkeepsie were drawn up beside a work train at that station and every browned and blue-shirted fellow stood with uncovered head as the train bearing the remains of the general passed. A long train of flat cars filled with sightseers stood upon a side-track. An old man, with only one leg, and with a Grand Army badge upon his coat, leaned upon a crutch near the track, while his uncovered head was bowed upon his breast. He did not look up as the train rumbled past. The river had narrowed, and upon the bluffs and mountains across the water there were dark fringes of human figures, from which an occasional flutter of handkerchiefs could be seen. A little later, as Newburg was passed, the mountains westward were enveloped by clouds that poured down rain. Fish, kill was passed on time at 3:11 o'clock, and when the train had gone by the people were seen hurrying upon the track to pick up coins which they had placed upon the rails to be beaten flat by the wheels. Just in the shadow of the old St. Regis, at Stonewall, a steamboat from New York, loaded with people, was seen following the train.

Cold Spring had been passed at 3:21 o'clock. West Point was only six minutes away. Col. Grant, Gen. Porter and others in the car took seats on the river side of the car. The river was being ruffled as the train bore down among the highlands, and soon curling reverberations of thunder echoed among the mountains. The storm had centered directly above the military post. The train rolled on and was passing through a deep cut just north of Garrison's, which is the railway station for West Point, when suddenly reports of cannon shook the heavy atmosphere. The speed was slackened as the station was neared, and again came a heavy rumble from the gun.

The train's speed lessened gradually as it emerged from the cut, and hundreds of people were seen lining the way on either side. But there was no clang of bell, nor any shriek of whistle, and again the report of a gun shook the still air, that, before the coming storm, was almost painfully hushed.

Then at 3:57 the train rolled slowly past the little station at Garrison's, and there was shown a tribute from his old student and home to the dead soldier. Along the side of the railway before the station the cadets from West Point were drawn up in line, "present arms." All the officers of the post were near with uncovered heads, and the band from the post, with muffled drums, was playing "Sweet Spirit, hear my prayer." The strains were not loud, but subdued, and they mingled with muttering thunder over the river on the mountains, where the shot had swept down to the flag-staff tip that shot up from the trees, and all the while, at intervals of five seconds, came the sound of a gun.

The little station passed out of sight, and the strains from the band died away. The funeral train had again quickened its speed, but it was overtaken by the storm, which prevailed with much force for ten minutes.

body will repose, as indicated by the richly-draped canopy.

Hurrying crowds sought shelter from a driving rain under the eaves of the Grand Central depot at 40 minutes before 5 o'clock, deploring the mischance that would turn the parade into a warty tramp through a dreary storm. Their fears were groundless. Brighter skies showed in the west when the funeral train rolled into the depot. The military methods had indeed proved infallible. The escort was ready and at the door promptly at the stroke. The dark clouds had rolled over, and the sun broke forth, illuminating the glass-covered arch and, as the train moved in, its rays fell upon the silver mountings of the coffin, purple-covered and with a single wreath of oak leaves, placed over the heart of "dear father" by children's hands, resting upon the lid. It fell upon the wrinkled faces of the veterans who carried it as tenderly as a loved child from the car to a lightibus, brought down from the Woodlawn for the purpose, and drew it up the inclined platform and across to the west side of the depot and to the vehicle that was to be the last on which the body would ever ride. With them walked six of the Loyal Legion and two Grand Army men. The martial tread of armed men echoed behind. Company C, Fifth artillery, and company E, Twelfth infantry, regulars, whom the government had sent as a body guard of honor, marched as escort.

Gen. Hancock and his suite had left the train from the opposite side and passed through the gate into Forty-third street, where horses were waiting ahead of the coffin. They then galloped to the head of the procession on Fifth avenue below Thirty-fourth street. The sons of Gen. Grant also left the depot quietly. All others who had come with the train followed the remains out in double file, the citizens' committee of 100, led by ex-Mayors Franklin, Edson and Jackson, walking. Next followed the regiments. Behind them came Gov. Hill and Gen. Farnsworth and his glittering staff, and in their turn the committee of the house and senate at Albany.

In Forty-third street the catafalque waited. Eight steps led up to the raised platform, upon which the veterans set down the coffin, with its wreath of oak. It bore no other mark or ornament save a golden plate. Their duty done, veterans stepped down and took their stand beside the catafalque. The clash of troops presenting arms and the mournful strains of a dirge played by the government band, greeted the appearance of the casket. Soldiers of the Seventy-first regiment were drawn across the street and on the opposite curb from the portal of the catafalque. As the casket was borne between them and the teeming crowds behind, the militiamen uncovered, and the mellow sunlight fell upon thousands of bowed heads. Involuntarily some of the policemen lifted their hats. Then the heavy tread of the regulars broke the stillness as they marched up to take their places beside the catafalque. Twelve colored men seized the reins of twelve horses that were shrouded in black, like a hearse, and standing beside them, awaited a signal.

It looked like old times at the hotels in the city last night. A number of strangers arrived on every train in anticipation of Saturday's funeral. There was in hotel lobbies that the military assembly gathered and the book hands and made it all up. The soldiers of the regulars were heart-stirring, and there were many grand old figures on all sides. The scene stood Gen. Phil Sheridan, a red faced man advanced, leaning on a cane. B. Gordon, of Georgia, toward the rear, then introduced them, and the warriors setled hands with a firm grip, and each other in the eyes. Then their hands trembled, but they did not release the friendly grasp, but stood there looking at each other with sparkling eyes. Gen. Belknap, ex-secretary of war, came up with Gen. Curtis, the one-eyed conqueror of Fort Fisher, and formed part of the group. It was a picture worthy of a great painter, as the southern general, tall, black eyed, with long hair, and scarred face, pressed the hand of the famous soldier of the north. "This is how the soldiers of the north and south meet to-day," Gen. Curtis said. "God grant that it is only an emblem of what is coming to the whole country."

Middy passed and there was no diminution of the constant trail of people so anxious to see the unrecognizable face of the dead general. At 10 o'clock the line reached up Broadway to a point near Canal street, but the tide was flowing past the remains at the rate of about twenty per cent, as yesterday; and at 10 o'clock nearly 50,000 persons had viewed the body since the gates opened, at 6 o'clock this morning.

The procession to the city hall at the hour of midnight extended above Canal street, half a mile away, and was four deep. It is estimated that as many as 300,000 persons have visited the hall within the two days that the remains have lain in state. At 1:10 a. m. the gates were closed for the night, and about 200 persons who had been in line were disappointed in not seeing the face of the dead general. The procession began to diminish about half an hour after midnight, and at 1 o'clock it was of rather slim proportions. At 10 o'clock the body will be taken to Riverside park, and the last obsequies over the great general will be over, and his ashes will have eternal rest.

The appearance of Grant's face is rapidly altering. A yellowish tinge is creeping down the forehead and over the cheek bones. It was notable this morning that many of the visitors, after just glancing at the remains, hastily turned away as if overcome by the signs of decay. The most singular feature of the passing throngs was the number of men and women who deliberately turned their heads aside when reaching the coffin and looked in another direction. Many of these had waited hours to get a glimpse of the body.

Mrs. Grant is at Mt. McGregor, and will not attend the funeral here. She is much prostrated, both mentally and physically. She hardly has been able to leave her room at the Drexel cottage, and is far too weak to endure the journey to New York.

President Cleveland and party arrived at the Fifth Avenue hotel about 11 o'clock to-night and proceeded immediately to their rooms.

People from every section of the union are here. Hotels and every other available place for sleeping are crowded to their utmost capacity to-night and many have been forced to go to Brooklyn, Jersey City and other adjacent cities for accommodations. A larger number of distinguished people from every part of the union will be gathered on Manhattan island to-morrow than ever before in history.

representing the city of New York, the legislative assembly, members of the common council of Albany and others.

Night had now settled down upon the scene, and electric lights were ablaze. The body was taken into a private room by undertakers, and prepared for public view. Then at the request of Col. Grant, Lieutenant-Col. Floyd Clarkson placed upon Gen. Grant's breast the decoration of the Loyal Legion of Honor, and Senior Vice-Commander Johnston fastened by its side the medal of the G. A. R.

Mayor Grace, accompanied by two ladies, viewed the body before the public were admitted. A guard of U. S. Grant post stood about the coffin on either side. The Legion of Honor guard stood at the head, and members of the National Guard were distributed about the corridor. When the gates were opened a long line of people passed into the portico, and after viewing the remains passed out by a rear door of the hall. Everything had been so carefully arranged that there was no confusion and little crowding. There were some who wept as they gazed on the features of the dead soldier. There were old veterans of many battle fields of the rebellion, who fought under Gen. Grant.

Gen. Hancock formally delivered the body to the city authorities early in the evening. Hereafter the police of the city are responsible for its keeping. It was decided, after a conference in the mayor's office, that the coffin should be open until 10 a. m. to-morrow, Friday and Saturday. On the last named morning, at the named hour, the coffin will be closed.

NEW YORK, Aug. 22.—The City Hall gates were closed at 1 o'clock this morning and the remains of Gen. Grant were watched by the guard of honor. Between 4 and 5 o'clock the crowd had become a throng and its line reached from the fountain along Park row to Center street, turning the corner of Chambers street. Every train on the bridge brought recruits, who hurried across Chatham and Center streets to the point where the loose crowd was being made into a solid procession. At the same relative hours to-day there were thousands more in the streets yesterday, and this fact was due to the belief and experience that the early ones had yesterday the least time to wait, so it was that by early day the downtown cars between 5 and 6 o'clock brought hundreds of ladies and gentlemen who had thought to be in advance of the great crowd. The City hall clock marked 5:55 o'clock when the covers from the casket were shifted, and the bell at St. Paul's church tolling 6 o'clock when the iron gates were thrown back. The first to pass through were, as yesterday, women.

A floral remembrance from Gen. Grant's old home, Galena, Illinois, was placed near his remains to-day. The inspector this morning stated he had orders to close the gates at 1 o'clock to-night and that the remains will then be turned over to the undertakers and the public will not again be permitted to see them. At noon the line had extended up Broadway above Leonard street, and up to that hour 35,000 persons had visited them.

It looked like old times at the hotels in the city last night. A number of strangers arrived on every train in anticipation of Saturday's funeral. There was in hotel lobbies that the military assembly gathered and the book hands and made it all up. The soldiers of the regulars were heart-stirring, and there were many grand old figures on all sides. The scene stood Gen. Phil Sheridan, a red faced man advanced, leaning on a cane. B. Gordon, of Georgia, toward the rear, then introduced them, and the warriors setled hands with a firm grip, and each other in the eyes. Then their hands trembled, but they did not release the friendly grasp, but stood there looking at each other with sparkling eyes. Gen. Belknap, ex-secretary of war, came up with Gen. Curtis, the one-eyed conqueror of Fort Fisher, and formed part of the group. It was a picture worthy of a great painter, as the southern general, tall, black eyed, with long hair, and scarred face, pressed the hand of the famous soldier of the north. "This is how the soldiers of the north and south meet to-day," Gen. Curtis said. "God grant that it is only an emblem of what is coming to the whole country."

Middy passed and there was no diminution of the constant trail of people so anxious to see the unrecognizable face of the dead general. At 10 o'clock the line reached up Broadway to a point near Canal street, but the tide was flowing past the remains at the rate of about twenty per cent, as yesterday; and at 10 o'clock nearly 50,000 persons had viewed the body since the gates opened, at 6 o'clock this morning.

The procession to the city hall at the hour of midnight extended above Canal street, half a mile away, and was four deep. It is estimated that as many as 300,000 persons have visited the hall within the two days that the remains have lain in state. At 1:10 a. m. the gates were closed for the night, and about 200 persons who had been in line were disappointed in not seeing the face of the dead general. The procession began to diminish about half an hour after midnight, and at 1 o'clock it was of rather slim proportions. At 10 o'clock the body will be taken to Riverside park, and the last obsequies over the great general will be over, and his ashes will have eternal rest.

The appearance of Grant's face is rapidly altering. A yellowish tinge is creeping down the forehead and over the cheek bones. It was notable this morning that many of the visitors, after just glancing at the remains, hastily turned away as if overcome by the signs of decay. The most singular feature of the passing throngs was the number of men and women who deliberately turned their heads aside when reaching the coffin and looked in another direction. Many of these had waited hours to get a glimpse of the body.

Mrs. Grant is at Mt. McGregor, and will not attend the funeral here. She is much prostrated, both mentally and physically. She hardly has been able to leave her room at the Drexel cottage, and is far too weak to endure the journey to New York.

President Cleveland and party arrived at the Fifth Avenue hotel about 11 o'clock to-night and proceeded immediately to their rooms.

People from every section of the union are here. Hotels and every other available place for sleeping are crowded to their utmost capacity to-night and many have been forced to go to Brooklyn, Jersey City and other adjacent cities for accommodations. A larger number of distinguished people from every part of the union will be gathered on Manhattan island to-morrow than ever before in history.

arms were presented and the catafalque slowly passed.

Three and four o'clock passed, and the temple yet waited, but there came a light from the east, and the sun broke forth. Then a strain from the trumpets, and soon the sound of muffled drums. Carriages then came into view and rolled slowly through the park to the tomb. Dr. Newman and Bishop Harris occupied the first, and then the clergy and Drs. Douglas, Shady and Sands. The pall bearers came after these. Gen. Joe Johnston rode beside Gen. Sherman, and Sheridan in full uniform, who paired, while Gen. Logan and ex-Secretary Boutwell followed. The pall bearers and those invited alighted and took a place near the tomb. The Davis island band, playing Chopin's funeral march, came into view, while behind the black plumes of the funeral car could be seen.

The ox-stopped abreast of the tomb, and the guard of honor ascended to bear down the east side. Col. Beck formed his two companies of escort in a hollow square, between the tomb and the hearse.

The family carriages had drawn near, and their occupants alighted and took positions near the foot of the steps of the car.

Representatives of Meade post, Philadelphia, encircled the casket. Altes Reed, commander, and Sheridan in full uniform, who paired, while Gen. Newman and Bishop Harris then read the ritual service for burial of the Methodist Episcopal church. Hancock behind the burial party stood Gen. Hancock. At his elbow were President Cleveland, Vice-President Hendricks and members of the cabinet. Near the head of the casket, on the right, were Sherman and Sheridan in full uniform, who paired, during the entire service. At their side were ex-Presidents Arthur and Hayes, and Senator Sherman. On the other side of the casket were Admiral Porter, Fitzhugh Lee, Gen. Gordon and Gen. Buckner.

When the religious services had ended the trumpeter of Company A, Fifth artillery, stepped close to the casket and sounded the tattoo. Little Julia then laid on the coffin a wreath "To Grandpa." The guard of honor bore the remains within the tomb, and at 5:05 o'clock placed them within the steel case, the sealing of both the lead lining and steel case being then performed. The family entered the tomb, remaining only a few minutes. They then sought their carriages, and when entering, the avenue and the city were thronged with people. A guard of regulars were mounted on once, the military marched away, the dignitaries rode away, and the long chapter was ended.

Opinions About Grant.

A mayor of Atlanta, Georgia, is reported to have asked Gen. Hancock if it wasn't singular that the republicans shouldn't have made a man like Grant president. Hancock is said to have replied: "Gen. Grant was a very superior officer. He won his position by merit and hard and successful fighting, and was worthy of it. If you think it strange of the republicans for making a president of him, what do you think of the democrats who nominated me?"

It is also related that once in the presence of Gen. R. E. Lee somebody referred to Grant as "a military accident" who had no distinguishing merit, but had achieved success through a combination of fortunate circumstances.

Gen. Lee replied: "Sir, your opinion is a very poor compliment to me. We all thought Richmond, protected as it was by our splendid fortifications, and defended by our army of veterans, could not be taken. Yet Grant turned his face to our capital, and never turned it away until we surrendered. Now, I have carefully searched the military records of both ancient and modern history, and have never found Grant's superior as a general. I doubt if his superior can be found in all history."

Passengers by Steamer.

Arrivals by the Coos Bay, August 9: Fred Flanagan, Felix Cole, Lars Christensen, R. H. Marchant, L. Liebenau, J. B. Dull, I. G. Gohens, H. W. Everett and wife, E. J. Miller, Ah Sue, Capt. Martin, Andrew Seastrom, Miss Diebelhaus, Sam Kit and Young Ching.

Arrivals by the Arago, August 10: F. M. Chapman, J. J. Aschm, J. P. Whitney, Wm Phillips, F. G. Eaton, J. A. Shaw, W. L. Hood, J. P. Hamilton, F. Getchell, D. W. Carrigan, Capt. Bjorn, Capt. A. Small and wife, Mrs. Small and J. Turner.

Departures by the Coos Bay, August 11: Abel Zekind, Wm Dujck, John McCarthy, H. Hindsale, Master Rogers, Jacob Riddeman and eight Chinamen.

The forest fire that started near and southwest of this place about three weeks ago had last week worked its way to Eastport, and for a time it threatened the destruction of that village and also the long bridge beyond that spans Coal-bank slough below Newport. The united efforts of the residents of Eastport saved the houses of the town, but the flame that conveyed water to them was burned, and last Friday afternoon the flames reached and destroyed the fencing at John Gamble's place and roasted his potatoes in the patch so effectually that they are a total loss. He also had a cabbage patch further up the gulch, and about 100 head of his cabbages were cooked and killed. The stage-driver and passengers who came in Wednesday night of last week experienced some difficulty in making their way through the flames and smoke in the vicinity of Eastport, and at that time the bridge across Coal-bank slough was in such danger of destruction that the driver sent Geo. Geistrin up there to complete the removal of some timbers that the driver and passengers had found afire under and adjacent to the bridge, and which they had scattered and subdued to the best of their ability at the time. Geistrin reached the scene in time to save the bridge. The next night, under instructions from Supervisor Dimmick, Geistrin and John Enegren went up and guarded the bridges. By Friday night the combustibles in the neighborhood of the bridges had been consumed, so that they were considered safe without watching; but, all in all, two or three of the long bridges came very near going up in the flames.

The Closing Scene.

Time and space prohibit our giving a detailed account of the proceedings at New York Saturday. The display was the most magnificent and notable of anything of the kind that ever took place in this country, or probably ever will. The procession seemed unending, stretching southward as far as the eye could reach. The streets all the way to the tomb were packed with people, and as the right of the column approached the tomb dull reverberations of guns from sea and land could be heard, and the troops broke column from the left, marching to the right on the east side of the tomb. After forming in line,

Teachers' Institute.

Following is the programme of the institute to be held at Coquille City this month:

DAY EXERCISES.
Wednesday, August 26—8 a. m.—Organization. Institute work—Prof. E. B. McElroy. Methods of teaching reading—County Superintendent. 1 p. m.—Class movements—F. A. Golden. Geography—D. L. Rood. Penmanship—W. A. Welsh.

Thursday, August 27—8 a. m.—Arithmetic—K. H. Hansen. Orthography—J. C. Canterbury. Music in schools—D. Edmunds. 1 p. m.—School government—F. C. Kinnicut. Dedications and essay writing—A. J. Sherwood. Grammar—F. A. Golden.

EVENING EXERCISES.
Wednesday—Music by the Coquille City brass band. Recitations—A. J. Sherwood, Song—F. Bunch and Misses Alice and May Bunch. Lecture—Prof. McElroy. Song—Mrs. A. G. Aiken and W. A. Welsh.

Thursday—Music by the Coquille City brass band. Recitation—F. A. Golden. Song. Lecture—John A. Gray, Esq. Song—Mrs. Aiken and Mr. Welsh.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Prof. McElroy writes that he expects to bring two good institute workers with him; so that, with those who have promised to attend from the bay, we expect to have the most successful institute yet held in the county. A cordial invitation is extended to all who take an interest in the cause of education, but especially to those who have once followed the profession of teaching, that the young teachers may profit by the experience of their elders.

We have over 2300 children in this county, nine-tenths of whom will receive in this school all the education they will ever receive. It is not a matter of vital importance that we make such means as we have as effective as possible. First-class teachers are not to be judged by the certificates they hold, but by their appreciation of the responsibility that rests upon them as instructors and examples for the rising generation. The object of these institutes, aside from the valuable instruction imparted, is to inspire the teacher with this feeling, without which his instruction is but the work of a machine, and not adapted to the ever varying capabilities of the human mind. Very respectfully yours,
J. T. McCORMAC,
County School Superintendent.

To Whom It May Concern.

H. P. WHITNEY will be on the bay about August 3, 1885, to remain for a short time, to settle up his unsettled business. All persons owing Whitney money on notes now due or on book accounts, are requested to make immediate payment to
Jy23rd E. O'CONNELL.

Being More Pleasant.

To the taste, more acceptable to the stomach, and more truly beneficial in its action, the famous California liquid fruit remedy Syrup of Figs is rapidly superseding all others. Try it. Sample bottles free and large bottles for sale by Henry Sengstacken, Marshfield and Empire City.

The colored posters for the coming state fair are out, and are by far the handsomest ever issued by the society. They are printed by a Cincinnati house.—Oregonian.

It seems to us a cool proceeding on the part of the society to send to Cincinnati for posters, when there is every facility in the state for printing better posters than the fair is likely to merit. The managers of the society had better go to Cincinnati to hold their fair and raise the funds to run it.

The Drain correspondent of the Plaindealer announces the death of Mrs. Harriet Newman Goodell near that place on the 2d inst., after an illness of 18 months. She came to Oregon in 1843, with her uncle, Charles Lindsay, and Jesse Applegate. She was 63 years old when she died.

Gannon & Blackman of Roseburg have just completed a buckboard for Laird's Coos bay stage line that the Plaindealer pronounces the best vehicle of the description that has been made in that county.

Elkton, in Douglas county, came near falling a victim to forest fires last Thursday. Back firing and the united efforts of all the inhabitants of the town, large and small, male and female, finally saved it.

The Drain route is now in fine condition. Passengers will be put to the railroad the same day, without extra charge, whenever requested. Fare to Portland, by this route, only \$14.50.

The Steamer Comet.

The bow boat of the bay, leaves Marshfield for Empire promptly at 9:30 o'clock every morning, returning at noon, and going down again at 3 p. m. and coming back between 5 and 6 o'clock, except Saturday evenings, when she leaves Empire at 6:30. Capt. Dan Roberts is at the wheel and Manly Roberts at the engine, and you can depend upon getting through on time every trip when you ride on the Comet, and don't you forget it.

The Acme Electric Belt.

Leads the van in perfection and price. Remember, it is warranted to give full satisfaction. It equalizes the circulation, gives instant relief from pain and nervousness, and speedily cures wakened, spasms and all nervous diseases, disorders of the liver, kidneys, stomach, bowels, neuralgia, lumbago, incipient paralysis, cold, coldness of hands and feet, backache, spinal weakness, male infirmities, female complaints and general debility. Price, \$5 single-circuit belt; \$8 double-circuit belt. J. E. HAGENBUCH, at Blenco Drug Store, agent. aug 6t

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup company, San Francisco, Cal. It 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, yet thoroughly to dispel headaches, colds and fevers; to cure constipation, indigestion and kindred ills.

GREAT NORTHWESTERN REMEDY!

OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER
CANDID'S
KIDNEY & LIVER REGULATOR

THOSE WHO WORK EARLY AND late need a wholesome, reliable medicine like PRINCE'S OREGON BLOOD PURIFIER. As a remedy and preventative of disease it cannot be best. It checks Rheumatism and Malaria, relieves Constipation, Dyspepsia and Biliousness, and puts fresh energy into the system by its action on the liver and kidneys. It is a safe and reliable medicine, and is sold by all druggists and chemists. Price, 25 cents per bottle. Sold by J. D. Garfield, Marshfield, Oregon.

MARSHFIELD MARKET.

Wholesale and Retail Prices.		
ARTICLES	Wholesale	Retail
Beef, all around	5 cents	4 1/2 cents
Pork	7 cents	6 1/2 cents
Mutton	6 cents	5 1/2 cents
Eggs	20 cents	22 cents
Choice Butter, 50 lbs.	20 cents	22 cents
Cheese	16 cents	18 cents
Potatoes	1 cents	1 1/2 cents
Onions	1 cents	1 1/2 cents
Wheat	1 1/2 cents	1 1/2 cents
Apples, 50 lbs.	1 1/2 cents	1 1/2 cents
Chickens, dressed, 4 do.	4 1/2 cents	5 1/2 cents

MARINE INTELLIGENCE.

Arrived.
August 9.—Sir Coos Bay, Lawless, from San Francisco, with passengers and mail, and to Henry Sengstacken, agent.
Aug 10.—Sir Arago, Holt, 60 hours from San Francisco, with passengers and freight, to Fred Schetter, agent.
Sailed.
August 7.—Tug Forster, Hill, Astoria.
Aug 10.—Sir Arago, Holt, San Francisco.
Aug 11.—Sir Coos Bay, Lawless, San Francisco.
Aug 19.—Sir Arago, Holt, San Francisco.

BORN.

At Bay City, August 5, to the wife of Henry Kern, a daughter.
Near J. F. Gilman's place, on the Coquille, to Mrs. Flora Shelby, a son.
Near Coquille City, August 7, to the wife of Rev. R. J. Campbell, a son.
At Oak creek, Oregon, August 4, to the wife of C. L. Hester, a son.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Emma Slough, August 2, by Rev. Mr. Cook, Charles L. Bonoback to Miss Jeannette Mann, at Medford, Or. July 30, J. L. McCulloch to Miss Annie Howard.
At Roseburg, August 2, David Grant to Miss Nell Strain.
At Roseburg, July 31, W. M. Talk to Miss Ellen Connelly.
At the residence of the bride's parents, Curry county, July 26, Ben. K. Gardner to Miss R. A. Forgy.
At Crescent City, Cal., July 21, Chas. Gray to Mrs. Josephine Ramsey.

When baby was sick, we gave her

CANTORIA.
When she was a child, she cried for
CANTORIA.
When she became a miss, she clung to
CANTORIA.
When she had children, she gave them
CANTORIA.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, administrators of the estate of ERNEST HUNTLEY, deceased, has on the 7th day of July, 1885, filed his final account of said estate, in the county court of Curry county, and that MONDAY, SEPTEMBER SEVENTH, A. D. 1885, has been set for hearing objections to the same at the county court-room at Empire City, Oregon. All persons interested in said estate are required to said time to their cause, if any exist, why the same should not be settled.
Dated this 8th day of July, A. D. 1885.
MARGARET A. MULLEN,
C. A. H. VOLKMAR, Attorney for the Estate.

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!

<