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AN OUTING TRIP.

To the lover of nature, a ride over the mountains of the Coast Range and through the canyons from the head-waters of the Coquille, down through Brewster Valley and the surrounding country, affords a constantly varying panorama of its wildest and most picturesque scenes. From our starting point a drive of about five or six miles brings us to the foot of the rugged Coast Range and then begins the weary climb, up and still up.

Relieving our loaded wagon of its human freight, we allow it to precede us, while we toil leisurely after it on foot, pausing every now and then to get a glimpse through some opening among the trees, of the beautiful fertile valley below us, yellow with the ripening grain which we passed through before we began our upward march, and so near do they seem that though we have traveled several miles, we are scarcely surprised to be told that we have been describing a horse-shoe and are not more than one-fourth the distance we have gone over, from the fields we left behind us so long ago. This peculiarity of mountain roads, of traveling so far to accomplish a short distance is somewhat puzzling to those who are used to the straight, direct, routes of more level countries.

Just over the top of the mountains is a series of springs that form the head-waters of the Coquille, and here we all stopped to refresh ourselves with a drink of the pure, sweet, ice cold spring water that flows as clear as crystal from its birthplace among the mountains. And now we begin to wind downward following the side of the mountain over roads rough and rocky, with precipices looming far above us on one hand, while on the other, sometimes at our very feet, and sometimes many hundred feet below us, making the nervous among us shudder with apprehension, as we creep along the narrow road, the silvery clear waters of the Coquille leap and rush and roar over their boulder strewn bed, now breaking into a thousand mimic cascades, now leaping in a picturesque waterfall over a sheer descent of a hundred feet, now flowing smooth, calm and clear, forming one of the liveliest of mountain streams, as anyone will surely believe who has followed it from where it begins, a mere rill, through its many tortuous windings, until, before it flows into the sea, it widens out into a safe, calm, harbor for large ships. All along the road the wild raspberries, salmon berries and thimble berries were ripening in the sun, the wild foxglove was swinging its dainty bells of pink, white and purple, and under the rocks great patches of the exquisite maidenhair fern were swaying their leathery fronds in a way to make an enthusiast go wild with delight, while many other varieties dear to the heart of the fern lover, grew in abundance all around us.

At noon we camp for dinner at a place called the "old toll house." But little remains, however, of the toll house except a few stones that once might have formed its chimney, and while the ladies prepare the dinner, our fishermen angle for the finny tribe with such success that in a very short time a goodly quantity of the delicious mountain trout are ready for the frying pan.

After dinner we rounded Cape Horn, a proceeding which if not attended to by as much danger as rounding the original Cape Horn by water, is sufficiently spiced with difficulties in the way of no roads to speak of, and boulders of such size that as the wagon dropped over each one, we expected momentarily to see it go in pieces.

However, we passed the "Rubicon" with but a slight accident which a piece of rope sufficiently repaired, and were soon rolling through the lower canyon, stopping now and then to admire a miniature waterfall or picturesque bit of scenery, or to let our fishermen try their luck in the ripples or the still, deep pools where the shy trout love to hide themselves.

Toward evening on suddenly rounding a curve we saw spread out before us the beautiful panorama of Brewster Valley and shortly afterward reached the half-way house, and Sitkum postoffice, kept by Mr. Jas. Laird.

We stopped at Mr. Laird's to get some hay for our horses, and while it was being loaded, we strolled through his well kept garden, ate berries and admired the flowers.

Our attention was especially drawn to a large bed of carnations, great, double fringed beauties of every hue and tint known to that beautiful and fragrant flower, and when we went away we carried a generous handful of the sweet smelling blossoms.

We reached the first stage of our journey and camped just before dark in a myrtle grove beside Brummett Creek, a peaceful looking stream, now carrying a few inches of water, but which at certain seasons of the year becomes a rushing torrent, coming out of its banks and covering the whole country until it looks like a small lake. Here we camped for three or four days and our fishermen again tried their luck with remarkable success, bringing in at a single catch one hundred and seventy-three fish of all sizes, from six inches to fifteen.

Though there are no doubt many varieties of the speckled beauties, we make special mention of four distinct species. The first being the common mountain trout speckled all overwith dark spots. The second, having minute, almost invisible scales, is spotted on top and silvery white below. The third and fourth variery have short, rounded heads instead of pointed ones, and while one has red fins and a red stripe down each side, the other has a row of beautiful, orange red spots on the sides that contrast finely with the darker surrounding ones. The last are known to fishermen by the rather fanciful name of "Dolly Varden." From Brummett creek we moved on over the mountains and through the mountains and though the canyons, six miles further, where we again camped under the shade of an enormous maple tree, there to enjoy for a few days more the "dolce far niente" of camp life, reading, dreaming, or roaming from one point of interest to another.

From this point we took a short exploring trip as far as the postoffice called Dora, which is situated in a beautiful little valley, where, on every hand we saw the reapers busy with the ripened grain.

While on the road we had the good fortune to see a large deer with fine branching antlers, standing in the road before us. Instead of him fleeing, as we expected him to do, he turned and came directly toward us, (he must have known there were no guns in the party,) until he reached a point about fifty yards, in front of us, when he stopped and after a deliberate survey of our outfit, took to the woods.

A few days more of delightful out-door life which we would fain have prolonged, but duty recalled us, and we turned our faces homeward, strengthened and refreshed for our future duties which will be sweetened by daily memories of the delightful trip which we hope, in the not far distant future, to repeat.

MRS E. F. INMAN.

Bicycles.

One thousand dollars invested in Crescent Bicycles direct from the Western Wheel Works of Chicago, eight wheels were sold and all are giving the best satisfaction. This factory is turning out 300 bicycles per day and are 1,000 short on Coast orders. They are furnishing us with four wheels per week until they get caught up with their orders. In 1894 this factory turned out 50,000 wheels. Since then they have increased their capacity to 75,000. They belong to no trust or combine. They ship no wheels to any one on consignment. All wheels are sold outright before they leave the factory. The Crescent wheels need no recommendation. They sell on their merits and are fully warranted for twelve months. Call and see our Gent's Special, 25 pounds, price $50; Crescent No. 1, 23 pounds, $75; Ladies' Crescent No. 5, 24 pounds, $50; Ladies' No. 4, 22 pounds, $75. Cash or on installment. CARLE & RICHARDSON.

Fruit Grower's Meeting.

ROSEBURG, Aug. 3rd, 1895.

The Roseburg Fruit Union met at Grange Hall at 2 p. m., the president in the chair.

Minutes of the last meeting read and adopted.

The secretary read the bylaws and Mr. E. Winston gave notice to change section two of said bylaws at the next regular meeting.

The president introduced Mr. Martin of the Oregon Fruit Union who stated he was here to give any information in regard to packing and shipping fruit and also to try and get a carload of Bartlet pears to ship from this place.

Resolved, That the Roseburg Union unite with the South Douglas Union and have a general fruit grower's meeting for the purpose of more fully uniting the fruit growers of Douglas county and to invite the agents of the different railroads to meet with us in regard to getting better rate for our fruits.

Six persons became members of our Union, making a total membership of twenty-eight.

Meeting adjourned to meet last Saturday in August, at 2 p. m.

Any persons having Bartlet pears for sale will find Mr. Martin of the Oregon Fruit Union at the Hotel Van Houten, who will give full information.

F. A. MCCALL, Secretary.

MELROSE NEWS.

Threshing has begun in the settlement.

Rev. Leonard preached two very interesting sermons at this place last Sunday.

Two of Roseburg's fair cyclists passed through here last Thursday.

The Misses Philomine and Kate Champagne were visiting relatives in this vicinity last week.

The spelling school held at the school house every Saturday night is progressing nicely and is largely attended.

The dance given at the residence of Charles La Pointe on the evening of the 27th was an enjoyable affair.

As Mr. Wells was moving his engine to the shop the other day he ran against a stump and knocked off one of the drive wheels. Having had to send to Portland for the necessary casting it will be some time before he is ready to thresh any.

OCCASIONAL.

Board of EqualizationNotice.

Notice is hereby given that the Board of Equalization of Douglas county, Oregon, will meet in the office of the county court, of said county, in the court house in the city of Roseburg, Oregon, on Monday, the 26th day of August, 1895, and will continue in session until Saturday, August 31, 1895, to publicly examine the assessment rolls and correct all errors in valuation, description or qualities of land, lots or other property. Now, therefore, all parties who may be aggrieved by reason of valuation, description, or otherwise, as to their assessment, will take notice of the meeting of said Board of Equalization at said time and place and make due complaint to said Board of Equalization, otherwise their assessment will stand as made by the Assessor.

J. A. STERLING,
Assessor for Douglas county.

His First Mass.

Father Lane, assisted by Father Chobot, celebrated mass in St. Joseph's church this morning at 8 o'clock. This, the first mass by Father Lane, the first ordained native born priest of Oregon, created considerable interest amongst our townspeople who have known Father Lane from his infancy. His first mass was therefore witnessed by a large number of noncommunicants as well as members of his church. It is reported that this young priest, both as to age and priesthood, having been ordained the day before, acquitted himself nicely, and received the congratulations of his faithful adherents and friends.

The J. G. Flook Co. is prepared to do any kind of mill work at the lowest living rates, and those who are preparing to build should consult them. They can save you money.

BY PHILLIPS BROOKS.

[The following poem, never before published, was found in one of Phillips Brooks' early notebooks, in which he jotted down thoughts and memoranda.—Boston Transcript.]

Along the noisy city ways
And in this rattling city car,
On this the dreariest of days,
Perplexed with business fret and jar,

When suddenly a young, sweet face
Looked on my petulance and pain
And lent it something of its grace
And charmed it into peace again.

The day was just as bleak without,
My neighbors just as cold within,
And truth was just as full of doubt,
The world was just as full of sin.

But in the light of that young smile
The world grew pure, the heart grew warm,
And sunshine gleamed a little while
Across the darkness of the storm.

I did not care to seek her name,
I only said "God bless thy life,
Thy sweet young grace be still the same,
Or happy maid or happy wife."

1853 —P. B.

GRANDMOTHER.

She Does Not Keep Pace With the Advance of Medical Science.

We all know just what adorable creatures all grandmothers are, and how they cannot do enough for the little ones belonging to their sons and daughters. Now, without wishing to appear ungrateful for these attentions, there are some mothers who think themselves quite capable of caring for their own babies, and the continual and persistent contrary opinion of grandma becomes after a time vexatious rather than helpful.

Even though grandma has brought up a dozen children, and this is her daughter's very first experience in that line, it is just as well not to give overliberal doses of advice, nor is it good policy to empty out the medicine the doctor prescribes for baby's cough and substitute sirup of squills, because sirup of squills was all that the youngsters of another generation were dosed with.

The latter medicine may be regarded by grandma as the most perfect cough remedy in existence, but the prescribed drops or pellets may be quite as effective, and it is but natural that the young mother and the physician in charge should feel a bit annoyed at the assumption of superior knowledge, however well founded it may be.

Babies need as varied treatment as plants do. What may have answered splendidly for grandma's dozen might prove quite the reverse of beneficial for the fin de siecle youngster, and even though a baby is a novelty to the young mother nature will be her best teacher as to its wants and cares. Grandma must remember that she had to be initiated in her superior baby training before she could pose as an oracle, and would she have been pleased to have had her authority wrenched from her by a wiser somebody who scorned her methods and ridiculed her lack of wisdom?

When the young mother asks for advice, it is time enough to give it to her. She is certain to do so and will appreciate most kindly the valuable hints the more experienced mother can give her, but her feelings will be quite the reverse if advice is thrust upon her and the care of her own precious baby taken peremptorily out of her hands.—Louisville Post.

How the Money Goes.

It is unsafe to allow any ordinary woman to enter a store with money. She has such a craving for luxuries, such a contempt for mere necessities, that she almost invariably purchases the former and is constantly in need of the latter. She goes forth to purchase an opera bonnet because she is going to the opera that very night, but her eye is caught by a tea gown, a bargain tea gown, and she buys it. That night some man seated behind a Gainesborough with many plumes swears. She goes out to buy a jacket, needing one sorely, but her erratic fancy is caught by lace trimmed underwear, and before she realizes it she is reveling in new nightgowns and corset covers. She has even been known to go out to buy writing paper and to return with nothing but a blue and white cup and saucer.—Philadelphia Times.

Smoked Cigarettes Thirty Years.

"People talk about cigarettes being unhealthful, but the fact that I am still alive is proof to the contrary," said a middle aged man. "I began smoking them 30 years ago, before they were made in this part of the country and when few were imported. It is a far cry to the time when there were no American cigarettes, and I feel old when I look back to it. I ought to add that I have never inhaled the smoke of cigarettes, which perhaps accounts for their not killing me long ago. I may also add, in strict confidence, that the reason I have smoked cigarettes is that cigars and pipes make me sick."—New York Sun.

So He Did.

Lord Salisbury, while on a visit to his nephew, Mr. A. J. Balfour, M. P., in Haddingtonshire, amused himself by playing golf. One day the noble lord struck too low with his iron and asked his caddie:

"What have I hit?"

The youngster, who was without reverence, gruffly made answer:

"Scotland."—London Globe.

Short.

She—The origin of the use of the term "sterling," applied to English money, is lost in obscurity.

He—So is money, so far as I am concerned.—Detroit Free Press.

When the armada appeared off the coast of England, notice of that fact was sent all over the country in a few hours by the use of beacon fires.

New Year's day is a legal holiday in all the states but Massachusetts, New Hampshire and Rhode Island.

A copy of the first edition of the "Decameron" was sold some years ago for £2,260.

Notice.

Sealed bids will be received at the county clerk's office up to September 4th, at 1 p. m., for the running and keeping in repair what is known as the Lone Rock Ferry on the North Umpqua river, near Glide, for the term of three years from October 1st, 1895. The boat and rope now used furnished by the county. In case the present outfit should be lost or accident occur, and in such case the contractor to replace articles furnished by county. Bond and agreement similar to other ferry contracts now on file at the clerk's office.

A. F. STEARNS, County Judge.

Treasurer's Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons holding Douglas county warrants, indorsed prior to October 1, 1891, to present the same at the treasurer's office in the court house for payment, as interest will cease thereon after the date of this notice.

Dated this 8th day of July, A. D. 1895, at Roseburg, Douglas county, Oregon.

WM. A. FRATER,
County Treasurer.