



Combines the juice of the Blue Figs of California, so laxative and nutritious...

Cleanse the System Effectually, PURE BLOOD, REFRESHING SLEEP, HEALTH AND STRENGTH

Naturally follow. Every one is using it and all are delighted with it.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO., SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NEW YORK, N. Y.

Timber Land, Act June 3, 1878. Notice for Publication.

UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE, Roseburg, Or., Nov. 18, 1890. Notice is hereby given that in compliance with the provisions of the act of Congress of June 3, 1878...

Tuesday, the 25th day of March, 1890. He names as witnesses: John P. Whalen, L. A. Hall, John F. Hall, and Wm. H. Thomas...

Notice for Publication, LAND OFFICE AT ROSEBURG, OR., Jan. 17th, 1890.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the following named settler has filed notice of his intention to make final proof in support of his claim...

On Saturday, March 1, 1890. Wm. S. WHEELER, Homestead Entry, No. 1592, for the N 1/2 of NE 1/4 and N 1/2 of NW 1/4, sec. 8, Tp. 25, S. E. 12 west, W. M.

OKLAND BARREL AND BOX MANUFACTURING COMPANY. Location of principal place of business, Oakland, California.

NEW DRUG STORE! W. J. BUTLER, Prop., AT THE POSTOFFICE BUILDING, Marshfield, Oregon.

DRUGS AND MEDICINES, Toilet Articles, Fancy Goods, Patent Medicines, Etc.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP, M. Van Winkle, BLACKSMITH AND HORSE-SHOER, Cor. A and Cedar Sts., Marshfield, Or.

MRS. A. KELLNER'S MILLINERY STORE, -FRONT ST., MARSHFIELD.

EXCHANGE SALOON, FRONT ST., MARSHFIELD, FRANK RENE, Prop.

Choice brands of wines, liquors and cigars always on hand. Club rooms for use of patrons, and courteous attention assured to all.

T. Howard has just received a first class stock of watches and jewelry, including solid gold watches and chains.

Free Lunch at All Times, T. HOWARD, Jeweler, Front street, Marshfield, Or.

The Coast Mail, MARSHFIELD, OREGON, Thursday, Feb. 13, 1890.

No Portland papers this week. To-morrow will be St. Valentine's day. "Looking Backward," at Sengstacken's.

Wood, wood, wood, at Hill's wood-yard. No mails, NO MAILS, NO MAILS, Sabot!

W. L. Dixon, of Myrtle Point, was in town yesterday. Capt. Hans Reed came over from the Coquille yesterday.

Manager Luggie leaves on the Arago for a trip to the East. John Fox, the road contractor, was on the bay on Sunday.

The Little Annie is reported a total wreck on the Coquille. Millions of feet of logs went out of the Columbia in the freelot.

Besse Bros. have some Berkshire pigs for sale. See their 'ad.' Get your masquerade costumes ready for the ball on the 22d inst.

Born, in Myrtle Point, Feb. 6, 1890, to the wife of Jas. Jewellen, a son. It is reported that twenty houses were washed away at Eugene City.

Family groups and babies photos a specialty at McMillan's studio. Fall line of ladies' underwear, at Mrs. Kellner's millinery store.

The Salem bridge, which cost about \$75,000, has gone with other wrecks. Furnished rooms to rent, with or without board, apply to John Nasburg.

See Lando's carpets, oil-cloths, matings and cloaks, at X. L. N. T. cash store. The Montesano will bring passengers free to the ball of the M. E. B. A., on the 22d.

The MAIL and San Francisco Weekly Call will be sent to any address on receipt of \$2.75. The Comet received her wheel on the Ajax, and resumed her regular trips the following day.

Walter Duggan has gone to the country to take up a ranch and become an honest granger. The Corwin has been in the bay for some days, painting herself and brushing up generally.

The disasters of the storm will make plenty of lawsuits against the railroad companies for damages. The people of Coos county will find it to their interest to go to Riggs' gallery for fine work every time.

Major R. H. Rosa and family, who have been visiting in California, returned on the Arago on Tuesday. Mrs. Coppenger, the eldest daughter of Secretary Blaine, died at Washington on Sunday morning, Feb. 2nd.

The floods have done considerable damage to the railroad track and the logging camp of J. F. Donham. Married, in Coquille City, Feb. 10th, 1890, by Justice Simon, Mr. Chas. A. Harrington and Miss Laura L. Leach.

It is thought the vast amount of sediment, which came down Coos river, has made some changes in the channels of the bay. Mrs. Mary Pugh died at her home on the South Fork of the Coquille Jan. 31. Deceased leaves a husband and eight children.

Mrs. D. B. Keating has had another attack of paralysis and is lying in a very critical condition at her residence at the Bay City mill. A dispatch from Sisson, Cal., Feb. 2d, says: "All the plows working in that vicinity show a progress of only about ten miles in two weeks."

There are some persons so obtuse that they cannot see why it is, when private persons come across from Roseburg, that it is utterly impossible to bring any mail. The damages from floods promise to make long times for lumber. The order published in the dispatches printed in these columns is a pretty large beginning.

J. W. Riggs proposes to keep up with the times, regardless of expense. New attractions will constantly be added. His work is superior to any in the county. The ferry boats in Portland were obliged to suspend in high water. The driftwood accumulated in large quantities above the bridges and could not be dislodged.

The mails will get through in just one week from to-day. We make this statement for the satisfaction of an anxious public, but don't know anything about it any way. A three-year-old son of C. M. Brown was scalded by the upsetting of a kettle of hot water, at the home of his father, near Myrtle Point, last week, and died a few hours afterward in terrible suffering.

Parties just from the mountains report that McCulloch is doing every thing possible to get the mail through. The roads are in frightful condition, in places all traces having disappeared.

Dr. O. E. Smith went up the river last week and took some photos of his place, which show the effects of the high water, and they are bad enough—fences down and sediment on the meadow land.

Andy Hartman, liberated to town on Tuesday, and delivered a few lectures on "Looking Backward," Prohibition and kindred reforms. Andy has a ranch on Coos river which stands on end, and he cultivates both sides of it.

Mr. W. S. Wheeler's place, on Kentuck slough, was badly damaged by a landslide last week. The hill came down and crushed part of the residence. Mrs. Wheeler had just left the house or she would probably have been killed.

The posters are up, and the masquerade ball will take place on Saturday night the 22d inst., Washington's birthday. This ball is given for a charitable purpose, and everyone ought to purchase a ticket to the ball whether they attend or not.

John Bear wishes to announce to the people of Marshfield that he is now prepared to furnish oak and wood of the best quality, on short notice. Good dry wood from Hill's wood yard of any length desired, can be had by leaving your orders with me, or at the wood yard.

Mr. Weidner became alarmed about his logs at Portland on Saturday night, the 1st of Feb., and bought one thousand dollars worth of rope to secure them. He had two steamers and a large force of men at work, but the flood was too many for them, and about \$30,000 worth floated out to sea.

The U. S. steamer Corwin visited the bay during the week and put in some of the time making soundings. The shoal water found in the channel of the bar was 24 feet at low tide. Keep your eye on that. It would naturally be supposed that the sediment would shoal the bar during the late storms, but it seems to be steadily improving.

The private musicale given at Dr. McCormack's residence by Mrs. W. H. Crocker's pupils was in excellent taste and a most enjoyable affair. The performances gave gratifying exhibitions of the advancement of the participants and sustained the high reputation which Mrs. Crocker has established as a splendid teacher. All the exercises were enjoyed by a number of invited friends.

Capt. Harris celebrated his sixty-seventh birthday last Wednesday. The Captain is the oldest settler in Myrtle Point, having been here thirty years. Age is telling very little on Capt. Harris. He is one of the most vigorous men around, whenever a bugle is sounded for public improvement, or a call made for charity. May he be blessed with many a year of life in health, happiness and prosperity.—West Oregonian.

A large crowd "came down like wolves on the fold," upon Eugene O'Connell's residence on Friday evening. They were not invited, but they went all the same and took possession by force of arms, and spread out cake and other viands—extracted corks, danced, sang, played all sorts of games with cards, congratulated the surprised host and the agreeable hostess, and had the jolliest kind of a time until a late hour.

Asa Carman with Mr. Moore and wife met a sudden death at the former's place on Sixes river. The houses of the victims were close together, and a huge landslide covered them both so that there is no trace of the places, which are covered to a great depth. There is no doubt of the death of the parties. Mr. and Mrs. Moore were newcomers, and had but few acquaintances, but Mr. Carman was widely known and highly respected.

And now after the first shock is over, the ranches on Coos river are found not to be so badly damaged as at first thought. In many places the vast amount of sediment has filled in low and marsh land so as to be of hundreds of dollars benefit, and the destruction of fences and orchards is not as great as at first reported. J. A. Yoakam's place is greatly benefited by incoming sediment, and the orchard of W. D. L. F. Smith, thought to be ruined, is not badly damaged. These are samples of other places on the river. Some damages, of course, are material.

The little schooner fixed up by the boys at North Bend, has been greatly enlarged and improved. She has been rigged, and a cabin built upon her, which is furnished with a stove, bunks, and all the appliances for a life on the ocean wave. She outside the storm without any damage. Archie Kruse is her captain, Ameth Simpson let mate, Sigfried Hanson 2nd mate, and Edna Simpson cook, with a full crew of common sailors. If a Chinese squadron comes into the bay, they make look out for trouble from the North Bend, for that is the name of the vessel, and she has a brave and gallant crew.

Ethel Vanderburg, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Vanderburg, was taken ill on Friday morning and died Saturday evening, of scarlet fever. The disease assumed a most malignant form and medical aid was powerless to arrest it, and the bright and promising girl passed away, aged 13 years. Deceased was greatly loved, not only by her family, but by her schoolmates and many friends, and her sad and sudden death cast a gloom over the entire community. The funeral services were conducted at the family residence, by Rev. F. E. Scofield, on Sunday afternoon, and the remains were tenderly laid with tears in her early grave.

Public Examination of Teachers.

Notice is hereby given, that for the purpose of making an examination of all persons who may offer themselves as candidates for teachers of the public schools of this county, the County Board of Examiners thereof, will hold a public examination at Coquille City, on the 20th of Feb., 1890, commencing at 1 o'clock p. m. Dated this 5th day of Feb. 1890.

R. W. ABBY, J. D. BLACK, W. H. BUSCH, Examining Board. Sengstacken has commenced to tear out the front of the stores in his building, and it will be replaced with fine plate glass windows, after the most improved pattern and style of architecture.

The sign of the MAIL office is taken down until the improvements are finished, but if you want to pay your subscription you will find us in the same place, I thank you.

The postmaster is losing his mind. When asked at the table if he will have a cup of coffee, he responds: "No mail to-day;" and when a neighbor had knocked at the door of his house after he had retired, he shrieked, "No mail to-day." At church he whispered when the contribution box came around, "No mail." He walks about town writing on all the bulletin boards, "Thursday, Feb. 13th, no mail to-day." When he meets a person on the street he runs up and shrieks, "No mail." The only lucid intervals are when you ask him to take something, when he responds, "Don't care;" to every other inquiry he growls, "No mail to-day."

A private letter from Miss Loretta Waterman, of Dora, dated Feb. 10th, says: "Mr. Alford and Collie Harry came over the mountain day before yesterday; this is the first time anyone has passed over since about a week ago. John and Gust McCulloch went over and are carrying the mail from Roseburg to Looking Glass. Alford and Harry said we would not get any mail here for months as the snow is ten feet deep on the mountains, and McCulloch says they are not going to try and open more than a pack trail, and think it will take a long time to do that. Some of the road is all gone and there are hundreds of trees in the road. There was another slide up at Laird's, which took away the wash-house and came against the corner of the house doing some damage.

The Oregonian of Feb. 4th is full of accounts of damage by the floods and storms. As a sample of some of the damage done to the railroad tracks is the following: "Capt. Coe walked from Locks to Fairview—at the Cascades.—The track, he said is the worst he ever saw. He counted fifty-four landslides and washouts between Locks and Troutdale, some of them being so extensive that it is doubtful if the railroad company will ever make the repairs. It may be cheaper for them to build the track around some of the larger slides. At a point some seven or eight miles below Bonneville, a whole mountain has come down a distance of two or three thousand feet, covering the track to a depth of nearly eighty feet. It is a solid mass nearly 600 feet long, and composed almost of rock alone."

The Herald says the MAIL shows "lamentable ignorance" when it expresses fear that Coquille City is in danger of being left on an island. An apology is due the ancient bivalve who comes to us on the half-shell this week. The MAIL was informed of the condition of affairs by several intelligent people from the Coquille whose judgment has hitherto been considered worth a great deal more than some other peoples'; but they were wrong in coming over here and expressing an opinion without permission from the all wise and beneficent ruler of the Herald, who guides the winds and rides upon the storms of the Coquille valley. It is supposed they saw the mountain in the river the Herald talks about, and thought that would do the business. We hasten to make our apologies, and say that such an event will not transpire without the permission of Bro. Dean, even if the whole coast range should tumble into Cunningham creek. We will not give the names of our informants, for they would never after be "esteemed friends" or "uncles" of Bro. D.—

The Nora Harkins was towed into San Francisco last Saturday, the 8th, after a rough experience. She left San Francisco for Humboldt on December 31st, and encountered heavy weather from the start. In a severe westerly gale on January 14th she lost her rudder in latitude 40 deg. 46 min. north and longitude 124 deg. west. Captain Foster rigged up a rudder out of a plank and had been working with this precarious steering gear ever since, even in the roughest kind of weather. Four times the schooner was off Point Reyes attempting to get into port, but the strong southerly and southeasterly gales drove her back to the latitude of Humboldt each time.

Although the elements were gallantly fought and conquered, another enemy had to be met. Rations were running low, and several days ago the Colman passed, and when she was spoken the sailors were almost starving. They asked the schooner for assistance but were unable to get it, the Colman being very short through the fault of the steward, the captain said in underestimating her needs. The Sea Queen which found her, was amply provided with food, and the poor fellows on board of the Harkins enjoyed a square meal yesterday morning for the first time in several days. The schooner will be put on the dry dock for repairs.

The crew tells a pitiable tale of suffering, having had nothing at all in the way of food for five days but coffee and sugar.

The value of the shipments made from the Sislaw for the year ending July 1st, 1889, were as follows: Salmon, (10,000 cases,) \$84,000; live stock, \$100,000; wool, furs and hides, \$4,000; shittim bark, \$4,000; salt salmon, \$2,000.

The Coast Mail and San Francisco Call \$2.75 per year, in advance.

Porter.

Mrs. J. A. Gray was the guest of Mrs. Barnhiel, Monday. I'll forgive you this time Ray L. Don't do it again. OXON.

There is nothing the matter with our little city. She stood the storm well. Manager Hinchman is expected home on the Ajax. On his return Mr. F. Thibault will make a business trip to the city.

Several promising business men were on our streets this week, looking for real estate. Everybody has an eye on Porter. Mr. and Mrs. Barnhiel expect to leave soon for San Francisco. They will be missed very much by their many friends, which they have made during their short stay at Porter.

We are very sorry to say that Capt. Campbell's schooner Orion was wrecked during last week's gale. Tom feels his loss very much, but he has the proper grit, and he has this week laid the keel for another schooner, which he will call Orion No. 2.

Ah there, Cupid, there are no flies on you, even if the mud does accumulate on your trousers, you will be a nice old man, even if you do live to be 90 or 100 years old. Mr. Geo. Wallen took a flying trip to Coquille Friday, on special biz. It must have been very important or he would never have attempted to make the trip while the roads are so bad. That's right George! I would do the same thing myself if I were in your place. RAY L.

Correspondence.

The Herald, in the issue of the 4th inst., commenting on the fish story from Iowa, says: "And most singular of all, this wonderful story would lead people to believe (if they had no more sense) that the aforesaid pike was one of the survivors of the Johnstown flood, etc." The writer of that unintelligent item, in the simplicity of his mental endowments, is evidently, of the opinion that the person who entertains the idea that a fish must necessarily be drowned by reason of a fresher or the flooding of a valley, is gifted with a true sense of the situation. According to the theory advanced by this sapient scribe, it is impossible for a powerful and voracious fish, like the pike, to swim down one river and up another, or to swallow a pocket book. A shark, twenty-five feet in length, was caught in St. Helena, and, on opening him, the discovery was made that he had devoured a soldier who was drowned. In snapping off members of the body, he had swallowed them; clothes, uniform and leather were all found in the stomach of the monster. There is something highly ridiculous in speaking of a fish as "one of the survivors of the horrible Johnstown flood." Of course, if the fish had gone ashore, he would not have been a "survivor."

Another item adjoining the above, speaks of "rustic, known elsewhere as weather-boarding." That may be true of some localities; but in California, all weather-boards made out of redwood were thick on one end and thin on the other; being about six or eight inches wide, and totally distinct from the boards called "rustic." We are all in need of items containing reliable information; but, the average gymnast who vaults into the editorial chair, should pause, ponder and weigh well the merit of his productions, then we may be treated to literary dishes that are less fishy but more logical.

The Coquille Herald gives an account of the flood on the river as follows: "Price's shingle mill floated up and settled off its former position at one end. It is nearly full of mud too. Mr. Moulton's house was invaded and much of the contents destroyed, and likewise Frank Collier's and J. L. Roy's, the latter house settling badly at one corner. Mrs. Matilda Willard's houses, new and old, and her barn were carried back into the marsh. Otis Willard's residence also got a move on itself. J. C. Laird's fine residence kept its place, but was badly injured inside. Wm. Norris' house was carried away some distance. Other small dwellings up the river were carried away. That of old man Newcomer at Norway was due more to the wind than the flood. Down the river from here it was worse. The Hillard place was swept clean. The house occupied by Y. M. Lowe was carried to the lower end of the farm, and the barn lodged against the tall trees just above the Flanagan residence opposite the mouth of Beaver slough. Mr. Lowe had put his furniture on the hay in the barn and was afraid to attempt to get it out. The barn contained about thirty tons of hay. The Flanagan place was stripped of every building. S. W. Gilman lost all his buildings and their contents. He had just got his family and stock out to the hills when all went. All the buildings on the river bottom about Iowa slough are down or gone. At Coaledo the water was up in several houses, and carried away the warehouse. The damagoat J. F. Dunham's railroad, logging roads, landings, etc., cannot be repaired for less than \$50,000. The loss at Myrtle Point was slight, mostly being lumber floated from Edwards & Dalmas' mill. At Parkersburg considerable damage was done to wharves, etc."

Fred M. Garrison is agent for the Oswego nursery, and will furnish the best of trees on short notice. Call and see him at Marshfield, or address through postoffice. The Lockhart hotel at Empire has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted and is now for rent to a reliable tenant. For particulars, apply to Mrs. E. M. Lockhart, or H. Sengstacken.

An Open Letter.

To the Dear Public.—Friends, Foes and Fellow Citizens. I take advantage of the press at reduced rates, and a solemn promise to the Editor that it will never occur again, to inform you on a subject that is at present harrowing and ploughing men's souls down into the deep, dark canyons of despair. Talk about Dante's Inferno! Why the time he speaks of is a Coos river strawberry excursion compared to what we are passing through now. Yes, our name is Dennis; and while we deplore the truth of this assertion, still should any man be bold enough to contradict it, he can leave his order with Mr. Paterson for marble ornaments to decorate his real estate. No, gentlemen, there is no mail to-day. No, I don't know when we will get any. What are the prospects? They are poorer than a Coos county Christmas turkey. No, madam there is no mail arrived yet. Yes, charming day; the sun shines. No, Miss we have had no mail for three weeks.

We often wish we were not born to be so debonair. By way of opening a new paragraph we would like to call attention to the fact that early last fall while we were lazily basking in the haze of a warm and mellow Indian summer, our mutual friend Johnny Haglund, warned us many an ofttime, and insisted "that it was going to be a hard winter." His prophecy has come true, and the residents of several of our once promising streams will join me in saying our name is "Mad."

No sir, no mail to-day. These are indeed trying—No, there is no through mail. Yes, the mail carrier arrived. As I was saying, these are hard times and a man is filled with dejected spirits, (occasionally they are adulterated,) and he becomes melancholic, and wants to go away by himself and study about some mournful object, like John Bonebrake for instance, when he had the gripe, and wonder whether John would ever jump and be frisky again. Why, when John had the gripe, you could not even give him a cross lock without his nose would begin to tumbler. It is an awful thing to be troubled with gloomy, morbid thoughts, but there is a balm in the Postoffice store for it. It is called Dr. Bill Butler's Extract of Bologna Sausage and Condensed Lager Beer, and is sold at eight-bits a bottle. A few doses of this mash will skin clear through from the duodenum to the brain-pan without leaving a scar. When the brain-pan gets through with the condensed part of the medicine, and the duodenum gets in a double-swing chop on the extract, you are livelier than an electric wire, and your trouble, like McGinty, has gone to the bottom of the sea.

We are now called back to the more important part of our subject, and would add in conclusion that there is no mail to-day; there has not been any for over three weeks and we can't say when there will be any. We are willing, however, to express our own opinion in the matter, which is: that as soon as they can possibly overcome the blockades on the several mail routes, including railway and stage routes, there is every reason to believe that we will receive our share of mail. Albeit, if there is one among you who doubts the truth of these assertions let him come to the postoffice. He will there meet the postmaster who paces his cell from morn till night with sombre gait, and if he should answer your questions in reference to the arrival of mail matter with a courteous and crispness that would seem to you as though some one was breaking off icicles from the eaves of a roof, your heart should be filled with sorrow rather than anger, for the P. M. is a rheumatic fiend, and takes a medicine that fills him chock full of acid, hence his tartness when he replies to the pickled chestnut inquiries about the mail.

There is no mail to-day. REN LIX.

The following dispatch was telegraphed to-day: MARSHFIELD, OR., Feb. 13, 1890. Hon. Binger Hermann, Washington, D. C.

Thirty days, this date, since we received any through mail. The patrons of the several offices on the Bay and Coquille river urgently ask for your help in getting our mail through. Our mail route is entirely blocked from Fairview to the eighteen mile house. Will not be open for horse travel in two months. Have all our mail now at Roseburg shipped round to San Francisco, and all future Eastern and California mail ordered to San Francisco, and thence to this point by one of our steamers. This is intended to include all mail that has heretofore come quick the Coos Bay wagon road. Act quick. We are starving for literature.

A. D. BOKDER, Postmaster. To Dispel Colds, Headaches and Fevers, to cleanse the system effectually, yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, use Syrup of Figs.

Fruit Trees. Fred M. Garrison is agent for the Oswego nursery, and will furnish the best of trees on short notice. Call and see him at Marshfield, or address through postoffice. The Lockhart hotel at Empire has been thoroughly overhauled and refitted and is now for rent to a reliable tenant. For particulars, apply to Mrs. E. M. Lockhart, or H. Sengstacken.

The Crescent City News says there are earnest efforts to get the mail through over the mountains: "There are now eight men on the road between Gasquet's and Waldo, who it is expected, will be able to carry all the mail between these points. Between Waldo and Grant's Pass there are six men engaged in getting the mails through on horseback and snow shoes. There has been only one mail arrived at Waldo from Happy Camp in seven weeks.

From the above our citizens will see what great efforts have been and are being made to keep up communication between Crescent City and Grant's Pass." How would this plan work between here and Roseburg.

J. W. Riggs has added some more new attractions to his gallery. Lovely back grounds just received from New York. Go and see them, and have your photo taken. All kinds, styles and sizes of photos at McMillan's, at reasonable prices. The finest cabinet photos, only \$3 per dozen, at McMillan's studio.

Church Directory.

Baptist Church.—Preaching every Sunday at 10 a. m. and 7 p. m., Sunday school at 12 m. Rev. F. E. Scofield, pastor. Catholic Church.—Rev. F. N. Beutgen. Emmanuel Church.—Services on the 2nd and 4th Sundays in each month at 11 a. m.—Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Rev. W. Horsfall, rector. Lutheran (Swedish) Church.—Services every Sunday, morning and evening. Rev. A. A. Swerd, pastor. Methodist Episcopal Church.—Rev. J. H. Rook, pastor, Empire City, Or. Presbyterian Church.—Services at Smith & Sengstacken's hall. Rev. J. B. Rideout, pastor.

A Great Disaster.

At the X. L. N. T. Cash Store. A big drop in prices. Just look here: 16 1/2 extra C sugar.....\$1.00 12 1/2 granulated sugar.....1.00 Flour, per bbl.....4.75 Syrup, per keg, (5 gal.).....1.75 Bleaching soap, per box.....1.00 Fresh butter, per roll......50 17 yds. calico.....1.00 12 " muslin.....1.00 Ladies' cloth from 90c. down to 60c. per yard. Clothing we will sell cheaper than the cheapest.

Mr. W. H. Baldrige, druggist, Escondido, California, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best selling medicine I handle. In fact I sell more of it than all other cough medicines combined. Everyone who has used it speaks in glowing terms of its efficiency." For sale by H. Sengstacken, at Marshfield and Empire City.

Great bargains in substantial holiday goods at O'Connell's hardware store. We cannot well carry over, and will sell at great sacrifice the following goods: Copper wash boilers, tubs and wringers, wheelbarrows and jackscrews, coal-oil, paint oil and machine oil, lime and cement, iron and steel, washboards, baskets, and rubber spittoons, all of which must be closed out within the next 12 months, so as to make room for our new stock, which we contemplate ordering if successful.

Business Personal.

Sickle grinders, at O'Connell's. Take your subscriptions for all papers to F. P. Norton. The famous Whitley solid steel mowers at O'Connell's. All popular mowers, rakes and hay tedders, at O'Connell's. Parties indebted to me will please settle, and oblige. W. G. Webster. Copying and enlarging of all kinds at very reasonable prices, at McMillan's gallery.

What is Angeline? Send to Golden's drug store for descriptive pamphlets if you are a sufferer from rheumatism. If you want to purchase an organ or piano, call at the MAIL office. We will sell for cash or on the installment plan. Frank Reni has some fine claret wine which he sells for 60 cents per gallon. Families and hotels supplied on short notice. The Tenbroeck house in Empire City is located in a pleasant part of town and is fitted with large sunny rooms good beds and good tables. Charges reasonable. Try the house. As I am building this summer I need all the money due me. I do not expect any one customer to pay the full expense; but merely want the amount due, to assist in the work. W. G. WEBSTER.

Berkshire Pigs.

We have some pure blooded Berkshire pigs from registered stock, six weeks old and upward, which we will sell at our place for \$30 per pair. First come, first served. BESSE BROS. Coos River, Oregon. Pay Up. All parties knowing themselves indebted to the undersigned at either the Marshfield or Empire City store are respectfully requested to square up their accounts to January 1st, 1890. H. SENGSTACKEN. Special Notice. On and after August 1st, 1889, I will sell beer at \$7.50 per barrel; five-gallon kegs at \$1.25. L. CLEMENSEN, Proprietor of Bayview Brewery. Take Notice. All persons owing bills past due at Golden's Drug Store are kindly requested to settle same immediately, and oblige. F. A. GOLDS. Ranch for Sale. A fine dairy ranch for sale; 600 acres; splendid location; 60 head of cattle; fine buildings; on tide water. Part cash and part on time. Apply to JAMES HILL at this office.