The Coast Mail.

Published every Thursday morning,
By JOHN CHURCH, Editor and Proprietor

Terms, in Advance.

...$2 50
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MARSHFIELD, OREGON:
Thursday, ... August 13, 1885

JOHANNE.

[Anthony E. Anderson.]

The postman had just gone, and Miss Edith stood under the hall chandelier, one hand pressed lightly against her soft brown, angtry bangs and the other holding two letters.

One of the envelopes was large and yellow and the other smaller and creamy white.

The light from the chandelier was rather dim, and she found it a difficult matter to decipher the superscriptions.

However, she soon discovered that the white one had "Miss Edith M. Ward" written on it in a bold, rather angular hand.

She slipped it into her pocket with a subdued, alert air of being watched, which was comical because it was so entirely unnecessary.

The letter was from Jack Field, and every one in her "set" knew he was her lover. She had seen the postman come up the steps, and had flown to the door lest anyone else should forestall her.

Edith found the writing on the other envelope harder to make out. It was in a cramped, queer hand, by no means legible.

The foreign stamp in the corner aided her a little.

Evidently the sight of this letter pleased Edith almost as much as the other had done.

"Ah it is from Norway!" she said to herself. "I hope Sister Anna is confirmed at last, and is coming to America to make Johanne happy."

Johanne Knudstatter was sitting in the kitchen paring apples and singing in a low key to herself.

The air was a Norse national hymn—indeed you could never have caught Johanne trying to sing anything which was not Norwegian. Her love of country was a sort of religion with her, and her love for her sister was very much like it, though far above it in degree. Everything connected with Norway was right, and Sister Anna too, could do no wrong.

Johanne was not pretty. Her thick, bare arms were rough and ungraceful, and her face was red from constant and close acquaintance with kitchen fires. Her cheek-bones were high, and her coarse, scant locks were of a nondescript hue. But she had beautiful eyes, large and gray, and with dark, long lashes.

"Oh, Norge er mit Hjem!" (Oh, Norway is my home!) Johanne was singing when Edith stepped into the kitchen, the yellow envelope snugly stowed away in her pocket.

"I've got something for you, Johanne," she said, her brown eyes shining with pleased anticipation. "Guess what it is."

Johanne laid down her knife and apple, and assumed an exaggerated expression of thoughtfulness. She pursed up her mouth, she closed her eyes for a moment, and then folded her hands.

"Is it a—a kitten, Miss Edit?" she asked with a puzzled air.

Edith laughed.

"No, you foolish Johanne, it isn't a kitten! What should I be giving you a kitten for? Here—you'll never guess it; it's a letter from Norge."

Johanne's eyes opened like a flash.

"A letter! Oh, gif 'im me, Miss Edit!"

With fingers that trembled she took a small pair of scissors from her pocket and cut the end of the envelope. Her hands trembled even more when she read the letter.

When she had finished she heaved a deep sigh and her gray eyes were illumined.

"Oh, Miss Edit! dis letter is from my pastor, an' my Sister Anna was confirmert, and she stood high, an' she is on de way here—oh, she will be here to-morrow!"

"And she shall be my maid!" cried Edith, with sudden inspiration; she was no less excited than Johanne. "You can have her near you always then, Johanne."

"Oh, Gud is goot—Gud is goot!" the warm tears coursing down her cheeks. "I'm so glad I sent her the money, Miss Edit, do de pastor he say she no can come till she be confirmert. Dat seem pretty long, Miss Edit, but now she will be here, an' I be very glad all day. She haf no fader nor moder, Miss Edit, only me, an' she mus stay in de pastor's house till she be big enough to come to me. She can speak some Engelsk, too; dey learns it dere."

Edith had heard the whole story often before, but she listened with the tears of sympathy shining on her brown lashes.

"Oh she is so ver' pretty, Miss Edit'—mit hair yust like gold or do sunshine, an' cheeks like a rose, an' eyes—oh, muts pretter dan de sky in de himmell. Ak, I never see no prettier girls dan she, even in de richest house."

Her love made Johanne eloquent. Edith could not help wondering if it was her love that made sister Anna so beautiful, too.

"Hans vill be glad to hear de news, an' soon ve can git married, w'en we safe a leetle more money, an' Sister Anna can lif mit us. Ak, ve vill be so glad all de time!"

Hans Steen was the gardener, and Johanne and he were engaged to be married. They had lived in the same parish, and had known each other since childhood.

He was a stolid, slow man, with a broad emotionless face and small, blue, white-lashed eyes. Edith had often declared her conviction that he was unworthy of Johanne.

Mrs. Ward did not exactly approve the plan of taking Anna Knudstatter as a maid, but was won over at last; and Anna's position was secure when she arrived.

Edith hed expected to see a pretty, rustic face, but was not prepared for the vision of loveliness that threw itself with the impetuosity of childhood on Johanne's neck.

Anna was very plainly but neatly clad, but her garments were unnoticed. She had one of the most exquisitely pure blonde faces Edith had ever seen.

The small features were perfect in shape; her eyes were like Johanne's, but they had the advantage of a beautiful setting, and so appeared to be larger and longer-lashed, and a deeper gray. In reality, they were almost exactly the counterpart of Johanne's.

"I shall be afraid to ask her to dress my hair," said Edith, looking at Anna with pleased wonder. "She is the most graceful creature I ever saw. Is she not perfectly lovely, mamma?"

The happiest woman in Boston for at least a month was Johanne Knudstatter. She had a smile on her face from morning till night, and she hummed "Norge er mit Hjem" with redoubled enthusiasm and patriotism.

Anna, too, seemed well pleased with her new home in America. She spoke English almost as well as Johanne before she came, and she improved rapidly.

She was a source of constant wonder and æsthetic delight to her young mistress—for Edith was nominally her mistress, though the lines were not very tightly drawn.

Anna soon strutted about in some of Edith's cast-off gowns, and aped Edith's little airs to perfection. She was vanity personified, and had not been in the house a week before she had cut off her smooth bands of golden hair, in exact imitation of her mistress' "bangs."

Edith began to feel a little uncomfortable. It was unpleasant, to say the least, to be copied in everything, imperfections and all—and imperfections were followed the most easily and assiduously.

Hans Steen was much pleased with Johanne's sister, and spoke enthusiastically—for him—of the time when they would be married, and Anna should live with them.

Edith received an invitation to visit an aunt in a small Vermont village, a few weeks after Anna's arrival, and made her preparations for departure at once. Anna was not needed, and would be more useful at home, and so she was left behind.

The present visit extended over two months, and as Edith entered her home again, she felt as if she had come into an atmosphere of brooding storm. Her mother met her at the door with an anxious face.

"Mamma, what is the matter?" Edith asked in alarm. "Is any one ill or dead?"

"It is something almost worse, Edith," said her mother, sadly. "Anna was married secretly to Hans Steen yesterday, just a week before he was to have married Johanne. Our poor Johanne is almost broken-hearted to think that her sister, whom she loved so dearly, and her own lover, could be so false to her."

"It is shameful," cried Edith, indignantly. "My poor Johanne!"

"Anna does not seem to realize that she has done anything out of the way; always protesting that she likes him, and had a right to do as she pleased. She had not the slightest idea of the meaning of duty, and I don't think she is at all capable of understanding the wealth of love Johanne has lavished upon her; and Hans is a great deal worse. I would discharge him, but I know he could not find another place easily, and Johanne begs me not to do so."

Johanne would not hear a word against sister Anna or Hans.

"Dey lofes each odder," she said, with a wistful expression in her gray eyes. "Dat is deir reason. Lofe is everyt'ing—an' all's fair in lofe, you know."

Poor Johanne!

Where Barbers Wax Fat.

[U. S. Minister Harrison's Letter.]

The barber trade is one of the most important in Persia. The Koran makes it honorable for a man to wear a beard, but commands the shaving of the head. There are two great sects among those who accept the Mahometan faith, the Sheas and the Sunnees. The latter are all Turks and they shave the whole crown, excepting a tuft in the center by which the archangel may draw them out of the grave.

But the Persians are Sheas, and they shave the center of the head, from the forehead to the neck, leaving a long curl on each side. It is curious to see even little boys with their heads thus polished. The Persians consider it a great disgrace to lose their side curls. As they all wear turbans, or black, conical caps of Astrakhan lambskin, no one would suspect the head to be shaved until the cap is taken off. Then, indeed, the appearance of the head is exceedingly grotesque. It is evident that the care of the hair is a very important question in Persia. But this is not all.

One rarely sees a gray beard or gray locks in Teheran. Even the most venerable men have dark or red hair. The reason is because all, from the highest to the lowest, dye their hair. Even the tails and manes of the horses are sometimes tinged with henna. Those of the royal stables are dyed a beautiful rose color. The use of red for curtains, awnings and umbrellas is forbidden. It is a color reserved in such cases for the palace and the king alone.

A Pack of Cards Well Earned.

[New York Sun.]

"Why do you pick that up?" asked a reporter of a man who had just stooped down and taken a fugitive nine of clubs out of the mud. He was carefully cleaning the card with his pocket-handkerchief.

"It's a habit I have contracted," he said, laughing. "Long ago I noticed that a day rarely passed that I did not see a playing-card lying in the street. I wondered if it were possible to make a whole pack by picking up all I saw. I went to work to try it. At first it seemed easy enough, and I picked up plenty of cards of different kinds, but as my collection grew larger the task became more difficult, and I found cards of the same sort over and over again. It took me twelve years to find the last four cards I wanted—the five of diamonds, the eight of diamonds, the king of spades, and the four of hearts. Two of these years were spent in looking for the eight of diamonds, which was all I wanted to complete this pack. I found it three months ago in an ash barrel on Baxter street, and I have now the entire pack. I was just eleven years and two weeks collecting it, and I would not sell it for $1,000."

Talking Shop at the Art Reception.

[Chicago Times.]

Some people never can leave the shop behind, even at art receptions. A group of four attended one of these swell events last week, and their comments were rather characteristic. "Did you ever see anything more exquisite in the typographical art?" said one, holding up the illustrated catalogue. She was the wife of the man who got them up. "We can do more artistic framing than that in Chicago." He was a frame-maker, of course. "Look at that palette of roses, isn't it a picture?" He was the florist that furnished it. "Isn't that Strauss waltz too lovely for anything?" She was the trombone-player's sweetheart. But they all enjoyed the reception except the frame-maker.

The Typical American.

[W. L. Alden in The Current.]

In 500 years more we may develop a true national character, we may have a language of our own, and we may form an American race as distinct from the English or any European race, as the Malay is distinct from the Hindoo. Then we can find and describe the typical American without difficulty. Now the search for him is as fruitless as it would be to search among the passengers in a street car for the type of a race born and bred in street cars and nowhere else.

A Street in a Great City.

[The Current.]

At edge of northern sidewalk a four-story row of beer-kegs dripping into gutter; a banana wagon; a ditch six feet deep; moat of ditch; iron pipes two feet in diameter; car-tracks; moat of scraped surface mud; brick pile; southern sidewalk missing; new building erecting; a hundred thousand people passing. This is called "progress."

A Good Word for Poe.

[Algernon S. Sullivan.]

Poe, profligate as he was charged with being, has no unchaste word or thought in all his poems, or a single word that could be unchastely illustrated. That is a remarkable fact, isn't it? It has never been necessary to publish expurgated editions of his poems.

The Coast Mail
And the San Francisco
WEEKLY CALL
$2 75
Per year in advance.

THE SINGING BEGGARS.

[Edgar L. Wakeman in The Current.]

I.

I heard two beggars sing to-day;
Two beggars, clutching from the throng
Grudged alms. No soul was in their song.
Beasts hungered, scourged by cruel thong,
Were like them as they shrunk along;
Such wild, fierce choristers were they.

II.

I heard two beggars sing again.
They sang of love when day was done;
They sang to sleep their little one.
Such sweetness through their vespers run
As glorified their lay. I won
Song's best revealment made to men.

The Smallest Watch in the World.

[New York Sun.]

A small, gold penholder, resting in a rich velvet case, lay on a jeweler's showcase in John street, last week. The end of the holder was shaped like an elongated cube, and was an inch long. A faint musical ticking that issued from it attracted a customer's attention. The jeweler lifted the holder from the case with a smile, and exhibited a tiny watch dial, one sixteenth of an inch in diameter, set in the side between two other dials almost as small. One indicated the day, and the other the month of the year. The center dial ticked off seconds, minutes, and hours.

"This is the smallest watch ever made," the jeweler said, "and the only one of its kind in the world. It took a Geneva watchmaker the better part of two years to fit the parts together so that they would work accurately. It has been exhibited in London and Paris."

The works of the watch were so that they fitted lengthwise in the holder. The mainspring was an elongated coil of steel fitted to the wheels by a tiny chain, and worked like an old-fashioned clock weigh. The works were wound up by means of a little screw of gold on the under side of the handle. A good pen was fitted in the holder, and the jeweler wrote with it without disturbing the operations of the fairy watch.

"What's the price?" the customer asked.

"A round $500," replied the jeweler, laughing.

Suppression of News in Russia.

[Stepniak.]

The catastrophe of Koukoueff was one of the most heartrending of our national calamities. A train ran off the line and went headlong into a morass. Many of the passengers were badly hurt and more than 100 killed. The accident, as was fully proved, arose from the unsound condition of the permanent way and the rottenness of the piles, the engineers and managers having appropriated to their own purposes the moneys assigned for repairs. On this becoming known there was a cry of indignation from one end of Russia to the other. And the government—what course did it take? Promise a searching inquiry and the exemplary punishment of the delinquents? Nothing of the sort? It issued this circular: "Aug. 19, 1882.—Since the disaster on the Koursk railway several papers have printed articles bringing grave charges against some of the employes of the ministry of roads. Articles of this sort having a disturbing character their publication will bring on the offending journal the severest administrative penalties." Thus the state forbade parents and friends to protest against the authors of their misfortune, or to offer an opinion on the best method of preventing further similar disasters.

The Ruling Passion.

[New York Tribune.]

Menzel, whose paintings are now on exhibition in Paris, has a studio in Berlin adjoining his private studio, in which his pupils work from living models. One day a student rushed into his sanctum exclaiming breathlessly, "Herr Menzel! The model! The young woman who was posing!"

"Well, what of her?"

"She is dead! She has dropped down lifeless!"

Stepping into the other room he found her on the floor, dead indeed, with the horrified students standing around. "What an admirable pose!" he cried, as he saw the corpse; "make a study of it! Quick!" And seizing a pencil and sketch block he himself set the example.

How a Play Runs.

[Boston Herald Interview.]

Sometimes a play will run late on the night of the first production, and after that be played in a much shorter time, although not a line may have been cut out of it. This is due to the actors who, on the first night, are feeling their way with the public. They know what they are about and what they have to do, but what they do not know is how the public is going to receive the play—where the audience will applaud and where laugh or cry, as the case may be. It is a fact that on a second night the play will talk fully fifteen minutes quicker than on the first and not a line be cut out.

The Traditional Green-Room.

[Tid-Bits.]

As a hit at the actual scarcity of existence of the traditional "green-room," the author "On the Stage and Off," says of his first theatre: "There was no green-room. There never had been a green-room. I never saw a green-room, except in a play, though I was always on the lookout for it. I met an old actor once who had actually been in one, and used to get him to come and tell me all about it. But even his recollections were tinged with a certain vagueness."

Almost Qualified.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Editor—I have a few vacancies on my staff, yes. You are a newspaper man?

Applicant—I have written poems and essays for some of the leading magazines of the country and am now writing a novel; am also at work on a new pocket encyclopedia.

"You never worked on a newspaper?"

"Well, no."

"I see, I see. Well, we need a new police reporter, and I'll give you a trial."

Civilization of the Planets.

[Exchange.]

M. De Lesseps, in his address upon being received into the French academy, observed that "a little imagination is a good lever for the heavy weight of human affairs," and M. Renan, in his reply welcoming the distinguished engineer, said that "if astronomers had sufficiently powerful instruments they might judge of the civilization of the planets by seeing whether their isthmuses were cut or not."

Cuba's Big Debt.

[New York Tribune.]

Cuba has not paid her civil list salary for five months, or her army for three. She has a debt of $46,000,000, and a yearly deficit which is swelling that amount at a rapid rate.

Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph: Afternoon journalism deals in what happens, and morning journalism in how it happened.

The Coast Mail
And the Philadelphia
WEEKLY PRESS
$3 00
Per year in advance.

A Chinese Printing Office.

[San Francisco Report.]

A visit to a Chinese printing establishment is productive of much that is interesting. Movable types are not in use in San Francisco Chinese newspaper offices. The manner of getting a Chinese newspaper on the press and printing is very primitive. The editor takes American newspapers to friends, from whom he gets a translation of the matter he needs, and after getting it written in Chinese in a manner satisfactory to him he carefully writes it upon paper chemically prepared. Upon the bed of the press, which is of the style that went out of use with the last century, is a lithograph stone. Upon this the paper is laid until the impression of the characters is left there. A large roller is inked and passed over the stone after it has been dampened with a wet sponge, and nothing remains but to take the impression upon the newspaper to be. The Chinese pressman prints three papers every five minutes, five papers in the same time less than Benjamin Franklin had a record for. A Chinese printing-office has never been struck by lightning.

The life of a Chinese journalist is a happy one. He is free from care and thought, and allows all the work of the establishment to be done by the pressman. The Chinese compositor has not arrived. The Chinese editor, like the rest of his countrymen, is imitative. He does not depend upon his brain for editorials, but translates them from all the contemporaneous American newspapers he can get. There is no humorous department in the Chinese newspaper. The newspaper office has no exchanges scattered over the floor, and in nearly all other things it differs from the American establishment. The editorial room is connected by a ladder with bunks on the loft above, where the managing editor sleeps, and next to it is, invariably, a room where an opium bunk and a layout reside.

Evidences of domestic life are about the place, pots, kettles, and dishes taking up about as much room as the press. In one instance on Washington street a barber shop is run in the same department with the editorial room, and, in all cases, no disposition is shown to elevate the position of the "printer" above his surroundings. If an editor finds that journalism does not pay, he gets a job washing dishes or chopping wood, and he does not think he has descended far either.

Among the Afghans.

[Cor. New York Tribune.]

We saw perhaps a dozen Afghan women. They wore no bonnets, but simply a long veil of gauzy stuff. Look at them in the right way, and they are pretty. Their countenances have a Jewish cast, but they are not brunettes. Their skin is anæmic, strikingly so, and they wear their hair tied over a ball so as to make them look more than naturally white. They walk remarkably well, and in the management of their veils display much innate grace and elegance.

Of the men I may as well say that they are not unlike what a cross between a Hindu and a Persian would be. Athletic, fair and well-bearded, they have aquiline faces, with the foreheads shaved, and the hair on the sides hanging in curls that fall over the shoulders in a picturesque, shaggy, mane-like way. Their carriage is full of resolution [illegible] and from one corner of the [illegible] you cannot but remark [illegible] remind you of bantam rooster[illegible] they are like them, too—turbul[illegible] brutal, quarrelsome, liking [illegible] better than the practise of martia[illegible] cruel cast. The kazh, or chie[illegible] Cois, was as perfect a game [illegible] ever saw.

Maud S. [illegible]

[Phila[illegible]]

Maud S. is [illegible] different from any of the rest [illegible] record-breakers. Flora Temple ha[illegible] of her own, Dexter was eve[illegible] times, and Goldsmith Maid [illegible] chased Budd Doble from her box [illegible] on the contrary, must be petted. Billy Blair, her trainer and driver, said recently that the crowds who came to see her were her delight. She must have company, and the only sign of pettishness she shows is when she is not admired. Some ladies petted and caressed her, and children stroked the legs of the animal that has gotten over the 1,760 yards faster than any other of her kind in the world. She seemed pleased, and when the box door was opened would cock up her ears and gaze to see who was coming in.

The Tramp's Rebuke.

[Boston Transcript.]

He was torn and tattered, travel-stained and hungry. He rang the bell of a house which seemed to possess a hospitable exterior. "Ma'am," he said to the woman who answered his ring, "I'm just about starved to death; haven't had a bite to eat for a week." "Why," asked the woman, "can't you get any work?" The tramp threw back his head with impatient disdain. "Beg pardon," he said, "but let us not talk shop." The woman was so taken aback, that in her surprise and mortification she shut the door in his face.

Quite the Lion.

[Judy.]

"Who is the man by the curtain, yawning?"

"Why, that's Brown, the most original man in London. He's quite the lion of the season. He can't do anything, neither paint, sing, act nor talk."

"What a relief! Let's have him to dinner."

Alligators Becoming Useful.

[New Orleans City Item.]

The alligator destroys great numbers of muskrats, the stomach of one lately killed containing fourteen of them. As muskrats are exceedingly destructive of levees, it is proposed to protect the alligator from wanton slaughter by punishing it as a misdemeanor.

One Out of a Thousand.

[Cape Ann Advertiser.]

Out of every 1,000 people born into this world of sin and sorrow, 999 either do not know a good story when they hear it, forget it after they have heard it, or do not know how to repeat it themselves, or haven't good judgment about when to introduce it.

Found a Paint Mine.

[Philadelphia Call.]

Near Cairo, Ill., resides a man who claims to have discovered pure paint in large quantities on his farm. Any one who has ever walked across a Jersey farm in wet weather will believe him.

Very Careless.

[Courier-Journal.]

It is now said that America was discovered in the fifth century, by some Buddhist monks. If this is true, Mr. Christopher Columbus was certainly a very careless reader of the daily papers.

Total Eclipse of the Moon.

Professor Proctor, in his recently published article on the moon, relates what is not generally known, that, during at [illegible] one past lunar eclipse, namely, in [illegible] the moon entirely disappeared from sight.

The Coast Mail
And the San Francisco
Weekly Chronicle
$3 50
Per year in advance.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 182 Fulton Street, N. Y.

—THE—
STAR SALOON!
FRONT STREET,
Opposite O'Connell's Hardware Store,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON,
WEBBER & SONDSTROM
PROPRIETORS.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS OF all descriptions and the best brands of imported and domestic cigars dispensed by attentive and gentlemanly barkeepers.

☞ Also pool table and club rooms for the use of patrons. ap30

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

EXCHANGE SALOON,
Front street, Marshfield.
N. P. HANSEN, Proprietor.
DEALER IN CHOICE BRANDS OF
Gibson's well-known Whisky,
A A A Whisky and fine
Brandies, Wines,
Cigars, etc.
Also—Agent for the renowned Chicago Lager Beer and Porter, at wholesale and retail.
Also—The celebrated Boca Beer, on draft or in bottles. no20

ARCADE SALOON!
Front st., opposite Whitney's Market,
MARSHFIELD,
R. M. HUTCHINSON, - - Proprietor.
A NEW RESORT, SUPPLIED WITH
Choice Wines,
Liquors, Cigars,
Ale, Porter,
Lager Beer.
And all the appointments of
A FIRST-CLASS SALOON.
Patronage appreciated and the wants of customers promptly attended to by gentlemanly barkeepers. Give the new saloon a trial. ja26

H. KEINO, A. SUDERLUND.
PIONEER SALOON,
Front Street, Marshfield,
SUDERLUND & KEINO,
Proprietors.
THIS OLD AND POPULAR SALOON, under the new management, has been refurnished with a stock of
CHOICE WINES, LIQUORS & CIGARS,
Which are served by courteous barkeepers.
A share of patronage solicited and appreciated
☞ Agents for Philadelphia Lager Beer ☜
my22

NOTICE FOR FINAL PROOF.

LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, Oregon,
July 11, 1885.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following-named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim, and that said proof will be made before the clerk of Coos county, at Empire City, Oregon,

on Saturday, August 22, 1885,

Viz: WALDEN M. DAVIS, declaratory statement No. 4093, for the north half of the northeast quarter, the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of section 21, township 26 south, of range 11 west, Will. mer.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land—viz: John C. Neeley, Dick Verlop, S. B. Hollenbeck and J. D. Benham, all of Fairview, Coos Co., Oregon.

jy15 WM. F. BENJAMIN, Register.

Execution Sale.

WHEREAS, AN EXECUTION WAS duly issued out of the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the county of Coos, tested the 13th day of July, 1885, upon a decree of said court, duly made on the 25th day of May, 1885, in a certain suit, in which THOMAS H. WALKER was plaintiff and THEODORE JOHNSON defendant, in favor of said plaintiff, and to me directed, commanding me to sell at public auction the certain real estate hereinafter described: Now, therefore, I will, on

Saturday, the 29th day of August, 1885,

at the hour of one o'clock in the afternoon of that day, at the Court House door at Empire City, in said Coos county, offer for sale, and sell, at public auction, for cash down, to the highest bidder therefor, all of those certain pieces and parcels of land situated in the county of Coos and State of Oregon, and particularly described as lots numbered five and six, in section thirty-five, and lot two, the south half of the southwest quarter, and the northeast quarter of the southwest quarter of section thirty-six, all in township twenty-six south, of range fourteen west, of the Willamette meridian, containing 163 86-100 acres of land.

ISAIAH HACKER,
jy23td Sheriff of Coos county, Oregon.

Notice of Final Settlement.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned, administrator of the estate of THOMAS JENKINS, deceased, has this day filed his final account of said estate, in the County Court of Coos county, Oregon, and that Monday, September 7, 1885, has been set for hearing objections to the same, at the County Court room. All persons interested in said estate are required at said time to show cause, if any exists, why the same should not be settled.

jy23td A. M. CRAWFORD, Administrator.

MONUMENTS
FRED SCHETTER, of Empire,
Agent for Coos county, Oregon.

MINIATURE MONUMENTS, MADE of "White Bronze," are on exhibition at my office at Empire. Also illustrated designs of all descriptions of monuments, with prices and full particulars.

Persons wishing to purchase monuments are invited to call upon me and inspect the "White Bronze," the newest, neatest and most durable substance of which they are now manufactured.

fe12 FRED SCHETTER, Empire City.

THE BOSS
Spring Mattress!
The Gaylord Patent!

I AM NOW MANUFACTURING and selling at my shop, at the ship yard, the cheapest and best spring mattress at the price ever put upon this market. It combines strength, lightness, durability, simplicity and adaptability to beds of all kinds and dimensions, and was awarded the first premium at the last Oregon state fair.

Retail price, $6; wholesale, $4 50.

Before buying your mattress, examine mine, which is decidedly the cheapest article of the kind on the bay.

ja10 GEO. DAVIS.

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NOTIONS.

Administrator's Sale.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF COOS—ss. By virtue of a decree and order of sale, issued out of the County Court of the state of Oregon, for the county of Coos, in the matter of the estate of CHARLES A. WINCHESTER, deceased, for the sale of real property left by deceased, under mortgage, to wit: a mortgage to secure the payment of a certain Promissory note, dated November 1, 1883, for $500, with interest thereon at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum from the date thereof, and payable to the order of FRITZ TIMMERMAN, which said mortgage is a lien upon the following, described real property, situated in the county of Coos and State of Oregon, to wit: Lot three (3), in block twelve (12), of Marshfield, as shown by a map of a portion of said town of Marshfield prepared by E. B. Clement and filed in the office of the county Clerk of Coos county, Oregon, which said lot has a frontage of forty-six and 66-100 feet on Pine street, by a uniform depth of ninety feet to Cedar street, on which it has a frontage forty-six and 66-100 feet.

Now, therefore, in pursuance of said decree and order of sale, I will on

Saturday, the 5th day of September,

1885, at the hour of 3 o'clock p. m., at the court house door, in said county and state, sell the above-described real property at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash.

Dated August 6, 1885.

CHARLES W. TOWER,
Administrator of the Estate of Charles A. Winchester, deceased. au6td

SHERIFF'S SALE.

STATE OF OREGON, COUNTY OF COOS—ss. 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. PREWETT and against SAMUEL GOMKEN, for the sum of 450 15-100 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. Now, in pursuance of said execution, I will, on the TWENTY-NINTH DAY OF AUGUST, A. D. 1885, at 2 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 10th day of July, 1885.

W. R. SIMPSON,
jy16td Sheriff of Coos county, Oregon.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

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Citation.

IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for Coos county.—In the matter of the estate of JOHN F. WEAVER, deceased.—Citation.—To Mary H. Weaver, Fred Conrad Weaver, Lydia Weaver and Louisa Anderson (formally Louisa Weaver), and all other persons interested in said estate, greeting: Application having been made to the above-named court, on the 8th day of July, 1885, by A. M. Crawford, administrator of the estate of John F. Weaver, deceased, for an order of court authorizing him to sell the real estate of said deceased, described as follows, to wit: Lots one and two, of section 26, township 24 south, range 13 west, Willamette meridian, containing about 74 [illegible] acres of land. And whereas, said court fixed, as the time and place for hearing any and all objections to the granting of an order and license for the sale of said real estate, at the Court house in Empire City, Coos county, Oregon,

On the 7th day September, 1885,

at one o'clock p. m. of said day. Therefore, in the name of the state of Oregon, you and each of you are hereby cited and required to be and appear in said Court, at said time and place, there and there to show cause, if any you have, why an order for the sale of said real estate should not be granted.

Witness my hand and the seal of said court, this 20th day of July, A. D. 1885.

[SEAL.] J. J. LAMB, County Clerk.
By R. H. Lowe, Deputy. jy23td