Coquille City Herald.

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The Story of an Alligator.

(BY LE GARCON.)

An Alligator—vicious tramp—
Lay basking in the mud,
And taking flies in from the swamp,
Which seemed to do him good.

But gazing 'round upon the grass
For more that might be had,
He saw a biped slowly pass
Whose countenance was sad.

"My friend," thus spoke the Saurian,
"What makes you look unwell?
What ails you now? Poor simple man,
I'll listen if you'll tell."

"Of sickness, sorrow, human tears,
I've seen much in my day,
Could my dread tale but reach your ears
'Twould fill them with dismay.

"In mud and water I exist,
And live on fish and flies;
I am a true philanthropist
In much which that implies.

"Tho' circumscribed by Nature's plan,
In freedom still I jog;
I am no enemy to man
And dearly love a dog.

"My breast in tenderness is clad,
I'm open and sincere;
I think I'll shed—you look so bad—
A sympathetic tear."

Though bilious, nerveless and unstrung,
The man felt much beguiled,
The flies being thick on t'other's tongue,
He took them in and smiled.

The 'Gator made a joyful snap,
Then oped his jaws anew,
And said, "My friend, I'll spread my trap
And listen unto you."

Thus said the man: "My ailment is,
Beyond my knowledge, deep;
It drives away each thought of bliss;
Breaks every hope of sleep.

"I mope around and can not eat;
No joy in life I take;
Long for the end—tho' life is sweet;
And nervously I shake."

"I've lived here," said the slimy chap,
"Full twenty years or more;
Met many men with your mishap—
Could count them by the score."

With that the brute seemed to get mad,
And gave the mud a rile;
But what he said made that man glad—
"You fool, it is your bile.

"'Tis strange to me that men of sense
Will suffer from those ills;
A world-wide cure at small expense
Is PARSONS' LIVER PILLS.

"They'll cure you; you may safely trust,
And take my word for that,
Your leanness fills me with disgust;
Take them, and you'll grow fat.

"Go spend a trifle and get well—
With sympathy I shake."
He hit the mud a parting knell,
And dove into the lake.

The man went, thoughtful, on his way,
And musingly did pass
Upon the words he'd heard that day,
Also, on Balaam's ass.

But entering a neat drug-store,
He jumped with joyous thrills,
'Twas fate,—for there upon the door
Was "PARSONS' LIVER PILLS."

No more his tortured members shake;
He seeks his daily toil
Without an ache; thinks of the lake,
But keeps a healthy bile.

The liver in a torpid state
Creates those nervous thrills;
Then mind, before it be too late,
Use PARSONS' LIVER PILLS.

L. P. White & Co.,

Terra Alta, W. Va

The Coquille Country as a Newcomer sees it.

(H. J. Tobias)

Ed. Herald:—Receiving lately a number of communications, asking about this part of the country, from parties desiring to come out here to settle, and as I do not care to open a correspondence with each writer personally, would respectfully submit the following, hoping that the description of this beautiful wooded valley will be as favorably received, as the impressions were made upon the writer. I will not attempt to overrate or exagerate so as to deceive, but give a plain, simple statement, which will hold good when afterwards viewed. To a person coming from a prairie or partial prairie country, the discovery of a clearing upon the side of a mountain, as in the dense, thick undergrowth of the valley, surrounded on all sides by a heavy forest of timber, would be something new, indeed. A little spot—only a few acres at most—from which the felling of large trees, the clearing away and burning the small brush, the digging out of stumps, the grubbing up of roots, have taken years for the settler to accomplish. A little house, with a few out buildings, a horse, a yoke or two of oxen, a few cows and pigs comprise his capital. His house on the bank of the Coquille river; or one of its tributaries and the principal highway for him is the water. He has his boats, and takes advantage of the tide to reach his postoffice and trading point. He is frugal and saving, and withal industrious. His cows roam the neighboring hills the year round, and supply the family with fresh milk and butter. The woods are full of deer and elk, and the brooks and rivers are plentifully supplied with fish. His garden supplies his table with fresh vegetables at all times during the year, and his gun and faithful dog, his larder, with fresh meat. I wondered upon my arrival in this part, how the people could make a living upon so meager a clearing—you cannot call it a farm, in the Eastern or California sense—it is only a little clearing in a mighty forest. A forest of tall spruce, fir and cedar so dense and thick that a bird can scarcely fly through it. The soil is very rich, easily worked, and produces abundantly of everything planted in it. Vegetables can be had the year round from the gardens; some kinds growing two or even three crops in one year. Hay from two to five tons to the acre. This is truly a timbered country. Do not expect to find prairies where you can turn your team loose and plow a furrow a mile in length. Do not expect to find homes nicely fenced, with flourishing, young orchards planted upon them, every thing to your hand, just for the taking of it. You can get just such places; desirable places, too, but the owners will want fair prices for their improvements. There is a great deal of this land still unoccupied; some of it belongs to the government, and some of it has passed into second hands, and can be had for a small advance upon the first cost. Such land will never have any attraction for lazy people; but it always will have for a much larger class who want nothing so much as to carve out homesteads in the wilderness. A timbered country is more attractive than a treeless one; and the more so if the woods abound with luscious, wild berries, and the ivy and the grape vines festoon the myrtle here and there. One comes upon new homes along the river, up the creeks or on the mountain slopes, finding young orchards and domestic shrubbery, robust children and many evidences of that sort of comfort, which goes with the utmost simplicity. There is no malaria here; no ague and fever. The pure sea breeze sweeps over the land every day, bringing with it health and purity of atmosphere, excelled by no climate in the United States. It is now the middle of summer, but everything around gives the appearance of mid April. The gentle showers moisten the earth; the sea breeze from old Pacific tempers the atmosphere, while al the fields, groves and hills are dressed with living green. The settler sees his property increasing in value from year to year, his orchard coming into bearing. His labor is slowly turned into capital. His hand to hand contest with nature has been good for him. His homestead is a thousand times more attractive to him because he did the improvement upon it with his own hands. He planted every tree, he built his fences, he has erected the sheds and farm buildings, and in some instances, the dwelling in which he lives. The log house is seldom seen. The settler going a long distance, and at great disadvantage, and paying a high price for rough lumber, when the very timber he cuts from his claim would have made a more comfortable house, at less expense. One can hardly account for the scarcity of log houses, unless it be that the settler regards the log house too rude and primitive, and has a desire to advance a step by building a poorer house of sawed lumber, at a greater cost. Perhaps there will be, some day, a fashion for log houses as a kind of satire on the expensive wooden castles overburdened with meretricious ornaments which one sometimes sees. The prospects for a railroad into this country are good. An eastern company—who have lately purchased the Coos Bay Wagon Road company's land—will build a railroad from Roseburg to the ocean next year; probably touching the ocean at Empire City. The pioneer who has secured his claim will find he is not very remote from markets, and centers of business. The country is quite well settled up. School houses have been erected and good schools established in every district; which I believe will compare favorably with any in the rural portions of this state. The settler is no longer isolated. Roads have been made to every portion of the county; though some are quite new, and not quite as smooth as the pleasure drives through the parks of eastern cities. Every additional settler increases the value of his neighbor's property. He may never become rich, but it dawns on him that he has gained something, which in the future will be better than a doubtful bank account. His clearing will then have become a productive farm; and he still will enjoy the luxury of a warm fire and a large back-log. He will then no longer slash down and burn his timber to get rid of it, for timber will then have become valuable and he will have a due appreciation of it. Even now it is being sought after by speculators, who have a true appreciation of this country's future. What Maine now is, with her valuable pine forests to the Eastern and Atlantic states, so this part of Oregon will be to this coast, with its fir, spruce, cedar and myrtle lumber. Not only is this country rich with thousands of acres of the finest timber in the world, but every hill and mountain is underlaid with coal. Two or three banks have already been opened on the Coos bay, and quite a trade is being carried on by the shipment of coal to the California cities. This promises to be an important branch of industry, at no distant day. At the present time the principal part of the inhabitants are engaged in lumbering. Some mills are built at nearly all the available points for shipping lumber, and the hardy farmer finds plenty of hard work in falling, cutting and hauling the logs to the different mills. Thus clearing his land and gaining a livehood at the same time. It is a slow process to make homes in a timbered country; but the process makes hardy men and women and healthy children.

One word about the pleasant town in which we live, and we have done. Nestled like a bird's egg in its nest is Coquille City, among the tall evergreens of spruce and fir, shading the suburban walks and presenting a pleasing background as they cover the sloping hill side, north and east of the city. It is situated on the Coquille river at the head of navigation for ocean vessels, which carry lumber from its wharves to the San Francisco market. Located as it is in a rich agricultural district, it is—as it always will be by its natural position—cross roads of the common wealth—an important trading center. It has good stores of general merchandise, first class hotels for the accommodation of the traveling public—an ecclesiastical edifice for the weary to rest in, a two story school building where a hundred busy workers are delving after knowledge, a billiard hall where cigars and something stronger than water can be had—a goodly supply of the different secret organizations. And, withal, gentle reader, by personal experience it is a good climate in which to sleep. You can do more snoring and solid down right sleeping to the square hour, than in any place in the Union. If you don't believe it, come and see.

OUR MINES.

Ed. HERALD:—In talking with others about our mines, we often hear the remark: "If I were looking for quartz I would go to a better mining district than this," which leads us to inquire whether or not we ought to expect valuable ledges in our mountains.

Before we come directly to this question, perhaps it will be best to consider the agents that have been at work here and to which we must look for a solution of the problem—how our gold became scattered over so great an extent.

Geologists tell us there was a time called the Glacial period, when our earth—excepting a narrow belt on the equator—was covered with an immense sheet of ice; which had a movement to the equator except where it was modified by the slope of the land. On our Atlantic coast it was S. E. while on this coast it was S. W. the general direction being south. Prof. Denton says: "This ice was thousands of feet in thickness, and did not extend south of 39 degrees—or four degrees south of us—except in high mountain regions." Professor Agassiz estimates its thickness at from 6 to 15 thousand feet, and says: "That with a few exceptions, there is over the whole continent north of the 40th parallel, evidence of a universal glacier which moved in a north and southerly direction."

On the top of our mountains, everywhere, may be seen indications of this same glacial action. It is evident that when this immense sheet of ice melted, it made a tremendous wash over the whole country, and our canyons were full of seething foaming water which bore rocks, metals and everything before it to the sea. That this happened after the formation of our ledges I quote from Agassiz lecture on the glacier period. He says: "The glacial period was comparatively recent, subsequent to a time when our earth was much warmer than now; when the rhinoceros inhabited our western prairies, and the mastodon and elephant roamed over Liberia and the high latitudes of this country.

"That this tropical state of things was changed rather suddenly is proved by the fact that mammoths and other animals have been found frozen in the ice in Liberia with the flesh and skin still on them, and so well preserved that wolves and dogs will eat the flesh. A great climatic change came on very suddenly; these animals became frozen in the ice and have remained frozen ever since."

The cause of this condition of our earth, it will not be proper in this article to inquire into, as we only wish to notice its effect on our mines. Reasoning from this condition of affairs, we would expect the gold to be carried mainly away from the ledges where it originally existed; and we find this to be the case, for, from the head of this river to its mouth are immense bars—beds of gravel all of which contain more or less of fine gold. There is one continuous stream of gold dust from Johnson's creek to the sea, some 90 miles, and the dust on the beach is evidently gold that was carried there at the end of the Glacial period. Commencing with coarse gold in the mountains it becomes finer and finer until, on the beach, it is fine as flour, and one may nearly tell what part of the river gold dust is taken from by observing its fineness. Perhaps it would not be too rash to say there is a pay streak from the mouth of Johnsons creek to the sea; and if the time ever comes when gold will have a much greater purchasing power than at present, it will be worked by tunneling or otherwise. We have no means of estimating the amount of gold that has been carried to the sea, but we know that it took an immense quantity to spread over so great an extent, even so thinly as it is. And had our mines been far enough south to have escaped this glacial action, as did most of the California mines, then it could not be said our mines were not rich, for they would have rivaled in richness the best on the coast. It is a generally accepted fact that all gold dust has been derived from ledges, and that this is especially true of this dust, is proved by the fact that a large portion of nuggets found in the upper mines had particles of quartz still adhering to them. Are we not justified, then, in believing that valuable ledges exist in our mountains and only needs a small outlay of labor and capital if properly expended to develope them?

C. Wilkins.

Montana Stock.

The territory of Montana is developing very rapidly as a stock raising region. Montana beef has already acquired a national reputation for tenderness and flavor, however the Montana cow boy may be branded as a "tough one." The secret of the tender beef is the sweet grass and pure water; the secret of the tough cow boy is his freedom from all civilizing restraint and responsibility for reckless conduct. The two range the country together, the former in charge of the latter, and between them the markets of the country are well stocked with meats.

It is only in late years that Montana has attracted general attention for anything but mining. But it is not stating the case too strongly now to say that the wealth of the country, with its cattle upon a thousand hills, is being developed more rapidly above than below the ground. The area of the territory is placed at 146,000 square miles, a gigantic empire within itself, embracing mountains and foot-hills, hill-sides and valleys, and constituting the finest grazing country in the world.

It is estimated that there were 850,000 head of cattle in the territory last January, and that since, 190,000 head have been shipped and driven in, to which is to be added the natural increase of 250,000 calves. To be deducted from these are 40,000 in losses, 60,000 in shipments, and 20,000 slaughtered in the territory. This would leave a net increase of 325,000 head, a per centage of gain that can not be found anywhere else on the continent. One of the remarkable features of stock raising in Montana is this very rate of increase as compared with the losses from all causes combined. The latter are, except in the case of cattle brought into the territory and unaccustomed to provide for themselves during the severity of the winter, exceedingly light, ranging from 5 or 6 per cent. in least favored localities to 1, or even less than 1 per cent. in other sections. The natural increase, on the other hand, ranges from 30 to 60 or 75 per cent.

This large section of country, with its rich mines and mammoth stock ranches, is a fine field for Portland mercantile enterprise. It is legitimately tributary to this city, and if it does not remain so it will be the fault of the merchants, who are unwilling to adapt themselves to the condition of things growing out of eastern competition. If, however, they are resolved to make their city the great commercial emporium of the northwest, in fact, as it is naturally by reason of its geographical position and easy lines of communication to all sections, they will place their prices at figures that will secure the confidence and trade of the people not only in Montana, but of all other portions of the great northwest.—[The Weekly News.