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# Coquille City Herald.

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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 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.**

### Florida Girl.

Belle Norton was one of the prettiest girls in Florida. She was tall and slender, but exquisitely formed, and of an unusually sunny temperament. Her hair was a golden brown, her eyes were like pansy blossoms, and her lips were thin buds just ripening into blossom.

Her father, old Abe Norton, was a planter, and fairly worshipped his one child, but he had the temper of a demon when aroused, and knew neither law, gospel, nor reason.

About four miles off lived Squire Griffin, and as he had a household of little children he imported a Yankee from Massachusetts to teach them. He was a right handsome young fellow, this teacher, a graduate of one of the best colleges, and was gentlemanly and refined in his actions. His name was Harry Esterman, and he became quite a favorite in the neighborhood.

Harry and Belle met at a ball given by one of the planters, and the usual result followed—love at first sight.

Norton had never liked Harry—in fact, the old fellow hated everything of northern origin. He had tolerated the young teacher at first out of respect for southern hospitality and the opinions of his old friends; but when he discovered that Harry had fallen in love with his daughter, and she was guilty of the same foolishness, he was ferocious, raved like a devil, and swore by all the gods that he would shoot the d-d Yankee if he ever caught him on his place again. He had a stormy scene with his daughter, but she clung to her faith and refused to give her lover up. But henceforth the lovers were more careful, and were obliged to confine their love making to stolen interviews. The stolen interviews of the happy lovers did not long remain a secret. They were betrayed by a negro, and old Norton's revenge was an awful one.

Belle had been in the habit, after all the house had retired, of leaving her room and spending a happy hour with her lover on the bank of a secluded pool on the Suwanee river.

It was a beautiful night in June, the moon was at its full, and the heaven was clothed in splendor. A cool breeze swept over the swaying trees, and from the shadowy cove the whip-poor-will kept up his plaintive calling. During the day Norton had been unusually grave and silent, seeming absorbed in his own reflections. His manner toward his daughter had filled her with a vague dread. He had only answered her questions in monosyllables, and watched her every movement with furtive scowling. But she attributed it all to the fact that he had been applying himself freely to the brandy bottle, and was manifestly under its potent influence.

About 8:30 o'clock he grunted out a good night and went to his room. Belle also retired, but not to sleep. To-night she was to meet her lover to arrange for her flight and marriage. After waiting half an hour, all about the house seemed wrapped in slumber, she stole quietly out and hurried swiftly over the path she knew so well.

But one had been there before her. Her father, after bidding good-night, had gone to his room, taken down his heavily loaded gun, and left the house. By a round about way he reached the pool. Carefully and softly creeping near and peering through the bushes, he saw young Esterman standing gazing thoughtfully into the peaceful depths where the moon had left a path of silver.

Raising his gun to his shoulder he took careful aim and fired. The young lover gave a quick, convulsive start, and, without a

groan, fell heavily in the water. Belle, half way to the place of meeting, heard the shot and saw a grim form creeping out of the shadows. She stopped a moment and pressed her hand to her heart in a mute and trembling terror.

Another moment and her father gripped her arm and whispered hoarsely in her ear: "Wretched girl go look for your lover in yonder pool!"

With a gasping cry she hurried by him and soon gained the spot. As she gazed into the waters her lover's face came to the surface. With a terrible shriek that woke the birds in their leafy covers she leaped into the pool, and grasping the form of her murdered lover both went down together. The waters rippled and swelled a moment, and then all was peace and calm again.

The next day the old father recovered from his drunken madness, went to look for his daughter.

In the afternoon some negroes found him lying flat upon the ground, stone dead, his eyes wide open, gazing dreadfully into the pool.

The bodies of the lovers were never found. It was supposed that some unknown under current carried them far away.

In one week a marvelous change took place in this pool and its surroundings. The flowers all died, the water took on an inky blackness, the trees interlaced their branches so that no light of sun or moon could enter, and all life fled, whether of insect, beast, bird, or fish. The place became most desolate and forlorn, and the negroes all avoid it as they would a graveyard.—Chicago Weekly News.

### Stranded On a Coral Reef.

The Hawaiian schooner Malolo, Captain Goodman, arrived in port late on last Saturday night, after a passage of 22 days from Fanning Island, a solitary coral reef, which is located in mid-ocean, about 200 miles south of the Sandwich Islands. The Malolo brought a cargo of 2,401 bags of coconuts, consigned to A. P. Everett, and as passengers, the master, second mate, steward and four men of the American schooner Premier, which, until news arrived by the steamer Marenon on her last trip, had not been heard of for many months, and was thought to have foundered at sea. The schooner escaped such a disastrous end, but the news of her fate reached here after the Underwriters, who had given up all hope of her, had paid the insurance, she being owned in this port. The Premier is of 265 tons burden, and under command of Captain Nelson and seven men, who left Eureka in November last with a cargo of lumber for Sydney, in Australia. On the return voyage she was laden with coal, and

### SPRUNG A LEAK.

On the 11th of last March, Captain Nelson made for the Sandwich Islands, but the water gained so fast that it was found that the small crew, however industrious they might be at the pumps, could not keep her afloat to reach the Islands. She was squared, therefore, for Fanning Island, which was sighted on the 5th of last April. In entering the harbor the vessel struck a reef and there stuck. She was floated off again, and her coal discharged. Captain Nelson offered a substantial reward to native divers to find the leak. Several trials were made, but without success. Fanning Island is an inhabited reef, situated in 4 N. latitude 160 30, W longitude. The crew suffered no privations whatever, fish, chickens, hogs and coconuts abounding. Indeed, its coconuts give the island a commercial worth in the sun

dried meat of the nut, and is used in the manufacture of oil, the refuse having a commercial value as feed for hogs and cattle. The crew of the Premier remained at the island until the 23d of last September, when the Malolo touched there, taking them all off, with the exception of the first mate, who was left in charge of the leaky schooner. The latter is keeled fore and aft in four feet of water, having nothing on board of her save her ballast. The leak is still undiscovered, and but for that she is as staunch as before.

### A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Fanning Island is under the power of an old sailor, known as Captain Briggs, who enjoys almost regal sway over the band of natives. The Captain's faithful and swarthy subjects helped to float the Premier and discharge her cargo, out of which fact will probably arise a claim for salvage. It is proposed to take a diver to the island, in order to find the leak in the schooner and return her to her home port. A bit of romance is told in connection with the schooner's stranding, showing that the first mate's stay on the semi-civilized isle was not prompted so much by his devotion to the shipowners' interests as his own when touched by the tender passion. Captain Briggs, it appears, is married to a Kanaka woman and the father of a hopeful band of Fanning Islanders put down in the census at six. The mate fell in love with the old shell-back's eldest daughter, and, after a courtship indulged in between watches, was spliced to the insular belle. All his interests being therefore centered on the island, of which he may in time become the high chief, the Premier's first mate rather favored the idea of staying to guard the craft.—Examiner.

### A Northern.

An old Texan being asked by a stranger to describe a neighbor said: "I'll tell you what it is, stranger, a northern pats in the quickest work of anything you ever saw. You see that lake down there (pointing to a beautiful lake about a mile distant.) Last spring, in the latter part of March, I was fishing in the afternoon; the sun was shining, and it was as warm almost as the middle of summer. The fish were jumping up all over the lake, and they were biting splendidly. A shade came suddenly over the lake, and I thought I smelt a strange smell that often precedes a northern. I immediately turned away from the lake and looked toward the northwest, and I saw a small dark cloud passing like lightning, and knew I must hurry home. After looking a short time at the cloud I turned and looked at the lake, when to my astonishment, the lake was frozen over and many fish were lying on top of the ice. The fish had jumped up, and the lake had frozen over so quick they could not get back. Stranger, maybe you think that is stretching things a little, but I'll tell you a northern can beat anything but lightning, and it can hurry that up mightily."—Marshall Messenger.

### Science on the Farm.

The process of vegetable growth and structural formation of plant life carries with it lessons of intense interest and instruction. The organization of a tree or plant, beginning with the seed and followed onward to that stage where it reproduces the germ of life whence it sprang, is no less wonderful or complex than that of the physical organization of man itself.

The immutable law governing this creative process, the unchangeable results produced from certain inceptive causes, is one of those wonders of creation termed by

some the law of nature, by others the shaping of a divine purpose originating solely with a God. However that may be, and we will leave it to discussed theologians and materialists, our purpose is but to make a few reflections in regard to the physical synthesis of plant life from the seed. The seed itself is to us the primary origin of the plant. To the philosopher who goes beneath the surface of things that seed is but a stage of life. There was necessarily a previous existence for that. Let us illustrate by taking a wheat grain. Here the chemist, by the wonderful forces brought under his manipulation, disorganizes this seed into its physical constituents. He goes still further and reduces these again into their primary elements. And what are these? Simply a combination of elements entering into the functions of nearly all physical substances, neither having, separately, the characteristic in the remotest degree, of our grain of wheat; but by some mystic force—the force that lights the endless night with her brilliant galaxy of planets, the power that controls the mighty rush of ocean—also governs in its vast prescience the formative process that gives to man the tiny grain of wheat wherewith to sustain that condition called life. Put this grain in the earth with conditions favorable to its fructification maintained, and soon a wondrous change is seen; the inert grain gives forth its stalk-stem of green, the elements confined within become endowed with life and it undergoes in itself most mighty changes. Attracting to itself other elements from the soil, it shoos up an active, living plant. But let there be a single element missing from its proper sustenance, and at once a battle begins for existence. The plant demands certain conditions for its support. Say that nitrogen was missing, the puny, weakling plant fails to produce that robust head, rich in bread product; omit the silica, the stalk that should stand erect and firm to produce its kind, falls low before the lightest zephyr and bids for more sustenance; omit the phosphoric acid, the farmer is again in despair at unproductive crops. It will thus be seen that whatever care the farmer may give the soil or the seed therein planted, other requirements are demanded for the perfect reproductive process. What relief then has the husbandman who so finding himself, sees before him the prospect of poor crops and possibly ruin. Herein comes the value of progressive science. Chemistry, which teaches the constituents of plants and their requirements as to soil, here steps in and, with analytical demonstration, reaches the source of the difficulty and comes to the rescue with proper remedies. The elements that are lacking in the soil are supplied and the creative process is continued.

What lesson is here taught. The experience forced upon farmers many years ago that certain rotations in growing crops were demanded to restore worn soils, was an unconscious step in science, a discovery of a century what modern chemistry demonstrated in a season. The lesson teaches that soils vary largely and have different adaptations; that continued cropping, without a compensatory return, will ultimately exhaust any soil of its nutritive constituents, and, lastly, that science can, with master hand, cut the Gordian knot of difficulties such as these, and in it the tiller of the soil has a constant friend.—Pasadena Valley Union.

A New York girl has lived without food nearly six months. Young Clossleigh says that as soon as it becomes the fashion for girls to live six months without silk dresses and velvet coats and sealskin saques and other expensive finery he will be tempted to commit matrimony. Fortunately for some girl he will never be tempted.—Norristown Herald.

### Clipping Horses.

Henry Bergh, noted for his efforts to protect dumb animals from cruelty, recently protested against clipping horses. Robert Bonner, who devotes his large income buying the fastest horses in the country and withdrawing them from the racetrack, is reported to have said: "Henry Bergh does not know what he is talking about when he protests against horse-clipping. If he were not ignorant of the treatment of horses after a sharp drive on the hard road or on the track, he would know that after such a drive in the autumn a horse perspires freely. If he has a long, heavy coat, four grooms could not get him dry by working half the night. He is left to stand with wet coat and to catch cold." Coach horses and others not put to extraordinary continuous strain should not be clipped. Their natural hair coat is a protection against cold, as they do not receive the warm housing and blanketing and the careful grooming given to high-priced trotting and racing animals immediately after every extra exertion required of them.—Ex.

### Reputation.

The farmer who raises the best stock acquires a reputation that enables him to obtain the highest prices for all he may have to spare. The mere name of his stock will command the highest price. And this is also the case with fruit growers, dairymen and all. Reputation is of far more importance in a financial sense than is generally accorded, and he who possesses a good reputation in any branch of husbandry cannot afford to sacrifice it, and therefore, he exerts every effort to maintain it, and this is the sure road to success. Those who have not already acquired a good reputation in this line should hasten to do so. Besides the pecuniary gain, it affords much pleasure and satisfaction to be able to show the best.

### A Brakeman's Remarkable Pluck.

An instance of most remarkable nerve and endurance is reported from the Sasquehanna Division of the New York, New Erie, & Western Railway. While a freight train on that division was approaching Elmira a brakeman named Daniel Thomas was missed. Two men and a locomotive were sent back to look for him, as he had evidently fallen from the train. A mile this side of Seeley's Creek Bridge they met Thomas walking toward Elmira, on the east-bound track. His clothing was nearly all torn from his body, and he was covered with blood. His right arm had been cut off at the shoulder by the car wheels, and Thomas was carrying the severed member in his left hand, which was clasped about the fingers of the severed hand. His collar bone was broken in two places, four ribs were fractured, his head was badly cut, and he was terribly bruised. He had been thrown from a car by a sudden lurch of the train. He said that as soon as he could recover himself after the train had passed over his arms he regained his feet, hunted up his arm, and started up the track hoping to meet with help. He had walked nearly a mile when he was met by the locomotive. Notwithstanding his terrible injuries Thomas never lost consciousness. He was taken to Dr. Updegraff's office in Elmira, where he was given all the aid possible. Notwithstanding his wonderful nerve it is feared that his wounds will result fatally.—N. Y. Times.