

Coquille City Herald.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

J. M. SIGLIN. JOHN A. GRAY.
Siglin & Gray.
Attorneys and Counselors At Law,
Marshfield, Coos county, Oregon.
Office—Holland building, opposite Blanco Hotel. v2h229

W. SINCLAIR,
Attorney at Law,
General Insurance and Real Estate Agent,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.

T. G. OWEN.
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.

S. H. HAZARD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
EMPIRE CITY, OGN.

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Attorney at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.

D. L. WATSON.
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COOS CITY, OGN.

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Attorney and Counselor at Law.
MYRTLE POINT, COOS COUNTY OREGON.
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MARSHFIELD, OGN.

W. C. ANGELL, M. D.
Physician and Accoucheur,
COQUILLE CITY, OGN.
v1h14f.

O. E. SMITH,
Sergeon Dentist,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
v1h13m.

J. M. VOLKMAR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
MYRTLE POINT, COOS CO., OREGON.
v2h454f

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Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v1h47.

I. O. G. T.
Morning Star Lodge
No. 464.
Meets at Coquille City every Thursday evening. Visiting members of this order, in good standing, are cordially invited.

K. OF L.
Pioneer Assembly, No. 3070.
Meets at Coquille City every Monday evening. Visiting members, in good standing, are cordially invited.

I. O. O. F.
Coquille Lodge No. 53
Meets at Coquille City every Saturday evening. Visiting brethren, in good standing, cordially invited.

A. F. and A. M.
Chadwick Lodge, No. 68.
Meets at Coquille City on Saturday evening on or before the full moon in each month.
John Goodman,
W. M.

General Lytle.
Peace reigns in a Ohio's woods;
A thousand autumn banners gleam;
Like trophies on cathedral walls,
While curling mist doth incense seem.
Afar in Chienmanga's wood,
Where banners light the brave to death,
Ohio's gallant son lies low:
'Midst battle storm he yields his breath.
Oh, Lytle! son of noble race!
'Twas Genius touched your lips with fire:
Your stirring words still bloomed in deeds:
Oh, hero with a poet's lyre!
Oh generous heart and patriot soul!
So young, so brave in Mexico;
How blazed thy warrior spirit forth
When traitor arms laid Sumter low!
I see thy ride at Carnifax,
A lightning sketch on war's dark cloud;
I feel the furious charge rush by,
A sight that made the dying proud!
I see thee with thine eagle eye
Greet danger with exultant thrill,
Defying Death and daring Fate,
That autumn day at Chaplin Hill!
'Mid comrades that his zeal has fired,
On battle-field our Lytle sleeps:
Not death could tear him from his charge,
And o'er his grave Columbia weeps.
What though no flowers adorn his bier,
Nor shrouded flag does o'er him wave?
What though no long funeral train
Attends him to his honored grave?
What though no sad procession winds,
With muffled drum and music's swell,
And streaming eyes and stifled sobs,
Adown the streets he loved so well?
A nation mourns her favorite son;
His laurels green shall ever wave,
And Erin's tears shall wet the sod,
Where LYTLE fills a soldier's grave.

Quartz in Coos and Curry.
The following communication will be interesting to those who desire information on the resources of Coos county. While we may not agree with our correspondent in his assertion that woman suffrage is a past issue—it is bound to come up again—we certainly admire his proposition to raise a new issue, one that will develop the hidden wealth of our mountains and add renewed vigor to the ever increasing industries of both county and state:

As woman suffrage is now a past issue, Sunbeam and Mayflower tea and St. Jacobs oil having been tried; would it not be well to give these things a rest, and raise a new issue? And I for one suggest for a subject, rich quartz in Coos and Curry. Having spent some time in hunting ledges, collecting and testing ores, I write these few lines in hopes some abler pen will take it up, and that we may have more light on this subject. It is not necessary to tell the old residents of this county, of pieces of very rich quartz being found at the head of Salmon gulch; of one sheet of gold taken from the side of a boulder, that weighed about \$700; of nuggets being found on Sixes, all the way up to \$175. That many of these nuggets were worn smooth on one side, being rough on the other, and showing they had adhered to boulders. Now when we remember the number of immigrants of late years, these facts may be interesting. As I lately examined ledges and quartz from the top of Johnson's mountain to the head of Salmon gulch, I have arrived at the conclusion that these ledges are only gash, or surface veins, and cannot be depended on as true, permanent fissures. I have arrived at this conclusion from the character of the quartz, and the appearance of the ledge. I do not mean to say that there will be no rich quartz found in this region; but I am of the opinion that the ledges will terminate at no great depth. Passing further west to the south fork of Sixes, we see a great change in both the geological formation and ledges. This appears at one time to have been a vast bed of shale, which in most places has been hardened by heat. It is bounded on the west by greenstone; on the south and east by granite; the tops of the highest peaks being capped with conglomerate. There is a ledge running for miles through this canyon; at some places where the formation is firm it crops out at the surface, at other places where the formation is not firm it can only be followed by the sulphuret of iron where it has steam-

ed up through the rocks. That this is a true fissure is shown from the fact that it has come from the fires below.
Professor Denton in his lectures on geology, page 101, says: The vapor of sulphur, coming in contact [with the vapor of iron, has produced the sulphate of iron, and we are told that "auriferous ledges containing sulphates may always be relied on to improve with depth." And further, that, "the vapor of gold coming up with and being so much heavier than the vapor of iron, the gold has either not risen so high, or has sunk lower, hence this class of ledges always improve with depth."

Gold has been found in this particular ledge, wherever it crops out, and I am told that essays on rock have been all the way up to \$78 per ton. The writer found at one place, gold as coarse as small wheat grains, at another place it was fine as flour. This ledge has nowhere been prospected to any extent—it has been dug into at several points, and pieces of rock carried away, but I believe no one has tapped it 25 feet below the surface. If a company could be formed to strike it with a tunnel a few hundred feet below the surface, as it easily might be at certain points, the probability is it would prove valuable, give work to a vast number of men, and bring wealth to its owners.

Respectfully,
C. Wilkins.

Affairs of the old world.
The Czar's Government now exists only in fancy, and the people do not know whom to obey or to whom to look for counsel and protection. There are several secret organizations established with a view of counteracting the efforts of the revolutionists, and each one of these societies works independently of the other. One of these is the Sacred Militia, formed on the plan of the Nihilist Executive Committee. At its head stands Grand Duke Vladimir. It holds a secret court and has sentenced to death some of the most prominent nihilists, such as Prince Krapotkin, Lavroff and Leo Partman. The power gained by the Sacred Militia has encouraged other magnates to form another secret society, and the Voluntary Guard, headed by the Minister of the imperial household, Count Vorontzoff-Dashkoff and General Shuvaloff, is one of this class. It aims to protect the Czar, not only against the nihilists, but also against the influence of any other person or body, the Sacred Militia, the State police and the Ministers included. This society naturally employs hosts of secret agents of their own. The provincial nobles have also formed a secret society—the Land Union. It has many agents in every province and has its own journal, *Vobno Slovo* (Free Word), published abroad. The Union has succeeded in inducing the Czar to restore the nobles many privileges and has been so successful in fact that the "noblemen's era" is an established thing. The regular secret police, thus superseded by the agents of secret societies, have found it necessary to found their own secret society, which aims to undermine all the other secret bodies. The most secret of all other secret societies is known under the name of the "Society for the Struggle Against the Terrorists." Meanwhile, notwithstanding all these anti-revolutionary societies, the nihilists are going on with their underground work, recruiting here and there new members and agents. The spirit of conspiracy has seized upon the Russians. The reins of the regular Government have been slackened to the last degree. The Czar's Ministers have joined dif-

ferent secret societies, and conspire against each other. Senators, judges, heads of departments, civil and military officers and Bishops, all conspire, and every one is surrounded by hosts of spies, friendly and inimical. It seems as though the subjects bound by their oath of allegiance to the Czar had been superseded by spies bound to their purpose by secret oaths. Even the Czar is not free from the spirit of conspiracy. It is said here that he gave a hint of his late journey to Denmark to any of his ministers, and they learned of his departure only after he was gone.

Queen Victoria, upon her return to England from Germany, was graciously pleased to present to each of sixteen men of the royal yacht *Osborn* a very handsome steel engraving of the late Duke of Albany. The picture, with the autograph of the duke, was in a handsome rosewood frame. She also personally presented larger pictures of the same relic duke to four of the warrant and petty officers of the yacht. Her Majesty the Queen was probably unfamiliar with the manner of berthing the sailors, and perhaps imagined that each one had a suit of rooms somewhere about the vessel. Unless the sailors thus honored transfer their gift to their sweethearts and wives ashore, the late duke in a rosewood frame will fare badly in Jack's hammock. An extra allowance of grog would probably have been better appreciated by the men than a framed picture. —[Chronicle.

Having had fourteen years' experience, we can attest to the truth of the concluding statement.
You may drive him, deprive him—
And cut short his prog.
But, you will soften his heart,
If you give him his grog.

A Husband Who Was Too Aristocratic to be Kind.

By Saturday's overland train Martha Von Forekenbeck left San Francisco for New York, a divorced but happier woman than she has been for years. The time at which she thought she was the happiest woman in the world was in the gentle spring of 1875, when she was wooed and won in New York by a blonde-haired German boasting in the name of Alfred Von Forekenbeck. He boasted of more than that, indeed; of aristocratic descent and hightoned lineage, of castles on the Rhine and dukedoms of more than an acre, of having one cousin a burgomaster of Berlin and another who was, or had been, president of the Reichstag. Martha was then 20 years of age, pretty and impressionable. She gave her white hand and young heart to the lordly Alfred Von Forekenbeck. They were married, and, both having a little money of their own, came to Los Angeles on their wedding trip. In those days Alfred was very tender and ardent, tender, as the reputation of a "chicken" tame and ardent as a Los Angeles August. They were married again amid the orange groves of Los Angeles and then went to live on a ranch. As the years went by it was observed that Alfred Von Forekenbeck began to grow gloomy and to practice at the bar more than was good for him. All the ardor appeared to be going to his nose and all his tenderness to his eyes. It was in such a condition that Alfred also began to cast reflection upon the lowly character of his wife's birth, for it was true that she sprang from plebeian stock and had only red blood in her veins. At such times Alfred would beat himself upon the aristocratic breast and cry aloud in the hearing of his neighbors:

"Oh, why did I, a Von Forekenbeck—I, who have one cousin a burgomaster of Berlin and another who is, or has been, president of the Reichstag—why did I so far forget myself as to marry this woman of the people?"
Thereupon his feelings would so overcome him that he would vary

becuing his own breast by pulling his wife's hair, and vary that by honoring her with kicks delivered on portions of her anatomy common alike to plebe and noble. For a time, much longer than she should, Martha bore her husband's treatment, but finally finding that her democratic flesh was quite as susceptible to suffering as though it were aristocratic, she decided that a stop must be put to it. Seeing her determined, Alfred Von Forekenbeck found no pleasure in married life and went back to Germany to see his cousins, the bergomaster of Berlin, and the other, who was the president of the Reichstag. Left alone, Martha applied for a divorce, and on Tuesday last was made a free woman on the ground of her husband's extreme cruelty. Settling up her affairs here, Martha Saturday went back to her plebeian family in New York, shorn of her aristocratic name, but having learned a lesson that happiness is not always to be found with an aristocrat with a fancy for gin, and that an honest commoner is perhaps better than a "Von" with noble cousins and a mania for kicking a wife.—S. F. Chronicle.

AN OLD PEDDLER'S PASSION.

Among the prisoners in the Oakland jail is a German named Peter Mussen. He is about 50 years old and is undergoing a sentence of six months' imprisonment for malicious mischief, committed in the little town of Hayward, in Alameda county. His troubles are due to unreciprocated love. Mussen's business was the peddling of chickens and eggs, which he purchased of ranchers in the vicinity. Among others who sold the product of their henneries to the peddler was a Mrs. Wriener, a buxom German widow with two children residing on the road near Hayward. She was young and comely, and Mussen fell desperately in love with her. One day she gave him a cup of tea when he was tired and thirsty. This, he claims, contained a potent love philter, which inflamed his love. He nursed his passion and told her not of his love until several weeks ago, when, after buying the widow's surplus eggs and chickens, he offered her his heart and hand. The proposal was rejected with scorn and the peddler ordered off the premises.

This treatment, while it somewhat disconcerted Mussen, did not entirely discourage him, and following Sarah Althea's example, he sought solace of a fortuneteller in this city. The clairvoyant told him that a rival—a man with side-whiskers—stood in the way and would have to be removed before the widow would smile on his suit. The task of removing the imaginary man with the whiskers Mussen readily undertook, and his efforts in that direction were what landed him in jail.

Returning from the interview with the soothsayer, Mussen improvised a mask out of a piece of flour sack, and loading a shot-gun with birdshot, he waited until after dark on the night of June 1st, and then made his way stealthily to the residence of the widow. Concealing himself under a window he heard voices from within, and imagining that his rival was inside he made a dash to the door, which he burst open just as Mrs. Wriener and her children made their exit by a back door and sought safety in flight. Once inside the house, Mussen began execution with the gun, one charge taking effect in the ceiling and the other perforating the plaster and demolishing a picture on the wall. After firing the shots, the maddened man searched the house, but finding no one, he returned home. The following day he was convicted and taken to the Oakland jail.—[S. F. Chronicle.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

Starting a Newspaper.

Did you ever start a paper? No? Well, you ought to try it. Falling down stairs with a stove on top of you is nothing to be compared to it in point of excitement. The name of the paper was the *Review*, and it was started to "fill a long-felt want." Jerry Cochrane was my partner. There were several very comfortable things about the paper. For instance, Jerry and I always knew on Monday that we wouldn't have enough money to pay the hands off on Sunday, and we never did. The hands knew it, too, and so their nerves were never shocked by a disappointment. We ran that way for a while, getting more deeply in debt all the time. At last, one morning, I entered the office and found Jerry looking rather solemn. "Jerry," says I, "you want a partner." "Yes, we need a new one, Bob," he rejoined. "A business man," said he. "A financier," I observed. "A man who can take hold of the thing and turn it into money," he concluded. "Then I've got the man you want," I said, and introduced Frank Hitchcock, the sheriff. Jerry said Frank was the very man he had been thinking of, so we installed him at once, sir. He ran the paper with the greatest success until he had turned it entirely into money. When we wound up the concern there was nothing left but two passes—one to Cincinnati and one to Burlington. We divided them, and went in different directions.

"I got to Burlington feeling pretty bad. I was about 200,000 miles in debt, having managed to owe everybody I knew. I would have owed the strangers, too, only I had no way of making their acquaintance. One day I remarked to Mrs. Burdette that I'd go over and see if I couldn't get a job on the *Hawkeye*. I postponed it for awhile and one day the business manager came over to offer me a place. I could have lugged the man, but I didn't want to be demonstrative, so I held back rather coyly. He asked me if I had anything in view, and I told him I had. It was the truth, as I had an idea of going out to the poorhouse, if I could get a ride on the cars; I was too proud to walk. Well, he urged me, and I finally agreed to take the matter into consideration. I was to go in at 6 o'clock the next afternoon, and I bid him a chilly good day. For fear I'd miss the train, I was down there at a quarter to four, but when I entered the *Hawkeye* office I walked like a lord and called the business manager "Charley," slapping him familiarly on the back. I tell you his offering me the place gave me a great moral advantage, and I used it, the result being that I was allowed the usual princely salary of a reporter.

"I worked along for awhile, and finally got an interest in the *Hawkeye*. A curious thing happened after awhile, which has caused me to laugh many a time. There were four of us on the editorial page, Frank Hutton, John F. White and John Burdette, my brother. Frank was the first one taken from that glorious band, and he became First Assistant Postmaster-General. John White followed by becoming postmaster of Burlington, and my brother was then appointed collector in the first internal revenue district of Ohio. Frank was born in Cadiz, Waite in Ravenna, and my brother in Cincinnati, all in the same state. I was from Pennsylvania and didn't get anything. It takes Ohio men for offices." —[Burdette.

For canning purposes the red raspberries are much improved by the addition of a few ripe currants.