

Coquille City Herald.

VOL. 3.

COQUILLE CITY, OREGON, TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1884.

NO. 6.

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. v2n23

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.

J. W. BENNETT,
Attorney at Law,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.

D. L. WATSON,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
COOS CITY, OGN.

J. H. NOSLER,
Notary Public,
COQUILLE CITY, OGN.

CARL H. VOLKMAR,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
MYRTLE POINT, COOS COUNTY OREGON.
Will practice in all the courts of Oregon.

A. M. CRAWFORD,
Attorney and Counselor at Law,
General Insurance Agency,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.

J. P. EASTER, M. D.
Physio-Medical and Electric Physician and Surgeon. Office at residence in Coquille City. v2n154f

C. W. TOWER, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
MARSHFIELD, OGN.

W. C. ANGELL, M. D.
Physician and Accoucheur,
COQUILLE CITY, OGN.
v2n15f.

O. E. SMITH,
Sergeon Dentist,
MARSHFIELD, OREGON.
v2n13m.

J. M. VOLKMAR, M. D.
Physician and Surgeon.
MYRTLE POINT, COOS CO., OREGON.
v2n154f

J. Z. HOLCOMB
Surgical and Mechanical Dentist.
Office: Over Sengstack's Drug Store, in Holland Building, Front Street, in Marshfield, Oregon.
Will professionally visit the various towns on the river.

J. A. DEAN,
COQUILLE CITY, OREGON.
GENERAL AGENCY for the sale of City property, houses and lots, timber, farms, ranches, etc. Office in Herald building.

A. H. Wright
WATCH-MAKER & JEWELER,
Coquille City, Or.
Work of all descriptions done at short notice and extremely low prices. v1n47.

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.

G. A. R.
Gen. Lytle Post, No. 27,
Meets at Coquille City, on every first and third Wednesday. Visiting comrades, in good standing, cordially invited.
Chas. S. True, Commander.

"OUR FATHER."

Pale, struggling blossoms of mankind,
Born only to endure;
White, helpless slaves whom Christians
bind;
Sad children of the poor!
Ye walk in rags, ye breathe in dust,
With souls too dead to ask
For aught beyond a scanty crust,
And Labor's grinding task.
You ne'er have heard the code of Love,
Of Hope's eternal light;
Ye are not led to look above
The clouds of earthly blight;
And yet 'mid ignorance and toil
Your lips that ne'er have known
The milk and honey of the soil,
Sleep not before they own
"Our Father!"

Proud, easy tenants of the earth,
Ye who have fairer lots;
Who live with plenty, love and mirth,
On Fortune's golden spots;
Ye who but eat, laugh, drink and sleep,
Who wake 'mid Eden's bloom,
Who know not what it is to weep
In Poverty's cold gloom;
Oh! turn one moment from your way,
And learn what these can teach,
Deign in your rosy path to stay,
And hear the "untaught" preach.
Then to your homes so bright and fair,
And think it good to pray:
Since the sad children of Despair
Can kneel in thanks and say,
"Our Father!"
—Eliza Cook.

THE COWBOY.

A Graphic Description of Life on the Plains.

The New York World publishes the following: Benjamin A. Robinson, son of Dr. Morton Robinson of No. 247 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J., went to New Mexico four years ago and became a cowboy. He is 22 years old, weighs 195 pounds and is 6 feet in height. With his cousin George P. Robinson, an old cowboy, two more cousins and Sam Todd and Jerry Pearce, veteran cattle men, he herded cattle over a range 350 miles long and 100 miles wide. There were over 100,000 head of cattle on that range. Robinson and his party sold out to the Prairie Cattle company in 1882, and went overland with a pair of mules to Colorado. They settled on a range in La Platte county, near Durango. Last month he wrote to his father that the Ute Indians had broken from their reservation and were driving the cowboys from the range, and that he had volunteered to fight the redskins. He was in Durango, he wrote, when the news of the outbreak was fetched there on July 6th, last by two boys, aged respectively 8 and 10 years. They were sons of Mr. Wilson of Wilson, Carlisle & Johnson, who own a large ranch in La Platte county, near the Utah line. On July 3d the Utes put on their war-paint, attacked the ranch, drove off cattle, and one of their number was killed by one of Wilson's men. The Indians then attacked the cowboys, wounded Adolph Tush and Charles Cook, and had five of their own men killed and a number wounded. But they killed eleven horses of the whites, stampeded 100 horses, drove the cowboys from the camp, burned the outfits and took away all the provisions and stores. They had 17,000 head of cattle

AT THEIR MERCY.

Wilson's boys rode twenty-nine hours without food or rest and arrived in Durango exhausted. Colonel Hall, commandant at Fort Lewis, twelve miles from Durango, sent a company of cavalry to drive the Indians back to their reservation, and Robinson and his chum went along. Last week his father received from him a letter dated at Dolores, the last postoffice station in the wild country. He said that he collected a force of cowboys in Durango and proceeded to Mancus, a small post village near the cattle range, where a number of cowboys joined the party. At Dolores the force of cowboy volunteers was increased to forty-two, all of whom were well armed and mounted. The Utes had fled over the Blue mountains into the Indian territory, and the avengers followed the trail for seven days and nights to Utah, where the sav-

ages took refuge.

"I have returned from the fight all right," Robinson wrote. "After we found the Indians the fight lasted fourteen hours by the watch. They had fortified themselves on the top of a nearly round mesa, the cap rock being from twenty-five to thirty-five feet high, with just one small gap to go through. We were sixteen days on the road, and at the least calculation have ridden 550 miles, averaging thirty-five miles a day, which is very good traveling for the soldiers who were with us. In the outfit were eighty soldiers and forty-two cowboys, which made quite a string

STRUNG OUT IN SINGLE FILE.

"We followed close on the trail of the Indians for eight days, and when we ran on to them they had stopped and were waiting for us. They had selected their position well. Ten men behind the rocks could have stood off a thousand. Half of the outfit's lives were saved by the daring of two men who lost their lives. One was a government scout and the other was a cowboy. We had pushed the Indians hard the day before and night, and in the night they laid a trap for us. They had pushed ahead while we were resting our horses and waiting for the moon to come up, and had taken up the strong position. I have described. We had a hill to climb, and before we could get down they would have killed half of our outfit, if those two brave men had not gone ahead to look at the trail to see if our jack mules could go over it. When within fifty yards of where the Indians were concealed they opened fire upon the brave men, wounding one and killing the other outright. All that the one who was killed said when he fell was: "Oh, boys; oh, boys!" The other man said not a word, but he rolled in behind a bluff below the top one, so that the Indians could not see him, and hid there all day.

"There were about forty Indians in the bunch, and during the day they were joined by more. There were some ring-leader white men in the bunch and they would call out to us: "Oh, boys! oh, boys!" "Come up, you," and "bring the soldiers!" I tell you what, the bullets flew hot and lively for awhile. There were about seven of us cowboys in range with our horses. I had forgotten all about danger, and was standing in the open, about 450 yards from the yelling red devils, shouting the best I knew how, I was getting close to their heads, as they were to me, and I could hear the ping, ping of the bullets as they passed my head. Some of the boys holstered out to me to get my horses under cover or the Indians would kill them, and you bet I got them out in a hurry.

THE BALLS CAME CLOSE ENOUGH.

For me to feel the heat of them on the side of my face, and one threw the dirt all over of me. Another ball struck between my feet above the knees and went sailing off a humming. We were fighting now mostly for the two men they had within range on the rock, for we did not know then but that both were alive, and we kept them covered so that the Indians could not get to them to scalp them. But the red devils got the poor fellows in spite of all we could do, and it made our blood boil and nerves tingle with hot anger to hear their fierce and triumphant yells and the cheers of the renegade whites, curse them. We could not get to the poor, brave fellows in the rocks, on account of the hill, which was sure death to the man who attempted to ascend it. Well, we fought there all day and part of the night, and then we had to leave after several attempts to draw them from cover. They had us in a dry canyon, and when

we got out we were nearly dead for water, for we had been over thirty hours under fire without a drop of water to quench our thirst. We feel satisfied that the wounded man killed three or four Indians, if not more, for just at dusk, when the Indians came down after his scalp, we heard him fire twelve rounds from his six-shooter at short range. He was a good shot, and was revenged. The soldiers were the most scared lot of men I ever saw. It was nearly a panic with them. But, after all, it was a fearful hot purgatory in that canyon under the fire of a concealed and treacherous foe.

"We got back here considerably the worse for wear, for we had suffered severe hardships and privations, loss of sleep, with only one meal in thirty-six hours, were thirty hours without water, and then had beside the hard ride up and down the mountains. It will not be safe in this country for some time—not before spring, anyway—for the settlers are on the war-path as well as the Indians. The latter got away with 150 head of horses, a number of saddles, guns and blankets, a quantity of ammunition, burned two wagons and a cabin, killed a lot of horses and got off with about 2,500 weight of flour and other grub. The settlers say they will kill every Indian they see, and I know the cowmen never fail to keep their vows of vengeance."

PLANT LONGEVITY.

Particular interesting examples of the evolution of different life times are exhibited in the geographical distribution of plants. If we consider the whole earth as to its climate, we shall observe that in a few regions near the equator, that have a uniform climate, plants will grow all the year through without manifesting any periodical preferences. This is the case, for example, east of the Andes in Northern Brazil, in Guiana and in Java, when the vegetation is green and blooms continually; when most species become woody and nearly all live long and bear fruit often; while the short-lived, once-fruited species retire to the background. In other tropical regions where a periodical climate is produced by the difference in the moisture of the atmosphere, the long-lived plants prevail, and the ground is so occupied with them till the coming on of the dry season that the short-lived kinds cannot find room upon it. The case is different in those regions where spots become barren of vegetation in consequence of the parching heat. Then, when the rainy season sets in, the annuals quickly spring up between the bulbous and tuberous herbs that are able to keep their places through the drought. The short-lived species are of most importance where a warm season alternates with a cold one, and the warm one lasts long enough for them to go within its terms through the whole cycle of their life, from their seed time to the ripening of their fruit. As the warm season becomes shorter the number of annuals is reduced, until finally, when the summer is not long enough for any of them to perfect their seeds, they disappear altogether. Thus the persistent, often-fruited species gain the monopoly on the high mountains and in Arctic regions, but with the difference that in some districts they maintain themselves above ground through the whole year without protection against the climate, while in others they exist through a long period of rest, protected against effects of the cold by means of their perennial parts under the soil or under the cover of an effective shelter.—Chronicle.

Communicated.

Mr. Editor: We have long thought to sit down and have a chat with the readers of the HERALD—with the editor's permission, of course—but time flies and so must our hands if we would accomplish all the work before us. Being at the head of the cooking, laundry, sewing and garden department of a Kansas farm, meags work and plenty, and as work and myself quarreled long ago, we do not like to associate too closely with it. Altogether we like this place very well. We live on a quiet, billowy prairie, that we liken, in more than one way, to the old Pacific, and there is a kind of birds here that is almost exactly like the sea gulls, and once in a while a prairie schooner sails by and we imagine ourselves by the shore of the "sounding sea." For about two months this summer there were a succession of different prairie flowers dotting the prairie; we never saw so many different kinds, and such beautiful ones. We raise the nice wood of Coos county, and are obliged to burn coal, and if we need a switch for anything, or an armful of kindling wood, we must take our slipper for the former, and hunt up an old drygoods box for the latter. We could not get used to this new mode for a long time. Harvesting lasted about five weeks, and some grain was not cut on account of increased acreage, a large yield, and scarcity of hands. A few self binders were used, but the greater part was cut with headers which need a crew of nine men. Those with whom Mr. Lynn worked, cut and stacked 25 acres per day. Threshing has been in progress about a month, but wet weather has hindered very much. A number of steam threshers are working in this vicinity. Wheat is yielding from 20 to 40 bushels to the acre, and at twenty-five cents per bushel, the farmer makes money very fast, with his improved machinery. Corn and potatoes and all kinds of vegetables, including pumpkins, melons, and squashes, are abundant. Our crop, though small this year, will as near as we can estimate it now, bring us about \$650.00. Good health has prevailed until lately; there is a few cases of bilious fever in the neighborhood. We expected to hear the musical rattle of the rattle-snake when we came here, but so far, we have not heard of seen one. We have some very disagreeable wind-storms in fall and winter, sometimes lasting all day, but oftener only an hour or two; then the dust flies so you can not see your nearest neighbor house, if it is a half mile away. The lightning plays about quite lively, too, sometimes. One man and two horses have been killed in this county this summer. We have no slighing here. The snow comes and goes about as it does in Oregon. We live in sight of the Kansas Pacific R. R.; and though we can hear the whistle of "Little Annie" and the "Ceres" no more, the shrill notes of the locomotive reminds us of them. We often long to watch the old Coquille, as it goes on and on, rippling so softly to the sea, and hear the wind sighing through the cedars and toss the glossy, fragrant myrtle, but alas! we must content ourselves in viewing the waving, ripening grain, and in listening to the tuneful notes of the festive grasshopper—the Kansas grasshopper—whose reputation is world-wide. There, now we think you have a fair idea of Kansas, and will admit that it is not a paradise, as some try to make believe Oregon is, nor is it the worst place in the world. To our friends we wish the best of wishes; to our enemies—if any we have—good luck and a pleasant life. If we find time amid the busy cares which surround us, we may write again.

Adieu! Lena Lynn.
Wilson, Kansas, Sept. 5th.

How a Counterfeit can be Detected.

A circular issued by the United States Treasury Counterfeit Detector states that the new counterfeit ten-dollar treasury note, which was recently reported as of the series of 1878, is of 1875 instead. In some respects this counterfeit is very well executed, while in others the work is very bad. All treasury notes of the series of 1875 are printed on the fibre paper known as the Wilcox patent. The fibre has the appearance of coarse black hairs scattered through the paper, without regard to regularity, and may readily be seen in the open panel on the back of the note. The counterfeiters could not get this paper, but an attempt has been made to imitate it by printing black lines on the surface. The difference between the black lines and the fibre can be readily detected by the use of a magnifying glass or by tearing the paper across one of the fibres. In the border at the top of the genuine note, the words: "This note is a legal tender for ten dollars," are distinctly separate from each other. In the counterfeit the letter "a" and the word "legal" form one word as do the two words "for" and "ten." The last four letters of the word "printing" in the line below the one referred to are in italics in the counterfeit, while the balance of the line is in Roman. The red ink used on the counterfeit is poor and of brick-red color, while the ink on the original is of a bright carmine.

The geometrical lathe work in the upper left-hand corner of the counterfeit surrounding the "X" is good, while that on the upper right-hand corner is very poor, and the lines in the work cannot be traced as they can in the genuine bills. On the back of the counterfeit the word "This," beginning the phrase "This note is a legal tender, &c. is printed, "Tms." There are other slight errors in the printed law on the back of the counterfeit. There are no counterfeits on the series of 1869, 1878 and 1880.

The Moon's Influence on Vegetation.

Although many disbelieve the idea held by many others that the moon governs and affects meat and vegetation, it would be hard to make a great many believe who have experimented upon the theories held, that the moon does not exercise a decided influence upon vegetation. The old idea that still prevails is that all things that grow and bear above ground should be planted on the increase and just on the full of the moon. They generally come up better, grow off quicker and mature sooner, and things that grow underground, such as turnips, potatoes, etc., generally do the best planted after full moon and on until the new moon in what is generally called dark nights. There are many old farmers who are always governed by the stage of the moon in planting and nothing will shake their convictions or belief that such is not the true plan. It is also believed that if hogs are killed in the full of the moon the meat will not shrink in cooking, to boil it will increase in size, but will not let out much oil or grease. To kill and cure on the decrease of the moon, the meat will shrivel, draw up and lose in size in boiling it, but will give considerable oil or grease in cooking to grease the vegetables that may be boiled or cooked with the meat. Any one can easily try this experiment as well as experiment with the time of planting. Any one who has cooked much pork knows that some meat increases in size while being boiled and that some pork almost fries away to lard, while some gives but little fat in cooking.—Ex.

Subscribe for the HERALD.