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PERFECT MAPS of all surveyed and entered
lands furnished on short notice.
CENTRAL HOTEL,
Corner Front and A Streets,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
JOHN SNYDER, - PROP.
HAYING LATELY COMPLETED A LARGE
above Hotel, and having had an extensive
experience in this line of business, we can
safely guarantee to our patrons
superior and accommodations excelled by no
other house on the bay.
The Reading room of this Hotel contains
the latest papers of the Atlantic States
and the Pacific Coast.
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above Hotel, and having had an extensive
experience in this line of business, we can
safely guarantee to our patrons
superior and accommodations excelled by no
other house on the bay.
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the latest papers of the Atlantic States
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Furniture : Company,
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DEALERS IN FURNITURE, PICTURE
frames, Mouldings, Etc. We are also pre-
pared to furnish plans and specifications for
houses and to take contracts for the same, and
to do all work in the carpenter line.
Johnson & Christensen,
PROPRIETORS.
1225

COAST MAIL.

MARSHFIELD, OREGON, THURSDAY, MARCH 13, 1890. NO. 14.

RITZMAN'S
Boot and Shoe
STORE,
Opposite the Blanco Hotel,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
A full line of
Ladies', Gent's and Children's
BOOTS AND SHOES.
SULLIVAN'S SHOES.
Custom-made Boots and Shoes a specialty.
Repairs neatly executed at short notice and
reasonable prices.
J. RITZMAN.

JOHN BEAR'S
Livery Stable
Marshallfield, Oregon.
Horses to Let at all Hours.
HAULING DONE AT SHORT NOTICE.
WOOD AND COAL always on hand, which
will be delivered anywhere at the lowest rates.

A Romance Blighted.
Young Clergyman (taking his fair para-
mour by the hand) My dear Miss Ananda,
I feel that I can no longer conceal the
emotions of my heart. I must speak to you
of the hopes I have long cherished, the deep
love I have for you.
Parrot (working its head out of muzzle in
rage over phrase) Cut it short, pard! Cut
it short! You make me tired!
Young Clergyman (Shilly) Resuming our
conversation of some moments ago, Miss Ja-
cob, my opinion concerning D'Aubigne's
"History of the Reformation" is, etc., etc.,
Chicago Tribune.

A Bad Risk.
Mr. Author—I shall always depend on my
brain for a living.
Wife—Is that the reason that you cannot get
your life insured, dear?—*Funny's Weekly.*

He Yielded the Palm.
X—received a visit from an old school-
fellow, who had come to see the exhibition.
They had not met for the last fifteen years.
"Is that you?"
"My very own self!"
A hearty grip of the hand and a long chat
about old times.
"By the by," said the visitor, "do you re-
member the day we last met? I lent you ten
francs!"
X—looked at him in blank astonish-
ment. Then, after due reflection, he asked
him to wait. A few moments after he came
back with a ten franc piece and a book, both
of which he handed to his friend.
"But I didn't lend you the book!"
"I know; but it is a memory piece which I
got at school, and you are more entitled to it
than I am!"—*Le Figaro.*

An Embarrassing Tongue Slip.
She was a proud lady, and a rich one, too,
as indicated by the fact that she owned a
few in one of Chicago's most fashionable
churches. She wore large diamond earrings
and a costume most elaborate. In fact, she
carried with her an atmosphere of ultra re-
spectability which was almost oppressive, as
she entered church last Sunday, a trifle late,
and observed from a distance that her pew
was already occupied, and by strangers.
Walking down the aisle, with her nose in the
air as if pointing the North star, she stopped
at her pew and, turning haughtily to the
usher, who had followed at a respectful dis-
tance, inquired in a tone of concentrated but
suppressed contempt:
"Who are these persons occupying my
pew?"
And the minister wondered what made the
congregation laugh.—*Chicago Tribune.*

She Got the Doll.
Senator Stewart, of Nevada, has a long
white beard and a kindly face. Just before
Christmas, as he was walking up the avenue
from the Capitol, a little girl saw him and
rushed after him.
"Oh, Santa Claus!" she said, as she caught
him by the coat tails, "won't you bring me a
doll for Christmas?"
The doll was forthcoming, and the kid
didn't know any better.—*Washington Star.*

Couldn't Do It.
She—Oh, Henry, it's very easy to see why
you don't enjoy the exposition. You wouldn't
enter into what was going on. You wouldn't
leave your native prejudices and ideas of life
behind you. While you were in Paris you should
have done as the Parisians
do.
Henry—Good heavens, how could I? A
man can't swindle and rob himself, can he?
Life.
Stinking Rapidly.
Robinson—Hello, Smith! Glad to see you
back. How did you leave Jones?
Smith—Poor fellow! The last time I saw
him he was sinking rapidly.
Robinson—Indeed! What was the matter
with him?
Smith—He fell overboard from the steamer.
—*Burlington Free Press.*

No Memory for Trifles.
World's Fair Boomer (in Washington)—Ah,
my dear general! I am glad to see you. You
remember meeting me when you were in St.
Louis, I am sure!
Fair-Boomer—Delicate (slightly puzzled)—
I remember your face very well, sir, but I—
I have forgotten all about St. Louis. Where
is it?—*Chicago Tribune.*

"YES, LITTLE DEAR."
Bess went to church one sultry day,
She kept awake, I'm glad to say,
Till "fourthly" started on its way.
The moments into hours grew;
O dear! O dear! what should she do?
Unseen, she glided from the pew,
And up the aisle demurely went,
On some absorbing mission bent,
Her eyes filled with a look intent.
She stooped and said in plaintive tone,
With hand uplifted toward the dome:
"Please, preacher man, can I go home?"
The treble voice, bell-like in sound,
Disturbed a sermon most profound;
A titter swelled as it went round.
A smile the pastor's face o'erspread—
He paused and bent his stately head:
"Yes, little dear," he gently said.
—*Christian Advocate.*

SPHINXY.
She Looks After the Welfare of the
Unfortunate Aeronaut.
A balloon descended one day in the
cornfield of a farmer on the banks of
the Ohio, in that region of Southern
Illinois locally known as "Egypt."
The aeronaut, a slight, serious-looking
young gentleman with spectacles, ex-
tricated himself from the balloon just
as the farmer came running from the
next field to the scene of the descent.
"Reckon you lit sudden, didn't you?"
said the farmer. "Glad to see you, sir,
on my property, though folks does
generally come in by the front yard when
they're comin'. Much shook up, do
you find?"
"No, I thank you," said the balloon-
ist. "I'm very comfortable. When I
saw the 'chute was bound to come down
anyway, I steered for cornfield. It's
lucky you didn't have the river run
through this field."

"You might have got some wet,
that's a fact," said our farmer with an
appreciative grin. "Sphinxxy says the
Nile don't never drowns folks."
"Sphinxxy? The Nile? Where am I
anyway?"
"In Egypt," said the balloonist.
"In Egypt? Impossible. Why, I only
left Cincinnati day before yesterday!"
"Yet here you be," said the farmer.
"My name's Shelby, and my folks will
be tickled to death to have a balloon-
er dinner. They're yellow-legged chicken
fried, to-day. I see Sphinxxy and
her ma fixing it when I was to the
pump, a spell ago."

"But what do you mean about the
Nile?" persisted the stranger. "My
name's Sewall, and I'll be much ob-
liged for a dinner, but I don't under-
stand. That's the Ohio river, and I
must surely have come down in Illi-
nois."
"Shucks, now," laughed the farmer.
"Reckon you've lost your bearings, es-
pecially in shavin' up 'round in the
clouds in that machine o' yours. In
Egypt you be, and I reckon you won't
find a peartier section of country nowher
you'll look for it. Come on, and have
some dinner. 'Taint dinner-time for
half an hour, but I reckon you'll want
to rest up some, before you explain your
star-curt to an old fellow like me."

"Oh no, Mr. Shelby," said Mr. Sewall,
"your hospitality shan't run away with
your curiosity in that way. Let us spend
the half-hour with the balloon. I'll be
delighted to tell you anything I can
about it."
They were still looking at the balloon
and talking it over when a tall, young
girl, wearing a green gingham sun-
bonnet and a freshly starched pink calico
frocks, came out across the corn-field
from the farm-house. She walked up
to her father and, without looking at
the balloon or the balloonist, said: "Paw,
come to dinner. Maw says it's spilling
powerful fast for lack of eating."

Then she turned and walked away to-
ward the house.
"That's Sphinxxy," said her father, in
a tone of pride. "Most women folks
would have stood around and peered at
it to death asking questions: 'What is
that?' 'How did it get here?' and all
the like of that. But Sphinxxy, if you
notice, 'tends strictly to her own busi-
ness.' 'Paw,' says she to me, 'come to
dinner,' says she. That's the enough for
Sphinxxy, and no questions asked. It's
always her way."

"Why, onst they was a cyclone come
sudden one night; first one overheard
in this part of the country. Sphinxxy,
she was milking the speckled cow when
it struck the milking-shed. It took the
cow and her both right 'em off and landed
round and about that island out yander
in the river. I had to fetch 'em both off
in a flat-boat."

"Sphinxxy scared? Not a bit of it!"
"Paw," said she, "I'm sorry I spilt all
that good fresh milk," says she, "but it
don't seem to be Speckle's fault no more
no mine," says she. Never asked once
what struck her. No, Sphinxxy never
asks no questions. Said afterward she
knew the Nile wouldn't drown no-
body."

"Do you really call the Nile don't drown
down in this Egypt?" asked Mr. Sewall.
"I remember now hearing that South-
ern Illinois is Egypt."

"It's a matter of seven miles," said
Mrs. Shelby. "Be you going right
back to Cincinnati with your balloon?"
"I think I shall. It's badly out of
gear," said Mr. Sewall. "I shall know
how to arrange it in better shape next
time."

"And you think you must be leaving
us right off? That's too bad," said Mr.
Shelby. "Well, if you must go, I'll
drive you over to town in time for you to
take the eight o'clock train this even-
ing for Cincinnati."

"I shall be very much obliged to you,"
said Mr. Sewall, "and if I could offer you
anything, I should be glad to do so."
"Don't mention it. Proud to have
sky-scrapers come to visit us. Drop in
on us whenever you feel like dropping,"
returned cordial Mr. Shelby, laughing at
his own wit, "and next time you
drop, we'll have a feather-bed out in the
cornfield all ready for you, eh, mother?"

Sphinxxy came out on the piazza.
"Paw," said she, "the cat's fell down
the well-endless into the well, the bucket's
off and the cat's squalling!"
Mr. Shelby disappeared in great ex-
citement, followed by Mrs. Shelby.
Sphinxxy turned to Mr. Sewall, looked at
him with a frank smile, then ran out to
the well to aid in rescuing the cat, whose
accident she had announced with much
calmness as she had announced
dinner, in the usual and unexpected
presence of a balloon and a balloonist.
Mr. Sewall had smiled in return.

Her look had expressed the most in-
tense admiration. It was evident that
the descent of the balloon and the ap-
pearance of the young stranger at dinner
had touched Sphinxxy's imagination.
Mr. Shelby was clambering down the
stones within the well-shaft when his
pivotal reached the curb. It was a
perilous descent, and a still more slip-
pery ascent after he had sent the
drowned cat up in the rescued bucket.

At six o'clock Mr. Shelby brought a
rickety old buggy and a lean horse to
the front gate, called "Hello the house!"
and announced his readiness to take a
passenger to town.
Mr. Sewall, who had spent most of the
afternoon in a sound sleep on the lounge
in Mrs. Shelby's best parlor, making up
for sleep lost while in the clouds, came
out refreshed and ready to go. They
were to drive to the cornfield fence and
take up the broken balloon. Mrs. Shelby
shook hands heartily, and stood on the
piazza smiling and speeding the parting
guest.

Sphinxxy came around the corner of
the house, and walked across the grass
to Mr. Sewall. Halfway down the
front yard, midway between her father
at the gate and her mother on the steps,
she stopped beside him.
She had left off her sunbonnet, and
he saw a bright, girlish face. She held
out a small parcel.

"You might need it. Don't open it
till you get to town," said she, blush-
ing with timidity. Then before he
could thank her or say good-bye she had
put the parcel into his hands and had
run away. Her pink frock whisked
out of sight around the corner of the
house directly.

"What did Sphinxxy present you
with?" asked Mr. Shelby, as his guest
got into the buggy beside him, looking
at the parcel with much curiosity.
"She said I mustn't open it till we
got to the town," replied Mr. Sewall.
"It was very kind of her, I'm sure,
whatever it is."

"Yes, rather odd," admitted Mr. Shel-
by. "But I noticed when she was a
little bit of a slip of a thing that she
never asked no questions the way her
mother does. Perhaps you noticed Miss
Shelby's way. She's a powerful good
woman, my wife is, but she can't never
seem to stop asking questions, and my
girl's just the other way."

"We named her Maria when she was
a baby, but when she was about three
years old a man come through these
parts, peddling reaping-machines. He
said to my place over night, and he
told me that he heard say that in the
early original Egypt, back there in the
old country, there was a race of women
that never asked no questions."

"Now them women is called sphinxes,
and I says to my wife right off we'd
name our little girl that. 'If she'll
grow up to be one of them kind of wom-
en,' says I, 'that's the best kind of luck
I can wish to her husband when she
grows up.'"

"My wife says—Oh! there's your
train, Mr. Sewall. Got your check all
right for that balloon? Good! Now do
come and see us sometime, and drop
down on us whenever you feel like it.
Good-bye."

Mr. Sewall wrung Mr. Shelby's hand
gratefully, then hurried into his car.
From the window he saw the tall figure
in blue jeans, the kindly, smiling face,
the gesture of affectionate farewell.
About a fortnight later, the young
aeronaut, whose regular occupation in
life was in a large Cincinnati bank-
ing-house, where he held a responsible po-
sition, received a letter, which he put
away, after reading, with two gold pieces
in a faded silk purse. It was written on
blue-ruled paper with pale ink and
signs of a spluttering pen, but it seemed
to please Mr. Sewall very much as he
read it. This was the letter:

DEAR SIR—Your letter came duly to hand,
and the box with the music instrument by
frate, which I took home and unloaded, and
sent it in the parlor before my wife and
Sphinxxy see me.
And then in comes Sphinxxy and sets down
and played a piece she learned of her
school-teacher, who has got a melodeon,
and she says, as she played her piece: Paw,
says she, this is an organ with thirteen stops,
and I never sposed I'd ever have melodeon
to the teacher, says she. And as to where it
came from or any thing about it she never
asked no questions.

So no more to present from yours respec-
tfully,
P. S.—My wife presents her compliments
and says tell you we are all very much
obliged, and so we are. Sphinxxy went to
town and bought a new dress made with
a song about a balloon man on it, and she
wings it every night when she plays on the
instrument.

The purse and its contents found their
way back to Sphinxxy the next summer,
but Mr. Sewall keeps the letter.—*Min-
na C. Smith, in Youth's Companion.*

EXPLORER STANLEY.
His Latest Achievement Even Greater
Than His First Successes.
In the history of exploration and ad-
venture few things are more memorable
than the dispatch lately received from
Stanley, announcing that he and Emin
Pasha are well advanced upon their
journey to the east coast of Africa. It
is almost a quarter of a century since,
to the amazement and admiration of the
world, a man previously unknown un-
dertook to find Livingstone, and found
him. Of the career thus begun it was a
fitting crown that Stanley should deter-
mine to rescue Emin, and should tri-
umphantly fulfill his purpose.

LONG SHOTS.
Wonderful Feats of Marksmanship Per-
formed by Columbian Hunters.
Perhaps no one disciple of Nimrod
can point to a like success in the chase
as has been experienced by Mr. James
Porter, of Thibert Creek, Cassiar, who
under all circumstances is credited
with being a capital shot. While on a
hunting excursion during the winter of
1882-3, in company with Mr. Charles
Cameron, both of whom were armed
with Winchester, and the cold being
forty to fifty degrees below zero, they
came upon a band of thirteen caribou
browsing on the bushes which are to
be found on the mountains above the
tiber line. Cameron took one direc-
tion, while Porter took a circle to take
advantage of a ridge, so that he might
get within shot, which he succeeded in
doing, and fired his first shot at one
hundred and fifty yards, which counted
one bagged. The band then started on
the run, and before they had got out of
reach he had sped twenty-two bullets
among them, killing nine and wound-
ing the tenth severely. Night coming
on they had to gather the slain, so that
the wounded caribou could not be fol-
lowed, but when the carcasses were
skinned it was discovered that the
nine were hit nineteen times out of the
twenty-two shots fired.

Last winter Mr. Porter, while out
with Mr. B. Sullivan on a sporting trip,
came on a band of some fifteen or six-
teen caribou on the mountains at the
head of Dense creek, and killed all his
former feats of marksmanship.
Owing to the nature of the mountain
side on which they were feeding, Por-
ter could not possibly get nearer to
them than five hundred yards, so he
quietly adjusted the sight for that
range, dropped on one knee, and at
the crack of his rifle there was one car-
ibou less. At the sound of the first
shot they commenced running, and be-
fore they got out of range, Mr. Sulli-
van says, there were seven living, at al-
most equal distances apart. Mr. Porter
told the writer that he did not take
time to raise his rifle sight, as the
distance increased, but that he held at
the top of the back of the last two
which he shot.—*Victoria Times.*

WEDDING PRESENTS.
An Ancient Custom Observed by the Greeks
and Romans.
The custom of giving wedding pre-
sents, as it now exists, is a social tra-
dition, which, though paid by every one,
is only paid grudgingly and on compul-
sion. It represents neither affection
nor interest, and is not productive of
the smallest profit to any save the
manufacturers whose wares are sold
for the purpose. History does not say
much about wedding presents, except
as to the presents of the bridegroom
and the bride given to each other. The
Greeks, we read, always presented a
newly-married couple with a basket of
acorns mixed with bread. They gave
household furniture besides, according
to their feelings, admiration running
to a four-post bedstead, while respect
contented itself with a footstool; but
acorns were compulsory, and were to
the Greeks what the tea pot is to us.
Why acorns we do not know; but
every thing those people did was em-
blematical. If they coughed it was
highly emblematical, and if they
stabbed their friends through the back
or a man ran away with his wife, it
was still emblematical, so that, no
doubt, both giver and receiver perfectly
understood one another, and their
acorns found their way to the pigs and
the bread to the chickens, with benefit
all around. Among the Romans, whom
we could no more afford to lose than
the Greeks, the relations and friends of
the newly-married pair, were told,
were very great at parting with nuts
to the marriage festival. The nuts in
this case were also obligatory; the
present-giver might throw in a toga, or
an electro plated chariot, or a fiasco
for the back-pocket if he liked, but the
nuts he must disburse. The nuts again
were emblematic of something serious,
though historians have not yet made
up their minds exactly what. Crack-
ing nuts is still a standing pastime with
the youth of certain classes even in our
own day, and the custom probably has
the above weighty sanction. But be-
yond the acorns and nuts we have
nothing very definite as to what was
expected of friends and relations in the
way of presents.—*Chicago Tribune.*

MADE HIS FORTUNE.
How a French Comedienne Enriched a Silk
Manufacturer.
The formal announcement that the
latest styles for ladies' costumes are to
be chiefly distinguished for the striking
colors employed in the stuffs out of
which they are made, recalls to mind
a little anecdote told of Mlle. Mars, the
once famous comedienne—an anecdote
which explains how the same fashion
was artificially forced upon the world
some sixty or seventy years ago. The
actress was fulfilling an engagement at
Lyons, when one day the chief silk
manufacturer of the town was ushered
into her presence.

"Mademoiselle," said he, "I demand
of you to make my fortune."
"Monsieur, nothing would give me
greater pleasure, but how am I to do
so?"
"Simply by accepting from me this
piece of cloth, by having it made into a
dress and wearing it in your next rep-
resentation in Paris." And at the same
time he unfolded a package which he
held in his hand and spread it before
the actress. It was a piece of the
most brilliant and screaming yellow,
as the blondes would say—intense, bar-
baric, soul-stirring! At first the actress
refused; she could never commit such
an act of audacity and hope to live
through it; but at last she prevailed
upon to make the trial. The experi-
ment succeeded beyond the crafty man-
ufacturer's wildest hopes. In less than
a week all Paris was frantically pursu-
ing the latest phantasy of its favorite star.
The Lyons manufacturer, who alone
had a sufficient stock on hand, was
soon overpowered with orders. And the
fashion for bright colors thus oddly be-
gun endured for several seasons.—
Paris Cor. Boston Record.

The Man Who Marries Money.
The man who seeks a wife for the pur-
pose of securing the means of living
without working does not merit the
respect of the meanest person on earth.
His intentions are so manifest that they
deceive no one. He plans his attack
with the ingenuity of a General. His
aggressive courtship, and a hypocrit-
ical one as well. He can not afford to
let the flame flicker for a moment. He
must act the role of deception contin-
ually. If there should ever come the
moment when a feeling of self-inde-
pendence and self-respect enters the
young woman's mind, his hopes in that
instant may be shattered beyond re-
demption. There is the necessity of
ever-present caution and a constant re-
course to hypocrisy.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Miscellaneous Advertisements.
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Livery and Feed Stable,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
SADDLE HORSES AND BUGGY TEAMS
Furnished at all hours.
Hauling done at lowest rates.
Coal and Wood delivered at bottom prices.
New Horses furnished for funerals.

W. G. WEBSTER,
DEALER IN
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HATS and CAPS,
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and Bridles, Crochery, Etc.
ALSO A FULL LINE OF
GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS.
Custom Boots made at Short Notice, and
Repairing Neatly and Promptly Done. Call and
see us.
N. B.—Gentlemen's Fine Shoes a specialty.
at 24

Coos Bay
FAMILY
MARKET.
Front St., Marshallfield, Oregon.
R. M. WEBER, - - - Proprietor.
HAYING JUST OPENED A NEW AND NEAT
Meat Market, first building south of Nash-
burg & Hirst's store. I am prepared to furnish at
the lowest living rates, the best of Beef, Veal,
Mutton, Pork, Salt Meats of all kinds, Vegetables,
Canned Goods, and Family Groceries of all de-
scriptions. News and Logging Camps prompt-
ly supplied.
Such a share of public patronage as first-class
goods, low prices and square dealing entitle me
to be respectfully solicited by

PIONEER MARKETS,
Marshallfield and Empire City,
E. G. FLANAGAN, Proprietor.
(Successor to H. P. Whitney)
A GOOD SUPPLY OF
Mutton, Beef, Canned Goods, Etc.
Salt Meats and Vegetables of all kinds con-
stantly on hand.
Also a good stock of GROCERIES.
VESSELS and LOGGING CAMPS sup-
plied at short notice.

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—DEALER IN—
Fancy Goods,
Toys and Candies,
Books and Stationery,
Cutlery and Tobacco,
CIGARS and NOTIONS.
PIONEER SALOON,
FRONT STREET, - - - MARSHFIELD,
JOHN BEAR, Proprietor.
THIS OLD AND POPULAR SALOON, UNDER
the new management, has been refurnished
with a new stock of
Choice Wines, Liquors and Cigars,
which are served by courteous waiters. A
share of patronage solicited and appreciated.

ARCADE SALOON,
FRONT ST.,
Opposite Whitney's Market, - - Marshallfield, Or.
R. M. HUTCHESON, PROPRIETOR.
A NEW RESORT SUPPLIED WITH
Choice Wines, Liquors, Cigars,
Ale, Porter, Lager Beer,
And all the appointments of
A FIRST CLASS SALOON.
Patrons are appreciated and the wants of
customers promptly attended to by gentlemanly
barkeepers. Give the new saloon a trial.

BON TON SALOON,
Opposite Union Furniture Store,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
J. NASHBURG, Proprietor.
ALWAYS ON HAND,
CUTTER and AAA WHISKIES, AND
CHOICE WINES AND CIGARS.
—ALSO—
Bees, Milwaukee and Bay View Brewery Beer.
BILLIARD and POOL TABLE.

R. MAINS,
Merchant Tailor!
Front Street, Marshallfield.
A NICE LOT OF FANCY
CASSIMERES,
Selected with care, for
THE SPRING AND SUMMER TRADE,
—AND—
Good Fits Warranted.
Please call and examine my stock and
be convinced.
R. MAINS, Proprietor.