

A LEVEL HEAD.

Some writer has said that "a level head is a most desirable attainment. There are many who are elated to the skies by success and depressed to the earth by disaster." That is it precisely. How is possible to keep a level head when we see—in this business, for instance—the subscription list increasing to an alarming—no, that's not it—an overwhelming extent—swamping us in a whirlpool of delightful and tangible bliss? On the other hand, how must we feel when some of our subscribers inform us that we must stop their paper, as they don't intend to take the "dol-gasted" sheet any more? Imagine the torture that is inflicted, and the anguish of mind to which we are subjected, on reading the harrowing details, and then ask us if we can keep a level head. There is but one position that affords an opportunity for the display of the level head theory—that is poverty. There is where the level head has an opening to exhibit its wealth of genius; it is there that its fertility in resources will have a field in which to practice. There will be obstacles in the way, yet, they but add to the necessity of its rapid development. "Oh! the delights of poverty and a good appetite." So wrote Goldsmith, a man of extraordinary ability; of unlimited capacity. He must have felt the force that poverty exercises on the mind; the stimulus that produces or that which makes a supreme effort to produce the sine que non, without which, life becomes unbearable, and a burden no longer worth consideration. "A well-balanced person is calm and serene, and often calmest and serene in adversity." That is as true as gospel, in fact it goes beyond—being beyond the shadow of a doubt. But, how often do we encounter such people. They are a rara avis—the exception and not the rule. Take the field of politics from now until the conclusion of the presidential election; go among the rank and file of party adherents—those who take what seems like a vital, undying interest in the struggle. What will you find? Why, you need not peer into corners nor go prying into byways to prove that there are, mentally, considered, more candidates for the insane asylum than anything else. They will speak of their liberalism as American citizens; yet, the first word that is printed or spoken of an honest opponent, is a deliberate, illustrative lie—deliberate in the performance and illustrating the moral cowardice of the attack; and, instead of a manly, impartial spirit, evincing nothing more than a morbid, insatiable love of asperity. Instead of free, intelligent agents, we are, fast, becoming the dupes of office-seeking knaves and sycophants—of that element which contains, incontrovertibly, the lowest, most cowardly and treacherous portion of the population in these United States. We are not oxen; yet, the attempt is made to place the yoke around our necks and we are goaded on by the mendacious cry of reform, where there are no symptoms of reformation. We are not horses; nevertheless, the bait is offered and the bit placed in our mouths, the whip is cracked and we march—to what? Victory. What a sham and a satire on human nature, intelligent thought, and American level-headedness. In the cultivation of a level head, it is not sufficient that we give a cursory glance at an object, or that we are told that this or the other course is the true one. We ought to investigate the matter, impartially, before coming to a decision. The truth may be garbled, but it is still the truth. It may be cloaked in subtle reasoning or shrouded in an apparently impenetrable mist, yet, notwithstanding these difficulties, the level head in combination with a cool determined spirit will penetrate the gilded sham; therefore, it becomes necessary to our wellbeing, and indispensable to our success, individually and collectively, to keep a level head.

POLITICAL VENOM.

The political trade is a dirty business. That is the reason so much "soap" is required to run a machine.—Texas Siftings. The worst feature of the business is that the filth is ever increasing. Each successive campaign but adds to its virulence. We might take it for granted that, the national conventions, composed about equally of some of the most prominent men in the country, would not select an incompetent person, or one of low repute; nevertheless, the candidate is barely nominated before the flood-gates of venom are poured out on his devoted head. Whose interests are best served by the success of this policy? We answer—the ins and the outs. Those who are holding office and those who believe that they possess the best chances of succeeding in case of a change in the administration. The besmirching the character of a candidate is not, altogether, confined to that class. Like the Canada thistle it is a spreading evil, and flourishes in all the avenues of society. You can hear it on the street corners and in the sitting room. The air is impregnated with its vile odor. Its devotees are poor, misguided individuals who labor under the delusion that this course of spiteful inuendo displays a high grade of patriotism. To abuse the character of a person who never injured us, and of whom we have no knowledge, excepting the meager reports of interested parties, fabricated for a set purpose, indicates mental degeneracy. You might credit a horse with being patriotic and show more regard for the truth than you would by crediting it to a person guilty of the above mentioned actions.

Communicated.

Professor DeMoss sends us a lengthy epistle in reply to the editorial notice which he received in the Coos Bay News of the 20 ult. It is too long for our columns, but, we will give place to an extract therefrom, although a portion of it is but a repetition of his remarks on the night that he performed here. He says: My performance in Marshfield was disturbed by some persons of unruly character, but, I was astonished in observing that the chief hoodlum, was a big, fat galoot, with the Colfax grin, and who called himself an editor. I paid him to state in his paper that we were on a visit in Coos county, to some relations, and he inserted an untruth by saying that my wife was sick. Possibly, as he is a fiddle-grinder, he was jealous of us earning a trifle. As to his talk about "short pants and dirty shoed bilks," I suppose that to be his idea of respectable journalism. I hope that my performance in Marshfield, did not beggar its inhabitants, as it would cause me any amount of excruciating torture to know that they could not respond with the coin when this fat Paganini essays to give what he calls a free dance. If a party give a dance, it is an imposition to charge for it. Begging becomes respectable in contrast with this fiddling abortion's efforts to "raise the wind."

Roads.

There is a necessity existing for the improvement of some roads in this locality. The weather-prophecies predict a dry fall; yet, it is better to throw prophecy to the winds than it is to take chances in the truth of their predictions. While there are several roads which need attention, that between this place and Myrtle Point deserves especial notice. It seems to have been the idea in locating that road across the spurs between the gulches, that, it was better to go over a hill than it would be to go around the spur on a level, or nearly so. The perpendicular arc formed in going over the spur of an incline, will be no longer if you lay it down horizontally, and the gulches will be as cheap to bridge. It would be well to give this road some attention before the rain comes and makes it impossible.

CHEAP FAME.

A few days ago we received a letter accompanied with an advertisement which we were asked to insert. For twenty lines—agate, and a local, calling attention to the ad, occasionally, we were to be paid three dollars per year, in semi-annual installments. In addition, we were requested to be punctual in forwarding the paper each week. Had we complied, there can be but little doubt that we would have been out just that amount of labor and paper which it would have taken to puff this "bilk" six months. A step in advance of the times would be for the newspaper to bounce the cheap puff seeker, and give all the "honorables," "colonels," "captains" and "generals" a final rest. In all matters relating to the circulation of cheap but unmerited fame, the city papers surpass the country newspaper. It is surprising to read about the eminent military men who edit a paper, keep a hotel, or run a blacksmith shop. On the conclusion of the late war, thousands of men were compelled to fall back on civil pursuits, who had earned their titles honorably. The evil of which we speak is earlier than the war, and is yet the style. The holiday soldier still flourishes. The major who never drilled himself nor anything else, is still, lovingly, attached to the title. Pandering to this folly is no part of journalism; it merely indicates the snob who may, unfortunately, be in control of a newspaper.

A Rough Joke.

A well-known gentleman of this city attends a wine party nearly every night, and gets "how came you so" quite frequently. The first thing he does on arising is to repair to a saloon near by, kept by a friend, who gives him a large tumbler of ice water. Yesterday morning about seven o'clock he entered his friend's place for his usual glass. He stopped near the door to talk to a gentleman on a little business matter. The barkeeper poured out the usual goblet of water, and, thinking to have a little sport, took from a glass globe on the shelf nearly a water snake about nine inches in length, and dropped it into the goblet of water. He waited some time for his friend to walk up to the bar, and hearing a call from a back room, stepped out of the saloon for a moment. On his return his friend had gone and the goblet stood empty on the counter. He rushed to the door and discovered his friend hanging to an awning post with one arm, his other hand holding his stomach, apparently having just recovered from a violent and sudden attack of sea sickness. Seeing the barkeeper he motioned for him to come near. He said: "Jim I've been sick a long time, but," pointing to the snake on the cobble stone. "I never knew I had a tapeworm before."—[Sacramento Record-Union.

A young man who had been following a lady through Thirty-seventh Street drew alongside of her at Fifth Avenue, lifted his hat, and observed, "Haven't I met you somewhere before?" Once I think," answered the lady. "I knew it," said the young man, with a self-satisfied smile; "and you've been in my thoughts ever since." "I thought you had not noticed me particularly," said the lady; "I met you two weeks ago at your wedding. Your wife is my cousin."—[New York Sun.

What a tremendous amount of fun can be drawn from the process of goring the ox of another; but, we all have heard that it makes a great difference when our own ox is gored. The readers of this issue of the HERALD, and the last issue of the Coos Bay News, will be able to apply this illustration, appropriately.

Pews for Congressmen in Washington churches cost \$250 apiece. Religion at the national capital is both expensive and scarce.

Subscribe for the HERALD.

GENERAL NEWS.

Wild boars infest the island of Santa Rosa, California.

The losses at the recent Roseburg fire foots up \$111,120; insurance \$40,400.

The Pioneer oil mills of Salem will commence operations the first of next month.

An Indian woman was fined \$25 in Victoria, B. C., for having a bottle of gin in her possession.

Salt salmon are quoted in San Francisco at \$6.50 and \$7.50 for barrels, and \$3.50 and \$4 for half barrels.

A brief "Personal" in a Grenada (Mississippi) paper reads: "Dear W.: Come home. The grand jury has adjourned."

The Episcopal school for girls, founded by the late Mr. French at Island City, Umatilla county, will be opened by the first of September.

Measures are taken to place a monument over the grave of Gen. James Shields, a hero of three wars and senator of the United States at different times of three states.

While repairing the bridge at Modesto, Cal., which crosses the Tuolumne river, four men were precipitated into the stream. One of the number, William Tull, was drowned.

Dr. H. Carpenter, superintendent of the Oregon Insane Asylum, met with a severe accident as he was driving his buggy. The king bolt came out and he was thrown to the ground, bruising him severely.

The contributions to the conscience fund of the U. S. Treasury during the last fiscal year, amounts to more than \$6000. The fund has, since its establishment twenty years ago, amounted to about \$250,000.

A dispatch from Sydney, New South Wales, reports that a sculling match between Haolan and Beach for the championship of the world and \$500 aside, took place to-day on the Parramatto river. Beach won by seven lengths.

At Central Point, Jackson county, the store of C. Magruder was robbed in a remarkable manner. Some parties took a wagon, and after loading it with goods from the store, they proceeded to rob the till and then started off. They have been tracked to Sam's valley, and it will be no hard matter to ferret into the whole business, considering the amount of loot in their possession.

The State department received from Mason, the United States consul at Marseilles, a report of the situation there and at Toulon since the abatement of the cholera epidemic. The presence of impending financial ruin weighs heavily upon the business community, and the ordinary resources of charity are seriously curtailed. The tide of returning fugitives has just set in, and no description can picture the wretchedness and destitution that hourly prevails.—[Standard.

A singular circumstance is related to have occurred near Dayton. A little nine-year-old son of Mr. Waugham, living near town, was taken sick recently, and died on Monday week. The boy had a little pony and which had become very much attached to him. On the morning of his death, not over five minutes thereafter, the animal came up to the house where its lifeless young master was, and laid down by the door and expired in a few moments without any previous sickness whatever.—Toronto Mail.

Few men know that Lincoln was a duelist. But when he was a young man he accepted a challenge to fight a duel, and the place and weapons were agreed upon. Swords were chosen and the parties assembled on the Missouri side of the Illinois river; a most appropriate place, said Mr. Lincoln, as it was in sight of the penitentiary. When the two were ready to fight, however, it was noticed that Lincoln's height and long arms gave him a great advantage over his antagonist, who was very short, and the matter was settled with a laugh by Mr. Lincoln's telling a good story.—"Charps Letter.

Market Report.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Items include Eggs, Apples, Flour, Butter, Cheese, Beef, Mutton, Salt Pork, Corned Beef, Hams, Bacon, Lard, Potatoes, Cabbage, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Rice, Beans, Apples (dried), Raisins, Currants, Wool, Dry Hides, Green, Hay.

NOTICE!

I have closed my books, and all those indebted to me are requested to settle up in 30 days from date, or I will put their accounts in the hands of an attorney for collection. A. Pershbaker. Randolph, July 8th, 1884.

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J. PARKER, M. L. HANSCOM, IRVING M. COOK. Parkersburg Coos county Oregon. v1 n18 tf.

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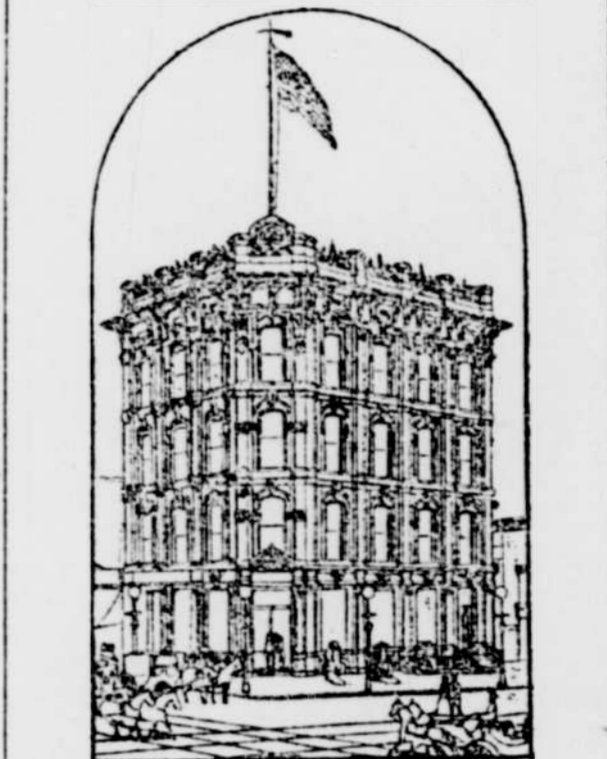
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