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New stock, reduced prices, small profits, and cash on delivery.
For choice cigars and tobacco cheap, give me a trial.
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Through in Fourteen Hours
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THE BEST ROUTE TO AND FROM
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Good stock, careful and accommodating drivers and excellent accommodations on the road.
Stages leave Coos City and Roseburg every morning except Sunday and invariably stop through on their way to and from Coos Bay.
Travelers will find it to their interest and benefit to patronize Laird's line.

BILL GRIG'S RELIGION.

(Arkansas Traveler.)
Old Bill Grig used to drive a team across the Boston mountains. When a railroad survey was made, he swore that the iron highway could not be built, "cause why?" said he. "Simply 'cause they kaint! Oh, I know they have built 'em through other mountains, but not in Arkansas." He would sometimes modify his declaration, and say that the road could not be built within twenty years, but the fact that old Bill was prejudiced was as prominent as the nose of a greyhound, or as his own red prolocus, for that matter. For nearly thirty years, with the exception of the dangerous interval when he soldiered with "Frisco, he had driven a freight wagon across the mountains, and thus wedded to an old idea and a primitive prejudice, he looked upon any innovation as a direct infringement upon his own rights. Matrimonially it was a long time before Bill attained success in failing to achieve the object of his uncouth wooing—for he had been several times married—but in a luckless endeavor, as he termed it, to get the right sort of material, his wives were noted for temper, a household accomplishment in which he lacked many points. In religion, too, he called himself a failure. One night at church, when a warmly solicitous preacher begged him to once more try the sweet efficacy of the mountaintop, he shook his head, and replied, "No, parson, I reckon not this spell. I am much obliged to your offerin' to set me up, but the fact is, it ain't no use while my present wife is livin'. It do me like my wife is alive again, havin' 'ligion, an' I don't see why, fur I never was stingy with it, but it's just that way. The 'ligion I got, parson, seems to be greased on one side. It jest slips before I turn it over. Many a time I have tried to flop it over like you've seed wimmin folks do a hoe cake, but it wouldn't work, fur off it would go on the buttered side."

"Oh, my dear, perishing man! Just come this one more time. Well, 'tain't as it's a free thing. I'll go, you recollect that if she slips off it ain't my fault."

The next day when Bill went home he was not very cordially greeted by his wife, the slim, red-haired woman whom the boys called the sweetener. She was scouring the floor and when Bill entered she threw a bucket of suds on him and exclaimed: "What've you been a-hangin' out all night?"

"Well, I'm sorry for the church, that's all."

"No, Lize, it ain't all. I wish it was," wiping the water from his face and sitting down on an old hair trunk. "I've been waitin' for it all, fur I'd like to hear the rest of it, but the main's in sight yit."

"Never mind, you good for nothin' wretch. You'll think of this when I am dead and gone."

"Now, Lize, don't! I have 'fessed 'ligion agin, an' for goodness sake let me keep it while."

"Yes, it's mighty fine 'ligion that you've got. You go an' blubber at the bench an' then taper off at the grocery. Oh, I know you. Get out of my way," striking Bill with a broom.

"Look here, all this 'busness must be accident but danged—like to lost it—if it looks like to me. I ain't teched a drop fur a week."

"Git outen my way," throwing a chair at him. "You're nothin' but a beast, that's all you air."

"Look out, Lize. Do you want me to lose my 'ligion right here?"

"You've got no more 'ligion than a cat an' you know it."

"I wish you was as much, Lize."

"You do, eh?" "Whack," she struck him with one of her old shoes, which had come off during the conversation.

"Now, I'll be d-d if 'ligion's gone. Told that blasphemous wretch it wasn't no use. Well, I've got to go over the mountain an' I wouldn't grieve when I come back if I didn't find you in the neighborhood. As I got old I sorter feel like I want to go to heaven, but every time I put in my peckin' home, I'm blamed if I don't black-bell me, but the Lord may take a notion one of these days to come along this way an' blow out your light. Can I git some breakfast?"

"Can't git a bite here."

"Take away a man's 'ligion an' you've got him a-sittin' on a stool. Well, er good 'o' n'it, old sweetener."

She threw something at him as he went out, but without turning to see what it was he hitched up his mules and drove away.

Two days later, when Bill returned, his wife was not there. She had been taken to the graveyard. The impetuous woman while beating a cow had been turned and hooked by the long-suffering animal and hooked by the cow, the driver was not traced by modern geographers.

"They needn't be such a hurry 'bout buryin' her," said Bill, "but I don't reckon they knowed she was comin' home. Well, I reckon it all for the best—best for the cow, at least, he added."

A year later, Bill married a modest little woman who had promised that she would assist him in his religion. She was so considerate and affectionate that in his new found happiness he soon forgot the trouble arising from former marriages. When not on the road, he and his wife went to church regularly, and the warmly solicitous preacher who had been so many fruitless blessings over Bill's prayer head, thanked the Lord that his prayer had at last been answered.

One day, while hitching his team, Bill's favorite mule reached over and bit a handful of hair from the top of his master's head. Bill threw down a pair of hames and swore in a loud voice.

"What's the matter, William?" asked his wife, coming to the door.

"I am, William," he replied rubbing the top of his head.

"Oh, I reckon not, dear."

"Yes I am. That d-d onery mule has bit off the top of my head. Never saw a mule like in my life. Bowed the mulemen conclude to let a man keep his 'ligion, the blamed mule come along an' snap the top of his head."

"William, I'm sorry you've lost your religion."

"Yes, so am I, but loatin' my head in what's a hurtin' jest at the present time. If I wasn't in debt I'd kill that blamed mule."

Bill did not long remain away from the mountaintop. There was so much revival in progress at the time, but when the warmly solicitous preacher was made acquainted with the circumstances under which Bill's religion was lost, a meeting was at once called. The freight hauler's face was radiant when he arose from the bench, and grasping the preacher's hand he said:

"Oh, brother, suthin' tells me that I've got it fur all time to come. Never no more will I lose it, fur with the help of my wife it will stay with me allus."

In the meantime work on the railroad had begun. From day to day, Bill watched the grading. The destruction of a house in which he had been reared could not have exercised upon him a more saddening influence.

The road was completed. "I am goin' over to make my last trip as freight hauler," said Bill one day. "The fast train will come over to morrow, an' you know arter that it won't be no use for me to hitch up the mules only to do what it's aint but to be in the neighborhood. Well, I've got my 'ligion all right, an' I reckon that's something more than them railroad men ken say."

As he neared his home with the last load of freight to be hauled by wagon, Bill stopped his team, and stood up in his wagon to look at the first train that came over. The engine shrieked. The mules ran away. So fearful was their light that the engineer stopped the train. "Here the train! Ketch this wagon wheels grind against a rock wall, now they spin over a precipice—now, team and all are gone crashing to the destruction awaiting them below. The mules were killed, Bill was almost lifeless, they took him up and put him on board the train. After reaching home he regained consciousness, but every one could see that his time had come. The warmly solicitous parson entered. Bill's eyes brightened.

"I've still got my 'ligion, parson."

"Thank God," replied the old man. "I didn't cuss while they were runnin' away, an' I never said nothin' when I seed the train a-comin'. No danger of losin' no more, parson?"

"No, Bill. Long time a-stickin', but she's stuck. No one replied. It was useless. Bill was dead.

THE OLD VIOLINIST.

(Constance Cary Harrison in Harper's Weekly.)
One night, about a dozen years ago, when the cream of a "first night" audience in Paris flowed into the Salle d'Athenes, where the great French orchestra, grouped upon the stage, met Gustave Thore, a gentle old enthusiast, smartly buttoned up in a well-tailored black coat with a trim gray mustache, and the inevitable bit of red ribbon in his buttonhole.

On his final withdrawal, after repeated calls to the front, Joachim, in threatening his way through the crowd of musicians, with a glow of color in his pallid face, enough to lead Thore to be arrested by the look of rare and dreamy delight upon his wrinkled face.

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"Thank you, mon ami," the great artist said, laying his hand on Gustave's violin. "May your instrument never do less noble service to art than it has rendered me to night!"

To Gustave his speech was like an accolade. Thenceforward, at all times, wayside, would be sacred to him, owing but one rival in his reverential love. His comrades smiled when the concert over, they saw the vieux mustache, shouldering his treasure, march jauntily away, with a glow of color in his pallid face.

Nearing his lodging, Gustave quickened his pace to an almost martial tread. Mounting the five flights of an interminable stone staircase, he gayly hummed the verse of a popular song.

"She will have reached home by this, and the supper will be ready. My mouth waters for the thought of that cold roast fowl I saw her put away. Supposing that I don't tell her at once about my grand evening and I'll put up with her for you, you and the cheese. It will cheer up my pretty Gabrielle, for she has been a trifle triste lately. I've fancied. Pretty, full little Gabrielle! I have sometimes nearly been taking Malin, the dancing girl, for the Cendrillon has turned her little head. Tians! but I can feel beforehand the rose leaf touch of her lips when she shall stand on tiptoe to give her old father deux gros baisers upon the cheeks!"

"Gabrielle!" he called aloud, on opening it.

No answer, and his face fell.

"She will have been detained to sup, no doubt, with our good neighbor, Mme. Blanchette," he soliloquized, stumbling about in the dark to find his matches.

"What! no table set for the hungry vieux papa! C'est une honte! Gabrielle! No, that's not it. In a little, no feast, no kiss of welcome, no sweetening voice! Not then, no, never!"

People who cared to join in the mad struggle for life and death leading to a rehearsal of the Philharmonic society of New York, during that night of time when the orchestra of the city of Paris, the trace-like torpor, only have observed among the violinists, the platform of the Academy of Music blurred and sketched outline of the old Thore, who had just appeared on the stage, and Joachim's debut at the Athenes.

The warlike mustache flowed gleefully; the eye had lost its power to gleam or soften; the red ribbon on the worn old coat drooped like the banner upon a forsaken crest.

Gustave had traced Gabrielle to America, and had come in search of her, but in the city of New York—that great and pitiless receiver of all unlawful foreign goods—had found her, and she had obtained a place in the orchestra of a reputable society, he had fallen into the groove of a solitary and unfriendly life. Among the few who noticed him at all Gustave passed for an honest old artist whose mad mania was the worship of his own violin.

One Friday afternoon of a bleak December day, at the close of the Philharmonic rehearsal, Gustave passed out of Fourteenth street into Broadway, where, swinging aimlessly down the sunny side of the block, he saw a lady descend from a carriage in front of a fashionable shop. He did not recognize the costly wrapping of seal-skin, half shrouding a slender form, nor the air of luxury, but whose was that beautiful veiled face, that tress of escaping golden hair, if not his Gabrielle's?

Groaping for breath, Gustave held his breath, and when he breathed, he waited. When she came out of the shop, he lunged for her carriage, he intercepted her. Without a glance she waved him impatiently aside.

"Gabrielle!" cried Thore, with all his broken heart in his voice, "where are you? The girl started, looked him in the face and caught her breath.

"You are mistaken my good man, or mad. Do you want charity, or shall I have to take the aid of a policeman to help me carry my carriage?"

"Gabrielle!" the old man said again, falling back as if he had been shot.

At this juncture an interposing policeman took Gustave in charge, and without a word of inquiry consigned him, with his violin, to a night's lodging in the station house.

From that night of despair dated the downfall of his self-respect. His habits, before respectable, lapsed through every stage of degradation, and he was known as the "old violinist."

Losing his standing with musical societies of the higher rank, Gustave at the outset did not find it hard to earn a livelihood. Upon the first occasion when he was engaged to play for dancing at a second-rate ball, Gustave, dressed like a madman through the night, then went home to shed tears upon his desecrated violin. After work in the orchestra of petty theaters came music halls, then lower drinking dens, and when the old musician came out of one of these haunts to sink homeward in the gray of morning, he fell upon the icy sidewalk, and in trying to save his violin received a severe concussion of the brain.

Getting up from his cot at Bellevue hospital, after many days of prostration, something of Gustave's better nature came back to him. The nurses in his ward, finding the old fellow expert and biddable, made quite a pet of him, and Gustave, during his convalescence, began hoping about in the sunshine of human warmth like a reviving sparrow.

One day in March, when the winds were working havoc with fires and chimneys, the nurse of a pavilion ward called old Gustave in to try his skill upon a refractory stovepipe in her apartment.

Close by where he was set to work a screen surrounded one of the beds, and a litter stationed there told too plainly that the "feet of the dead" were about to be carried out.

"Here, Thore, lend a hand, will you?" said his friend, the nurse, coming from behind the screen. "We're short of 'tip this morning, and I'm in a hurry to get this poor creature out of the ward at once. I'm all humped with the night she's given me, and I can't truly say a more pitiful case as I ever felt kinder my observation at 'ome or ere. Since she took the bad turn yesterday she's done nothing but blubber French and call 'papa! papa!'

"She ain't got a friend on earth that I ever see, and she's such a regular beauty. Heart disease it was, and shame and misery, that did it. Well, it's all ready, now, take the feet, will you?"

Gustave obeyed, and mechanically did the work assigned to him. As the men carried their covered burden out of the pavilion through the open ward, a gust of wind, blowing suddenly across the river, lifted the sheet from off the shrouded form.

Then Gustave saw again the face of Gabrielle. When dismissed from the hospital, he wandered back to his old lodging, where, for charity sake, the people gave him shelter for the night. Until nearly morning he leaned in a stupor over the table, resting his cheek upon the violin.

Just before dawn he lifted the instrument and tried to play. It was a faint and tuneless echo of the theme from Bach, which Joachim had rendered at the concert of the Athenes.

Gustave dropped his bow, and seizing a fire-iron from the hearth, struck with all his force upon the violin, setting fire forever the sweet spirit it enshrined.

When a few days after the rushing river yielded up her dead, the body of Gustave Thore was washed in upon the Fort Hamilton shore.

Upon a high shelf in the cupboard of his room, beside the wreck of an old French opera house, making a dusty and feeble assertion of remote respectability, some people of the house found the shattered remnant of the dead musician's violin, in which a mouse was roaring her brood.

A Cat That Will Last Forever.
[Washington Post.]
"Oh, yes, madam. I know the affection that a lady can have for her favorite cat, and I'll do up mine for you, you may be sure." These were the last words, as overheard by a reporter, of a conversation between a taxidermist and a charming young lady who had called on him at his studio.

"Yes," said the artist to the reporter after the lady had left, "that young lady's favorite cat died lately, and she is in a heap of trouble about it. She must have it preserved, and is very particular how it is done. She thinks of nothing else. I have it skinned and a plaster cast taken of its head. You know the plaster cast of the head is an important part of the work. The body is composed chiefly of wood, with a covering of clay, molded carefully and exactly to the natural shape, same as the sculptors make their models, you know. The clay at first is soft for molding into the desired shape, but when we have worked it to the proper shape we leave it to harden in a little while it grows as hard almost as stone."

"Then we take the skin out of the alum bath, which eats away the fatty substance and removes every element of decay, and when this is properly stretched over the wooden frame, the same of the body and the plaster cast of the head, we have the natural form of the body in perfection, and the correct impression of the face. The skin, after the chemical process, is the brilliant plumage, say of a bird, and we have a cat that will last until doomsday. The alum bath in this case is the essential preservative, but we don't use the alum bath in every case. It is very good for a cat, but we could not submit the brilliant plumage, say of a bird of paradise or a golden pheasant like those you see over there, to its operation."

A Safford.

The fatal rapidity with which slight Colds and Coughs frequently develop into the gravest maladies of the throat and lungs, is a consideration which should impel every prudent person to keep at hand, as a household remedy, a bottle of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL.

Nothing else gives such immediate relief and works so sure a cure in all affections of this class. That eminent physician, Prof. F. Sweetzer, of the Maine Medical School, Brunswick, Me., says:—
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The same opinion is expressed by the well-known Dr. L. J. Addison, of Chicago, Ill., who says:—
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It is not a new claimant for popular confidence, but a medicine which is today saving the lives of the third generation who have come into being since it was first offered to the public.

There is not a household in which this invaluable remedy has ever been introduced, where it is not a source of relief to the sufferer, who has not been made well by it.

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL has, in numerous instances, cured obstinate cases of chronic Bronchitis, Laryngitis, and even acute Pneumonia, and has saved many patients in the earlier stages of Pulmonary Consumption. It is a medicine that only requires to be taken in small doses, is pleasant to the taste, and is needed in every house where there are children, as there is nothing so reliable as AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL for treatment of Croup and Whooping Cough.

These are all plain facts, and are verified by anybody, and are not to be believed by anybody.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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BOTH PAPERS FOR ONE YEAR
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All orders promptly attended to.

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Front street, Marshfield.
First door north of the Exchange Saloon.
FIRST-CLASS IN EVERY RESPECT—
Quail on Toast,
Broiled Chicken
and Saratoga Chips,
Buckwheat Cakes
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Oysters in all styles,
Chocolate,
Tea, Coffee,
And every delicacy of the market to order at
REASONABLE PRICES.
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THE BEST OF MEALS
Served in style at all hours
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FRESH BAKED BREAD
at all hours of the night or day.
P. D. BUCKLEY,
Proprietor, Steward of the Steamer Coos Bay.
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EMPIRE CITY, OREGON.
THE EXCELLENCE OF THIS
house is too well known to need any
recommendation, and travelers have
long since pronounced it the BEST
HOTEL SOUTH OF PORTLAND.
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Proprietor.
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North End Front Street, Marshfield,
HOMER DRAY, Proprietor.
THIS PIONEER HOUSE HAS AGAIN
been opened for public patronage, and this
time under a management that will secure to
patrons all they want and are willing to pay for.
The house has been refitted and re-furnished
thoroughly, and the lodging accommodations
are now first class.
Board and Lodging, per week, \$4 50
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Rooms for private parties at all times.
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of any kind, with all the delicacies of the season,
and the best wines of the market, prepared to
order at the shortest notice and at the most
reasonable prices. Terms, strictly cash.
Also, in connection with the hotel, is a
first-class bakery, where the best of bread, pies,
cakes and pastry of all kinds can be obtained at
all times, fresh and cheap.
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Marshfield, Coos County, Oregon
FIRST-CLASS ACCOMMODATIONS
And Reasonable Charges.
Having lately completed a large addition
to the above hotel, and having had
an extensive experience in this line of
business, we can safely guarantee to our
patrons comfort and accommodations ex-
ceeded by no other house on the bay.
The reading room of this hotel
contains the leading papers of the At-
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HOTEL has just been entirely refitted and
re-furnished throughout and is again open to the
public for patronage.
New beds and spring mattresses have been
placed in almost every sleeping room of the
house and neither trouble nor expense has been
spared to put everything in first-class order.
At the bar is to be found the best brands of
wines, liquors and cigars.
A new entrance to the dining room has been
made that opens on Front street, and the latest
style is supplied with the choicest of the
market affords.
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THE WESTERN HOTEL
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JOHN SNYDER, Proprietor
I HAVE RECENTLY TAKEN CHARGE
of the above-named well-established hotel,
and am offering neither pains nor expense to in-
sure my guests the best of accommodations.
THE TABLES AT THE WESTERN
Are supplied with the best of the market affords,
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